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BLACKWOOD'S
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VOL. XLII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1837.



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SONNET
TO THE QUEEN.

WHEN SOME FAIR BARK FIRST GLIDES INTO THE SEA,
GLAD SHOUTS OF THOUSANDS ECHO TO THE SKY,
AND AS SHE LEAVES THE LAND FOND HEARTS BEAT HIGH
WITH HOPE AND FEAR ; AND PRAYERS ARE HEARD, THAT HE
WHO STIRS AND CALMS THE DEEP, HER GUIDE MAY BE ;
THAT OVER SUNNY SEAS HER PATH MAY LIE ;
AND THAT SHE STILL MAY FIND, WHEN STORMS ARE HIGH,
SAFE ANCHOR UNDERNEATH SOME SHELTERING LEE.
EVEN SO THY SUBJECTS' HOPES AND PRAYERS, FAIR QUEEN !
GO WITH THEE :—CLOUDS ABOVE THY BARK MAY BROOD,
AND ROCKS AND SHOALS BESET THINE UNKNOWN WAY ;
BUT THOU IN VIRTUE BOLD MAY'ST STEER SERENE
THROUGH TEMPESTS ; ENGLAND'S GLORY AND HER GOOD
THE LOAD-STAR OF THY COURSE, AND HEAVEN THY STAY.

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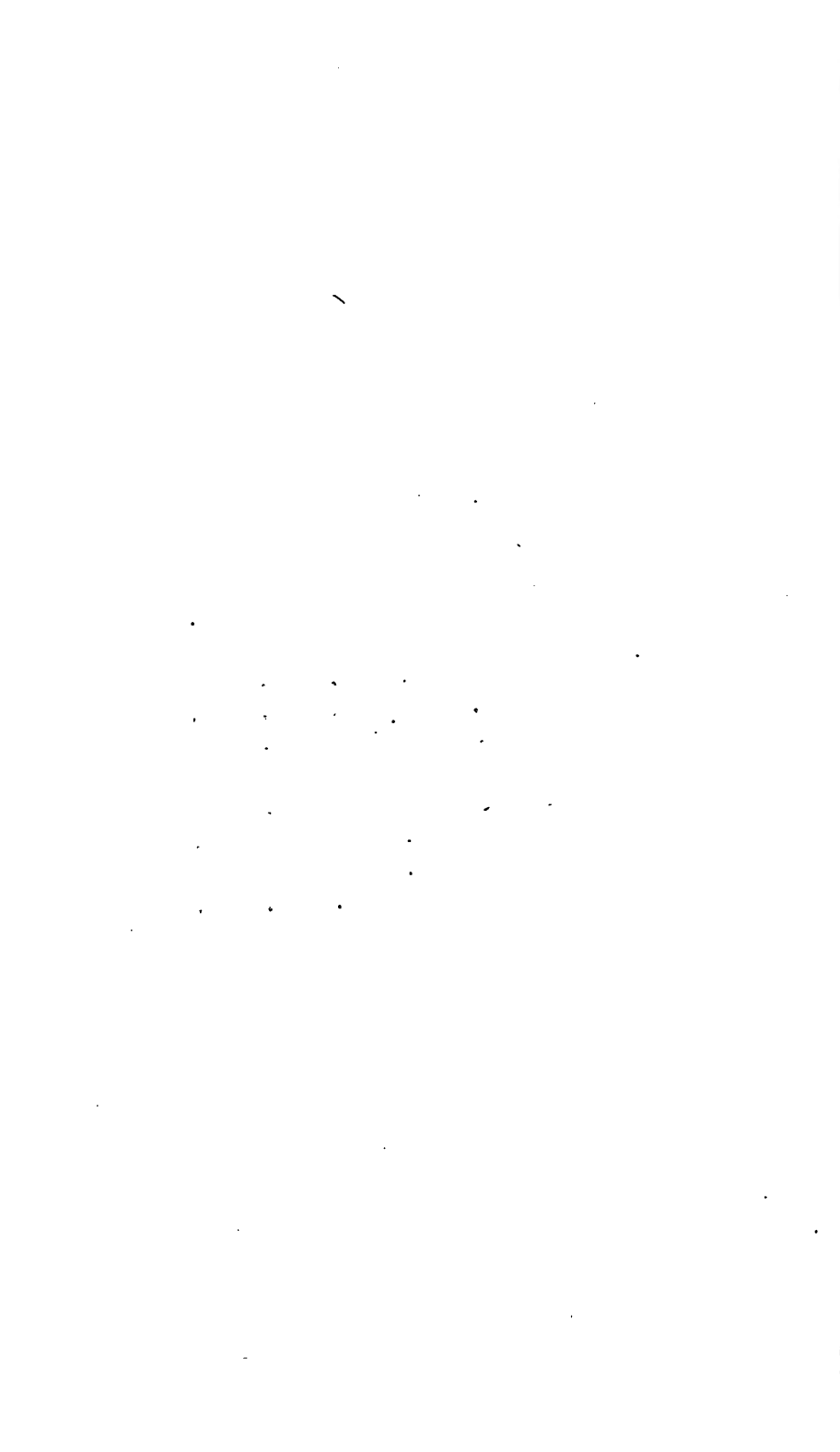
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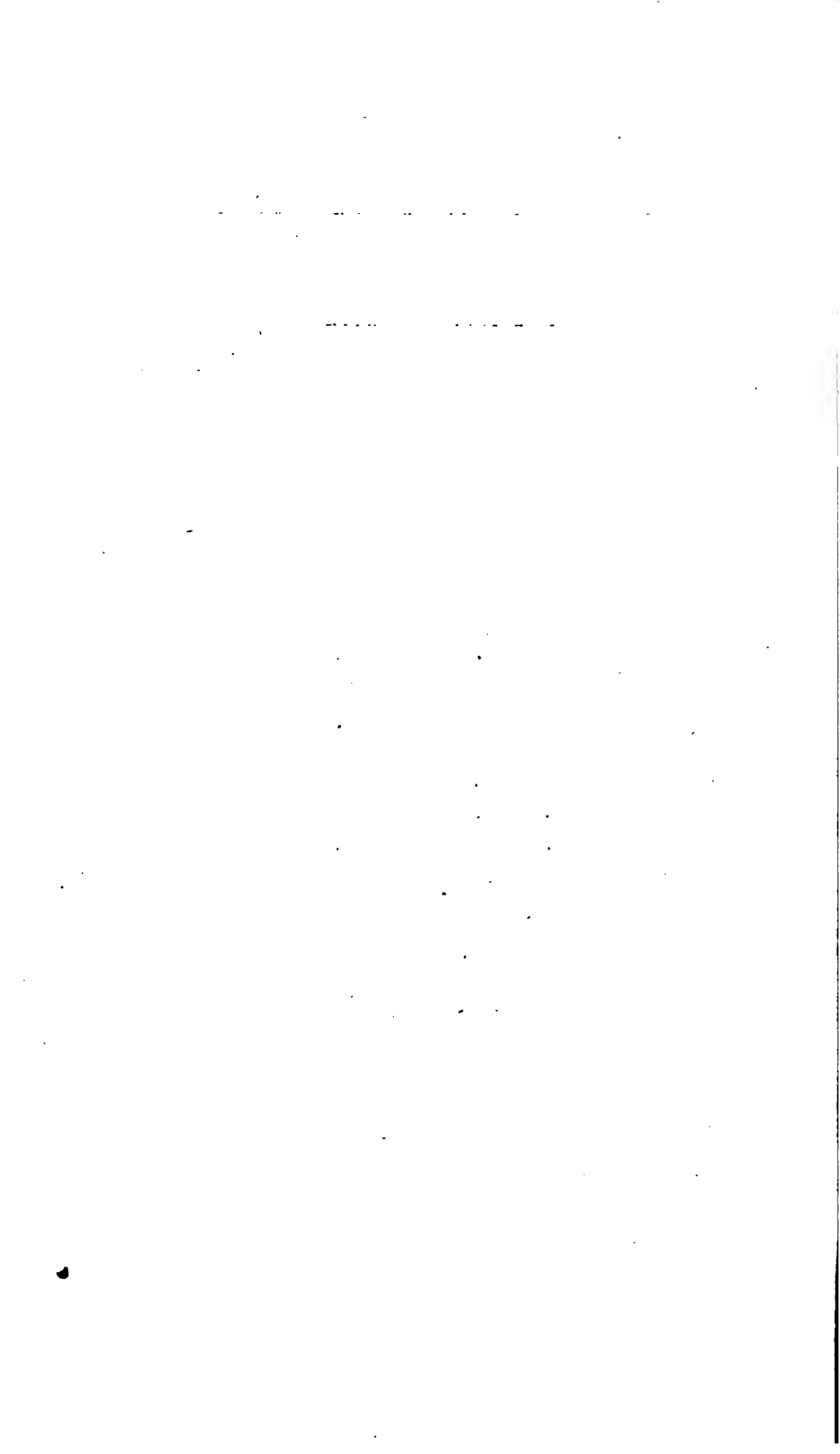
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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JULY, 1837.

VOL. XLII.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.

AMONG the many eminent men who shed lustre on the latter part of what has been termed the Georgian era, certainly not the least conspicuous was Sir John Sinclair. The position which he held in public esteem was altogether peculiar, and the means by which he attained it were not less so. Sir John Sinclair entered public life at a period more than ordinarily fruitful in great men and great events; when the departments of law, science, politics, and literature were crowded with competitors, and consequently the attainment of distinction was in the highest degree difficult. Under such circumstances he might, at first sight, appear to have been deficient in many of the qualities requisite to success. Considered merely in a literary point of view he was not a great author; nor was he highly gifted as an orator, nor profoundly versed in any branch of science; nor had he drank deeply at "the stream divine of high philosophy;" nor as a politician did he rise above the middle rank. With all these disadvantages, however, his success was extraordinary. No man ever succeeded in acquiring a reputation more honourable or more widely spread. Throughout Europe and America his name became familiar almost as a household word, and he enjoyed his great honours, with this remarkable distinction, that none ever

questioned the justice with which they had been bestowed. The labours of a long life have been at length closed by death, yet no man has hitherto attempted to tear a leaf from his chaplet, and the high place he occupied in public opinion remains—and is long likely to remain—untenanted.

The public were entitled to expect that the memoirs of a life so successfully devoted to their service should be written for the instruction both of the present generation and posterity. This duty, we rejoice to say, has been discharged with a degree of talent, good taste, and sound judgment which leaves nothing to be desired. The biographer is already well known to the world as the author of several valuable works on criticism and theology, and the present work will assuredly not derogate from his high reputation. In the execution of his task Mr Sinclair has not suffered his feelings of filial attachment to influence his judgment. Indeed, if he has even erred at all, it certainly has not been in forming too lofty an estimate either of the character or services of his distinguished father. Of eulogy Mr Sinclair is even rigorously sparing. He never heaps the measure of his praise, and in some instances we think that a larger portion might have been fairly arrogated by the biographer of Sir John Sinclair, and are quite sure it would have been

Memoirs of the Life and Works of the late Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart. By his Son, the Rev. John Sinclair, M.A., Pemb. Coll. Oxford, F.R.S.E.; Author of Dissertations vindicating the Church of England; an Essay on Church Patronage, &c. In Two Volumes. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh. 1837.

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freely conceded by the public. It is a defect, perhaps inseparable from the memoirs of men of genius, that, however largely they contribute to the gratification of curiosity, they rarely convey a lesson generally useful. Individuals so gifted may be considered as exhibiting exceptions to the ordinary laws which regulate and limit human intellect, and their success being the result of a rare idiosyncrasy, their example is little available to those who, from difference of mental organization, can experience but imperfect sympathy either with their peculiar temptations or higher impulses. But the case is different in regard to individuals who, without any remarkable superiority of original endowment, have achieved great objects merely by the strenuous and judicious application of powers which they possess in common with the majority of mankind. The lives of such men must ever be full of valuable instruction. The instruments of their success are within reach of all. They were endowed with no preternatural strength, nor did they wield a charmed weapon. Yet men so constituted and so armed, without dazzling appliances of any sort, have achieved the most astonishing results, and established a permanent and acknowledged claim to the gratitude of mankind.

Of this class, it is almost needless to say, was Sir John Sinclair. His life was one of intense activity and labour, and scarcely less remarkable for the variety of pursuits to which it was devoted, than for the degree of success by which, in most of them, his labours were rewarded. In almost all his works we find a picture of his mind, and in these we might almost trace its progress from youth to middle age, and from that period to the closing years of a long and valuable life. Perhaps the writings of no man were ever more legibly impressed with the character of their author. Unlike those writers who think it necessary to appear before the public with an air of rhetorical pomp, Sir John Sinclair despised such artifices, and wrote as he spoke and as he thought, with perfect simplicity and directness. With genius he was not endowed. His mind was deficient in imagination, and the powers connected with it, which probably he had never cultivated; and his talent for logical deduction was not

remarkable. In his writings we rarely discover any close and connected chain of reasoning. Perhaps the most prominent feature of his intellect was its extraordinary vivacity. His faculties never slept. They were always up and stirring; always on the look-out; always active. Two other qualities he possessed in a remarkable degree—enthusiasm and perseverance. The one led him to make light of difficulties, however formidable, and the other enabled him to overcome them. We do not believe that Sir John Sinclair ever resigned a task he had undertaken from dread of any obstacle—or shrank from any degree of labour, however vast, which might be necessary for its completion. To know that success was possible was all that he required; for, with this knowledge, his confidence in his own powers was too great to have a doubt of his attaining it. This sanguine constitution of mind was fortunate, both for himself and his country: without it, he could have brought few of his great works to a successful termination, and in all probability the Statistical Account of Scotland would have remained unwritten.

No man, perhaps, was ever less fitted than Sir John Sinclair for a life of contemplation. Action was as necessary to him as the air he breathed. It was to his mind what the pole is to the needle—the *terminus*, towards which all his thoughts and intellectual impulses were directed. He could not, like Mr Coleridge, be content to dwell in a world of visionary abstractions—merging all thought of material existence in contemplation of the microcosm within. To the latter, the abstract and speculative were every thing—the purely practical nothing. In the material wants and necessities of man he took no interest. In him action was at all times the offspring rather of painful necessity than of voluntary impulse. In the eyes of Mr Coleridge the great globe itself, and all that it inhabit, were valueless, when compared with that universe of mysterious possibilities on which he delighted to speculate and refine. Perhaps a more striking contrast was never exhibited in human character than existed between those two distinguished individuals.

The Memoirs of Sir John Sinclair's Life are, of course, those of his Works.

In either view, they possess much interest. With almost all the great men of the period in which he lived he was brought, by his position in society, and the considerable part he took in public affairs, into frequent contact; and he was too acute and accurate an observer not to form a tolerably just estimate of the various interesting characters thus placed within the range of inspection. Indeed we cannot but regret that, with his superior powers and extensive opportunities of observation, he was not induced to embody in a separate work his parliamentary recollections, and the valuable floating anecdotes with which his memory was amply stored.

In the year 1780 Sir John (then Mr) Sinclair first entered Parliament, as member for his native county. His political opinions led him to support Lord North; and an offer which he made to second the address led to a friendly intercourse with the Minister. In the year following Mr Sinclair made his *débüt* as a parliamentary orator, and shortly afterwards he published his first pamphlet, entitled, "Thoughts on the Naval Strength of the British Empire." This was favourably received, and soon followed by another. From this period forward he seems to have kept up a warm *fusillade* of brochures on matters naval, military, political, agricultural, statistical, and literary. Of these—amounting in number to several hundreds—we believe there are few which do not contain much valuable information. Indeed it could not be otherwise. Whatever subject might engage the attention of Mr Sinclair, it was always his first object to gather into one focus all the facts and circumstances connected with it. In the pursuit of information he was indefatigable, and with his extraordinary industry, and the gift of a memory unusually retentive, it will readily be conceived that his mind became stored with a vast and increasing mass of valuable knowledge on a greater variety of topics than, perhaps, ever before engaged the attention of a single individual.

It was scarcely possible, therefore, for Mr Sinclair to write on any subject without communicating instruction. Indeed we can conceive nothing more convenient to the statesmen of the time than the prodigality

with which he poured forth his accumulated stores. Whenever any difficult or abstruse question engaged the attention of the legislature or the public, Mr Sinclair was sure to write on it, and to embody all the facts necessary to a sound conclusion which could be gathered from the records of past ages, or the testimony of living witnesses. Even those who differed from his conclusions were forced to admit the value and accuracy of his premises.

The tide of misfortune which flowed in upon the country with scarcely any remission during the whole duration of the American war, led Mr Sinclair to devise measures for putting an end to that unfortunate contest. Parties were then (1783), as now, rather nicely balanced in the House of Commons. The number of members in the habit of attending the House was about 430, of whom 230 generally supported the Ministry, and 200 the Opposition. Among the nominal adherents of each party might be reckoned about fifty, whose support was lukewarm and precarious, consisting chiefly of Lord Gower's friends and a body of independent country gentlemen, who acknowledged no leader, and voted according to their own judgment. Of course, in such circumstances a strong Government was impossible. The defection of sixteen members could at any time turn the scale.

In this predicament of party Mr Sinclair, convinced that any overtures for peace were not to be expected from Lord North, made a bold and active effort for the overthrow of his Government by means of a coalition. He held frequent conferences with the independent party,—represented to them the influence they might acquire from co-operation,—and proposed, with their aid, that a Cabinet should be formed, embracing the leading members of the two great parties. Mr Sinclair strongly stated his conviction that in this manner, and in this alone, could the sinking fortunes of the nation be retrieved.

These views he not only enforced in personal communications with the different members, but in the pages of four pamphlets which he published on the occasion. The persuasions of tongue and type, however, were alike unavailing. A few of the members were prevailed on to meet occasionally

at the St Alban's Tavern for the purpose of discussing the prospects of the country, the proceedings of the Ministry, and a good dinner. In regard to the last of these subjects there existed perfect unanimity; the two former were met by greater reserve. Meeting after meeting took place, but concord of opinion was wanting, both as to the mode of action and the object to be gained by it. Mr Sinclair appears to have been the only active and zealous member of the party; and after much trouble, and much correspondence, and many dinners, the project died of mere inanition, and Lord North retained office till driven from it by a different influence. We give the following extract from the Memoirs, because it affords an apt and curious illustration of the impediments to be overcome in procuring active support for any new political project. It contains an abstract of the answers of the different members to Sir John Sinclair's communication, soliciting co-operation.

"Mr (afterwards Sir William) Pulteney is 'obliged by the perusal of the papers, and will attend as early as possible in the House of Commons, to receive farther explanations.'

"Lord Mahon consents to a resolution, reprobating 'offensive war upon the Continent of America against the British revolted colonies, as tending to weaken our efforts against the House of Bourbon.'

"Sir Herbert Mackworth, member for Cardiff, enters warmly into the measures suggested: he is detained in the country; 'but,' continues he, 'I beg you will consider me as one of your number present, and joining in the plan as one of the society: I can very safely depute you my proxy, if it may be admitted on the present occasion, having a perfect confidence in the uprightness of your intentions, and abilities to adapt them to great public good.'

"Viscount Maitland (now Earl of Lauderdale) writes in great haste, expecting what he terms 'a motion of a conciliatory nature, declaring the inexpediency of the affairs of the country remaining in the same hands, without specifying who or what number ought to be removed.'

"Sir Robert Herries, member for Dumfries, 'thinks Mr Sinclair is entitled to much praise for having executed as well as planned a laudable institution,' and requests a conference with him on the subject.

"The Earl of Surrey (afterwards Duke

of Norfolk) 'will meet Mr Sinclair, and the gentlemen mentioned by him, at the St Alban's.'

"Mr Sibthorpe, member for Boston, 'will give Mr Sinclair's papers much attention in the first moment of leisure.'

"Mr J. Rolle (afterwards Lord Rolle) 'will attend with great readiness the next meeting at the St Alban's, and will be happy in co-operating with other independent members to support such measures as may appear to them for the real interest of his king and country.'

"Mr Lygon (afterwards Earl Beauchamp), having been called into the country, 'is much obliged by Mr Sinclair's recollection of a runaway,' and describes the county of Worcester 'in high spirits, thinking a change of Ministers implies every blessing that can restore a kingdom.'

"Mr George Ross being prevented from attending by illness, hopes that the meeting was numerous and respectable, and will send in the evening for a list.'

"Sir Henry Houghton, member for Preston, 'receives with great satisfaction Mr Sinclair's information that there is a prospect of an union of independent members of Parliament in some efforts to save their sinking country.'

"Mr Brickdale, member for Bristol, 'will be glad at any time to communicate with Mr Sinclair on the subject of his plans.'

"Mr Montague, in six successive notes, assures Mr Sinclair, that he is 'full of zeal in the cause,' and will observe 'secrecy,' adding, however, that, 'he is forbidden by his physicians not only to attend the House, but even to hold conversation at any length.'

"Mr Strutt, member for Maldon, enters warmly into Mr Sinclair's plans; has communicated them to Mr Bramston, Mr Sibthorpe, and Mr Bulloch; recommends caution; and proposes that the first meeting should consist of not more than ten or twelve members, 'for,' says he, 'every man, however shackled, wishes to be considered as free and independent.' He adds, 'Whether the present Ministry is equal to the conduct of the war, is not for me to determine, and yet I wish a change of two persons. But I will be bold to say, that neither this nor any other Ministry can be active and frugal who have to contend with an Opposition so virulent and ——— as the present. I confine myself to the leaders and their particular adherents. Something must be done to compel the Minister, whoever he may be, to economy; and to excite to decided and vigorous measures: at the same time opposition must be silenced.'

"But perhaps the nature and objects of

the St Alban's Club, and the sentiments generally pervading its members, may be best collected from the following letter of Mr Gilbert, the member for Litchfield :—

“ ‘ Lillyshall, 2d Jan. 1782.

“ ‘ Dear Sir,—I have been in the country ten days ; but so much engaged in a variety of business, as to prevent my attention to those very important concerns respecting the public which have of late so much engrossed your thoughts and mine ; however, from a desire to contribute the utmost of my endeavours to promote so excellent a plan, and to show that regard which is due to you for your very laudable exertions therein, I have retired for an hour or two from other affairs to resume the consideration of our favourite object, and to communicate my thoughts a little farther to you.

“ ‘ I think we cannot do better service at present than by communicating our plan to such public-spirited members as we happen to be connected or acquainted with, who have the real love of their country at heart ; all these, I doubt not, will cheerfully co-operate with and assist us, in a work so essential at this crisis, and which promises so much relief to this poor, I may add unfortunate, divided, and distracted country ; at the very brink of ruin, whilst she is possessed of resources sufficient to extricate her from her present distresses, to make her a scourge to her haughty and perfidious enemy, and to raise her to a greater pitch of glory than she has ever yet attained ; if they were properly exerted, and her affairs administered with that spirit, equity, justice, and economy which they ought.

“ ‘ I think with you, that we ought to be prepared with a plan for our coadjutors to look up to, for the speedy attaining these desirable ends ; when that is settled, I trust there is virtue and spirit enough yet left in this country, both in the sovereign and the people, to accomplish the great and good work.

“ ‘ Notwithstanding my engagements in private affairs, I shall devote many hours to the consideration of these most important concerns before I have the pleasure of seeing you, which I hope will be on the 20th of this month. I have been from Cotton some days, and shall not return till Sunday or Monday se'nnight, having many engagements in this and the adjoining counties. I have the honour to be, with the utmost respect, dear sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,

“ ‘ THOMAS GILBERT.”

Shortly afterwards a change of Ministry took place, and Lord Rockingham and the Whig party came in-

to power. Lord North experienced the usual fate of an unfortunate Minister, in being deserted by many of those who had been among the most subservient while he remained in power. The following anecdote is interesting, as recording an authentic instance of gratitude in a *Scotchman*. We give it, in spite of the incredulity with which it will be received south of the Tweed.

“ Having quoted from my father's papers a few reminiscences of Lord North when in power, I may here add one anecdote of that Minister, long after his resignation. It is not often that fallen greatness receives testimonies of gratitude and good feeling from the objects of its former bounty. Lord North had much promoted the restoration of the forfeited estates in Scotland. Some time before that measure was agreed upon, young Cameron of Lochiel had been introduced to the Minister, who was so much pleased with his address as to remember him at a crisis when his patronage was most desirable, and to insist upon the Lochiel estate being added to the list of those to be restored. A relation of Lochiel took an opportunity to show the sense of obligation cherished by his family after the Minister was out of place, and blind. Having the captaincy of an East-Indiaman to give away, this gentleman (whose name was Cameron) wrote to Lord North, with the offer to appoint any person whom his Lordship might recommend. The retired statesman was much affected by this evidence of generous feeling, and declared, almost with tears, ‘ This is the only instance of *undoubted gratitude* that I have ever met with.’ ”

The portion of the present work which is devoted to matters merely political, though full of amusing anecdote, is less interesting, we think, than that which relates to Sir John Sinclair's labours as an agriculturist and statist. In the former capacity his zeal for improvement was unbounded, and in his native county his name will long be remembered as its first and greatest benefactor. That the whole north of Scotland occasionally benefited by his zeal, activity, and sound judgment, the following passage, in common with many others in the work, bears ample and unanswerable testimony.

“ Mr Sinclair was this year the successful promoter of a measure which formed, in after life, one of his most agreeable reminiscences. Scotland had twice been visited with the miseries of famine, but in

neither instance more severely than at this time. So cold and stormy was the summer of 1782, that the crops were late and unpromising. 'On the fifth of October, before they had time to ripen, a frost, armed almost with the rigour of a Greenland climate, desolated, in one night, the hope of the husbandman. The grain, frost-bitten, immediately contracted a hoary whiteness. Potatoes and turnips, already dwarfish, were further injured. The produce of the garden was destitute of its usual nourishment, and the fields yielded not one-third of an ordinary crop.' No wholesome food could be procured; and disease, as well as famine, began to overspread, not only the whole north of Scotland, but even some districts in the south. On this occasion of general distress and alarm, the member for Caithness earnestly besought the interposition of Parliament. An objection was started that no precedent could be found for such a grant as he solicited; and that a precedent, once furnished, would lead to troublesome and endless applications. The late Ministry having long been subject to the trammels of office, adhered rigidly to forms and rules. Their successors indulged more liberal ideas. Mr Sheridan, in particular (at that time Secretary to the Treasury), entered with great zeal into the cause, and a motion was at last agreed to for a committee on the subject. Their report was so conclusive, that the House presented an address, recommending the calamitous state of the north of Scotland to his Majesty's gracious consideration, and promising to make good the expense incurred. The whole cost of this well-timed relief was little more than £15,000; and yet no less a number than 111,521 souls, inhabitants of fifteen counties, were rescued from starvation.

"The apprehensions entertained in Parliament that the aid afforded in this instance might lead to importunate and annoying solicitations on occasions of less necessity, received, some years afterwards, a memorable rebuke from the gratitude and high spirit of the northern population. A hurricane of unexampled severity laid waste, in 1807, some of the districts which had availed themselves of the Parliamentary grant. On this occasion my father wrote to Malcolm Laing, the historian, suggesting a petition to the Legislature for a renewal of its bounty. Mr Laing's answer is as follows:—

"Sir,—I beg leave to acknowledge the honour of your letter, which I have communicated to most of the gentlemen in the county, and shall take the first opportunity of laying before a county meeting.

"The prevailing sentiment, I believe,

is this:—That although many individuals suffered severely from the storm on Christmas-day, yet, having experienced the humane interposition of Government during a season of absolute scarcity, nothing less than an actual dearth will induce the county again to apply to the bounty of Parliament. This proceeds from the apprehension of abusing or exhausting that liberality, to which the county has already been so much indebted. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

MALCOLM LAING.

"Kirkwall, May 25th, 1807."

Another benefit, the extent and value of which, perhaps, no man with Saxon blood in his veins can duly appreciate, Mr Sinclair was the chief instrument in procuring for his Celtic countrymen. We allude to the legislative exemption from the painful necessity of wearing breeches. The act legalizing the phillabeg passed in the middle of winter; yet no sooner did it become known than, in the country north of Stirling, fifty additional square miles of human skin courted the refreshing influence of the mountain breezes. The Io Pheans of the various clans on their enfranchisement from a bondage so distressing were loud, if not musical. Bonfires blazed on Bræmar, and tallow candles in the windows of Inverness; the heart of Thurso was made glad, and wild expressions of gratitude and gratulation awoke all the mountain echoes of Badenoch and Lochaber. Yet some dissidents, though comparatively few, there must have been from the reigning hilarity. The unhappy Lowland tailors who, induced by former similarity of garb, had pitched their shop-boards in these mountain regions, saw the ruin of their hopes in the sudden deluge of kilts which overspread the land. They became at once aware that in the country of the Gael their occupation was gone for ever, and having become bankrupt, and honourably paid nothing in the pound, sought employment for goose and shears among a population less proud of baring their persons to the action of the elements.

As for the great liberator, on the approach of the summer solstice, he appears to have cast aside his Sassenach habiliments, and proceeded on a tour of triumph through the country.

"Another boon which, during the same session, my father contributed to obtain for Scotland, was not so important as the preceding, but was highly popular and acceptable. An act was passed, repealing the prohibition (19th George II.) of the ancient Highland dress. On his next journey through the Highlands, Mr Sinclair availed himself of this national concession by appearing in full Highland costume. On his way to visit Lord Breadalbane, passing through the town of Logierait, he had an amusing proof of the association established by recent events in the minds of Highlanders, between their ancient garb and the fortunes of the house of Stuart. Having quitted his carriage, he was enjoying on foot a ramble among the wild and mountain scenery of that neighbourhood, followed by a multitude of the natives, speaking Gaelic with great vehemence. An old Highlander at length accosted him in a cautious whisper, 'Sir, if you are come here in *the good old cause*, I can give you to understand that there are a hundred gude men ready to join you, within the sound o' the bell o' Logierait.' These simple-minded people took my father for at least an emissary of Charles Edward, or perhaps for Charles Edward himself."

From an early period of his life Mr Sinclair had devoted much attention to finance. In 1783 he published two pamphlets on the subject, which were well received by the public, and elicited expressions of approbations from Dr Rice and other eminent authorities on such matters. This induced him to embark in the arduous undertaking of writing a "History of the Public Revenue of the British Empire." In this work his object was to trace the public revenue and expenditure of England, from the most remote period down to his own time, and also to afford an analytical view of public revenue in general. The undertaking was novel. Nothing of the kind had been before attempted on a plan equally comprehensive. The information necessary for its completion was difficult to be acquired, and still more difficult to be sifted and arranged, from the vast number and complication of details. But no obstacle, however formidable, could depress the ardent mind of Mr Sinclair. In the execution of his task, he left no source of information, ancient or modern, foreign or domestic, unexplored. His list of authorities, as stated in the Memoirs, including historians, antiquaries, financiers,

biographers, and economists, amounted to the prodigious number of 713; and when we consider that a considerable number of these were works of great extent, and written in foreign languages, the amount of labour employed merely in research will excite astonishment. Certain it is, that it produced good fruit. The History of the Revenue is by far the most important work on financial statistics to be found in the literature of Europe, and must remain a standard—in all probability an unrivalled—example of the successful application of zeal and industry.

Perhaps the most interesting crisis in the constitutional history of England, during the last century, occurred on the first accession of Mr Pitt to power, when the Coalition party of Fox and North still continued to command a majority of the House of Commons. The latter were exasperated by defeat at the very moment when they felt sure of a triumph, and had Mr Pitt made a single false move in the great political game, it must have been irretrievably lost. But the young Minister showed that he was fully adequate to surmount the difficulties of the crisis. With the most consummate skill he steered through the rocks and shallows which surrounded him on all sides, and the Whigs for the next half century found themselves excluded from the Paradise (so it seemed to them) of office, and condemned, with the full approbation of the country, to the Pandemonium (so they felt it) of Opposition and empty pockets. At this exciting period Mr Sinclair seems to have taken a very active and useful part in support of the Minister. The following extract will show that his services were not unappreciated.

"In the arduous struggle of the young Minister against a majority in the House of Commons, exasperated by defeat at the very moment when they felt sure of a decisive triumph, the Member for Caithness gave him his most cordial support. The importance of my father's services on this occasion appears from the two following letters, one from Mr Pitt himself, the other from his confidential friend, J. J. Hamilton, Esq. (afterwards Marquis of Abercorn):—

"My dear Sir,—I find the enemy circulating, that I said in my speech I would resign, in case of an address being carried. I take for granted, they think

this impression would help them in the division, if they move it, on Monday. The fact is, as I recollect, that I said nothing one way or other on that supposition, but challenged them either to *impeach* or address, if they were dissatisfied with my reasons for remaining after the resolutions. You will, I am sure, forgive my troubling you with this, for your *private use*, if you think it worth while to take any way of counteracting this idea. Perhaps you may have some opportunity to see how it is understood to-day.—I am, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,
W. PITT.

“ ‘ Saturday, Jan. 31, five o'clock.’ ”

“ ‘ Dear Sir,—I am just come from Pitt, who is much obliged to you for your friendly support and assistance. We agree that Mr Luttrell's appearance in his favour on Monday will be a very desirable circumstance. There will probably be a division, but, at all events, the presence of independent and respectable friends will be in the highest degree desirable.—I am, dear Sir, in haste, but with real respect and regard, your most obedient servant,
J. J. HAMILTON.

“ ‘ Five o'clock.’ ”

In 1785 Mr Sinclair became a widower, and felt his loss so severely, that he at first meditated retirement from public life. This intention he communicated to Mr Pitt, who returned the following kind and amiable reply:—

“ ‘ Downing Street, May 17, 1785.

“ ‘ My dear Sir,—I feel very sensibly the kind proof of your zeal and friendship at such a moment, and truly lament the unfortunate cause which deprives us at present of your assistance. As far as numbers are in question, a single vote, though always of some consequence, is, I trust, not now so material as once seemed possible. I am not, however, the less thankful to you for the accommodation you propose, though very glad to think it unnecessary.—Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,
W. PITT.’ ”

In order to overcome the depression thus occasioned, he made a tour on the Continent, which enabled him to form an acquaintance with many foreigners of celebrity. For fellow-traveller to Paris he had Montgolfier, of balloon notoriety, and in that capital dined *en famille* with Necker, then Prime Minister. The ladies of the Minister's family seemed determined to give their Scottish guest a flattering reception. He found Madame Necker engaged

in the perusal of Blair's Sermons, and Mademoiselle Necker — afterwards Madame de Staël—delighted him with playing Scottish airs on the piano. He was also frequently in the society of Buffon, who had become garrulous from old age. The great naturalist, however, did not yield to the Necker family in politeness. He gratified his Celtic visitor by bestowing due praise on English poets and English philosophers.

Shortly after his return from the Continent, Mr Pitt procured for his friend and supporter the honour of a Baronetcy. Sir John then made a second and more extensive tour on the Continent, visiting Denmark, Sweden, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Hanover, and on his return formed a matrimonial union with the Hon. Miss Macdonald, daughter of Alexander, first Lord Macdonald. The uncle of this lady, Mr Bosville, was one of the most remarkable and eccentric characters of his day. The details given in the present work, relative to his tastes and habits, are both interesting and amusing. It is almost impossible to imagine a character whose life and death are better fitted “ to point a moral or adorn a tale.” Of his extraordinary relative, Mr Sinclair thus writes—

“ As my granduncle, Bosville, was among the most original and eccentric characters of his day, and as the subject of this Memoir was a frequent visitor at his house, I may be excused for introducing a few *Bosvilliana* related by my father or his contemporaries. My granduncle's exterior consisted of the single-breasted coat, powdered hair and queue, and other paraphernalia of a courtier in the reign of George II.; but within this courtly garb was enclosed one of the most ultra-liberal spirits of the time. He assembled every day at his house in Welbeck Street a party of congenial souls, never exceeding twelve in number, nor receiving the important summons to dinner a single moment after five o'clock. Such was the old gentleman's punctuality, that the first stroke of the clock was the signal for going down stairs; and when Mr Friend, the astronomer-royal, arriving half a minute after, met the company on the staircase, Bosville addressed him with, ‘ I trust, Mr Friend, you will not fail to bear in mind for the future, that we don't reckon time here by the meridian of Greenwich, but by the meridian of Welbeck Street.’ The servants entered into

this whimsical accuracy of their master, and when a well-known guest, out of breath with haste, one day rang the door bell about four minutes after five, the footman, looking up from the area, informed him that his master was 'busy dining.' This repulse was in perfect keeping with his master's favourite maxim; 'Some may better late than never; I say, better never than late.' A slate was kept in the hall, on which any intimate friend (and he had many), might inscribe his name as a guest for the day. Among the persons thus privileged, I may mention, besides family connexions, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Hutchinson, Horne Tooke, Parson Este, Major James, Baron Dimsdale, Lord Oxford, and Mr Clifford the barrister of O. P. celebrity. A specimen of Mr Bosville's humour may be given in his description of the last dinner he partook at the house of Lord Dudley, his brother-in-law. 'I always dine,' said he, 'punctually at five; but when I reached Park Lane after six, I commonly was forced to wait half an hour before my sister returned from her morning drive. Not till half-past seven did a single soul arrive to dinner, and I have often heard eight strike when we were going down stairs. Feeling ashamed to be the only performer, while the rest were little better than spectators, I generally rose with an appetite. The fact is, Lady Dudley and her friends always dine at three o'clock without knowing it. At that hour she takes a beef steak and a glass of Madeira, which she chooses to call a luncheon. Finding that Lord Dudley's habits and my own did not agree, I at last concluded a treaty offensive and defensive, by which each engaged not to trouble the other with invitations, nor be angry at not receiving them. Since that time we have always lived on brotherly terms.'

"Mr Bosville scarcely ever quitted the metropolis; he used to say that London was the best residence in winter, and that he knew no place like it in summer. One year when in Yorkshire, he made a point of not visiting his own estates, lest he should be involved in the cares and troubles of a landed proprietor. But though he seldom really travelled, he sometimes made imaginary journeys. He used to mention as a grave fact, that once he visited the Scilly Isles, and attended a ball at St Mary's, where he found a young lady giving herself great airs, because her education had received a 'finish' at the 'Land's End.' Another of his stories was, that having been at Rome during the last illness of Clement XIV., he went daily to the Vatican to ascertain what chance he had of enjoying the spectacle of an instal-

lation. The bulletins, according to my grand-uncle's playful imagination, were variously expressed, but each more alarming than its predecessor. First, 'his Holiness is very ill;' next, 'his Excellency is worse;' then, 'his Eminence is in a very low state;' and at last, the day before the Pope expired, came forth the startling announcement, 'his Infallibility is delirious.' This pleasant original occasionally coined anecdotes at the expense of his own guests, and related them to their face, for the amusement of the company. Parson Este was once editor of a paper called the *World*; and Bosville alleged of him before a large party, that one day a gentleman in deep mourning came to him at the office, requesting the insertion of a ready-made panegyric on his brother, who had died a few days before. 'No!' answered the reverend editor, 'your brother did not choose to die in our newspaper, and that being the case, I can find no room for eulogies upon him.' It was a favourite saying of Bosville, which my father borrowed from him, when he wanted to give encouragement to a diffident friend, '*Il faut risquer quelque chose.*' The origin of this catch-word was a story told by Bosville of a party of French officers, each of whom outvied the rest in relating of himself some wonderful exploit. A young Englishman who was present, sat with characteristic modesty in silence. His next neighbour asked him: why he did not contribute a story in his turn, and being answered, 'I have done nothing like the feats that have been told us,' patted him on the back, and said, with a significant look, '*Eh bien, Monsieur, il faut risquer quelque chose.*' Some one asked Mr Bosville whether he intended purchasing 'the new Baronetage?'—'No,' replied the humourist, 'I am waiting till the *Squirage* comes out; a work then mentioned in derision, but now printed with success.'

"Among Mr Bosville's liberal friends, was the noted author of 'the Political Register.' While Cobbett was in Newgate, my grand-uncle went in state, with four horses to his carriage, to visit the prisoner; and afterwards presented him with a thousand pounds in token of sympathy, as he termed it, with the persecuted sufferer. The party in Welbeck Street, as may be supposed, never stood very high in favour of the Government. The butler one day whispered to Mr Bosville, after dinner, that some gentlemen insisted upon seeing him in the anti-chamber. Going out to them, he found his friend Townshend the police-officer, and his myrmidons, in quest of two noted democrats then actually seated at the dinner-table. Bosville received 'the gentlemen' with great

civility, and offered them refreshments if they would not interrupt the socialities of the dining-room, pledging himself to be security for the objects of their search. These functionaries appear to have been almost as accommodating as the bailiffs who so obligingly augmented the retinue of Sir Richard Steele, at his memorable entertainment. Having made this arrangement, Bosville returned to table without the slightest symptom of discomposure, and prolonged the entertainment till the usual hour. While the company were withdrawing, the bailiffs were allowed to execute their office, and carried off the astonished guests to prison.

"The concluding days of Bosville are a melancholy evidence of the force of habit. He wished his dinner parties to be continued to the very last. His health declined, and his convivial powers deserted him; but the slate hung as usual in the hall, and he felt more anxiety than ever that the list of guests upon it should not fail of its appointed number. Habitually inclined to scepticism, he was not prepared, amidst increasing infirmities, to seek for comfort in religion. Even during his last hours, when he was confined to his chamber, the hospitable board was regularly spread below. He insisted upon reports from time to time of the jocularities calling forth the laughter which still assailed his ear; and on the very morning of his death gave orders for an entertainment punctually at the usual hour, which he did not live to see. It would be well for those who think that religious consolations are easily attainable on a death-bed, and without habitual preparation, to take solemn warning from the last moments of Bosville!"

Among the most important of Sir John Sinclair's numerous services to his country, was the establishment of a Society for improving British Wool. This article had been for centuries the staple commodity of Britain, yet its improvement had been utterly neglected by men of scientific and practical knowledge. Not a single individual throughout Europe, with the exception of M. D'Aubenton, keeper of the royal flocks in France, had adequately united these qualities, and the partial improvements which had taken place in some of the breeds were by no means the result of any well-directed system. It is true that physiologists possessed a general acquaintance with the anatomical structure and general habits of the animal, as exhibited in various districts and countries; but the effects of climate, frost, and management had never been accurately ascertained

by observations, nor had any work been published which could instruct the sheep-farmer in the most advantageous manner of managing his flock.

This state of ignorance Sir John Sinclair determined should no longer exist. In his own person he collected all possible information on the subject, and stimulated all within the sphere of his influence to similar exertions. The result was the establishment of an Association for the improvement of British Wool, of which he was elected president. The good effected by this society was very great. Specimens of sheep of all breeds were procured, and no exertion of influence, or expenditure of money, was spared which could render the collection complete. King George the Third gave the society his warm patronage and support, and presented them with specimens of rams from the royal flocks, and in the course of one year from its commencement, the association, by gift or purchase, accumulated about 800 sheep, natives of all countries, from Abyssinia to Sweden, from Shetland to New South Wales.

The advantages derived from the exertions and influence of this society by the country at large it would be difficult to estimate too highly. To them the country is indebted for the introduction of the Cheviot breed into the Highlands, which is now naturalized over the whole north of Scotland, and the rent of sheep pasture in every part of the island has risen in a proportion far exceeding that of other landed property. Thus chiefly by the judicious and patriotic efforts of the subject of these Memoirs has the wealth of the country, and the comfort of its inhabitants, been increased to an extent which our grandsires would have considered incredible.

The life of Sir John Sinclair was too full of action to enable us in these pages to trace its progress with any accuracy or minuteness. We must, therefore, confine our notice to the more prominent events with which he was connected. In 1794 he raised a fencible corps, and being no less active in matters military than civil, we learn that in seven months from the time he received his commission he had so drilled and perfected the discipline of his regiment, as to merit from the General commanding the praise of being "an excellent and effective corps."

The Statistical Account of Scotland was undertaken shortly afterwards,—we believe in the year 1790. This extensive, arduous, and all but impracticable work, was not at first contemplated by Sir John, in the form and pressure it afterwards assumed. It arose thus:—To his history of the revenue, it had been his wish to subjoin a general view of the political circumstances of the country, but from the scantiness of information, he had been compelled to abandon the attempt. Being subsequently a member of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and on terms of intimacy with many of its leaders, the idea suggested itself, that by means of the clergy, he might be furnished with such information regarding their respective parishes, as when skilfully arranged and concatenated, would constitute a work of great public utility. He had then no intention of printing, as separate performances, the various contributions of his correspondents, but the general ability displayed in the papers first received, induced a change of plan, and the work grew to completion, in its present form. A circular letter was forwarded to each clergyman, accompanied by 160 queries, under the four heads of geography and natural history, population, productions, and miscellaneous subjects. The trouble he seems to have had with his reverend contributors was enough,—and more than enough,—to wear out any patience, but his own. Many were indolent, and considered the composition of two sermons a week quite as much labour as it was reasonable they should undertake. Others were jealous of the distinguished position of the editor, and charged him with presumption, in assuming the place of a fixed and central luminary, round which the minor clerical planets were expected to revolve. Some, from the habit of extemporaneous preaching, had in cultivating “the gift of the gab,” suffered that of the pen to fall into disuse, and were unwilling to submit their written productions to the ordeal of public criticism. Some were old; some were stupid; some obstinate; some indifferent; but, on the whole, it is barely justice to state, that the great majority entered with zeal and good will into the project, and performed the task allotted to them with ability.

There were difficulties to be overcome, however, not only with the pastors, but with their flocks. Many of the latter were rather jealous of any minute enquiries into their circumstances and pursuits. They had no idea that such labours could be undertaken from motives entirely disinterested and patriotic. There was such a thing as an income-tax in those days, and a man making public profession of his profits, was compelled to pay for it. When the minister, therefore, began to cross-examine the farmers of his parish on their private affairs, he often appeared to them rather in the light of a supernumerary exciseman than a spiritual guide, and was met with what, in the native idiom, is called “a cold shoulder.” The idea of taxation having once got into the heads of men in remote parishes, could not be got out by any eloquence however convincing. Or if, in some instances, this was effected, it was replaced by the belief that the minister was actuated in his scrutiny into the details of their personal property by a busy and impertinent curiosity.

Still, in spite of all obstacles, the work went on. The influence of government and the more eminent individuals connected with the church was exerted in its favour. The dilatory and the recusant were stimulated by repeated circulars, and the educated classes generally began to feel considerable interest in the success of the undertaking. Persons of adequate talent were employed as statistical missionaries to draw up an account of those parishes, of which the pastors remained obstinately mute; and in spite of the unfortunate circumstance of a volume being destroyed by fire, on the premises of the printer, he had the happiness, on the 1st of January, 1798, of completing the work in twenty-one volumes. Sir John's feelings on that day must have been of the most enviable description. He beheld the labour of nearly eight years brought to a successful termination. He felt the proud consciousness of having conferred a memorable and lasting benefit on Scotland; and gazing on the solid and ponderous tomes before him, he might well say, “on this basis will I rest my chief claim to the gratitude of my country.” Of this great work Mr Sinclair says, with great justice and truth, that

"Perhaps a more interesting exhibition of diversified talent was never made than in the original manuscript reports from the multitude of authors, whom public spirit, personal friendship, private influence, gratitude, or importunity, had called almost simultaneously into the field of authorship. Many of the reports showed great natural ability as well as literary acquirement; and the whole collection did the highest honour to the Church of Scotland. The contributions, however, as might be expected, were of very unequal merit. Some of them betrayed much ignorance, prejudice, and inaccuracy; some were imperfect and jejune; a far greater number tedious and verbose. Lord Hailes, in a letter to Sir John, dated 18th February, 1791, warns him not to receive, with implicit confidence, all the statements transmitted to him by his correspondents. 'There is much,' he says, 'to be learned even from your specimen volume, but I suppose that you will *check* the information you receive from the clergy with what you learn elsewhere.' Other friends, in whose hands he placed some of the manuscripts for revision, expressed, in strong terms, their disappointment and vexation at the crude and undigested materials submitted to their consideration. 'The account of —' says the Rev. Dr Hardy, 'was the strangest paper I have yet met with—a good deal of important information ill expressed, and lying *run-rigg* with a great quantity of nonsense.' In the task of giving uniformity and precision to this multifarious series of papers, Sir John Sinclair and the literary friends employed to assist him might have justly adopted the saying of an old Scottish jurist, who, having undertaken the task of abridging and condensing some enormous mass of writings, describes, with great satisfaction, how he had 'cropped, lopped, pruned, pared, and amputated the huge mass before him into readable dimensions.' The sensitiveness of authors is well known, and was abundantly called forth when the corrected manuscripts were printed. Many of the clergy were loud in their expressions of dissatisfaction. Correction and emendation naturally appeared to involve a charge against the competency of the writers. The parts omitted were judged to be most important, and those supplied to be needless interpolations. On the other hand, there were many clergymen, and in some instances the ablest, who not only took in good part the censorship of their reports, but thanked Sir John for the improvement they had personally derived from the diversified studies to which his numerous queries invited them. He more than once refers to this as amongst

the most pleasing circumstances connected with the undertaking.

"It is gratifying to record that a work, so honourable to the talents, industry, and patriotism of the clergy, was the means not only of raising the church in the estimation of the public, but of benefiting its most necessitous ministers. The exposure of their privations, in connexion with the evidence of real worth afforded by their productions, elicited the patronage of the Legislature. In addition to the royal grant already mentioned, which operated so beneficially towards their families, laws were passed for regulating the augmentation of their livings, either from the parochial funds, or, where the tithes were exhausted, from a Parliamentary grant in their behalf. By this enactment, it was provided that £150 per annum should be the lowest stipend of a clergyman of the Church of Scotland. It may be added, in connexion with the benefits resulting to the clergy from the 'Statistical Account,' that their labours have supplied statesmen with a fresh argument in favour of ecclesiastical establishments. Pinkerton, the historian, congratulating Sir John Sinclair on the completion of his labours, observes, that he had thus furnished 'one of the strongest practicable arguments for the utility of the clerical body.'

"Another interesting class of men, whose talents have mainly contributed to the moral and intellectual superiority of Scotland, shared in the benefits produced by this great work. The parochial schoolmasters had from various causes been reduced to extreme penury; but measures were now taken to remedy this evil, by an addition to their salaries. I have now before me various letters of thanks for the exertions of my father in their behalf. The schoolmaster of Stewarton, writing in the name of his brethren within the presbytery of Irvine (21st March, 1798), informs Sir John that 'salaries in some parishes had been augmented by the heritors (landowners) themselves; and in others by mortifications (endowments), either of land or money, since the publication of the Statistical Account.' He expresses at the same time, the determination of his brethren to be guided by the Baronet in 'all their exertions to obtain the intervention of Parliament in their behalf.' There is also a letter in the name of a general meeting of the schoolmasters of Scotland, which proves how shamefully this useful body of men had hitherto been neglected. They return thanks to Sir John Sinclair for procuring their exemption from liability to serve in the militia."

We pass over the numerous testimonies of applause, which, on the ap-

pearance of the Statistical Account, flowed in from many of the most eminent statesmen and philosophers of Europe, and proceed to notice the appointment of Sir John Sinclair to the Board of Agriculture. This establishment was organized at his suggestion by Mr Pitt, and the first place was naturally assigned to the originator. Sir John, on entering on the duties of president, made an inaugural speech, in which he pledged himself—unnecessarily, since his character was pledge enough—to devote his time and labour to promote the great objects contemplated by the Board. This promise he fulfilled to the letter, but it may be doubted whether much benefit, of any sort, resulted from the establishment. The funds allotted by Parliament for agricultural and statistical purposes were too small for the attainment of the desired ends, and the most important undertakings were starved by the parsimony of the government. At length, through the influence of Mr Pitt, Sir John Sinclair was superseded in the office of president by Lord Somerville. From that period the vigour and activity of the establishment visibly declined; and in a few years the Board of Agriculture, from which so much had been expected, died a natural death, unregretted, we believe, by any one.

Before Sir John Sinclair retired from the situation above alluded to, he had made preparation for embarking in an enterprise, the boldness and magnitude of which afford no uninteresting illustration of the character of the man. We allude to his intention of preparing, from the forty octavo volumes of County Reports, a General Report of England. When he communicated his intention to Sir Joseph Banks, the latter expressed his astonishment, that a single individual should have the hardihood to undertake even the perusal of a collection which was in itself a library. In a letter to Sir John he thus writes, "I think I may fairly say that no man ever yet has, or ever will be endowed with patience enough, to read through the whole, excepting only yourself. My dear Sir John," he continues, "*the very reading through the matter you intend to abridge is the labour of some years.*" Whether this remonstrance proved effectual, or whether other causes contributed to divert his

attention from the subject, we know not, but the "General Report of England" remains, and is long likely to remain, a work *in nubibus*.

When Mr Addington came into power, we find Sir John Sinclair again assuming rather an active part in politics. The particular views he took, and the influence he excited, will be best explained by the following very interesting passage from the *Memoirs* :—

"Among my father's private memoranda I find a curious paper, describing the state of parties while Mr Addington was in power. Exclusive of minor sections, they amounted to no less than seven, namely, the friends of the King and his Minister, occupying a central position, with those of Mr Pitt, Lord Melville, and Lord Grenville on the one hand, and on the other those of the Prince of Wales and Mr Fox. In the King's party were included many members of both Houses, who, from motives of personal esteem, of private interest, or of political expediency, were anxious to support the government of George III., whoever might be his Counsellors. The Grenville party, or New Opposition, took the lead in the attack upon the Minister, and received occasional support from Mr Pitt, who, at the same time, maintained privately a connexion with several members of the Cabinet, in particular with Mr Addington, Lord Hawkesbury, and Lord Castlereagh. So eager were the Grenvilles for the return of Mr Pitt to office, that they affirmed any man to be a public enemy who kept him out; 'a strange declaration,' observes Sir John, 'considering who the person is that can alone replace him.' Lord Melville, it was understood, would carry with him about thirty members if he joined the Administration. The friends of the Prince of Wales, headed by Lord Moira, were a numerous body, but their real strength did not appear, as his Royal Highness would not at that time take an active part in politics.

"Assailed by powerful enemies on both sides, the Ministry could hardly attend to any thing but their own preservation—they could not venture upon the vigorous and decisive measures necessary at so critical a juncture for the public safety. They could not even stand without additional support. Sir John conceived that the most natural addition to their strength would be the friends of the Prince of Wales. He wrote, accordingly, to Mr Bragge, a relation of the Premier, suggesting that Lord Moira should be invited to take office. He urged that the noble

Lord would not only, by his talents for public speaking, be a powerful supporter in the Upper House, where a fit antagonist to Lord Grenville was much wanted, but would also, by his military experience, his political connexions, and his influence with the heir-apparent, contribute to the vigour and stability of the Administration.

"In the mean time, the Baronet had prepared the way for the intended accession to the Cabinet, by writing to his noble friend, from whom he received an answer not unfavourable to the project."

Letter from the Earl of Moira.

"Donnington, Dec. 2, 1801.

"My dear Sir John,

"All that you say of the feebleness of the present Administration, both with regard to Parliamentary support and to general opinion through the country, is perfectly just. It is clear, that in a moment of such infinite exigency as the present, Government cannot go on upon such precarious terms. There are many public circumstances, the pressure of which must be immediately answered; and if they cannot (as is beyond hope) be satisfactorily encountered, the people should at least have the notion that the embarrassment arises from the nature of the difficulties themselves, and not from inadequacy of skill in those who manage affairs. The latter supposition would affect more than the Administration; and, in the qualmish state of public disposition, would operate mischievously against our form of government. It is probable that Mr Addington will cast about to strengthen himself. He is an honourable and an amiable man; with, I believe, many just and manly principles respecting the execution of the trust reposed in him. Of course, there could not be, *in limine*, any objection to such a junction as you indicate. Ulterior points would possibly be difficult to settle. The opening which you exhibit for communication has been anticipated by a discussion of the Premier's situation, which took place long since; and, I trust, something has been matured for extricating his Royal Highness from a position intended to lower him in the estimation of the country. Thank Heaven, it has had the very contrary effect; but he has suffered under it in his personal feelings too long. Perhaps I may run up to town in a few days, but it is doubtful.

"I have the honour, my dear Sir John, to be, very faithfully, yours,

"MOIRA,

"Sir J. Sinclair, Bart."

"I need hardly inform the reader that this negotiation failed. Mr Addington

could not venture upon a step which would have brought him nearer to the Whig party, or Old Opposition, and would have estranged him altogether from Mr Pitt. His situation is depicted in a very lively manner by various correspondents of my father, out of whom I select his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and Mr Tyrwhitt, M. P. Secretary to the Prince. 'Had this country,' says the Duke, 'an able and active Administration, I should be afraid of nothing; but, in my opinion, our Ministers, and even the country, want energy, which I will endeavour to give it in every debate we shall have in Parliament. I am ready either for the Cabinet or the fleet; but I have no reason to expect either situation, and must, therefore, do all the good I can in Parliament; and, if the invasion does take place, I shall have the honour of attending his Majesty, if permitted.'

"A subsequent letter has these words: 'As for these politics, you never heard me say I thought the present Administration efficient, and without doubt Lord Hobart is the worst of them all. But I see no likelihood of a change; where Pitt goes against Addington, there Fox will support Ministers; and Fox will oppose Government in those measures which Pitt will approve. In short, if these champions could unite, they would not carry one hundred members out of six hundred and fifty-eight. The crown, the union with Ireland, and above all, the dread of the times, will, in my opinion, prevent a change of men. Certainly Lord Moira ought to be brought forward, and I wish the overtures of the Prince of Wales had not been rejected.'

"Mr Tyrwhitt expressed similar sentiments in a strain of characteristic jocularity. 'Rumour says the Grenvilles and Pitt are again one; if so, the Doctor cannot stand long; but really it appears to me to require a supernatural genius to guess what is probable to happen, or who will be Minister. All I know is, that there seems at present want of confidence in the public as far as regards the present men.' About a year afterwards, Mr Tyrwhitt thus renews his conjectures:—'The latest intelligence to be relied on brings a certainty we shall have to contend *pro aris et focis*. You will have observed how each party has flirted with the other. Till some junction takes place, the Doctor will continue to pursue his milk-and-water system. He may have, and certainly enjoys, a majority, it is true; but it is also true there is a general want of confidence, and rumour states that a question is to be cooked, on which two hundred will be brought to the post against the Doctor. What this can

be, unless it be the Catholic question, I cannot imagine.' A more favourable opinion of the Addington Administration is given by my father's old friend the Earl of Buchan (eldest brother of Lord Chancellor Erskine), who draws a comparison between the Premier and his predecessor thus:—'I like the present Chancellor of the Exchequer the better for his having been long in the trammels of a Speaker of the House of Commons, and having been more accustomed to hear and to act than to harangue and to disturb. If the son of my old friend Chatham, instead of having been brought from Eton school to govern a great nation, had been nursed, like Addington, or bred up in the school of adversity like the old cock his father, he would have been in a more enviable and honourable situation, and certainly in a more useful one than he is or can be at present.'

'Sir John Sinclair and his political friends had agreed, as we have seen, in approving the peace of Amiens; but the insatiable ambition of the First Consul, who maintained his armies on a war establishment, and acted as the dictator of the Continent, adding new territories to his dominions without scruple or apology, made it clear to them that the treaty of Amiens was a dangerous armistice, rather than a settled peace. The following extract from a letter of the Duke of Clarence, shows that his Royal Highness, who took a lively interest in the politics of the times, concurred in this opinion.

'I am happy to see you think with me that war is better than the state we have been in since the *truce* (I will not call it the *peace*) of Amiens. I cannot help thinking war must be the event. In this case, and indeed in any other, the valuable and interesting paper respecting parties you sent me, will form a page in the history of the country.

'I shall now conclude with this sentiment—either a glorious and vigorous war, or an honourable and safe peace, which must secure to the King and the empire, *Malta imprimis; no footing in America to France; no foreign possessions to be required by France, either of Spain, Portugal, or Holland; no more than a certain proportion of ships and troops to be maintained by France in India; and last, though not least, no commercial agent, or, in other words, no distinguished officers of the French artillery and engineers to be permitted by Great Britain to reside in her sea-port towns throughout the empire.* I think we must, and do agree. Adieu.'

'The sentiments of Lord Moira, to the same effect, are embodied in the following letter:—

'Donnington, Nov. 6, 1802.

'Many thanks, my dear Sir John, for the printed Report which I yesterday received from you, as well as for your obliging letter. The publication is of a very useful nature.

'I do not think any discussions are likely to arise, in the present moment, of consequence sufficient to make it worth while to take your seat before Christmas. That we shall have war I firmly believe, but I am persuaded that Buonaparte, by the semblance of an accommodating disposition on the points in dispute, will protract the time of rupture till he shall be better prepared to strike at our foreign possessions. The delay will not be above three or four months. In the mean-while, an arrangement is in agitation, and will, I think, take place, by which Pitt is again to be Prime Minister. He is not to transact business with the King, but Addington (peer and Privy Seal) is to be charged with that function. Lord Westmoreland probably displaces Lord Hobart; the Duke of Portland remains; Lord Spencer, Lord Grenville, and Windham, not to be taken in. Such is the outline of a plan which certainly has been presented, and has been in some degree approved. You see what a jumble it is; Lord St Vincent is vehement against it. It is possible I may soon see you. The Duc de Berri has proposed to visit me early in spring. I ought to make my bow to him, and I may probably arrange to make the jaunt with the Duke of Orleans, who has the same intention. I have the honour to be your faithful and obedient servant,

'MOIRA.'

Nothing could be more disgraceful than the general panic which spread through the country in the years 1803 and 1804. The victorious career of Napoleon seemed to have scared men's judgments from their propriety, and they gazed across the channel with fear and trembling. Fortunately the helm of state was consigned to strong and skilful hands. Perhaps no man but Mr Pitt could have weathered the storm, and preserved inviolate both the national honour and interests. Had the timid and truckling Whigs succeeded in scrambling into power a year or two sooner than they did, a deep and permanent stain would in all probability have been left on the fair name of England. Personal friendship attached Sir John Sinclair to Lord Melville, but even after his retirement from office he continued his strenuous support of Mr Pitt; and on learning that the great minister con-

templated retiring from public life, he addressed a letter to him, entreating that he would not desert his King and country at a crisis when his exertions were most wanted. Mr Pitt, so far from being offended by this freedom, bestowed increased marks of confidence on his correspondent. Soon afterwards he appointed him a commissioner for the construction of roads and bridges in the north of Scotland. He likewise transmitted to him through Mr Huskisson, the secretary to the treasury, a very flattering message, expressing readiness to bestow on him a remuneration for his laborious and extensive services to the public. But the lamp of this great statesman's life was already flickering in the socket, and before the object could be accomplished he died.

The next of Sir John's great labours was the Code of Health and Longevity. Valuable as the work is, we are not sure that it exhibits the most judicious application of his talents. We think he might have left health and longevity to the doctors, whose ire we can readily conceive to have been very great at this irregular poaching on their manor. These gentlemen having duly taken out license, were naturally annoyed at not being quietly suffered to kill their game in their own way. It was of course provoking to have swan-shot publicly recommended by a dilettante practitioner, in cases where they had always employed No. 6. They accordingly devoted the work to summary destruction. Magazines and reviews, both medical and literary, made furious attacks on it. Physician, surgeon, and apothecary, all joined in this professional hostility, and armed with pill and pestle, gallipot and syringe, rushed forward in disorderly array and with loud outcry to defend the mysteries of their common craft. The coalition, however, was not very successful. They succeeded in making a few holes in the obnoxious work, but these were by no means between wind and water; and having passed through five editions it still holds its place, and is confessedly, from the vast mass of information it contains, a work of great utility even to the professional student.

The code of agriculture, in which Sir John next engaged, was a more felicitous subject for the exercise of his peculiar powers. This excellent work could not add to his fame, for that had

already spread, not from Indus, but Edinburgh to Peru; but it did add to the number of benefits he conferred on his country. It certainly drew forth the applause of all those whose knowledge of the subject qualified them to appreciate the success and importance of his labours.

Being a staunch Highlander, it was not to be expected that Sir John, with his characteristic activity of mind, would escape from having some part in the Ossianic controversy. Accordingly we find him filling the situation of president of a committee of the Highland Society, appointed to superintend the translation of certain Gaelic MSS. bequeathed by Macpherson, with the sum of L.1000 to defray the cost of publication. The work was published in three volumes octavo, with a prefatory dissertation on the authenticity of the Ossianic poems, by the president. Of the flame of controversy which once burned so fiercely on this trite and tiresome subject, scarcely enough now remains to light a cigar. Polemics, Celtic and Sassenach, wrote on it, and abused each other as long as the public would read, and then quietly left Ossian to share the admiration of schoolboys, with Robinson Crusoe and the Seven Champions of Christendom. The following note from the author of Waverley, in relation to this subject, is interesting, as every thing must be that proceeded from his pen:—

“ ‘ Mr Scott has the honour to offer respectful compliments to Sir John Sinclair, with his best thanks for the copy of the *Essay on Ossian's poetry*. Mr Scott is totally ignorant of the Gaelic, without which he conceives it almost impossible to form an accurate opinion concerning the merits of the respective translations; but he has no doubt, from the superior simplicity of expression in the new version, it must be nearer the original. When circumstances permit Mr Scott to bestow a more attentive perusal on Sir John Sinclair's curious pamphlet, he will be happy to embrace the opportunity Sir John offers him, of conversing upon the subject. The principal difficulty seems to Mr Scott to lie in proving the authenticity of the Gaelic version itself, as it seems entirely to rest upon the credit of Mr Macpherson himself, whose character seems to be given up on all hands. The business of the Court, joined to some personal avocations, prevents Mr Scott from

at present considering the controversy with much attention.

"Castle Street, Thursday, 27th November 1806."

On the bullion question, Sir John wrote a great deal, but with little effect, and the subject has been too often discussed to retain much interest at the present day. In 1811, he retired from Parliament, owing to the embarrassed situation of his affairs, and accepted the office of Cashier of Exchequer in Scotland, the emoluments of which amounted to about £2000 a-year. We have hitherto regarded Sir John Sinclair only as a public man. It becomes proper now to shift the scene, and exhibit him as he appeared in the retirement of his family, surrounded by those to whom he was an object of mingled reverence and attachment. To the education of his children Sir John brought the same acuteness and practical good sense which distinguished him in other matters.

In 1814, Sir John again visited the Continent, and was every where received with great distinction. Shortly after his return, he finally took up his abode in Edinburgh. Though retired from public life, no diminution of his mental activity took place. His correspondence was voluminous, and the great public questions of the day afforded abundant materials for discussion by means of the press. In truth, writing with him had grown into a habit, which it would have been painful to discontinue. The last labour in which he was engaged was the collection of materials for a code of political economy and code of religion, neither of which works did he live to complete. The former would, no doubt, have been a compilation of great utility. With regard to the latter, the title seems to have been ill-selected. We presume the work contemplated by Sir John was a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of the various theological tenets which, since the introduction of Christianity, have engaged the belief of any portion of its followers.

We have now only to advert to the closing scene of this admirable and well spent life. Religion is an affair between man and his God, and in all that relates to it, we consider it unwarrantable to pry into tenets or sentiments which are not voluntarily re-

vealed. In regard to those of the subject of these Memoirs, Mr Sinclair has, with a delicate and reverent hand, thought proper to raise the veil; and it is with heartfelt gratification that we learn that he who conferred so many important benefits on his country died an humble and sincere believer in that faith, without which there is no hope.

"The remaining pages of this work will naturally be employed in an account of my father's preparation for the closing scene of his honourable life. I have already in my first chapter mentioned, that he received in early youth a religious education from his excellent mother, and in her had seen a living example of practical piety. 'Under her care,' he says (in a private memorandum upon the subject), 'I was accustomed to read the Scriptures; to pray regularly; and to attend the ordinances of religion.' There are still extant among his papers various evidences of the timely impression made by Christian principle upon his mind, in hymns, forms of prayer, and striking quotations from the best divines. At a later period, however, after he had entered upon public life, and had become immersed in those absorbing pursuits, which, without habitual watchfulness and prayer, are so apt to weaken, and even paralyse religious feelings, he had reason to lament, as he himself acknowledged, that spiritual interests were in a great degree forgotten. His moral character continued irreproachable, but his piety had declined. On one occasion, his friend Arthur Young, with a fidelity not common in the world, ventured to remonstrate with him on his spiritual lukewarmness. 'Your conduct,' said Mr Young, 'surprises me beyond measure. You are a moral man. You do all the good in your power; you fulfil with great strictness all your relative duties; but you are not a Christian. You hardly ever attend the public ordinances of religion. You rarely, if ever, read the Bible, and you probably neglect private prayer. How can you, who know that you ought to act differently, expect to prosper? Think of these things before it is too late.'

"This kind remonstrance was taken in good part, although it was in one respect too severe; for a form of private prayer, composed by my grandfather, was used by my father daily throughout his long life. He confessed, however, with regret, that the exhortation, upon the whole, was too well-founded; but that it was ineffectual at the time. 'The admonition,' says he, 'however just, made only a transient impression upon my mind. Numerous

schemes for serving the public, or for benefiting my friends, occupied my whole attention.

"At length a number of providential circumstances combined to revive the holy flame of early piety. Affliction overtook him. Many of his best concerted projects failed. Acts of kindness were repaid with ingratitude. Disinterested actions were ascribed to selfish policy. Giving undivided attention to public business, he had too much neglected, not only his religious but his family affairs; debts rapidly accumulated; his Indian claims, by which he hoped to clear them, were rejected, and sales of property became necessary, which it cost him much distress to part with. 'At home,' he says, 'I enjoyed much domestic happiness, but every thing without assumed a most gloomy aspect.'

"About this time, his constant friend, Bishop Watson, died. The last letter of that eminent man was a solemn warning to prepare for futurity. Like himself, the Bishop had been engrossed too much by worldly cares, and actuated inordinately by ambition. The two friends had been often and long associated in pursuits merely political or literary; and the Bishop, at the time of writing his farewell, had been visited with those presages of dissolution, which, however unavailing to the foolhardy and the reprobate, are so wisely fitted to instruct mankind in the nothingness of all pursuits but one. After describing the acute pain he suffered, and the utter inability of the physicians to anticipate the result, he continues: 'therefore I consult none, but wait with fortitude and humble trust the exit of this life, and the beginning of another. Your affectionate friend. R. L.'"

"The death of my eldest sister, and the publication of her work on the Principles of the Christian Faith, had also a great influence in drawing her father's mind to considerations of a strictly religious character.

"The difficulties, indeed, to which I have referred, passed away—but meantime the sufferer had profited by the painful but instructive lesson. He had learnt to look upon the trials and vicissitudes of human life with the serene eye of Christian wisdom, and to refer prosperity and adversity alike to the all-merciful Disposer of both. 'I began once more,' he says, 'to appreciate the value of devotion, and to profit by the Scriptures as the only source of present, but more especially of future happiness.'

"From papers written after this period, it appears that Christian principles, Christian hopes and consolations gradually acquired ascendancy over his mind. I am

gratified to find among his papers, various evidences of religious feeling. Several forms of prayer occur, adapted to his own private exigencies, as well as to the political aspect of the times.

"In 1821, he drew up with his own hand a testamentary document, in which, after solemn profession of his faith in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures as declarations of the Divine will, he acknowledges his unfitness as a fallen creature to abide the scrutiny of Omnipotent justice, and humbly prays forgiveness through the mediation of his Redeemer.

"Another interesting paper is a short address, in 1823, to surviving connexions, on the impropriety of indulging grief for the loss of near relations or particular friends. He contends that Christians, when visited with bereavement, should not withdraw in sullen despondency from the duties of their station; but should manifest their Christianity by their patience, looking forward with cheerful hope to re-union in a better world, and taking comfort from the reflection of David—"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Having, in the commencement of this article, put the reader in possession of our own crude impressions of the qualities which chiefly distinguished Sir John Sinclair, we shall now present him with the estimate of his public character and writings, formed by one whose capacity for just appreciation is undoubted, and who enjoyed opportunities far greater for close and accurate observation.

"In the intellectual character of Sir John Sinclair, the leading features were fertility of invention and indomitable perseverance. He was rather a man of talent than of genius: he occasionally amused himself with poetry, but was not successful in that branch of composition. As a speaker he was argumentative and emphatic, but not brilliant; better fitted to convince than to persuade. During his career in Parliament the House of Commons was accustomed to the most magnificent efforts of rhetorical power; to such he never aspired. Both his taste and his judgment led him to prefer clear business-like statements and solid reasonings. Occasionally, indeed, we find a passage in his speeches rising to great eloquence, but his ordinary style was calm, argumentative, and unostentatious. His early writings are confessedly superior to his later compositions: they possess more energy, and are unencumbered by those minute subdivisions, which, though adopted for the sake of perspicuity, sometimes embarrass and

fatigue the reader. His works are voluminous, but notwithstanding this disadvantage (for such it often is) they are redundant rather in facts than in words. The information he accumulated upon the various subjects of which he treats is immense; for he studiously improved every opportunity of acquiring knowledge, and endeavoured to make every possessor of it, to whom he could gain access, a contributor to the general stock. Few men knew so well how to elicit information from persons least habituated to communicate their ideas.

"The value of his long continued labours was acknowledged by all classes, both at home and abroad. King George III. bestowed upon him the rank of baronet, admitted him a member of his Privy Council, and was understood to have intended for him higher marks of royal favour. Twenty-two counties in Scotland voted him thanks for his services to agriculture, and their example was followed in various towns, by the inhabitants of which he was regarded less as an indefatigable friend to husbandry than as a general benefactor to his country. He was received into a large proportion of the literary, scientific, and agricultural societies at home; and his list of foreign diplomas amounts to twenty-five.

"It was chiefly by adherence to the strictest rules of temperance, that Sir John Sinclair, with unimpaired faculties, outlived the ordinary term of mortal existence. During his long life, he never once transgressed the rules of sobriety. Having ascertained the kind of diet best adapted to his constitution, he adhered to it from year to year, with undeviating regularity. His chief imprudence regarded expenditure. He forgot limited amount of means, when objects of great national interest were to be secured.

"No patron could have greater zeal for advancing the interests of his friends, or

for encouraging meritorious individuals, however obscure in station or depressed in fortune. About two hundred persons owed to him their success in life. He never cherished enmity to those who opposed or injured him. He was even blamed for not distinguishing sufficiently between supporters and opponents, friends and enemies. He envied no man's reputation, but was eager to advance it wherever it was well deserved—a generosity which he did not always himself experience. He was no violent partisan; but admired talent and worth in men of all political sentiments; and although a hearty and zealous patriot, he never permitted national rivalries nor antipathies to bias his moral judgment in the case of individuals. His charities perhaps were too indiscriminate. He was unable to resist importunity, even of suspicious applicants; and although in theory a political economist, on the side of feeling he was a Christian.

"His piety shrank from all display. He cherished an habitual reverence for the Supreme Being, and abhorred all approach to profaneness. He had, indeed, at one time, partly substituted usefulness to mankind for those high religious motives which are the only true foundation of beneficence; but he happily learnt afterwards to discriminate between external conformity to moral rules, and a complete devotion of the soul to its Creator; he learnt to acknowledge that a moral agent may even deserve applause from men, while in relation to the purity and majesty of God, he stands guilty and condemned. In the doctrines of Christianity my venerable parent saw the only ground of religious hope, and rising from the mere intimations of nature to the assurances of revelation, anticipated, with humble confidence, 'the life and immortality brought to light by the gospel.'

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN DAVIS—or the “gentleman rover” as he was termed by his comrades, from his superior address and manner, on which he prided himself—was the only son of a small Devonshire farmer, who having fallen into difficulties and been imprisoned, as has been already shown, by his landlord for sundry arrears of rent, &c., fell a victim to his disappointments—died, in short, a madman; a catastrophe which so infuriated his son, whose mother soon followed her husband to the grave, that he murdered the author of these complicated calamities; and then, after wandering some weeks up and down the country, effected his escape, disguised as a common sailor, in a merchantman, bound for the Bahamas; joined the Bucaniers then headed by the ferocious Olonois; and in process of time, by his courage and strict attention to discipline, was raised to a high command among them.

At the period at which he is introduced to my reader's notice, he was about forty years of age; was frank, cordial, and even affable in manner, when nothing occurred to render him otherwise; a keen observer of character, for he had seen more of the world, and was better educated than the majority of the pirates; a thorough master of nautical tactics; patient and self-denying when such sacrifices were required; but a drunkard and a libertine when on shore and at ease, and capable of the greatest atrocities when once his passions were roused. In endeavouring to attach Trevanion to his interests, he exhibited tact of no mean order. His motive was not that which he had chosen to avow—namely, that he was short of hands, but a far deeper one. He imagined he saw in the young man superior sagacity and strength of character, and persuaded himself that if he could once prevail on him to join the crew under his command, he should in his intelligence, energy, and sense of gratitude—for he determined to conciliate him by all means in his power—find a sure support in those mutinies which so often took place between the pirates and their commanders. He was too

shrewd, however, remembering the menaces he had thrown out, to calculate much at first on John's good-will, but trusted that time and habit would soften down his spleen; and convince him that it was his interest to stand well with his Captain.

As Trevanion, at his request, took his seat beside him, he thought he had never seen a more imposing figure. He was of the middle height, admirably proportioned, with broad, square shoulders and chest, indicating prodigious strength. The expression of his countenance was, on the whole, stern, and his complexion bronzed by the winds of many winters; but there was at times a laughing good-humour in his eye, which gave him a far from repulsive aspect. Opposite the Captain, at the foot of the table, sat his Lieutenant, a bull-necked, beetle-browed rascal, sulky and splenetic, with a desperate squint, a pot-belly, and legs which parted company with each other at the knees, like the two diverging sides of an isosceles triangle. Next him was old Tom, whose one eye glowed like a red-hot coal, by way of affording a lively relief to the black patch which covered the other. The rest of the crew presented nothing remarkable. They were merely so many coarse, hardy vagabonds, with little or nothing of the frankness of the sailor about them. Two or three were Dutchmen, and as many more Spaniards; but the majority were of English extraction; and all sat down fully equipped with pistols, daggers, and sabres, in the brightest possible condition, for the pirates were perfect dandies in these matters.

The table at which they sat, some on benches, some on meat-casks, and some on huge tea-chests, presented a rare, unleavened sample of the chaotic. Dried tropical fruits, cold meats, pies, biscuits, and other viands, were mixed in loving fellowship together, with drinking-cans, horns, bottles, bladders, and small spirit-flasks; while each man helped himself, stretching half across the table, and talking or singing at the very top of his voice, without the slightest deference to his neighbour's auriculars. John eyed the

group attentively to see if he could read in the countenance of any one indications of a friendly spirit ; but he could discern nothing, but, on the contrary, many a distrustful glance directed towards him, though no one took any further notice of his presence.

"I wonder what can have become of Morgan's squadron?" exclaimed the Captain, addressing old Tom; "it should have heaved in sight long before this."

"Mayhap the Commodore has taken a prize or two, Cap'n, and is busy with his prisoners."

"As you were with yours, Tom, at Vera Cruz," said the Lieutenant, "when you flung 'em overboard by the score. I've heard say that one or two of 'em threatened to visit you on your dying day. Is that true?"

"No more of that, mess-mate," replied Tom, scowling on the speaker with an expression of countenance as savage as that of Polypheme when he woke and found his only eye put out, "no more of that, it's what I don't approve of."

The Captain here burst into an uproarious laugh. "And so Tom is

actually afraid of a visit from a ghost or two! For shame, Tom; what would old Olonois say to this?"

Before the superstitious sea-cyclops could make any reply, the ship gave a sudden violent roll, which precipitated the pot-bellied Lieutenant headforemost into an empty meat-cask that stood upright beside him.

"Huzza!" cried the pirate chief, springing to his legs, "huzza, my lads, the wind is getting up; we shall have a spanking breeze shortly."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when a loud voice shouted down the hatchway, "The wind freshens; she is making way again."

"Then up with every sail you can carry," returned the Captain, "and do you, Tom, stir your stumps, we shall have work enough shortly. Gomez, look sharp to the helm—come, bustle, boys—no more tipping—business is business—so, huzza for the black flag!" with which words he rushed upon deck, while the rest of the revellers followed his example, and John retreated to his berth, there to dream of Mary, and the Dartmoor witch's prediction.

CHAPTER VIII.

The time when Trevanion's fate was to be decided was now fast drawing on. True to his word, the Captain made no allusion to the circumstance, having evidently made up his mind that there would be no further squeamishness on the part of the young man. The crew appeared pretty generally of the same opinion, and no longer eyed him with the same undisguised contempt as formerly, though there was still any thing but a good understanding between them—especially on the part of the first Lieutenant, who fancied he saw in John a formidable rival in the good graces of his commander. Meanwhile the situation of the poor youth was pitiable in the extreme. Till now he had buoyed himself up with the hope that the vessel might touch on some coast before his week expired, which might afford him a remote chance of escape; but time flew on, and still they were on the wide ocean, unbounded save by a dim horizon of sky.

On the morning, however, of the day previous to that on which his de-

cision was to be made, a cry of land was raised from the mast-head, followed almost immediately by a shout from the same quarter that a Spanish galleon was heaving in sight. In an instant all was bustle and uproar, and the wild cheers of exultation raised by the crew soon brought the Captain on deck, who immediately began giving orders to his men to see to the guns and the state of the rigging, and, in short, to make every preparation for a desperate conflict. These orders were promptly complied with, and, all sails being set, the vessel soon came near enough to the Don to perceive that he also was on the alert, and, confiding in his superior weight of metal, evinced not the slightest indisposition to come to close quarters.

"Bravo," exclaimed the pirate chief, eying the Spanish ship with a seaman's steady gaze, "she carries a bold front; well, so much the better, it proves she is a prize worth tussling for;" then turning to his Lieutenant, "harkee, comrade, pipe all hands to prayers, and be d—d to you."

Scarcely was the order issued than the whole ship's company made their appearance on deck, while their commander, putting on an air of uncommon sanctity, seated himself on a gun, and began reading one or two chapters of the Bible.* 'Twas a strange thing to behold these ruffians, who were capable of the greatest atrocities, so far subdued by the force of continual habit, as to appear prodigies of piety. While Captain Davis continued reading, a reverential hush was maintained by all his congregation; every head was bowed, and the few Spaniards among them kept momentarily signing the cross on their foreheads, and giving out profound sighs, as if they were in the agonies of a heartfelt remorse. But decidedly the most pious of the squad was old Tom, whose aspect was quite picturesque, for his one eye sprung such a leak as to deluge his entire face, and his head swayed from side to side like the pendulum of a kitchen clock, while ever and anon he cast a pathetic glance towards his commander, as much as to say, "damme, it's too touching, I can't abide it."

This farce continued for full half an hour, when Captain Davis, returning the Bible to his Lieutenant with a special command that it should be deposited in the securest part of the cabin, started to his legs, and exclaimed with a blasphemous oath, at the same time pointing to the galleon which was now fast bearing down on them, "yonder, lads, is the enemy; twenty pizzas to him who first boards her; ten to him who kills the first man; and, d'y'e hear, no quarter—down with them all; dead men tell no tales, you know."

While he thus spoke, his eye chanced to fall on Trevanion, who stood some paces off gazing at the approaching vessel with looks of mingled hope and curiosity.

"Halloo, youngster," exclaimed the Pirate, "forward here, we shall have need of your help to-day; but how is this, sir, sulking still? I'faith, we have enough of this boy's play; you must learn to be a man now."

"Man!" said Tom, looking towards Trevanion with huge disdain, "do you call that jackadandy thing, a man? Why, he arn't as much gumption in him as would make a loblolly boy. In the good old times of"—

"Right, Tom," said the Lieutenant, interrupting him, "the fellow's not of the true breed, I'll swear, tho'ff our Cap'n do take to him so hugely."

John felt that it was now become absolutely necessary for him to take a decided part, for all eyes were on him, and he could no longer temporize with safety. Advancing, therefore, towards the pirate commander, "hear me, Captain Davis," he said, "not an arm will I raise to day against the crew of yonder ship."

"Down with him—spy, traitor, coward—down with him," shouted a dozen ruffians, rushing with drawn swords towards him; "old Tom was right; he's chicken-hearted, after all."

"Stopper your jaws," roared the Captain; then turning to Trevanion, he added, "do you dare refuse obedience, sir? Do you remember who I am, and who you are?"

"I am a man," replied John boldly, "and you are no more. You can brave death, so too can I. Hear, then, and respect my determination. Till the time when I was to have made my decision has arrived, I will not fight under your flag. I have no quarrel with the Spaniard; I have no wish for plunder; and I will not shed innocent blood. This is my fixed resolve, so do with me as you please, I am at your mercy, and I scorn to supplicate your pity."

"Kill the spy—hew down the trai-

* Notwithstanding that these robbers had scarcely any ideas of true religion, yet they prayed most fervently, and never began a single meal without previously repeating their prayers. The Catholics said the Song of Zechariah, the Magnificat, or the Miserere; the Protestants either read a chapter in the Bible, or repeated a Psalm. Before a battle they never failed earnestly to beseech God to grant them a victory, and a good prize; and after it, they indulged in such debaucheries, as hardly to be able to stir hand or foot. On these occasions it was no uncommon thing for their vessels to be wrecked or captured by the Spaniards, not a man being competent to take the helm, or issue or obey the sitting orders.—VON ARCHENHOLZ'S *History of the Pirates*.

ter," roared the pirates, among whom the Lieutenant was the most excited.

Trevanion eyed them with a look of cold contempt; "you may bear me down by numbers," said he, "and glut your vengeance on an unarmed man, but you shall not compel me to shed the blood of those who never injured me. As for you, Captain Davis, I have merely to observe, that it is but a short time since you solemnly plighted your faith to me, that you would not attempt to coerce my inclinations till a full week had elapsed. As a man, then, and as a Christian—for I perceive you lay great stress on your religious duties—I call upon you to fulfil that promise."

The pirate was evidently staggered by this address. His first impression had accorded with his crew's, that the youth was an arrant coward; the cool and imperturbable demeanour of Trevanion, however, soon convinced him that this could not be the case, and he was already hesitating as to how he should act—for he had as sincere a liking for John as it was possible for such a man to have—when this appeal to his honour decided him. Assuming, therefore, a less savage aspect, he said, "the fool speaks truth, lads; I did pledge him my word, and I will not break it, be the risk what it may. One hand more or less will be of no consequence; and to-morrow he is ours, or up he goes to the yard-arm. 'Twas an absurd promise on my part, but I stand to it, as he shall to his. Heaven help the lubber, he has missed a glorious opportunity of making his fortune!"

An angry murmur here rose among the crew, who crowded close up to Trevanion as if they would have hacked him to pieces. The Lieutenant was the foremost, and was actually preparing to level his pistol at the youth's head, when the Captain, after wresting it from his hand, shouted in a voice of thunder, "down with your barkers, the first who stirs, dies. D—n, have you no sense of religion, that you thus set your Captain's authority at naught? Away, each man to his post; see, the Don is preparing his broad-side! As for this youngster, since he is resolved for a few hours to remain neutral, I will put it out of his power to be treacherous, so down with you below decks; and woe to you if you play the same boy's game to-morrow."

Left to the solitude of his cabin, whither old Tom had hurried him, muttering, as he thrust him down the companion ladder, many a tough curse on the Captain's folly in having any thing to do with such a "fair-weather spark," John's thoughts were of the most distracting nature possible. Now he determined to rush up on deck and meet an honourable death, fighting side by side with the Spaniards, and now, as he recalled the image of Mary, he desisted from his desperate purpose. No, he said, while there is life there is hope, and possibly a few hours may procure me release from my prison. Courage then, all may yet be well, and the last as well as the first part of the witch's prediction be accomplished.

His reverie was here broken in upon by the tremendous uproar that now raged upon deck. To every broad-side poured in by the Don, the pirates responded by a fierce yell of derision, and a cannonade that set the vessel quivering from stem to stern. Oh, how often did John pray for the success of the Spaniards, though his heart sank within him, while ever and anon he heard the pirate chief cheering on his men in such terms as "give her grape enough, lads—hurrah for the black flag—now's your time, Jack, lay us alongside her, and twenty piastres to him who first mounts her deck."

And now roared the full hurricane of battle. Hark to the crash of the falling mast—the demoniac cries of the bucaniers—the blasphemous oath—the wild hurrah—the trampling of feet on the crimsoned deck, and the instant rush of life in one shrill, agonizing scream from some wretch shot right through the heart! And while this wholesale carnage is going forward all is peace and gentleness in surrounding Nature! Heaven's countenance is radiant with smiles—the wind, but of late so fresh, is lulled—the sea sleeps with scarce a wrinkle on its surface. Oh, man, man! if this world be a "vale of tears" it is thou chiefly that dost make it so!

Three times were the pirates repulsed, and as often did they make good their footing on the enemy's deck. John meanwhile kept listening to the uproar above his head with feelings of indescribable agitation, which soon increased to such a degree that he could bear it no longer, and,

unarmed as he was, was in the act of rushing up to take part with the Spaniard, when two men came down bearing old Tom, mortally wounded, in their arms, whom with the utmost *sang froid* they left to bleed to death on the cabin floor.

Trevanion's feelings were now directed into a new channel. He approached the wretch, and strove to staunch the blood that was fast flowing from a gaping wound in his head. But the veteran waved him off. "Avast brother, avast," he feebly gasped out, "it's no use whatsoever—all's up with me, tho'ff it might have been otherwise had the Cap'n given orders to board in time. In the good old days of"—

"Let me raise you up," said John, softened by the sight of the pirate's agonies, "and you will breathe more freely," at the same time applying his handkerchief to the wound.

"Who speaks?" exclaimed the dying man, deliriously. "Are you going to shove me overboard? Avast heaving—I arn't dead yet! Ah, they come! they warned me they would come when I flung 'em to the sharks at Vera Cruz. Save me, brother!—see, they swarm in crowds about me!—now they are standing right ahead!—now—pipe all hands to prayers—that'll keep 'em off!—Hah, hah!" and raising himself with difficulty, the fear-stricken wretch just managed to scramble on his knees, and clasp his hands in prayer, when he fell back, and lay stretched a corpse at Trevanion's feet.

As the young man stood fixed in contemplation of the ghastly object before him, his ears were saluted by a tremendous shout of "Hurrah, the Don has struck his flag!" The sound thrilled to John's heart like the trump of doom. "Gone, all gone," he said, and for the moment meditated suicide—but soon his better genius came to his aid. Suddenly he heard the voice of Captain Davis, in reply to the lieutenant's question of "What shall we do with the prisoners?" make answer, "Overboard with them all, then look to the piastres, bring them on board, and scuttle the ship."

For some time after this brief dialogue all was comparative silence on board the pirate ship. At the expiration of an hour, however, the sick tramp of feet again sounded on

deck, for the ruffians were returning from the captured vessel, laden with plunder. In a few minutes steps descended the companion, and Trevanion could distinctly hear—for he had now retreated to his own berth—one or two men arranging the tables, and making preparations for a night of unusually drunken revelry, while others were piling up bags of moldores, piastres, and other treasure, in a spare corner of the cabin.

No sooner were these completed, and the corpse of old Tom heaved overboard, than the Captain hurried below, and accompanied by the skeleton of his crew—for the late conflict had seriously thinned their numbers—took his seat at the head of the table. "No business to-night, lads," he said, "it will be time enough to divide the booty to-morrow," and he tossed off a large horn-full of raw brandy to the success of the black flag.

From this time all was clamour and confusion. Obscene songs, oaths, and frightful blasphemies, were banded about as so many capital jokes—all talked, none listened, and it was plain from their excited condition, that the revellers would soon be in a state of utter insensibility. It was at this critical period that a wild desperate idea flashed across Trevanion's brain. What if he should remain concealed where he was till the pirates were past all power of movement! Nothing could be more evident than that the Captain, as well as the crew, had in the enthusiasm of the hour wholly forgotten him. It did not escape his recollection that, on the occasion of their last carousal, they drank like very bigots to the bottle, and he felt persuaded that in this instance their devotion would be still more intense. He remembered also having heard the cry of land raised from the mast-head, and could he but contrive to make his escape in the boat, which had been hoisted out to take up some wounded pirates who had fallen overboard at the close of the action, he did not despair of being able to reach it in safety. But he was unarmed. He must pass through the state cabin, and if but one eye recognised him, his doom was sealed. No matter—better die so than linger out existence among the very scum of society.

His heart swelled high with hope

as he pondered on this scheme, and sat listening, hour after hour, to the increasing uproar of the rioters. Shortly, to his no little delight, he heard the Captain, in husky and almost inarticulate tones, call for lights and more grog—on which there was a sudden movement among some of the crew, while the as sudden evanishment of others under the table, satisfied Trevanion that the party were fast approaching that consummation which he so ardently desired.

Another hour elapsed, and the noise momentarily grew less and less, though a couple of desperate Dutch prozers still kept up a steady, drony hum between them, like cockchafers on the wing. At length these too came to an anchor with their yarns; and now the entire fraternity, worn out with fatigue and excitement, having glided by a natural transition from the embraces of Bacchus into those of Morpheus, John, gathering courage, ventured to throw open his door and look in. What a sight presented itself! The table was strewn with horns, cans, and fragments of broken glass. On the floor lay many of the pirates unable to stir hand or foot—a few, seated on tubs, were leaning their backs against the wall, their faces, and great part of their clothes, spotted with dried blood, while the Captain was stretched full-length on a bench, snoring a tremendous trumpet *solo*, with his pistols placed on the table, and his sword dangling idly by his side. Never was seen so disgusting an exhibition of vile unmitigated debauchery! 'Twas as if Satan and his imps held carnival there.

For some minutes John stood gazing with a sickening sensation at the scene before him, fearing even to draw breath lest he might wake some of the lumbering innocents, particularly the Captain, whose sleep, from his comparative lightness of respiration, appeared to be such as he might be roused up from without much difficulty. But there was no symptom of a return to consciousness on the part of any one of the pirates, for the stifling heat of the cabin had overpowered them quite as effectually as their debauch. Having satisfied himself of their condition, John made his way into this worse than den of Comus, casting keen glances around him, as he crept on, and bowing his head and

knees, and screwing up his body into the smallest possible compass.

And now he is standing—say rather crouching—right opposite the dreaded pirate chief, to whose ensanguined features the glimmer of the lamp imparts a still ghastlier expression. Hah, the ruffian's eyes are slowly opening! God of Heaven, is he awake! 'Twas a moment of intense anxiety. John stood like one spell-bound, bowed down beneath the influence of some mighty curse, while the stony gaze of those fixed still orbs remained rivetted on him. Had a spectre crossed his path at midnight on some blasted heath he could not have been more bewildered. His teeth chattered—the sweat stood on his brow—his knees knocked convulsively together. His agitation, however, was but momentary, for the pirate showed not the slightest token of recognition, perceiving which John hastened to seize one of his pistols, and then moved on towards the door.

Unfortunately, when he reached the further end of the table, he made a false step, and stumbled with some violence against one of the spirit casks.

The Captain's ears caught the sound. "Gomez, is that you?" he enquired, in a thick tone of voice full of sleep.

Trevanion made no reply, but adroitly secreted himself beneath the table, keeping his forefinger on the trigger of the pistol, with the determination to blow out the brains of the first ruffian who should approach him.

But fortune favoured him in this critical emergency, for the Captain, after shifting about on his bench, and half raising himself on his elbows, sank back into his old position, and in a few minutes was as fast asleep as ever.

Trevanion now ventured to emerge from his hiding-place, and soon reached the cabin steps, up which he swiftly hurried, halting, however, when his head was on a level with the deck, and directing a searching glance fore and aft to ascertain whether any of the crew were on the watch. The night, however, being cloudy, he was unable to satisfy himself on this point, but fancied that he could perceive the dark outline of two figures stretched upon deck with their heads resting on a

coil of rope near the ship's bows. Here was fresh cause for anxiety. But John had gone through too much to be daunted by this new obstacle—he waited, therefore, a few minutes before he ascended into the open air, and then hearing no sound or stir of life, stole noiselessly along the quarter-deck.

When he reached the further end, what was his dismay to see lying full-length on deck, close by the helm, a silent solitary figure. "Curses on him!" said the young man, grinding his teeth with vexation, "shall I?—No, the sound of the pistol would rouse the whole crew—besides he may be so fast locked in sleep as to be able to offer no interruption. I will be quiet, therefore, for caution is now my only chance."

Accordingly, he took his station near the sleeper, hoping the best, yet prepared to brave the worst; the hectic fever of his frame cooled by the gentle night-air, which played over him with a freshness the more grateful from the noxious heat and fumes of the den he had just quitted. After waiting nearly a quarter of an hour in a state of utter inactivity, he could bear this suspense no longer; and finding that the figure neither breathed nor stirred, he knelt down beside him, and looked closely into his face. 'Twas a corpse he gazed on—a corpse gashed with so many frightful wounds that scarce a single feature was discernible!

At any other time such a sight would have completely unhinged Trevanion, but now austere and desperate thoughts engrossed him; and, availing himself of the favourable moment, he darted forward, and leaning over the stern, saw, as he had anticipated, the object of his fondest hopes, which was moored by a rope to the ship. "Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, concealing the pistol, "oars too in the boat! Now then, or never is my time; the sea has gone down, and I may possibly contrive to reach land; but if not, why, a watery grave is the very worst fate I can meet with, and as certain destruction awaits me if I remain here." Thus soliloquizing, he prepared to undo the fastenings, but finding this a more troublesome job than he had calculated on, he took up a small dagger that lay near the corpse, and had just succeeded in severing the rope, when he heard steps ascending from

the cabin. In an instant he threw down the weapon, and had barely time to fling himself along the quarter-deck, as if in profound sleep, when the Captain stumbled over him.

"Halloo," hiccuped the pirate chief, "who the h—ll have we got here?"

Trevanion started to his legs, and was beginning, with well affected anger, to expostulate with the individual who had thus disturbed his repose, when the Captain, who at once recognised him, said, "What, is it you, youngster? Why, I had quite forgotten you; how is it you did not join our brave fellows below? But perhaps you were as well away, for these bouts of ours are apt to play strange tricks with a man's noddle. Devil a soul is able to stir but myself; however, it's no great odds, for the night's as calm as a sleeping babe; and Morgan's squadron will be heaving in sight shortly, and it will then be time enough to be on the alert. As for me, I'm just as sober and fit for duty as ever I was," and so saying, after vainly endeavouring to balance himself, he gave a sudden lurch that nearly threw him on his beam-ends. "Steady, brother, steady, and be damned to you," he continued, "can't you stand where you are, without running athwart my hawse? but I see how it is, you've got your grog abroad; well, another glass will do neither of us harm, so come down with me below deck."

"Excuse me, Captain Davis, for this one night; to-morrow I am at your service, and join your brave crew."

"Well said, lad, did'nt I tell you you'd think better of it?—You've heard of course that old Tom is gone?"

"Yes, I was with him in his last moments."

"Ah! poor soul, you've lost a good friend in him, though mayhap you did not know it. It was only this morning he was advising me to make you walk the plank; but that's his way, he was always so full of fun. Well, he's gone, but it's some comfort to think that he died like a Christian in the discharge of his duty. Poor Tom, I could grieve for him!"—and here the pirate's drunkenness took a sentimental turn—"if I could grieve for any thing, for I had always a d—d soft heart—Ah! lad, you should have seen the fun we had to-day with the Span-

iards, such kicking, and squalling as we flung 'em—but zounds, my head spins round like a top; well, I'll just go and snooze away an hour or two; and if you'd take my advice, you'd do so to. What, you won't? well, you shall have your own way; so good by, I shall be up again within the hour;" and away went the Captain, swaying to and fro like a lugger in a heavy swell.

No sooner was he gone, than John,

who had with difficulty kept his passion under restraint, glided stealthily towards the ship's bows, and finding the watch still fast asleep, having confided, like Palinurus, to the serene aspect of sea and sky, he hurried back again to the stern, swung himself into the boat, and pushed off from the vessel, plying the oars with a speed and energy marvellously quickened by his apprehensions.

CHAPTER IX.

Two years have elapsed since the events mentioned in the last chapter. The space measured by the ordinary length of human existence is a brief one; but brief as it is, what an amount of joy and grief, startling circumstance, and bitter experience may not be comprised in it! Some have lived a whole life in two years, while others have slumbered through the same period, unconscious of aught but that they breathe vital air. Two years have changed the destinies of heroes and of nations. In 1812 Napoleon was conqueror of Europe; in 1814 he was a hopeless exile, doomed to see the most colossal empire that earth has yet known, fall with a stunning crash, leaving scarce a fragment to show that it had once existed. Two years have delved wrinkles in the brow of beauty; taught buoyant youth that he is mortal; and unwilling age that the grave is but a step off him. Where is that fair girl whom I saw but two short years since shedding sunshines around her by her presence? I look for her—she is gone; the light of her young eye is quenched; the smile has passed for ever from her lips; and I see instead—what? a pale, deserted wife hanging in tears over her first-born. And have two years, gentle reader, wrought no change in you? Are you the same man now, that you were then? Have you had no hopes subdued, if not crushed; seen no golden visions "fade into the light of common day;" lost no dear friends or relatives, and with them a portion of yourself? Alas, not so! The iron has entered into your soul as it has into mine. The weight of two years hangs heavy on both of us, as it did also on poor John Trevanion, the sequel of whose strange fortunes I now proceed to relate.

It was, then, just two years after the events alluded to in the foregoing chapter, that late one summer afternoon a young man, whose countenance bore the trace of many trials, entered the village of South Zeal, and hurrying rapidly past the main street, turned up a shady lane that led to the cottage of Mr Mordaunt. That gentleman, who chanced to be in his garden at the time, no sooner cast his eyes on the stranger who had halted at the gate, than he at once recognised Trevanion, and hastening up to him, and shaking him cordially by the hand, he said, "welcome, my boy, a thousand welcomes; this is indeed a surprise—who'd have thought it? Why, John, do you know I had given you up for lost, having never once heard of, or from you, since your departure; however, better late than never, so come in, my boy, come in, and let us hear your adventures;" with which words Mr Mordaunt entered the cottage, followed by the eager Trevanion.

When they had taken their seats, "Well, and when did you arrive, John?" exclaimed the old gentleman, "and where have you been to? and how's your father? You've seen him of course."

"Not yet," replied John, looking anxiously towards the door, as if he momentarily expected Mary would enter.

"Not yet?" repeated Mr Mordaunt with surprise.

"No, but I shall see him this evening. You know, sir, I could not pass your cottage on my road to the Hall, and not stop for an instant to enquire after old friends; why, it is now three years since I have seen Mary; I trust she has not forgotten me."

"Oh no—that is, I mean—but let me hear your adventures, John," said

Mr Mordaunt; evidently wishing to change the conversation.

"By and bye, sir, you shall hear all, but first satisfy me about Mary. Is she in good health?"

"My poor boy," said Mr Mordaunt in a faltering tone of voice, while he turned away his head as if to conceal his emotion, "evil times have fallen on us all since you left. The chastening hand of Heaven has been on both our families. I have lost a daughter, and you"—

"Lost! how so?"

Mr Mordaunt made no reply.

"Do not tell me she is dead, sir; pray do not; say she lives! Dead! What could death have to do with youth and beauty like hers?" and starting from his seat, John paced hurriedly up and down like one distracted. "Dead!" he continued, "who said she was dead? Not you, Mr Mordaunt; no, my fears misgave me, you merely said you had lost your daughter; well, a week's—nay, a day's absence of such a daughter is a loss; she has left her home awhile—she has gone to visit some friend or relation; but she will return, will she not, sir?" and John, looked in the father's face, as if life or death hung on the answer he should receive.

"I would fain encourage your hopes, my boy, but"—

"No more, I see it all, then she is really dead!" said the young man abruptly, interrupting Mr Mordaunt, "dead! and I was not by to close her eyes and receive her last farewell! Oh God—oh God, why did I ever leave her?"

"Be calm, John, be calm, I entreat you."

"And so Mary—my Mary, is dead! 'Tis strange, the old live, the young pass away. Dead—dead! How my brain throbs! Air—more air—the heat of this room is stifling," and sinking into his seat, Trevanion placed his hand on his forehead, gasping at the same time as if he were on the verge of suffocation.

"I did not foresee this," said Mr Mordaunt to himself. "I fear I have been over-hasty—the shock has been too great for him—however, I acted for the best—besides, who would have supposed after so long an absence he would have taken it so much to heart?" and approaching Trevanion, he gently seized his hand,

and again implored him to be comforted.

For a few minutes the young man continued in a state of utter stupefaction. At length rousing himself, he exclaimed, "I am the veriest wretch on earth! Oh, Mr Mordaunt! if you did but know how often in sickness and in sorrow, in storm and tempest, and under the burning sun of the tropics, I have derived health and hope, and the power of endurance, from the thought of once again seeing Mary—if you did but know this, sir, and feel but the one-half of what I now feel, you would not ask me to be comforted. And how did she die?" he exclaimed, turning on the old gentleman with startling fierceness.

"Another time, John, you shall know all; but not now—leave me—nay, not a word, I must be obeyed. Remember I am Mary's father."

"And as such, sir, your word is law with me," said Trevanion, sullenly rising to take leave.

"Then go home to your father, John. Forget his former harshness, and act towards him as a son should ever act towards a parent. Believe me, he stands in need of all your affection, for—But no, no," muttered the old gentleman, turning away from his young friend, "I cannot tell what has happened at the Hall. I have not the heart to add to his grief; I fear I have said too much already." And Mr Mordaunt advanced to the window near which John was standing with his eye riveted to the ground; led him gently from the room, and bade him adieu for the night.

On quitting the cottage, Trevanion bent his way slowly and thoughtfully towards his father's hall, pausing often on his road, and deviating from it into one of those by-lanes with which the neighbourhood abounds, like one unconscious of his movements; and so he was to a certain extent, for the shock of Mary's death had stunned his faculties; and he kept constantly repeating to himself, "dead! dead!" just as if his mind were unable to grasp the full meaning of the word.

In this bewildered state—for as yet it was rather bewilderment than grief with him, John reached the park gates, the sight of which roused him into something like animation. He felt that he was at home at last; the rooks

that cawed above his head; the giant trees that flung their shadow across his path; the distant bark of a fox-hound; and the loud laugh of some labourers in the adjacent hay-fields; all these familiar sights and sounds had the effect of rousing him from his stupor, by carrying him back to the days of his boyhood—happy days,

when the heart is without a scar, and the thought without a cloud! But these feelings were but momentary; darkness again fell on his mind; for, as he hurried across the lawn, the first object on which his eye fell, was the fir grove through which he had last wandered, on an evening like the present, with Mary!

CHAPTER X.

'Tis an old saying, that misfortunes seldom come singly, and John Trevanion was doomed to verify this adage. The hall that he had left, ringing with the laughter of its jovial inmates, and alive with the bustle of its numerous domestics, was now forlorn and apparently deserted. He rung a loud peal at the hall door, but for some minutes no notice was taken of his summons. Surprised, but not alarmed—for after the shock he had received, nothing could alarm him, or call forth any deep expression of emotion—John rung and rung again, each time more violently than before, till at length his father's favourite groom appeared, and having opened the door, stood staring at him as though he were a visitor more unexpected than welcome.

"What, Thomas, have you forgotten me already?" exclaimed Trevanion, holding out his hand to the veteran domestic.

"Hey day, Master John! No, sure—and yet it is! Ah, sir, you have returned at a sad moment. Your poor father——" and the old man paused. On which Trevanion said,

"What of my father? I trust no ill has befallen him."

"To him, to all of us, Master John. The Hall is no longer what it used to be when you knew it."

"Speak out, old man, and do not trifle with my impatience. I am not what I was. So tell me at once, without more delay, is my father living?"

"He is, but ill—very ill, worn down with grief for the loss of your brother."

"Hah! Is poor Edward gone?"

"Yes—he was killed by a fall from his horse. I always told him the bay mare would be the death of him, that's some comfort. Ah! Master John, it's a sad thing to see a young man go out in the morning fresh as a four-year-

old, and be brought back in a few hours as stiff as a back in a knacker's yard. He was buried only two days since, and your poor father takes his loss sadly to heart. He eats a mere nothing to signify, which is a sure sign he's grieving; for you may remember he had an uncommon appetite for his time of life."

"Enough—enough," exclaimed Trevanion, hastily; "show me to my father."

"Assuredly, Master John; but I think you had better wait here till I go in and give him notice of your coming. His head wanders a little at times, for you know he doated on your brother; and to lose him just as the shooting season was coming on, and he such a capital shot! Ah, Master John, I shall never be able to abide the sight of a partridge again, fond as I used to be of 'em."

Having thus disburdened himself of some portion of his tribulation, Thomas hurried forward into the parlour. John followed close at his heels, but halted outside the door while the servant went in to announce his arrival.

Hearing the door open, the Baronet, who was dozing in his arm-chair, turned round with a peevish exclamation of surprise, on which the old man abruptly addressed him with, "Here's your son come back to see you, sir."

"Son! What son?"

"Master John, sir, come back from foreign parts."

"John—John! Oh, true, I had forgotten. Bid him come in."

In an instant John rushed forward, and flung himself into his father's arms, who returned his greeting with more affection than he had ever before evinced towards him.

"Welcome, my dear boy—welcome," said Sir Hugh, pointing to a seat beside him. "You are my only hope, now that poor Ned——"

"I have heard all; so pray, sir, don't distress yourself by the recital," replied John, endeavouring for his father's sake to appear composed.

"You're right, my boy; what can't be cured must be endured, as the saying is. But, oh, John, such a son as he was! So dutiful, so clever—there wasn't a better sportsman in all Devonshire! And then when we returned home in the evening, this room used to ring again with his laughter; you might have heard him half-way down to the village. But the old hall is silent now. As for me, I will never mount horse more. Ah! 'tis a sore trial, John, but we must bear it, boy. There is nothing like bravely bearing up against it; so, take example by me, and pluck up courage." And so saying, the poor afflicted father lifted up his voice and wept. "And why didn't you write to us, John?" he continued, when his burst of grief had subsided. "Your brother Ned used to be often asking after you of the Mordaunts."

"I had no means of communicating with you, sir, so strange have been my reverses since we last met."

"No doubt, every thing is strange now. The old hall is strange, and even my own voice sounds strange in my ears. Well, thank God! I have one son left. But, John, John, you are not Edward." And the Baronet's eyes fell upon the vacant chair which the deceased used to occupy.

The old groom, who was a privileged domestic, and now that his master was incapacitated, took upon himself the entire duties of the household, here entered, unbidden, with a jug of claret, in order that John might have as social a welcome as was possible, under the circumstances.

Sir Hugh smiled, in faint approval of Thomas's forethought, and filling a goblet for himself and another for his son, he drank what he called, the "welcome home." The generous beverage, which had never passed his lips since Edward's death, for a time revived his spirits, and he looked himself again. "Well, my boy," he exclaimed, "I am glad to have thee with me again; and where have you been, and what have you been doing? Let me hear all, I can listen to you now."

Glad of an opportunity to divert his father's and his own thoughts, Trevanion proceeded to recount his adventures from the period when he was

shipwrecked at Santo Jago, to that when he escaped from the pirates off the coast of Porto Bello. He had, he said, been tossed about in an open boat for the best part of a night and a day, when, just as he had abandoned all hope of preservation, he was picked up by a small fishing-vessel, the crew of which carried him, at his own request, before the governor of the city, to whom he communicated the intentions of the pirates, how, having captured the galleon, they were only waiting the arrival of Morgan's squadron to commence an attack on Porto Bello. Alarmed at this intelligence, the governor made instant preparations for defence, but in vain; for in a few days the freebooters appeared before the city, captured it, and after committing a thousand excesses, would have set it on fire, had not the inhabitants prevailed on them to retire by the payment of a heavy ransom. Trevanion, who took an active part in the defence of Porto Bello, was severely wounded early in the assault, but contrived to escape the recognition of Captain Davis and his crew, by lying concealed in the house of a merchant to whom his skill and bravery had recommended him. Here he remained for months, hovering between life and death; but at length youth and a good constitution prevailed, and taking advantage of the first favourable chance, he set sail for the Old World, and, after a stormy and protracted voyage, arrived at Cadiz, whence he found his way to England.

When the Baronet heard John talk about the pirates, his curiosity was visibly excited; but it soon flagged, and he sank again into a listless apathy. Suddenly, however, making an effort to rouse himself, and pushing the jug towards his son, he said, "Ned, my boy, help yourself; we shall have rare sport to-morrow, for they tell me—God help me! my wits are gone a woolgathering, I think."

In vain Trevanion tried to rally his father's spirits by forcing himself to appear cheerful. The Baronet's energies were, for the time, completely prostrated, and he sank into a dull heavy slumber; seeing which, and aware that his presence could be of no more avail, he quitted the room and retired to his own chamber.

It is singular how deep grief brings out the latent points of character, and

imparts for the time a new moral aspect to the sufferer. I have seen some men, who have ever betrayed the quickest sensibilities, submit to the severest visitation with a calmness worthy of a stoic; and others, whom I should have pronounced callous as a rock, give way at once, unable to offer the slightest resistance to the assaults of the chastener. Such was the contrast that the elder and younger Trevanion now presented to each other. The one rough, despotic, and apparently insensate, was wholly subdued; while the other, who was just the reverse, sternly wrestled with his grief. But the high moral fortitude which had sustained John during this trying interview with his father, and had never deserted him, even in his severest calamities, now wholly gave way when, the necessity for self-control withdrawn, he found himself in the solitude of "the old, familiar" hall. But it was the thought of Mary that thus unmanned him; it was for her his tears flowed. Neither his father nor his brother had ever done aught to call forth his affections: their natures were wholly opposed to his; but Mary was one with himself. Together they had pursued the same studies—partaken of the same pleasures—loved the same scenes. And she was gone! This was the one overpowering grief that, "like Aaron's serpent, swallowed all the rest." Long his tears continued to flow; but the paroxysm having at length exhausted itself, he rose from his seat, and approached the window. The night was still as the sleep of the dead; the sky was studded with stars; and the moon, nearly at the full,

touched, with chaste and solemn radiance, the leafy groves and emerald lawns of Trevanion park.

As John continued gazing on the luxuriant landscape that lay stretched far and wide beneath him, his eye fell upon objects dear—how dear!—from their association with Mary Mordaunt. Here was the spreading oak on whose bark he had carved, like Paris, the name of his *Enone*; there the little grassy mound, where she had halted to rest herself after an evening stroll through the park. Still they flourished; but she who had consecrated them in John's eyes—she had passed away! Never more should he behold her; the witch's prediction was, in part, fulfilled; and henceforth all was barren in nature and his own heart.

Thus meditating, with his glance rivetted on the oak, which stood alone in the centre of the lawn, the mourner's attention was suddenly diverted by the sight of a female figure slowly gliding through the fir-grove which belted a portion of the park. Was it fancy? did his eyes deceive him? or did he, indeed, see the form of Mary? No; it could not be. The form must be that of some belated villager returning to South Zeal; for it was but early yet, and the bustle of the hay-field, and the subsequent merry-making of the labourers, kept many from their homes beyond the usual hour. Before, however, Trevanion could come to any definite conclusion on the subject, the figure—if it were not a mere phantom of the imagination—had disappeared; and fancying that the wild excitement of his spirits had deceived him, he turned from the window, and threw himself on his couch.

CHAPTER XI.

For the first two or three days after his son's return, the poor Baronet, who had no resources of any sort to fly to by way of refuge from grief, kept him constantly by his side, and was so pleased with his uncomplaining submission to his frequent caprices, that John bid fair in time to supply the *vacuum* which the death of Edward had left in his affections. So close, in fact, was his attendance on his father, that it was only when the latter took his wonted nap after dinner, that the young man was enabled

to steal away on a solitary stroll, or to the cottage of Mr Mordaunt, from whom he gleaned by degrees all the particulars of Mary's death. Her end was a sad one; yet, though not more than two months had elapsed since the catastrophe, her father seemed—not a little to John's astonishment—to have completely recovered the shock, though his pride was evidently gratified by the way in which Trevanion took it to heart, and the deep-rooted sincerity of his attachment.

A whole week had now elapsed since John's return, and the Baronet, in whose affections he made rapid advances, became gradually more reconciled to his lot. The society of the clergyman of South Zeal greatly contributed to bring about this desirable result; for whenever he saw his patron disposed to a relapse, he was always ready to divert his thoughts by telling the village gossip, or calling upon John for a recital of his adventures with the pirates, which, now that Sir Hugh was able to lend a more attentive ear to them, raised his adventurous boy full a hundred *per cent* in his esteem and admiration.

John was returning home late one evening from the village, having left the priest to attend his father during his absence, when, attracted by the serene beauty of the hour, he halted, and seated himself on the green mound to which I have before alluded. Not a sound was to be heard about him, except the creaking of a hay-cart along the road; the drowsy hum of the cockchafer, or the caw-caw of the rooks, who, having finished their last meal, were just bidding each other a hoarse good-night. While John sat watching the deer bounding noiselessly past him, his thoughts the while travelling back to the past, he saw—or imagined he saw—the same form which he had beheld but a few nights before, gliding through the same sad fir-grove. Could he be mistaken a second time? Impossible. It was—it must be—Mary Mordaunt! In those days the belief in spirits was universal, and more especially was it held, that those who had come to an untimely end, and had not been interred in consecrated ground, were doomed to walk the earth. Trevanion was not superior to the superstitions of his age, and while he stood with his eyes rivetted on the form which was fast blending with the shades of evening, his whole frame trembled with agitation. At length, manning himself with an effort, he made an abrupt dart in the direction where he had beheld it. But it had vanished, on which hurrying through the grove, and shouting aloud in the vain hope of receiving some reply, he flew with the speed of one frenzied to the village, and did not once halt till he found himself at Mr Mordaunt's cottage.

"I have seen her!" he exclaimed,

to the old gentleman, who was seated reading by the window.

"Seen her! Seen whom?"

"Mary!"

"Impossible."

"Say not so, sir; as I live, I saw her. Once I might be deceived, but not twice." While he spoke, Mr Mordaunt's agitation became nearly as great as his own. "Can this be possible?" he said in an under-tone, "but no, it cannot be;" then addressing himself to John, he added, "you are mistaken, young man."

"'Tis no mistake, sir," replied Trevanion; "I repeat, these eyes have seen the dead. The look—the form—the very step was hers! You darkly hinted to me your suspicion that in despair, or from some other cause, she had become what I dare not name; and the consciousness of this haunts her even beyond the grave. 'Twas to me she came, and I—and I alone—am summoned to procure rest for her troubled spirit. How—how—shall I act? Hah," he added abruptly, after a minute's reflection, "the witch—the witch—I will to the wood this very night. 'Tis said she has power over the phantoms of another world; from her then I shall learn what course to pursue. Speak not, sir; I am resolved, and will seek her this very hour."

"Madman!" rejoined Mr Mordaunt, stationing himself before the door, "you rush on your destruction. The wise woman is no longer what she was, when you last heard talk of her. None now cross her threshold, but at the peril of both body and soul. The very law itself fears to exercise control over her. Beware, John, beware, lest she curse you!"

"I care not," exclaimed Trevanion, impetuously, "come weal—come woe—I will see her. Let her curse me; I can but wither under her curses; and oh, Mr Mordaunt, I feel I am hourly withering without them."

"This is the veriest frenzy, young man. Think of your father; and for his sake"—

"I will think of nothing but that Mary!"—

"Yet hear me out, John, and take heed to what I say. If you persist in your headstrong purpose, not only will you peril your own life, and thereby your father's last chance of happiness, but you will fail also in your ob-

ject. Mark that ; and know besides, since it is no longer possible to conceal the truth, that it was the form of Mary you saw ; for I too saw her not four nights since. It is me, therefore, that it behoves to bring peace to her spirit ; and this very night I was about to undertake the fearful task of consulting the witch."

"Then let us both go," said John, eagerly.

"Not so ; I am better acquainted with her nature than you, for I have had recourse to her more than once, and know well the form in which she should be addressed."

"But," rejoined Trevanion hesitating, "they say she has made a compact with the evil one ; I thought not of that in my haste ; and if so, can we apply to her ? No, let us rather seek the good priest ; it is to him we should unbosom ourselves."

But Mr Mordaunt was peremptory against this proposal. "I will not," he said, "become the village talk, or have poor Mary's name, now half-forgotten, again bandied about from mouth to mouth ; so urge me no farther, John, but leave a father to a father's duty, and do you meet me here again at midnight, when I will acquaint you with the result of my interview with the wise woman."

With some reluctance Trevanion acceded to Mr Mordaunt's proposal, and made his way back to the Hall, shaking all over with a fever of agitation and curiosity. At midnight, however, after his father and the other members of the household had retired to rest, he returned to the cottage, where he found the old gentleman awaiting his arrival. He was in evident excitement, and kept muttering to himself, "well, it must be so, what is fated, cannot but come to pass ; and if ever the finger of destiny was visible any where, it is in this case." So soon as he recognised John, he motioned him to a seat, and then going into the garden to see that no one was within hearing, he cautiously closed the door, and laying his hand on the young man's arm, while he looked him anxiously in the face, he said, "have you courage to hear what I shall communicate ? If not, say so, and my lips shall be sealed."

"I fear nothing, sir ; so say on. I am prepared to hear, and brave the worst."

"Well, then," resumed Mr Mordaunt, "I sought the witch, but she was aware of my visit ere my foot was within a hundred paces of her cell. She knew my errand too ; the spirit of my child, she said, was ill at rest, but her disquiet was not without remedy, though that remedy could be revealed only by herself."

"By herself ? I understand you not."

"And better perhaps that you should never understand me, for that which I have to say, is that which shall congeal your blood to ice. John, I fear your weakness, and will add no more."

"Speak on, sir ; in God's name speak on. I tell you, father of my first—my only love, that to procure rest to her pure spirit, who would have braved even death for me, I would make sacrifices a thousand times greater than any you can exact. Whom should I fear ? What should I fear ? Alas, fear and hope are alike over with me ; so speak on, Mr Mordaunt, I conjure you."

"Then I will speak, John," exclaimed the old gentleman with animation. "Mary, as you know, rests not in consecrated ground ; no prayer has been offered up above her grave ; and such being the case, her vexed spirit yet walks the earth, and over such, she I have seen to-night has power."

Trevanion here turned deadly pale.

"I feared so," said Mr Mordaunt, "I feared your nerves would shake."

"Proceed, I entreat you, sir."

"Well, that mysterious power which the wise woman possesses, she is willing to exert, and as the cause is a just and holy one, I have accepted her mediation. See here," he added, drawing forth a small yew branch, "this was given me by the witch herself ; it is a charmed instrument of wondrous potency, and at certain seasons, and in cases like the present, has the power of compelling the grave to surrender up its dead.* Take it, John, for alas, not by me may the trial of its efficacy be made. In the hands

* That some witches were believed to have the power here attributed to them—and this, not merely by the ignorant vulgar, but by many of that more enlightened class in
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of age and distrust it has no virtue. It is youth, hope, and enthusiasm that must work miracles with it; so said the witch; but I am past these; if therefore the trial be made, 'tis you must make it."

"But," enquired Trevanion in a hesitating accent, "is it not a sinning in the eye of Heaven, to accept the mediation of such a malign spirit?"

"Young man," replied Mr Mordaunt, "we but act in this pursuant to the scheme of Providence, as exemplified in creation. Do we not see the atmosphere purified by the dark agency of cloud and storm; and the languid powers of nature revived by the action of earthquake and volcano? Be assured, my boy, we need not be disturbed on this score, as in a few brief hours you yourself will be the first to acknowledge."

"I am convinced," replied Trevanion, and was about to declare his instant readiness to make the trial, when Mr Mordaunt interrupted him by saying, "nay, but hear me out, John; for this instrument to be effective, it is imperative that you be conscious in your own heart of the most unbounded devotion to the memory of Mary. Have you this consciousness? Is the departed as dear to your thoughts—linked as closely with your feelings, as was the living? Is her memory a holy and august shrine, at which daily and nightly your heart does reverence?"

And oh, John, when you shall see her stand at midnight before you; when the dead shall confront the living; and none be by to re-assure your fluttered spirits;—will you then, out of your perfect love for her whose loss you deplore, dare to address her, and firmly abide her reply?"

"I will!" exclaimed the young man with energy. "Mary's image can never have terrors for me; it cannot be but that her voice will be gentle, and her countenance serene and lovely as in life."

"My dear boy," said the father, clasping his hands, while the tears fell fast from his eyes, "I no longer doubt your sincerity, and, thank Heaven, my poor child will at length know repose. Oh, John, you have made an old man happy—I mean, as happy as he can be on this side the grave. Go then, and a father's blessing go with you. To-morrow night, when the South Zeal clock strikes twelve, go to the abbey where you last parted from Mary; lay this charmed branch reverently on the abbot's tomb; then invoke the name of the departed, and wait the result. And now leave me, John; you have need of repose, and so too have I, for the events of this day have half maddened me," and so saying, Mr Mordaunt motioned Trevanion from the room, who instantly set out on his return to the Hall.

CHAPTER XII.

Though brave and quick-witted when circumstances demanded it, yet John's natural tendency was to the romantic and the imaginative; and though his late worldly experience had sobered his feelings in this respect, still they were "scotched not killed;" and the gloom by which he had been surrounded since his return home,—Mary's death—his father's melancholy—the solitary character of the old Hall—and, above all, the mysterious figure which had twice encountered his gaze—brought them back in nearly

all their former intensity. But notwithstanding this, he was not their slave; far otherwise; his was the calm, resolved, and thoughtful air of one bent, at all hazards, on the accomplishment of some cherished purpose.

During the early part of the day, not liking to trust himself wholly to solitude, he remained with his father, whom he endeavoured to amuse by some further details of his adventures with the pirates; though, had the Baronet been less engrossed with his own sad thoughts than he was, he

which my hero may be supposed to have moved, is evident from one of the statutes, passed in the first year of James the First, which enacts, among other things, that if any person shall, "by witchcraft, sorcery, or enchantment," raise up any "dead man, woman, or child out of the grave," that every such offender shall suffer death.—*Vide* GODWIN'S *Lives of the Necromancers*.

would have discerned in his son's random attempts to divert him, evidences of a mind whose thoughts were constantly playing truant.

So passed the time—varied only by a short stroll with Sir Hugh in the park—till the dinner hour arrived, when John began to think the night would never draw on; and still more slowly did the lame hours limp on, when the west was rosy with sunset, and twilight began to frown along the lawn. From this period every moment seemed an age.

At last day closed; confirmed night approached; and John, just waiting till the clergyman of South Zeal entered, as usual, to partake of supper with the Baronet, rose, under the pretext of retiring to his own chamber, and made his way towards the moor.

It was now nearly ten o'clock; the lights were all extinguished in the cottage windows of South Zeal, for the wearied peasantry had long since retired to rest; and with the exception of the occasional bark of a dog, or the startling rush of wings as the bat went whirling past him in the course of its flight round the elms on the village green, not a sound but that of Treva-nion's heavy footsteps woke the echoes of night.

In a short time the young man had passed the village, and entered upon the long, shady lane which terminated at that part of the moor on whose edge the abbey stood. Myriads of glow-worms lit their little lamps for him as he advanced, and the quiet toad crawled from his path, rustling with a gentle stir among the dead leaves that lay thick beneath the hedge on either side. Just as he came within sight of the ruin, the distant church-clock struck eleven. At this moment John fancied he heard footsteps before him, and looked about to see if aught was in sight; the gloom of the night, however—for the late moon was but just beginning to rise—prevented him from clearly distinguishing any object; and concluding that his ears had betrayed him, he seated himself for a few minutes on a bank, to collect his scattered thoughts, and then moved briskly forward, and soon reached the abbey, beyond which lay the moor blackening far and wide before him.

It was an imposing object, that forlorn pile, grey in years, standing sentinel over the graves of the dead, yet

itself momentarily dropping to decay above them. The dim haze of night deepened the awe with which Treva-nion regarded it, by softening off its rugged features, and imparting a spectral aspect to its ruins. It was of considerable extent, and had once been the proudest structure in the district, but was now the mere "shade" of departed grandeur—the "skeleton of unflashed humanity." The fore-court was choked up with weeds; the curiously carved windows overrun with moss and ivy; and the chapel was strewn with broken columns, which in their fall had crushed many of the sculptured effigies on the tombs. A small portion of the refectory alone remained in tolerable preservation; and on its paved floor lay a few half-burnt faggots and bits of charcoal, together with an old drinking-horn, which showed that a wandering band of gipsies had but lately held revel in it. Strange spot for merry-making, where every thing spoke of desolation and decay!

As with bowed head and "stealthy pace" the young man entered the crumbling edifice, he hardly dared draw breath, lest he might rouse strange echoes. Knowing well the localities, he stole his way on tip-toe to what had once formed the chapel, beneath whose floor the last Lord Abbot, and many of the monks, lay buried; where, leaning against the fragment of a pillar, he awaited, with mingled sensations of awe and melancholy, the hour that should summon him in to the presence of the departed.

Oh, Night! mysterious, phantom-peopled Night! at whose bidding memory summons from their graves the feelings and the friends of other years—Night, spirit of many tones, how impressive is even thy lightest whisper! The very dropping of the dew from the ivied arches on the leaf-strewn ground beneath startled John as though life were in it, and the wind sighing through the ruins, rung like a dirge in his ears. "What an utter desolation"—it was thus he communed with himself—"breathes out from these old cloisters! Not a foot-fall, where once crowds bowed the knee to Heaven! I stand, the only living thing, among the unremembered dead. Well, pass but a few years, and I shall join their ranks—gladly, most gladly, for what is this world other than a vast ruin,

or we than spectres, who are doomed, perforce, to haunt its gloom a brief while, and vanish!"

The moon at this moment, forcing her way from behind a cloud, came streaming in through the broken windows, and pouring down a faint radiance on the Abbot's tomb, which was situated at the farther end of the chapel. The sight of this *memento mori* recalled John's wandering thoughts. "The hour draws on," he said—"the hour that must—what a weight there is in the air! No! 'tis at my own heart. Strange fears beset me. What—what am I about to do? Eternal God, pardon me! And Mary—will she whom I am to summon from the world of shadows, rise before me with that gentle smile she ever wore in life? Oh, yes, there is memory beyond the grave, else wherefore that wan, beseeching figure that has already twice crossed my path? Spirit of my unforgotten love! let me but be the means of procuring for thee the repose of the tomb, and I care not how soon I lay my own head beneath it."

While absorbed in thoughts like these, Trevanion was suddenly startled by a faint sigh, that seemed breathed close at his elbow. At first he suspected that some one was concealed in the Abbey; but a moment's reflection satisfied him that it was the mere moaning of the wind through the building.

Just then the distant church-clock struck twelve!

"It is the hour," exclaimed the youth, and trembling from head to foot with an emotion which he vainly strove to conceal, he drew the charmed branch from his breast, and, staggering towards the Abbot's tomb, deposited it thereon. This done, he cast a furtive glance about him, fearing—hoping—he knew not what; and then, in a solemn voice, invoked the shade of Mary!

"I am here, John!" said a low, sweet voice; and at that instant the same form which he had twice beheld in the fir-grove, gliding from behind an adjacent pillar, stood a few paces off him.

"Mary!—dear Mary!—dear in death, as in life!—speak, I conjure you, speak!" exclaimed John, stretching out his arms towards her.

The figure advanced silently towards him; a wan smile played round

its lips; a tear trembled in its eye; a soft, white hand gently clasped his.

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed the bewildered Trevanion, while his eyes seemed actually starting from their sockets with the intensity of his gaze; "am I awake? Can this indeed be possible? Yes, it is—it is the real living Mary that stands before me;" and, overpowered by this startling conviction, he uttered a loud cry of ecstasy, and dropped lifeless at her feet.

Another figure now advanced from among the ruins. "Oh, father!—father!" said Mary, the instant she beheld the new comer—"why did you persuade me to this? Why not have made the revelation in some more familiar form? You knew I was averse to all this mystery from the first;" and, stooping down beside Trevanion, she endeavoured to raise him from the ground.

"Fear nothing, my child," replied Mr Mordaunt—"the first shock over, all will be well; see already he revives! Come, John, rouse yourself, my boy. Speak to him, Mary."

The word "Mary" acted like a spell on Trevanion. He started from the ground, rubbed his eyes, to assure himself he was wide awake, and stood fixing a wild gaze now on Mr Mordaunt, and now on his daughter, as if he still doubted the evidence of his senses. In a brief space, however, he managed to recover something like self-possession; whereupon Mr Mordaunt, taking his arm within his, and accompanied by Mary, led him gently from the ruins.

On their way back to South Zeal, observing the half-distrustful glances which, even while she was hanging on his arm, John every now and then directed towards Mary, Mr Mordaunt, pitying the young man's bewildered state, proceeded, without further delay, to explain to him the reasons which had compelled him to act in so mysterious and apparently unaccountable a manner.

"You are of course aware, my boy," he began, "that your intimacy with Mary was broken off by my express command. Though personally I had no objection, but, on the contrary, should have been proud to own you as a son-in-law, yet, when I found that your father—who, I have since had but too much occasion to feel, holds arbitrary sway over this district—was averse to the match, my

pride was roused quite as much as his; and I did not hesitate an instant as to the line of conduct I ought to adopt. Well, you and Mary parted, and, a few days after, influenced by feelings with which I can readily sympathize, you quitted England for the New World. No sooner were you gone, than your brother Edward, whose real character, I fear, you never knew till now, endeavoured to supplant you in the affections of my child."

John started at these words, as if a new light had suddenly broken in upon him. "This then," he exclaimed, "is the reason why he was so urgent in advising me to quit the country! Curses on—but no, he is dead, and be all his sins forgiven."

"Nobly said, my boy." Mr Mordaunt then proceeded to state how, for months and months together, Edward Trevanion beset Mary with his dishonourable addresses; and how, when he found himself repulsed with deserved contempt, he had recourse, in his rage, to the Baronet, whom, by every species of insinuation and calumny, he endeavoured to prejudice against both father and daughter. "I regret, John," continued Mr Mordaunt, "to speak in this way of one so closely related to you, but I owe you a full explanation, and have therefore no alternative. My child here can bear testimony to the persecutions to which both of us were subjected daily by the Baronet, who, being our landlord, was never at a loss for the means of direct or indirect annoyance. Fortunately, about this time, your brother quitted the Hall on a visit to some sporting friends in the north, and we had an interval of quiet; but he returned within the year, and renewed his insulting addresses with more pertinacity than ever. Doubtless, you wonder why, under such circumstances, I did not quit South Zeal. Alas, my boy, I had not the means to do so, for by the villany of an agent at Exeter, I was robbed of the proceeds of a small estate which I had empowered him to sell, and involved in a lawsuit which reduced me to a state little short of beggary. Thus situated, I got into arrears with my landlord, who, still urged on by his son, threatened me not merely with ejection, but also with imprisonment. Then came your brother's final proposal. He would release me, he said,

from all my embarrassments, but only at the expense of my poor girl's good name."

John was here again about to burst into execrations against his brother, but Mr Mordaunt stopped him, and resumed as follows:—"Driven to desperation, but resolved at all risks to protect my child, I determined as a last resource—for I had no other means at command—to spread about a report of her death. Judge, John, to what an extremity father and daughter must have been reduced to adopt so strange—so distressing an alternative!"

Mary, who had been listening with evident feelings of uneasiness to Mr Mordaunt's explanation, here burst into tears. John's soothing and respectful attentions, however, soon reassured her, and the speaker proceeded with his narrative:—"When questioned on the subject of my child's death, my reply was, that she had suddenly disappeared, I knew not whither, but that I feared she had come to an untimely end in one of the numerous streams that intersect the moor. 'Twas an unworthy subterfuge, and I feel my cheek burn while I recall it; but oh, John, if you knew but half the agonies we were then undergoing—half the persecutions we were subjected to—half the privations to which we were reduced—you would cease to wonder that we had recourse to it. Previously, however, to setting this report afloat, I conveyed Mary secretly to the Witch's hut on Dartmoor—you may remember, John, we never shared in your imaginative dread of its half-crazy tenant—where we found the poor creature at her last gasp, and at her request, I buried her at the foot of one of the tors, far removed from the hated neighbourhood of those from whom, in life, she had suffered so much. 'Twas a sad change for my child, but her moral courage sustained her through the trial; and desolate as was her dwelling, there, at least, she felt she was safe, for seldom did human footstep venture near that haunted quarter of the moor. Every day at night-fall I paid her a visit, bringing with me such conveniences as might render her new abode more habitable; and was delighted to find how soon she became reconciled to her lot when she found herself free from persecution. From this period I sustained

no more annoyance from your brother ; remorse had struck him, and it is but justice to his memory to say, that he would have made me every atonement in his power, would I have accepted aught but forbearance from insult at his hands. Soon after this he died, and you returned home ; and singularly enough, on that very day too, my child quitted the hut of which she had so long been the tenant. You asked anxiously about her, but though I always esteemed you, John, yet your brother's conduct having inspired me with a distrust of all the members of your family—being ignorant too how far an acquaintance with the world might have perverted your own fine nature—I determined for a time to persevere in my story. But at the sight of your grief, my heart relented, and I was on the point of making a confession, when, on reflection, I thought it better previously to make a sure trial of your constancy. In due season I should have explained every thing, but Mary, whom it was a paramount object with me to keep secluded from all observation, precipitated my design. Twice in the dusk of the evening, when she thought she might venture abroad without risk of discovery, she made her way secretly to your favourite grove, pleased, no doubt, at the idea of finding herself once more so near you. On both these occasions you beheld her, and mistook her—as was natural in your excited state of mind, and after the communications I had made to you with regard to her supposed death—for a being of another world. This premature discovery, coupled with your determination to consult the witch, compelled me to bring matters to a crisis. Still, however, distrustful of your affection, I resolved to put it to a last decisive test ; and accordingly projected your present visit to this abbey ; for if, said I, he can brave an interview with the dead, at such an hour, and in such a spot—he, whose imagination is so vivid, and so easily excited !—great, indeed, must be the strength and purity of his attachment. Forgive me, John, for making you the subject of such a wild experiment, which, but for my knowledge of your mind, I should never have dreamed of ; but you have bravely passed the ordeal, and henceforth I fling distrust to the winds. Mary is yours ! It would be ungenerous to interpose further ob-

stacles. Enough has been sacrificed to duty, let constancy now meet with its reward. I have no doubt that the Baronet will in time be prevailed on to give his consent, for his affections, my boy, are now wrapt up in you ; but should he not, why then—as the recent death of a relative has again rendered me independent—I will not, to humour his prejudices, sacrifice the happiness of two young people so deservedly dear to me. But try him first, John ; allow time for his better feelings to come into play, for, remember, he is your father !—and now, here we are at home ; nay, no entering here to-night"—for Trevanion, reluctant to part from Mary even for an hour, was following them up the garden,—“ return to the Hall, John, and in a day or two we will see each other again ;” and with these words, Mr Mordaunt, barely allowing the lovers time for one embrace, hurried his daughter with him into the cottage.

About a month after this memorable scene at the Abbey, when the sensation created throughout the village by Mary's extraordinary re-appearance had somewhat subsided, as profound a one, if not profounder, was excited by the unprecedented circumstance of Sir Hugh Trevanion's state carriage standing at the door of Mr Mordaunt's cottage. Subdued by grief and age, and penetrated with his son's unremitting attention to his slightest wishes, the old man had no longer the heart or the inclination to refuse him any thing. Accordingly, after urging a few faint objections, he was persuaded to have an interview with the Mordaunts ; and, as to see Mary was to love her, he no sooner became acquainted with her, and learned that her family, though not of rank equal to his own, was nevertheless of “gentle blood,” than he gave his consent to her union with his son. And long and happily John and Mary lived together. Her native good sense and strength of mind corrected the infirmities of his imagination ; and often, when in maturer years he thought of his youthful adventures with the pirates, he thought of them with gratitude, as having been the means of drawing out that latent energy of character which had enabled him to win the hand of Mary. Thus the last as well as the first part of the Witch of Dartmoor's prediction was fulfilled !

CRYSTALS FROM A CAVERN.

1.

I SEEM to see a hard polished Mosaic spread over the earth, enamelled with animals, flowers, and men. They are the smooth and glittering but lifeless ornaments of a subterranean tomb. The rain falls on them, but not a drop sinks in. The wind blows over them, but cannot stir a leaf of the plants, or a tress of the figures. It is a noble work. But the living roots below begin to strive, and the flowers fracture and displace their stone copies, and a fountain forces its way through the rent masterpiece. The stag that bounds across, and the ox that lies down on it, shake and crack the picture; and the labourer dashes away with his pickaxe the shapes of goddesses and heroes, and seeks for soil below in which to drive his plough and sow his seed. The artist stands aghast, and exclaims, how wretched is it that these living things should destroy my beautiful creation. Beautiful it may be, replies the peasant; but your figures are dead, and I am a man.

2.

The gods were met in air, above Olympus, and delighted themselves with discourse and song, till Vulcan, Hermes, and Pallas proposed to display before the conclave a pageant of the universe. Vast golden columns rose from darkness, and climbed amid the stars. A cloud-curtain filled the interspace, and across this floated vision after vision of worlds and all their kinds, phantoms multitudinous and immeasurable, and painted with the colours of reality. But suddenly the eagle sailed in amid the gods on expanded wings, and his talons were fixed in the girdle of a mortal child. Send the hantling, exclaimed Vulcan, with a glance of scorn, to swell that crowd of earthly figures passing in our aerial show. Nay, said Pallas, they are shadows, and he, though clay-born, lives, and is akin to us. Let him behold the vision which, being more than a phantom, he cannot belong to; and she placed him at the feet of Jove, who smiled on the nurling of his lowliest kingdom.

3.

As one who at broad noonday should

close the windows and doors of his house, and stop every crevice to keep out the light that it may not dim the shining of his candles, and should then strike a spark in this corner and that, and rejoice in seeing here a match and there a taper, and think how much nobler it is to enjoy this illumination of his own than to owe aught to the sun,—so is he who shuts himself in the chambers of his self-will, and darkens himself against the radiance of truth. Poor man, he knows not in the pride of his independence that even his weak and meagre glimmer is a witness to some higher source of light than himself, whose effluence he did not create but only appropriate and obscure.

4.

To the eye of Faith, and of Science too, which without faith is but a catalogue of names, every grain of dust is surrounded with its own coloured and life-sustaining atmosphere, and turns on the poles of a principle, that is, of a life governed by a law.

5.

Ariel imprisoned in the pine, such is the view of man's spirit, if evil be but hindrance and difficulty. But if evil be guilt, be sin, man is an Ariel, pent not in the trunk of the pine, but in the heart of Caliban, filled with the same life-blood, stirred by the same emotions, and feeling every hideous temptation that assails or resides in that bestial form, and condemned to regard it as the companion and instrument of all his acts. From that dismal bondage no magic wand, no sage charming of a human Prospero can call the captive forth.

6.

The moral satirist declaims against the cruelty and covetousness, the madnness and follies of men, and thinks how wise he is to see through the aimlessness and vanity of these;—too apt to believe that because he sees through others he himself is exempt from their frailties. Yet there are few human follies worse than the merely striving to see through those of all around us. There is something better than satire or declamation. What is it? Philosophy? Not if that be mere speculation, for that too is only a seeing

through. It is Love, Reverence, Faith. That is a dreadful eye which can be divided from a living, human, heavenly heart, and still retain its power of all-penetrating vision. Such was the eye of the Gorgons.

7.

Of man as a reasonable, spiritual being, feeling is the vital heat, and bears a like relation to our faculties and mental acts, as that of the body to our visible frame, or that of the earth and air to the forms of vegetable life. As is the difference between the fulness of life in the tropics, and the dearth and stuntedness of it towards the poles, such is the contrast between those distinct minds, and those nations in whom feeling is abundant on the one hand, and those on the other in which it is deficient. Give to the Arctic circle the warmth of India, and with no other change as to causes you will have the frozen land melting into bloom and verdure; and the hidden seeds disclosing on all sides a harvest of exuberant wealth and beauty. And such an alteration is produced by the awakening of deep, earnest, and lively feeling in the hearts of men and races, such an expansion of the powers, and a similar vivifying of the whole man.

It is important to remember that there is an apparent predominance of feeling in the character, which in reality argues a deficiency of the same. For the utmost quickness in the excitement, succession, and expression of feelings, proves that the quality of the feeling is weak and poor. Were it otherwise it would hold too strongly to its known and experienced objects to transfer itself so readily to new ones; and moreover it would shrink from displaying itself before those in whom it could not reckon on sympathies of corresponding depth.

But the gods and kings of mixed and multitudinous society are most commonly those whose feelings are the slightest and the lightest armed, and the readiest therefore for all occasions. And this is true whether they are feelings in their first and native character, as sensibility, taste, generosity, and so forth; or the same apostatized, the renegade feelings which take the names and arms of irony, sarcasm, and contempt; which last is often, but not always, only self-contempt going into company, that it may escape from home.

8.

Man starts on his journey in a dark and savage forest, and himself rude, haggard, fierce. He toils on, hardly knowing wherefore, but driven by the impulse of life and its necessities, and allured with moth-like instinct in the direction of the light that glimmers before him. He contends with beasts, he hews down trees, he mingles with others of his kind in amity and bloody contention. Here and there in the forest he builds himself a hut, or finds a den. Now he erects some shapeless memorial where he has found a more grateful spot of rest, or a bright gleam has fallen on him from the skies; for the wish to give outward substance and permanent habitation to his emotions moves him as the wind the mist which it condenses. Elsewhere in his journey he constructs a forge and smelts metals, and makes for himself tools and ornaments. And again he joins, amid some opening glade, a busy and shifting market. He learns to love the fellowship of his kind, and tastes the sweets of human intercourse; for language now has woven itself round him like a sphere of luminous beams, displaying to him all those around him, and making his aspect bright to them. He is helped on his way by troops of revellers with songs and torches; and again they leave him, and the wilderness is still around him. At another point some grave and lonely hermit leads him on, and cheers him with words of hope, and rebukes him with words of wisdom which find an echo in his heart, while they seem to give distinct expression to its long-choked but ever-deepening murmurs. The flower-bands of love check the boisterous uncouthness of his gestures, and the air of love opens his hard-encrusted breast. And all helps to soften the ruggedness of his aspect, to calm his headlong pulse, and to teach him to bend his eyes forward and upward with a thoughtful and longing gaze. Phantoms and realities thicken round his path. The forest seems to shut in drearier closeness, and now and then a brighter radiance bursts across it, and makes him feel by its disappearance as if, in spite of the steady growth of light, he were again, as at first, in total darkness. He rests in a stately inn; he threads long colonnades, and through opening vistas looks on distant but still deeply overclouded prospects. By and by he finds a

lamp burning before a lonely shrine, or a single piercing ray lights up some image or inscription; and through deep and mazy arches, through lines of tombs, and over ivy-curtained graves he is guided by broken songs, and solemn harpings. He bends at last beneath a high cathedral roof, before a silent altar, where the full brightness of the skies looks on him through the forms of saints and angels from the face of God. On childlike knees the pilgrim sinks, and while his spirit flies upward to the light that can alone satisfy it, the weary body drops into the closing sepulchre, and leaves no earthly record but the marble effigy that sleeps before the altar with closed palms.

9.

There are minds in which the idea of duty stands immovably as the only assertion of man's spiritual being. In such men it resembles a rock unclothed of all verdure, from which all life-sustaining soil has been washed away, and with nothing near it but a dreary tossing sea of passions and strivings. Duty is thus felt as the great painful burden of existence, but which it is nobler to bear than to escape from, as the mind assures itself of its own strength only by the effort of upholding its load. But the exertion is so painful that it often disturbs all clear, calm views of the world around. The suffering and the sense of contradiction embody themselves in the belief that the whole universe is equally jarring, perilous, and tortured. Hence, a reckless ferocity of opposition to whatever claims a quiet and stable dominion. Hence too, a fretful bitter scorn for the convictions and sympathies of those who maintain that either for their own minds, or for mankind as a race, every escape is provided from the bondage of law into the freedom of life and love. From the feeling of perpetual struggle in which victory promises no reward but the dreary pride of victory, arises a sympathy with all struggle, however mad and blind, against any restraining force, and a cruel and disdainful spite against the attempts, in a progressive system, necessarily inadequate and imperfect, at introducing order amid the world's confusions. Unless in truth these should happen to be chiefly remarkable as fierce and plundering revolts

against the previous and more lasting endeavours, the uppermost feeling in the mind being that of resistance, that of a holding fast one's ground against hostility, the tendency will always be to look with favour on all kindred efforts, however desperate and insane, and to scout as lies, hypocrisy, vanity, pedantry, and so forth, the notion that there can be any good in the traditional maxims, symbols, and institutions of society. It is a dreary picture, but though insufficiently transferred to language, its originals have an undeniable existence. However horrid the thought of their Cain-like isolation and ulcerated feelings, their inextricable clinging to a strong and deep principle, under the heavy pressure of anguish and despair, makes them objects of true and brotherly sympathy to every believer in spiritual realities. The great error seems to be the substitution in the mind of a law, for a personal being, a God. A law must be obeyed at whatever cost of reluctance, and has no tendency to make obedience easy. It is only a person that can be loved, and with love comes life and hope.

10.

The unflinching and unlimited self-will of Bonaparte, together with his sense of numerical order and combination, acted on revolutionized and revolutionary France as an arctic winter on the storm-tost waters. By the freezing of the waves the worn-out and perishing crew of a crazy vessel may be preserved from drowning. But they can never hope to return to port or be finally rescued except by the passing away of the tyrannous congelation which has enclosed the ship and all the world around it in a case of smooth ice.

The man himself appears to have been great only in his gigantic self-will, and his ready and unwearied capacity for combining and applying the calculable elements of power. In all that relates to feeling, duty, and imagination, he was a mean and insolent barbarian, and, though there are many men on record of far more capricious and drunken impulses, there is probably none more entirely destitute of conscience. It seems probable that much of his ambition, perhaps much of all aggressive and cumulative ambition, is to be explained by the perpetual inward uneasiness and pre-

sure arising from the obscure consciousness that his power rested on no worthy base of honour, benevolence, and reason. Whence the inexplicable anxiety for outward confirmations, sops to his self-distrust, such as victories, titles, monuments, royal marriages, and even the mere frippery of his station, which, when not a matter of custom and course, is even ludicrous and sickening. Whence, too, the remorseless fury with which he stamped down the slightest show of resistance, and his mad irritation against the breath of ridicule or neglect. For the pettiest of such demonstrations touched on and lacerated his own morbid sense of instability.

The great secret of the vulgar awe which his name still inspires is simply this, that his kind of greatness, viz. the Alaric or Bashaw species, is that which alone all minds, including the meanest, can understand and envy. Even these might perhaps be expected to consider more frequently than they appear to do, that no power so pompous and plausible ever since the beginning of history has made such utter shipwreck.

11.

A man with knowledge but without energy is a house furnished but not inhabited; a man with energy but no knowledge, a house dwelt in but unfurnished.

12.

Self-consciousness in most men flashes across the field of life like lightning over a benighted plain. The sage has the art to compel it into his lamp and detain it there, and is thus enabled to explore the region that we are born into and dwell in, and which is nevertheless so unknown to most of us.

13.

The greatest intellectual difference among men is not that of having or not having thought on any one given subject, or any number of subjects; but of having or not having ever thought at all. He who has known the dignity, the strength, the sense of liberation, in the attainment of an independent personal conviction, has taken probably the greatest leap possible for the mere intellect. But such convictions are less common than they may seem. Bank notes are not forged

or stolen once, for ten thousand times that the same felonies are committed as to thoughts.

14.

Will is the root; knowledge the stem and leaves; feeling the flower.

15.

The man who can only scoff in his heart at the recollection of his first love, however extravagant and ill-directed it may have been, is not to be trusted with another's life. He scorns his own.

16.

There is hardly a more serious spectacle than that of a man in rags, and without any moral cultivation, reading a newspaper. What are the many Marii in one Cæsar compared with Marii by millions? You cannot stop the reading the newspapers, but you may give the education that will act as a preceding antidote.

17.

If you want to understand a subject, hear a man speak of it whose business it is. If you want to understand the man, hear him speak of something else.

18.

A beautiful plant is to a solitary man a sort of vegetable mistress.

19.

There are men from whom any burst of passion seems as extraordinary as would be the breaking out of a volcanic eruption from the apex of a pyramid. Now, the pyramid has certainly this advantage over the smoking cone, that from it we look for no discharge of fire and lava. But the artificial mound of granite is lifeless, and incapable of supporting life—no gases work within it, and no tree grows without. It stands for thousands of years un mouldering, indeed, but dry, barren, verdureless. If, then, we beheld a mind resembling this, a mind of mere intellectual predetermination and rigid self-will, should we not have cause to rejoice, though with fear, if we found that there were boiling springs of life within, that the pyramid had been built above a crater? For thus, by an epoch of convulsion and destruction, the artificial casing might be shattered, and a soil disclosed below, capable, in time, of receiving dews

and seeds into its bosom, and bearing fruit and flower.

20.

When the meaning is too big for the words, the expression is quaint. When the words are too big for the meaning, it is bombastic. The one is pleasing as an imperfection of growth: the other displeasing, as that of decay. The one must be looked for in a fresh and advancing literature; the other infects a literature past its prime, when words have become a trade, and are valued apart from thoughts. The talk of children is often quaint. That of worn-out men of the world often bombastic, where the error is not precluded by that of a perpetual sneer or a drivelling chatter.

21.

How many truths and errors, especially in religion and politics, are included in one or other of these three propositions:—A. The present is but a repetition or prolongation of the past. B. The present is not the past, and has nothing to do with it. C. The present grows out of the past by unceasing evolution and enlargement, and is neither identical with it nor independent of it.

22.

Colour, in the outward world, answers to feeling in man; shape to thought; motion to will. The dawn of day is the nearest outward likeness of an act of creation; and it is, therefore, also the closest type in nature of that in us which most approaches to creation—the realization of an idea by an act of the will.

23.

It is foolish to talk of war as the mere suffering and infliction of a certain amount of physical pain, and therefore as unmixt evil. If it were a question between pain and no pain, and there were no other considerations, this would be reasonable. But it is not so, for there are far more important elements in the calculation. In the first place the energy which enables men to encounter pain, nay, often renders them for a time altogether insensible to it: then the orderly combining intelligence, and the uniform consciousness of law producing the obedience of a hundred thousand men as if they

were but one. These are the least matters, though not trifling ones. There is also the feeling of excited social sympathy with those who to us are every thing, while the enemies, the objects of resentment, are thought of only in the abstract. Above all, there is patriotism, the inspiring and elevating consciousness that we are struggling and endangering ourselves for the sake of our country, of that ideal to which we owe our social, and, therefore, properly speaking, our human existence. It has transmitted, along with the wealth, the purified and accumulated faith of thirty generations of ancestors, and to it we owe that we are not landless vagabonds or thoughtless savages.

All this life of heart is called into play in war. If it be said that the same good might be attained in other ways, it may be answered that this one way is necessary; for if war were altogether abstained from, and the country were left open to be overrun and laid waste by the first marauding conqueror, the very name and thought of a nation would be lost. And when a nation perishes, a nobler work is given up to destruction than any pile of architecture, any synod of marble gods, or painted vision ever fixed by man. For a nation is a generative power, capable of producing, through thousands of years, living, thinking, magnanimous, and godly men. Is that to be all surrendered, rather than inflict or endure wounds and death? What is this but to make the end of man be a succession of agreeable sensations; his greatest evil be mere bodily suffering? This is, doubtless, no defence of unjust wars; but the peculiar evil in them is not the war, it is the injustice. Peace may be unjust no less than war. The work of Christian civilisation, as to war, will therefore be this,—it will prevent iniquitous contests; and as there is always iniquity on one side or other, all war will, doubtless, in time be brought to an end. In the mean-time, it is a monstrous contradiction that the same Christianity should open our eyes wide, nay, arm them with microscopes to discern the mournful character of warlike acts, which are indeed terrific enough, and yet should strike us with stone-blindness as to the weight and blessedness of the interests at stake on the being of a nation. J. J. J.

THE ATHENIAN DEMOCRACY.

It is a remarkable fact, that so numerous and pregnant are the proofs afforded by history in all ages, of the universal and irremediable evils of democratic ascendancy, that there is hardly an historical writer of any note, in any country or period of the world, who has not concurred in condemning it as the most dangerous form of government, and the most fatal enemy of that freedom which it professes to support. In the classical writers, indeed, are to be found numerous and impassioned, as well as perfectly just eulogies on the ennobling effects of civil liberty; but it is liberty, as contradistinguished from slavery, which is the object of their encomium; and none felt so strongly, or have expressed so forcibly, the pernicious tendency of unbridled democracy to undermine and destroy the civil freedom and general protection of all classes, which is unquestionably the first of human blessings. Thucydides, whose profound mind was forcibly attracted by the varied operations of the aristocratic and democratic factions, which in his age distracted Greece, and whose conflict forms the subject of his immortal work, has told us, that "invariably in civil contests it was found at Athens that the worst and most abandoned public characters obtained the ascendancy." Aristotle has condensed in six words the everlasting characteristic of democratic government—*εὐταταὶ τοὶ τυραννίδων τελευταὶ ἢ δημοκρατίᾳ*. Sallust has pointed to the "Egestas cupida novarum rerum," as the most prolific source of the evils which first undermined, and at last overthrew the solid foundations of Roman liberty; and left in his Catiline conspiracy a picture of the demagogue, so just and true in all its touches, that in every age it has the air of having been drawn from the existing popular idol; and the phrase "*Alieni appetens, sui profusus*," has passed into a proverbial characteristic of that mixture of rapacity and insolvency which ever forms the basis of the characters who attain to democratic ascendancy. Livy, amidst the majestic and heart-stirring

narrative of Roman victories, never loses an opportunity of throwing in a reflection on the mingled instability and tyranny of popular assemblies; and all the experience of the woful tyranny which the triumph of democracy under Cæsar brought upon the Roman commonwealth, and the leaden chains of the centralized government of his successors, has not blinded the far-seeing sagacity of Tacitus to the origin of all these evils in the wide-spread force of popular wickedness and folly, and the fatal overthrow of the long established sway of the Senate by the military talents and consummate address of the first Emperor of the world.

In modern times the same striking characteristic of all the greatest observers of human events is equally conspicuous. Five hundred years ago Machiavel deduced, from a careful retrospect of Roman history, not less than the experience of the Republican States with which he was surrounded, the clearest views of the enormous perils of unbridled democracy: and he has left in his Discourses on Livy and 'Principe,' maxims of government essentially adverse to democratic establishments, which, in depth of thought and justice of observation, have never been surpassed. Bacon clearly perceived, even amidst all the servility of the nation, and tyranny of the Government of England under the Tudor princes, the opposite dangers of republican rule, and his celebrated apophthegm, that political changes to be safe, should resemble those of nature, which albeit the greatest in the end, are imperceptible in their progress, has passed into a consuetudinary maxim, to which, to the end of the world, the wise will never cease to refer, and against which the rash and reckless will never cease to chafe. The profound mind of Hume, it is well known, beheld the long and varied story of England's existence with perhaps too great a bias in favour of monarchial institutions; and Gibbon, even amidst the long series of calamities which accumulated round

the sinking fortunes of the empire, has sufficiently evinced his strong sense of the impracticable nature, and tyrannic tendency of democratic institutions.* Sir James Mackintosh, in his maturer years, strongly supported the same sound and rational principles; and all the fervour and energy of the youthful author of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, could not blind his better informed judgment later in life, to the frightful dangers of democratic ascendancy, and the ultimate conclusion "that the only government which offers a rational prospect of establishing or preserving freedom, is that where the power of directing affairs is vested in the aristocratic interests, under the perpetual safeguard of popular watchfulness."† Burke, almost forgotten as a champion of Whig doctrines in the earlier part of his career, stands forth in imperishable lustre as the giant supporter of Conservative principles in the zenith of his intellect. Pitt has told us that "democracy is not the government of the few by the many, but the many by the few, with this addition, that the few who are thus raised to power, are the most dangerous and worthless of the community;" and Fox, who spent his life in supporting liberal principles, with his dying breath bequeathed to his successors a perpetual struggle with the gigantic power which had risen out of its spirit, and embodied its desires. Nor is France behind England in the same profound and far-seeing views of human affairs. Napoleon, elevated on the wave, and supported by the passions of the Revolution, conceived himself, as he himself told, to be the commissioned hand of Heaven to chastise its crimes and extinguish its atrocity. Madame de Stael, albeit passionately devoted to the memory of her father, the parent of the Revolution, and the author of the French Reform Bill, has yet devoted the maturity of her intellect to illustrate the superior advantages which the mixed form of government established in England afforded; and in her Treatise on the French Revolution, supported with equal wisdom and eloquence the Conservative prin-

ciples, in which all minds of a certain elevation in every age have concurred: while Chateaubriand, the illustrious relic of feudal grandeur, and the graphic painter of modern suffering, has arrived, from the experience of his varied and interesting existence, at the same lofty and ennobling conclusions; and M. de Tocqueville, the worthy conclusion to such a line of greatness, has portrayed, amidst the most impartial survey of American equality, seeds in the undisguised "tyranny of the majority," of the eventual and speedy destruction of civil liberty.

These enemies of democracy in every age, have been led to these conclusions, *just because they were the steadiest friends of freedom*. They deprecated and resisted the unbridled sway of the people, because they saw clearly that it was utterly destructive to their real and durable interests; that it permitted that sacred fire which, duly restrained and repressed, is the fountain of all greatness, whether in nations or individuals, to waste itself in pernicious flames, or expand into ruinous conflagration. They supported the establishment of Conservative checks on popular extravagance, because they perceived from experience, and had learned from history, that the gift of unbridled power is fatal to its possessors, and that least of all is it tolerable where the responsibility, the sole check upon its excesses, is destroyed by the number among whom it is divided. They advocated a mixed form of government, because they saw clearly, that under such, and such only, had the blessings of freedom in any age been enjoyed for any length of time by the people. They were fully aware that democratic energy has, in every age, been the main-spring of human improvement; but they were not less aware, that this spring is one of such strength and power, that if not duly loaded, it immediately tears the machine to pieces. They admired and cherished the warmth of the fire, but they were not so blinded by its advantages, as to permit it to escape its iron bars, and wrap the house in flames; they enjoyed the vigour of the horses which whirled

* In his letters and miscellaneous works, his opinions on this subject are clearly expressed.

† Mackintosh's Memoirs, I., 174.

the chariot along; but they were not so insane as to cast the charioteer from his seat, and allow their strength and energy to overturn and destroy the vehicle: they acknowledged with gratitude the genial warmth of the central heat, which clothed the sides of the volcano with luxuriant fruits; but they looked to either hand, and beheld in the black furrow of desolation the track of the burning lava which had issued from its summit when it escaped its barriers, and filled the Heavens with an eruption.

Nothing daunted by this long and majestic array of authority against him, Mr Bulwer has taken the field in four octavo volumes, in order to illustrate the beneficial effect of Republican institutions upon social greatness and national prosperity. He has selected for his subject the Athenian democracy—the eye of Greece—the cradle of history, tragedy, and the fine arts; the spot in the world where, in the narrowest limits, achievements the most mighty have been won, and genius the most immortal has been developed. He conceived, doubtless, that in Attica at least the extraordinary results of democratic agency could not be disputed; the Roman victories might be traced to the wisdom of the Senate; the Swiss patriotism to the simplicity of its mountains; the prosperity of Holland to the wisdom of its burgomasters; the endurance of America to the boundless vent afforded by its back settlements; but in Athens none of these peculiarities existed, and there the brilliant results of popular rule and long established self-government were set forth in imperishable colours. We rejoice he has made the attempt; we anticipate nothing but good to the Conservative cause from his efforts. It is a common saying among lawyers, that falsehood may be exposed in a witness by cross-examination; but that truth only comes out the more clearly from all the efforts which are made for its confusion. It is a fortunate day for the cause of historic truth when the leaders of the democratic party leave the declamation of the hustings and the base flattery of popular adulation, and betake themselves to the arena of real argument. We feel the same joy at beholding Mr Bulwer arm himself in the panoply of the field, and court the assaults of historical investigation,

with which the knights of old saw themselves extricated from the mob of plebeian insurrection, and led forth to the combat of highborn chivalry.

Mr Bulwer is, in every point of view, a distinguished writer. His work on England and the English is a brilliant performance, abounding with sparkling, containing some profound, observations, and particularly interesting to the multitude of persons to whom foreign travelling has rendered the comparison of English and French character and institutions an object of interest. The great defects of his writings, in a political point of view, are the total absence of any reference to a superintending power and the moral government of the world; and the continual and laboured attempt to exculpate the errors, and screen the vices, and draw a veil over the perils of democratic government. The want of the first, in an investigation into human affairs, is like the absence of the character of Hamlet in the play bearing his name: the presence of the second a continued drawback on the pleasure which an impartial mind derives from his otherwise able and interesting observations. More especially is a constant sense of the corruption and weakness of human nature an indispensable element in every enquiry or observation which has for its object the weighing the capability of mankind to bear the excitements, and wield the powers, and exercise the responsibility of self-government. We are not going to enter into any theological argument on original sin, how intimately soever it may be blended with the foundation of all investigations into the right principles of government; we assert only a *fact*, demonstrated by the experience of every age, and acquiesced in by the wise of every country, that there is an universal tendency to corruption and license in human nature—that religion is the only effectual bridle on its excesses, and that the moment that a community is established, without the effective agency of that powerful curb on human passion, the progress of national affairs becomes nothing but the career of the prodigal, brilliant and alluring in the outset, dismal and degrading in the end. It is on this account that the friends of freedom have in every age been the most resolute and persevering

enemies of democracy ; because that fervent and searching element, essential to national existence, and the best ingredient in its prosperity, if duly coerced and tempered, becomes its most devouring and fatal enemy the instant that it breaks through its barriers, and obtains the unrestrained direction of the public destinies.

The views of the republican and the democrat are the very reverse of all this. According to them, wickedness and corruption are the inheritance of the oligarchy alone ; aristocracies are always selfish, grasping, rapacious ; democracies invariably energetic, generous, confiding. Nobles, they argue, never act but from designing or selfish views ; their constant agent is human corruption ; their incessant appeal to the basest and most degrading principles of our nature. Republicans alone are really philanthropic in their views ; they alone attend to the interests of the masses ; they alone lay the foundations of the social system on the broad basis of general well-being. Monarchical governments are founded on the caprice of a single tyrant ; aristocratic on the wants of a rapacious oligarchy ; democratic alone on the consulted desires and grateful experience of the whole community. If these propositions were all true, they would be decisive in favour of popular, and highly popular institutions ; but unfortunately, though it is perfectly correct that monarchies and aristocracies are mainly directed, if uncontrolled by the people, to support the interests of a single or an oligarchical government, it is no less true, that the rapacity of a democracy is just as great ; that the responsibility of its leaders, from the number of those invested with power, is infinitely less, and that the calamities which, in its unmitigated force it in consequence lets loose on the community, are such as in every age have led to its speedy subversion.

The Conservative principle of government, on the other hand, is, that mankind are radically and universally corrupt ; that when invested with power, in whatever form of government, and from whatever class of society, they are immediately inclined to apply it to their own selfish ends ; that the diffusion of education and knowledge has no tendency whatever to eradicate this universal propensity,

but only gives it a different, less violent, but not less interested direction ;—that the diffusion of supreme power among a multitude of hands diminishes to nothing the responsibility of each individual, while it augments in a proportionate degree the rapacity and selfishness which is brought to bear on public affairs ;—that when the multitude are the spectators of government, they are inclined to check or restrain its abuses, because others profit, and they suffer by them ; but when they become government itself, they instantly support them, because they profit, and others suffer from their continuance ;—that democratic institutions thus, when once fully and really established, rapidly deprave the public mind, and engender an universal spirit of selfishness in the majority of the people, which speedily subverts the foundations of national prosperity ; and that it is only when property is the directing, and numbers the controlling power, that the inherent vices and selfishness of the depositaries of authority can be effectually coerced by the opinion of the great majority who are likely to suffer by its excesses, or a lasting foundation be laid in the adherence of national opinion to the principles of virtue for any lengthened enjoyment of the blessings of prosperity, or any durable discharge of the commands of duty.

These are the opposite and conflicting principles of Government which are now at issue in the world : and it is to support the former that Mr Bulwer has brought the power of a cultivated mind and the vigour of an enlarged intellect. Athens was a favourable ground to take, in order to enforce the incalculable powers of the democratic spring in society. Nowhere else is to be found a state so small in its origin, and yet so great in its progress : so contracted in its territory, and yet so gigantic in its achievements : so limited in numbers, and yet so immortal in greatness. Its dominions on the continent of Greece did not exceed an English county ; its free inhabitants never amounted to thirty thousand citizens—yet these inconsiderable numbers have filled the world with their renown ; poetry, philosophy, architecture, sculpture, tragedy, comedy, geometry, physics, history, politics, almost date their origin from Athenian genius : and the

monuments of art with which they have overspread the world still form the standard of taste in every civilized nation on earth. It is not surprising that so brilliant and captivating a spectacle should in every age have dazzled and transported mankind; and that seeing democratic institutions co-existing with so extraordinary a development of the intellectual faculties, it should have come to be generally imagined that they really were cause and effect, and that the only secure foundation which could be laid for the attainment of the highest honours of our being was in the extension of the powers of Government to the great body of the people.

Athens, however, has its dark as well as its brilliant side; and if the perfection of its science, the delicacy of its taste, and the refinement of its arts, furnish a plausible, and, in a certain degree, a just ground for representing democratic institutions as the greatest stimulant to the human mind, the brevity of its existence, the injustice of its decisions, the instability of its councils, and the cruelty of its decrees afford too fair a reason for doubting the wisdom of imitating, on a larger scale, any of its institutions. Its rise was rapid and glorious; but the era of its prosperity was brief; and it sunk, after a short space of existence, into an obscure, and, politically speaking, insignificant old age. The sway of the multitude, who formed the council of last resort in the commonwealth, was capricious and tyrannical; and such as thoroughly disgusted all the states in alliance. There was the secret of its weakness. Instead of protecting and cherishing the tributary and allied states, the Athenian democracy insulted and oppressed them, and in consequence, on the first serious reverse, they all revolted; and the fleets which had constituted their strength were at once ranged on the side of the enemies of the state. The flames of Aigospotamos consumed the Athenian navy; but that disaster, great as it undoubtedly was, was not greater than the rout of Trasymene, the slaughter of Cannae, the irruption of the Gauls to Rome. But Athens had not the steady persevering rule of the Roman Patricians; nor the wise and beneficent policy of the Senate to the states and alliance, and thence they wanted both the energy requisite

to rise superior to all their misfortunes, and the grateful feelings which, in moments of disaster, ranged the allied states in steady and durable array around them. During the invasion by Hannibal, which, as involving a civil contest between the Patricians and Plebeians in all the Italian cities, very nearly resembled the Peloponnesian war, not one state of any moment revolted from the Roman alliance till after the disaster of Cannae; and even then it was only Capua, the rival of Rome, which took any vigorous part with the Carthaginians, and a very little effort was sufficient to retain the other allied cities in the Roman confederacy, or reclaim such as, from the presence of the Punic arms, had passed over to their enemies. Whereas in Greece, on the very first reverse, the whole states and colonies in alliance constantly passed over to the Lacedemonian league; and the growth of the power of Athens was repeatedly checked by the periodical reduction of its strength to the resources of its own territory. Had the Athenian multitude possessed the enduring fortitude and beneficent rule of the Roman aristocracy, they might, like them, have risen superior to every reverse, and gradually spread, by the willing incorporation of lesser states with their dominions, into a vast empire, extending over the whole shores of the Mediterranean, and giving law, like the mighty empire which succeeded them, for a thousand years to the whole civilized world.

Mr Bulwer appears to be aware of the brief tenure of existence which Athens enjoyed; but he erroneously ascribes to general causes or inevitable necessity what in its case was the result merely of the fever of democratic activity.

“In that restless and unpausing energy, which is the characteristic of an intellectual republic, there seems, as it were, a kind of destiny: a power impossible to resist urges the state from action to action, from progress to progress, with a rapidly dangerous while it dazzles; resembling in this the career of individuals impelled onward, first to attain, and thence to preserve, power, and who cannot struggle against the fate which necessitates them to soar, until, by the moral gravitation of human things, the point which has no beyond is attained; and the next effort to rise is but the prelude of their fall. In such states Time, indeed, moves with gigantic

strides; years concentrate what would be the epochs of centuries in the march of less popular institutions. The planet of their fortunes rolls with an equal speed through the cycle of internal civilisation as of foreign glory. The condition of their brilliant life is the absence of repose. The accelerated circulation of the blood beautifies but consumes, and action itself, exhausting the stores of youth by its very vigour, becomes a mortal but divine disease."

Now, in this eloquent passage there is an obvious error: and it is on this point that the Conservative or Constitutional principle of Government mainly differs from the Movement or Democratic. Aware of the violence of the fever which in Republican states exhausts the strength and wears out the energy of the people, the Conservative would not extinguish but regulate it; he would stop its diseased and feverish, to prolong and strengthen its healthy and vital action. He would not allow the youth to waste his strength and life in a brief period of guilty excess, or unrestrained indulgence, but so chasten and moderate the fever of the blood as to secure for him an useful manhood and a respected old age. The democrat, on the other hand, would plunge him at once into all the excesses of youth and intemperance, throw him into the arms of harlots and the orgies of drunkenness, and, amidst wine and women, the harp and the dance, lead him to poverty, sickness, and premature dissolution. And ancient history affords a memorable contrast in this particular; for while Athens, worn out and exhausted by the fever of democratic activity, rose like a brilliant meteor only to fall after a life as short as that of a single individual, Rome, in whom this superabundant energy was for centuries coerced and restrained by the solidity of Patrician institutions and the steadiness of Patrician rule, continued steadily to rise and advance through a succession of ages, and at length succeeded in subjecting the whole civilized earth to its dominion.

It has long been a matter of reproach to Athens, that she behaved with the blackest ingratitude to her greatest citizens; and that Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, Cimon, Socrates, Thucydides, and a host of other illustrious men, received exile, confiscation, or death as the reward for the inestimable benefits they had conferred

upon their fellow-citizens. Mr Bulwer is much puzzled how to explain away these awkward facts; but as the banishment of these illustrious citizens, and the death of this illustrious sage, from the effects of popular jealousy, cannot be denied, he boldly endeavours to justify these atrocious acts of the Athenian democracy. In regard to Miltiades he observes:—

"The case was simply this,—Miltiades was accused—whether justly or unjustly no matter—it was clearly as impossible not to receive the accusation, and to try the cause, as it would be for an English court of justice to refuse to admit a criminal action against Lord Grey or the Duke of Wellington. Was Miltiades guilty or not? This we cannot tell. We know that he was tried according to the law, and that the Athenians thought him guilty, for they condemned him. So far this is not ingratitude—it is the course of law. A man is tried and found guilty—if past services and renown were to save the great from punishment when convicted of a state offence, society would, perhaps, be disorganized, and certainly a free state would cease to exist. The question, therefore, shrinks to this—was it, or was it not ungrateful in the people to relax the penalty of death, legally incurred, and commute it to a heavy fine? I fear we shall find few instances of greater clemency in monarchies, however mild. Miltiades unhappily died. But nature slew him, not the Athenian people. And it cannot be said with greater justice of the Athenians, than of a people no less illustrious, and who are now their judges, that it was their custom, *'de tuer un Amiral pour encourager les autres.'*"

This passage affords an example of the determination which Mr Bulwer generally evinces to justify and support the acts of his darling democracy, however extravagant or monstrous they may have been. Doubtless, we are not informed very specifically as to the nature of the evidence adduced in support of the charge of bribery brought against Miltiades. Doubtless, also, it was necessary to receive the charge when once preferred; but was it necessary to *convict him*, and send the hero of Marathon, the saviour of his country, into a painful exile, which ultimately proved his death? That is the point, and, as the evidence is not laid before us, what right has Mr Bulwer to assume that the Athenian multitude were not ungrateful or unjust in their decision? • For their conduct, in

this instance, they received the unanimous condemnation of the historian of antiquity, and yet Mr Bulwer affirms that never was complaint more unjust. The fact is certain, that all the greatest benefactors of Athens were banished by the ostracism, or vote of all the citizens, though the evidence adduced in support of the charges is, for the most part, unknown; but as these deeds were the acts of democratic assemblies, Mr Bulwer, without any grounds for his opinion, in opposition to the unanimous voice of antiquity, vindicates and approves them.

It is clear, from Mr Bulwer's own admission, that the banishment of almost all these illustrious benefactors of Athens was owing to their resisting democratic innovations, or striving to restore the constitution to the mixed condition in which it existed previous to the great democratic innovations of Solon and Themistocles: but such resistance, or attempts even by the most constitutional means to restore, he seems to consider as amply sufficient to justify their exile! In regard to the banishment of Cimon he observes:—

“ Without calling into question the integrity and the patriotism of Cimon, without supposing that he would have entered into any intrigue against the Athenian independence of foreign powers—a supposition his subsequent conduct effectually refutes—he might, as a sincere and warm partisan of the nobles, and a resolute opposer of the popular party, have sought to restore at home the aristocratic balance of power, by whatever means his great rank, and influence, and connexion with the Lacedæmonian party could afford him. We are told, at least, that he not only opposed all the advances of the more liberal party—that he not only stood resolutely by the interests and dignities of the Areopagus, which had ceased to harmonize with the more modern institutions, but that he expressly sought to restore certain prerogatives which that assembly had formally lost during his foreign expeditions, and that he earnestly endeavoured to bring back the whole constitution to the more aristocratic government established by Clisthenes. It is one thing to preserve, it is another to restore. A people may be deluded, under popular pretexts, out of the rights they have newly acquired, but they never submit to be openly despoiled of them. Nor can we call that ingratitude which is but the refusal to surrender to the merits of an individual the acquisitions of a nation.

“ All things considered, then, I believe, that if ever ostracism was justifiable, it was so in the case of Cimon—nay, it was, perhaps, absolutely essential to the preservation of the constitution. His very honesty made him resolute in his attempts against that constitution. His talents, his rank, his fame, his services, only rendered those attempts more dangerous.

“ Could the reader be induced to view, with an examination equally dispassionate, the several ostracisms of Aristides and Themistocles, he might see equal causes of justification, both in the motives and in the results. The first was absolutely necessary for the defeat of the aristocratic party, and the removal of restrictions on those energies which instantly found the most glorious vents for action; the second was justified by a similar necessity, that produced similar effects. To impartial eyes a people may be vindicated without traducing those whom a people are driven to oppose. In such august and complicated trials the accuser and defendant may be both innocent.”

Here then is the key to the hideous ingratitude of the Athenian people to their two most illustrious benefactors, Aristides and Cimon. *They obstructed the Movement Party*: they held by the constitution, and endeavoured to bring back a mixed form of government. This heinous offence was, in the eyes of the Athenian democracy, and their eulogist, Mr Bulwer, amply sufficient to justify their banishment: a proceeding, he says, which was right, even although they were *innocent* of the charges laid against them—as if injustice can in any case be vindicated by state necessity, or the form of government is to be approved which requires for its maintenance the periodical sacrifice of its noblest and most illustrious citizens!

In another place, Mr Bulwer observes—

“ Themistocles was summoned to the ordeal of the ostracism, and condemned by the majority of suffrages. Thus, like Aristides, not punished for offences, *but paying the honourable penalty of rising by genius to that state of eminence, which threatens danger to the equality of republics.*

“ He departed from Athens, and chose his refuge at Argos, whose hatred to Sparta, his deadliest foe, promised him the securest protection.

“ Death soon afterwards removed Aristides from all competitorship with Cimon; according to the most probable

accounts he died at Athens; and at the time of Ptolemy his monument was still to be seen at Phalerum. His countrymen, who, despite all plausible charges, were never ungrateful except where their liberties appeared imperilled (whether rightly or erroneously our documents are too scanty to prove), erected his monument at the public charge, portioned his three daughters, and awarded to his son Lysimachus, a grant of one hundred mines of silver, a plantation of one hundred plethra of land, and a pension of four drachmæ a day (double the allowance of an Athenian ambassador.)"

There can be no doubt that the admission here candidly made by Mr Bulwer is well-founded; and that jealousy of the eminence of their great national benefactors, or an anxiety to remove aristocratic barriers to further popular innovations, was the real cause of that ingratitude to their most illustrious benefactors, which has left so dark a stain on the Athenian character. But can it seriously be argued that that constitution is to be approved, and held up for imitation, which in this manner requires that national services should almost invariably be followed by confiscation and exile; and anticipates the overthrow of the public liberties from the ascendancy of every illustrious man, if he is not speedily sent into banishment? Is this the boasted intelligence of the masses? Is this the wisdom which democratic institutions bring to bear upon public affairs? Is this the reward which, by a permanent law of nature, freedom must ever provide for the most illustrious of its champions? Why is it necessary that great men and beneficent statesmen or commanders should invariably be exiled? The English constitution required for its continuance the exile neither of Pitt nor Fox, of Nelson or Wellington. The Roman republic, until the fatal period when the authority of the aristocracy was overthrown by the growing encroachments of the plebeians, retained all its illustrious citizens, with a few well-known exceptions, in its own bosom: and the Tomb of the Scipios still attests the number of that heroic race, who, with the exception of the illustrious conqueror of Hannibal, the victim, like Themistocles, of democratic jealousy, were gathered to the tomb of their fathers. There is no necessity in a well-regulated state,

where the different powers are duly balanced, of subjecting the illustrious to the ostracism: good government provides against danger without committing injustice.

Mr Bulwer has candidly stated the pernicious effect of those most vicious of the many vicious institutions of Athens—the exacting tribute from their conquered and allied states to the relief of the dominant multitude in the ruling city; and the fatal devolution to the whole citizens of the duties and responsibility of judicial power. On the first subject, he observes—

"Thus, at home and abroad, time and fortune, the occurrence of events, and the happy accident of great men, not only maintained the present eminence of Athens, but promised, to ordinary foresight, a long duration of her glory and her power. To deeper observers, the picture might have presented dim, but prophetic shadows. It was clear that the command Athens had obtained was utterly disproportioned to her natural resources—that her greatness was altogether artificial, and rested partly upon moral rather than physical causes, and partly upon the fears and the weakness of her neighbours. A sterile soil, a limited territory, a scanty population—all these—the drawbacks and disadvantages of nature—the wonderful energy and confident daring of a free state might conceal in prosperity; but the first calamity could not fail to expose them to jealous and hostile eyes. The empire delegated to the Athenians, they must naturally desire to retain and to increase; and there was every reason to forebode that their ambition would soon exceed their capacities to sustain it. As the state became accustomed to its power, it would learn to abuse it. Increasing civilisation, luxury, and art, brought with them new expenses, and Athens had already been permitted to indulge with impunity the dangerous passion of exacting tribute from her neighbours. Dependence upon other resources than those of the native population has ever been a main cause of the destruction of despotisms, and it cannot fail, sooner or later, to be equally pernicious to the republics that trust to it. The resources of taxation confined to freemen and natives, are almost incalculable; the resources of tribute wrung from foreigners and dependents, are sternly limited and terribly precarious—they rot away the true spirit of industry in the people that demand the impost—they implant ineradicable hatred in the states that concede it."

There can be no doubt that these observations are well-founded; and let

volt. Uprose the Helots—they armed themselves, they poured on—a wild and gathering and relentless multitude, resolved to slay by the wrath of man, all whom that of nature had yet spared. The earthquake that levelled Sparta, rent her chains; nor did the shock create one chasm so dark and wide as that between the master and the slave.

“It is one of the sublimest and most awful spectacles in history—that city in ruins—the earth still trembling—the grim and dauntless soldiery collected amidst piles of death and ruin; and in such a time, and such a scene, the multitude sensible, not of danger, but of wrong, and rising, not to succour, but to revenge:—all that should have disarmed a feebler enmity, giving fire to theirs; the dreaddest calamity their blessing—dismay their hope: it was as if the Great Mother herself had summoned her children to vindicate the long-abused, the all-inalienable heritage derived from her; and the stir of the angry elements was but the announcement of an armed and solemn union between Nature and the Oppressed.

“Fortunately for Sparta, the danger was not altogether unforeseen. After the confusion and horror of the earthquake, and while the people, dispersed, were seeking to save their effects, Archidamus, who, four years before, had succeeded to the throne of Lacedæmon, ordered the trumpets to sound as to arms. That wonderful superiority of man over matter which habit and discipline can effect, and which was ever so visible amongst the Spartans, constituted their safety at that hour. Forsaking the care of their property, the Spartans seized their arms, flocked around their king, and drew up in disciplined array. In her most imminent crisis, Sparta was thus saved. The Helots approached, wild, disorderly, and tumultuous; they came intent only to plunder and to slay; they expected to find scattered and affrighted foes—they found a formidable army; their tyrants were still their lords. They saw, paused, and fled, scattering themselves over the country—exciting all they met to rebellion, and, soon, joined with the Messenians, kindred to them by blood and ancient reminiscences of heroic struggles, they seized that same Ithomæ which their hereditary Aristodemus had before occupied with forgotten valour. This they fortified; and occupying also the neighbouring lands, declared open war upon their lords. As the Messenians were the more worthy enemy, so the general insurrection is known by the name of the Third Messenian War.”

The incident here narrated of the

King of Sparta, amidst the yawning of the earthquake and the ruin of his capital, sounding the trumpets to arms, and the Lacedæmonians assembling in disciplined array around him, is one of the sublimest recorded in history. The pencil of Martin would there find a fit subject for its noblest efforts. We need not wonder that a people, capable of such conduct in such a moment, and trained by discipline and habit to such docility in danger, should acquire and maintain supreme dominion in Greece.

The next passage with which we shall gratify our readers, is an eloquent eulogium on a marvellous topic—the unrivalled grace and beauty of the Athenian edifices, erected in the time of Pericles.

“Then rapidly progressed those glorious fabrics which seemed, as Plutarch gracefully expresses it, endowed with the bloom of a perennial youth. Still the houses of private citizens remained simple and unadorned; still were the streets narrow and irregular; and even centuries afterwards, a stranger entering Athens would not at first have recognised the claims of the mistress of Grecian art. But to the homeliness of her common thoroughfares and private mansions, the magnificence of her public edifices now made a dazzling contrast. The Acropolis that towered above the homes and thoroughfares of men—a spot too sacred for human habitation—became, to use a proverbial phrase, ‘a City of the Gods.’ The citizen was everywhere to be reminded of the majesty of the STATE—his patriotism was to be increased by the pride in her beauty—his taste to be elevated by the spectacle of her splendour. Thus flocked to Athens all who throughout Greece were eminent in art. Sculptors and architects vied with each other in adorning the young Empress of the Seas; then rose the masterpieces of Phidias, of Calliades, of Mnesicles, which, even either in their broken remains, or in the feeble copies of imitators less inspired, still command so intense a wonder, and furnish models so immortal. And if, so to speak, their bones and relics excite our awe and envy, as testifying of a lovelier and grander race, which the deluge of time has swept away, what, in that day, must have been their brilliant effect—unmutilated in their fair proportions—fresh in all their lineaments and hues? For their beauty was not limited to the symmetry of arch and column, nor their materials confined to the marbles of Penteli-

as and Paros. Even the exterior of the temples glowed with the richest harmony of colours, and was decorated with the purest gold; an atmosphere peculiarly favourable both to the display and the preservation of art, permitted to external pediments and friezes all the minuteness of ornament—all the brilliancy of colours;—such as in the interior of Italian churches may yet be seen—vitiated, in the last, by a gaudy and barbarous taste. Nor did the Athenians spare any cost upon the works that were, like the tombs and tripods of their heroes, to be the monuments of a nation to distant ages, and to transmit the most irrefragable proof ‘that the power of ancient Greece was not an idle legend.’ The whole democracy were animated with the passion of Pericles; and when Phidias recommended marble as a cheaper material than ivory for the great statue of Minerva, it was for that reason that ivory was preferred by the unanimous voice of the assembly. Thus, whether it were extravagance or magnificence, the blame in one case, the admiration in another, rests not more with the minister than the populace. It was, indeed, the great characteristic of those works, that they were entirely the creations of the people: without the people, Pericles could not have built a temple, or engaged a sculptor. The miracles of that day resulted from the enthusiasm of a population yet young—full of the first ardour for the Beautiful—dedicating to the State, as to a mistress, the trophies honourably won, or the treasures injuriously extorted—and uniting the resources of a nation with the energy of an individual, because the toll, the cost, were borne by those who succeeded to the enjoyment and arrogated the glory.”

This is eloquently said: but in looking for the causes of the Athenian supremacy in taste and art, especially sculpture and architecture, we suspect the historic observer must look for higher and more spiritual causes than the mere energy and feverish excitement of democratic institutions. For, admitting that energy and universal exertion are in every age the characteristic of republican states, how did it happen that, in Athens alone, it took so early and decidedly the direction of taste and art? That is the point which constitutes the marvel, as well as the extraordinary perfection which it *at once* acquired. Many other nations in ancient and modern times have been republican,—Corinth, Tyre, Carthage, Sidon, Sardis, Syracuse, Marseilles, Holland, Switzer-

land, America,—but where shall we find one which produced the Parthenon or the Apollo Belvidere, the Tragedies of Æschylus or the wisdom of Socrates, the thought of Thucydides or the visions of Plato? How has it happened that those democratic institutions, which in modern times are found to be generally associated only with vulgar manners, urban discord, or commercial desires, should there have elevated the nation in a few years to the highest pinnacle of intellectual glory—that, instead of Dutch ponderosity, or Swiss slowness, of American conceit, or Florentine discord, republicanism on the shores of Attica produced the fire of Demosthenes, the grace of Euripides, the narrative of Xenophon, the taste of Phidias? After the most attentive consideration, we find it impossible to explain this marvel of marvels by the agency merely of human causes; and are constrained to ascribe the placing of the eye of Greece on the shores of Attica to the same invisible hand which has fixed the wonders of vision in the human forehead. There are certain starts in human progress, and more especially in the advance of art, which it is utterly hopeless to refer to any other cause but the immediate design and agency of the Almighty. Democratic institutions afford no sort of explanation of them: we see no Parthenons, nor Sophocles, nor Platos in embryo, either in America since its independence, or France during the Revolution, nor England since the passing of the Reform Bill. When we reflect that taste in Athens, in thirty years after the Persian invasion, had risen up from the infantine rudeness of the Ægina Marbles to the faultless perystyle and matchless sculpture of the Parthenon: that in modern Italy, the art of painting rose in the lifetime of a single individual, who died at the age of thirty-eight, from the stiff outline and hard colouring of Pietro Perrugino to the exquisite grace of Raphael: and that it was during an age when the barons to the north of the Alps could neither read nor write, and when rushes were strewed on the floors instead of carpets, that the unrivalled sublimity of Gothic Cathedrals was conceived, and the hitherto unequalled skill of their structure attained: we are constrained to admit that a greater power than that of man superintends human af-

fares, and that, from the rudest and most unpromising materials, Providence can, at the appointed season, bring forth the greatest and most exalted efforts of human intellect.

As a favourable specimen of our author's powers of military description, no unimportant quality in a historian, we shall gratify our readers by his account of the battle of Platea, the most vital conflict to the fortunes of the species which occurred in all antiquity, and which we have never elsewhere read in so graphic and animated a form—

“As the troops of Mardonius advanced, the rest of the Persian armament, deeming the task was now not to fight but to pursue, raised their standards and poured forward tumultuously, without discipline or order.

“Pausanias, pressed by the Persian line, and if not of a timorous, at least of an irresolute, temper, lost no time in sending to the Athenians for succour. But when the latter were on their march with the required aid, they were suddenly intercepted by the auxiliary Greeks in the Persian service, and cut off from the rescue of the Spartans.

“The Spartans beheld themselves thus left unsupported, with considerable alarm. Yet their force, including the Tegeans and Helots, was fifty-three thousand men. Committing himself to the gods, Pausanias ordained a solemn sacrifice, his whole army awaiting the result, while the shafts of the Persian bowmen poured on them near and fast. But the entrails presented discouraging omens, and the sacrifice was again renewed. Meanwhile the Spartans evinced their characteristic fortitude and discipline—not one man stirring from his ranks until the auguries should assume a more favouring aspect; all harassed, and some wounded, by the Persian arrows, they yet, seeking protection only beneath their broad bucklers, waited with a stern patience the time of their leader and of Heaven. Then fell Callicrates, the steepest and strongest soldier in the whole army, lamenting, not death, but that his sword was as yet undrawn against the invader.

“And still sacrifice after sacrifice seemed to forbid the battle, when Pausanias, lifting his eyes that streamed with tears, to the temple of Juno, that stood hard by, supplicated the tutelary goddess of Cithæron, that if the fates forbade the Greeks to conquer, they might at least fall like warriors. And while uttering this prayer, the tokens waited for became suddenly visible in the victims, and the augurs

announced the promise of coming victory.

“Therewith, the order of battle rang instantly through the army, and, to use the poetical comparison of Plutarch, the Spartan phalanx suddenly stood forth in its strength, like some fierce animal—erecting its bristles and preparing its vengeance for the foe. The ground, broken in many steep and precipitous ridges, and intersected by the Asopus, whose sluggish stream winds over a broad and rushy bed, was unfavourable to the movements of cavalry, and the Persian foot advanced therefore on the Greeks.

“Drawn up in their massive phalanx, the Lacedæmonians presented an almost impenetrable body—sweeping slowly on, compact and serried—while the hot and undisciplined valour of the Persians, more fortunate in the skirmish than the battle, broke itself in a thousand waves upon that moving rock. Pouring on in small numbers at a time, they fell fast round the progress of the Greeks—their armour slight against the strong pikes of Sparta—their courage without skill—their numbers without discipline; still they fought gallantly, even when on the ground seizing the pikes with their naked hands, and with the wonderful agility which still characterises the Oriental swordsmen, springing to their feet, and regaining their arms, when seemingly overcome—wresting away their enemy's shields, and grappling with them desperately hand to hand.

“Foremost of a band of a thousand chosen Persians, conspicuous by his white charger, and still more by his daring valour, rode Mardonius, directing the attack—fiercer wherever his armour blazed. Inspired by his presence, the Persians fought worthily of their warlike fame, and, even in falling, thinned the Spartan ranks. At length the rash but gallant leader of the Asiatic armies received a mortal wound—his skull was crushed in by a stone from the hand of a Spartan. His chosen band, the boast of the army, fell fighting round him, but his death was the general signal of defeat and flight. Encumbered by their long robes, and pressed by the relentless conquerors, the Persians fled in disorder towards their camp, which was secured by wooden entrenchments, by gates and towers and walls. Here, fortifying themselves as they best might, they contended successfully, and with advantage, against the Lacedæmonians, who were ill skilled in assault and siege.

“Meanwhile, the Athenians obtained the victory on the plains over the Greeks of Mardonius—finding their most resolute enemy in the Thebans—(three hundred of whose principal warriors fell in the field)

—and now joined the Spartans at the Persian camp. The Athenians are said to have been better skilled in the art of siege than the Spartans ; yet at that time their experience could scarcely have been greater. The Athenians were at all times, however, of a more impetuous temper ; and the men who had ‘ run to the charge ’ at Marathon, were not to be baffled by the desperate remnant of their ancient foe. They scaled the walls—they effected a breach through which the Tegeans were the first to rush—the Greeks poured fast and fierce into the camp.. Appalled, dismayed, stupified, by the suddenness and greatness of their loss, the Persians no longer sustained their fame—they dispersed themselves in all directions, falling, as they fled, with a prodigious slaughter, so that out of that mighty armament scarce three thousand effected an escape.”

Our limits will admit of only one extract more, but it is on a different subject, and exhibits Mr Bulwer’s powers of criticism in the fields of poetry and romance, with which he has long been familiar :—

“ Summoning before us the external character of the Athenian drama, the vast audience, the unroofed and enormous theatre, the actors themselves enlarged by art above the ordinary proportions of men, the solemn and sacred subjects from which its form and spirit were derived, we turn to Æschylus, and behold at once the fitting creator of its grand and ideal personifications. I have said that Homer was his original ; but a more intellectual age than that of the Grecian epic had arrived, and with Æschylus, philosophy passed into poetry. The dark doctrine of Fatality imparted its stern and awful interest to the narration of events—men were delineated, not as mere self-acting and self-willed mortals, but as the agents of a destiny inevitable and unseen—the gods themselves are no longer the gods of Homer, entering into the sphere of human action for petty motives, and for individual purposes—drawing their grandeur, not from the part they perform, but from the descriptions of the poet ;—they appear now as the oracles or the agents of Fate—they are visitors from another world, terrible and ominous from the warnings which they convey. Homer is the creator of the Material poetry, Æschylus of the Intellectual. The corporeal and animal offerings of the Titan in the Epic hell become exalted by Tragedy into the portrait of moral Fortitude defying physical Anguish. The Prometheus of Æschylus is the spirit of a god disdainfully subjected to the misfortunes of a man. In reading this wonderful performance, which in pure

and sustained sublimity is perhaps unrivalled in the literature of the world, we lose sight entirely of the cheerful Hellenic worship ; and yet it is in vain that the learned attempt to trace its vague and mysterious metaphysics to any old symbolical religion of the East. More probably, whatever theological system it shadows forth, was rather the gigantic conception of the poet himself, than the imperfect revival of any forgotten creed, or the poetical disguises of any existent philosophy. However this be, it would certainly seem, that, in this majestic picture of the dauntless enemy of Jupiter, punished only for his benefits to man, and attracting all our sympathies by his courage and his benevolence, is conveyed something of disbelief or defiance of the creed of the populace—a suspicion from which Æschylus was not free in the judgment of his contemporaries, and which is by no means inconsonant with the doctrines of Pythagoras.”

Mr Bulwer justifies this warm eulogium by some beautiful translations. We select his animated version of the exquisite passages so well known to scholars, where Clytemnestra describes to the Chorus the progress of the watch-fires which announced to expecting Greece the fall of Troy—a passage perhaps unrivalled in the classical authors in picturesque and vivid images, and which approaches more nearly, though it has surpassed in sublimity, Sir Walter Scott’s description of the bale-fires which announced to the Lothians a Warden inroad of the English forces :—

“ A gleam—a gleam—from Ida’s height,
By the Fire-god sent, it came ;—
From watch to watch it leapt that light,
As a rider rode the Flame !
It shot through the startled sky,
And the torch of that blazing glory
Old Lemnos caught on high,
On its holy promontory.
And sent it on, the jocund sign,
To Athos, Mount of Jove divine.
Wildly the while, it rose from the isle,
So that the might of the journeying Light
Skimmed over the back of the gleaming
brine !
Farther and faster speeds it on,
Till the watch that keep Macistus steep—
See it burst like a blazing Sun !
Doth Macistus sleep
On his tower-clad steep ?
No ! rapid and red doth the wild fire
sweep ;
It flashes afar, on the wayward stream
Of the wild Euripus, the rushing beam !
It rouses the light on Messapion’s height,
And they feed its breath with the withered
heath.

But it may not stay !
And away—away—
It bounds in its freshening might.

Silent and soon,
Like a broadened moon,
It passes in sheen, Asopus green,
And bursts on Cithæron grey !
The warder wakes to the Signal-rays,
And it swoops from the hill with a broader
blaze,
On—on the fiery Glory rode—
Thy lonely lake, Gorgôpis, glowed—
To Megara's Mount it came ;
They feed it again,
And it streams again—
A giant beard of Flame !
The headland cliffs that darkly down
O'er the Saronic waters frown,
Are pass'd with the Swift One's lurid
stride,
And the huge rock glares on the glaring
tide,
With mightier march and fiercer power
It gained Arachne's neighbouring tower—
Thence on our Argive roof its rest it won,
Of Ida's fire the long-descended Son !
Bright harbinger of glory and of joy !
So first and last with equal honour crown'd,
In solemn feasts the race-torch circles
round.—
And these my heralds !—this my SIGN OF
PEACE ;
Lo ! while we breathe, the victor lords of
Greece,
Stalk, in stern tumult, through the halls
of Troy."

We have now discharged the pleasing duty of quoting some of the gems, and pointing out some of the merits of this remarkable work. It remains with equal impartiality, and in no unfriendly spirit, to glance at some of its faults—faults which, we fear, will permanently prevent it from taking the place to which it is entitled from its brilliancy and research in the archives of literature.

The first of these defects is the constant effort which is made to justify the proceedings, and extenuate the faults, and magnify the merits of democratic societies ; and the equally uniform attempt to underrate the value of aristocratic institutions, and blacken the proceedings of aristocratic states. This, as Fouché would say, is worse than an offence—it is a fault. Its unfairness and absurdity is so obvious, that it neutralizes and obliterates the effect which otherwise might be produced by the brilliant picture which Mr Bulwer's transcendent subject, as

well as his own remarkable powers of narrative and description afford. By the common calculation of chances, it is impossible to suppose that the aristocracies are always in the wrong, and the democracies always in the right ; that the former are for ever actuated by selfish, corrupt, and discreditable motives, and the latter everlastingly influenced by generous, ennobling, and upright feelings. We may predicate with perfect certainty of any author who indulges in such a strain of thought and expression, extravagant eulogiums from his own party in the outset, and possibly undeserved but certain neglect from posterity in the end. Mankind, in future times, when present objects and party excitement have ceased, will never read—or, at least, never attach faith to—any works which place all the praise on the one side and all the blame to the other of any of the children of Adam. Rely upon it, virtue and vice are very equally divided in the world : praise and blame require to be very equally bestowed. Different institutions produce a widely different effect upon society and the progress of human affairs : but it is not because the one makes all men good, the other all men bad ; but because the one permits the bad or selfish qualities of one class to exercise an unrestrained influence—the other, because it arrays against their excesses the bad or selfish qualities of the other classes. All theories of government founded upon the virtue of mankind or the perfectability of human nature, will, to the end of the world, be disproved by the experience, and discarded by the common sense of mankind. Mother Eve has proved, and will prove, more than a match for the strongest of her descendants. Instability, selfishness, folly, ambition, rapacity, ever have and ever will characterise alike democratic and aristocratic societies and governors. The wisdom of government and political philosophy consists not in expecting or calculating on impossibilities from a corrupted being, but in so arranging society and political powers that the selfishness and rapacity of the opposite classes of which it is composed may counteract each other.

The second glaring defect is the asperity and bitterness with which the author speaks of those who differ from him in political opinion. He in an

especial manner is unceasing in his attacks upon Mr Mitford: the historian whose able researches have added so much to our correct information on the state of the Grecian commonwealth. Here, too, is more than an impropriety—there is a fault. By displaying such extraordinary bitterness on the subject, Mr Bulwer clearly shows that he feels the weight of the Mitford fire; the strokes delivered have been so heavy that they have been felt. Nothing could be more impolitic than this, even for the interests of the party which he supports. It is not by perpetually attacking an author on trifling points or minor inaccuracies that you are to deaden or neutralize the impression he has made on mankind: it is by stating facts, and adducing arguments inconsistent with his opinions. The maxim, "*ars est celare artem*," nowhere applies more clearly than here: Lingard is the model of a skilful controversialist, whose whole work, sedulously devoted to the upholding of the Catholic cause through the whole History of England, hardly contains a single angry or venomous passage against a Protestant historian. Mr Bulwer would be much the better of the habits of the bar, before he ventures into the arena of political conflict. It is not by his waspish notes that the vast influence of Mitford's Greece on public thought is to be obviated: their only effect is to diminish the force of his attempted and otherwise able refutation. The future historian, who is to demolish the influence of Colonel Napier's eloquent and able, but prejudiced and partial history of the Peninsular War, will hardly once mention his name.

The last and by far the most serious objection to Mr Bulwer's work is the complete oblivion which it evinces of a superintending Providence, either in dealing out impartial retribution to public actions, whether by nations or individuals in this world, or in deducing from the agency of human virtue or vice, and the shock of conflicting passions, the means of progressive improvement. We do not say that Mr Bulwer is irreligious; far from it. He may be the most pious man in existence for aught we know. We say only that he ascribes no influence in human affairs to a superintending agency.

This is being behind the age. It is lagging in arrear of his compeers. The vast changes consequent on the French Revolution have blown the antiquated oblivion of Providence in Raynal or Voltaire out of the water. The convulsions they had so large a share in creating have completely set at rest their irreligious dogmas. Here, too, Mr Bulwer has fallen into an imprudence, for his own sake, as much as an error. If he will take the trouble to examine the works which are rising into durable celebrity in this country, those which are to form the ideas of *la jeune Angleterre*, he will find them all, without being fanatical, religious in their tendency. For obvious reasons we do not give the names of living authors; but we admire Mr Bulwer's talents, we would fain, for the sake of the public, see them enlisted in the Holy Alliance—for the sake of himself, fall in more with the rising spirit of the age; and we give a word to the wise.

As an example of the defect of which we complain, and to avoid the suspicion of injustice in the estimate we have formed of the tendency in this particular of his writings, we shall give an extract. Perhaps there is no event in the history of the world which has been so momentous in its consequences, so vital in its effects, as the repulse of the Persian invasion of Greece by Xerxes, and none in which the superintending agency of an overruling Providence was so clearly evinced. Observe the reflections which Mr Bulwer deduces from this memorable event.

"When the deluge of the Persian arms rolled back to its eastern bed, and the world was once more comparatively at rest, the continent of Greece rose visibly and majestically above the rest of the civilized earth. Afar in the Latian plains, the infant state of Rome was silently and obscurely struggling into strength against the neighbouring and petty states in which the old Etrurian civilisation was rapidly passing to decay. The genius of Gaul and Germany, yet unredeemed from barbarism, lay scarce known, save where colonized by Greeks, in the gloom of its woods and wastes. The pride of Carthage had been broken by a signal defeat in Sicily; and Gelo, the able and astute tyrant of Syracuse, maintained in a Grecian colony, the splendour of the Grecian name.

"The ambition of Persia, still the great monarchy of the world, was permanently

checked and crippled; the strength of generations had been wasted, and the immense extent of the empire only served yet more to sustain the general peace, from the exhaustion of its forces. The defeat of Xerxes paralysed the East.

"Thus, Greece was left secure, and at liberty to enjoy the tranquillity it had acquired, and to direct to the arts of peace the novel and amazing energies which had been prompted by the dangers, and exalted by the victories, of war.

"The Athenians, now returned to their city, saw before them the arduous task of rebuilding its ruins, and restoring its wasted lands. The vicissitudes of the war had produced many silent and internal, as well as exterior, changes. Many great fortunes had been broken; and the ancient spirit of the aristocracy had received no inconsiderable shock in the power of new families; the fame of the base-born and democratic Themistocles—and the victories which a whole people had participated—broke up much of the prescriptive and venerable sanctity attached to ancestral names, and to particular families. This was salutary to the spirit of enterprise in all classes. The ambition of the great was excited to restore, by some active means, their broken fortunes and decaying influence—the energies of the humbler ranks, already aroused by their new importance, were stimulated to maintain and to increase it. It was the very crisis in which a new direction might be given to the habits and the character of a whole people; and to seize all the advantages of that crisis, FATE, in Themistocles, had allotted to Athens, a man whose qualities were not only pre-eminently great in themselves, but peculiarly adapted to the circumstances of the time. And, as I have elsewhere remarked, it is indeed the nature and prerogative of free states, to concentrate the popular will into something of the unity of despotism, by producing, one after another, a series of representatives of the wants and exigencies of The Hour—each leading his generation, but only while he sympathizes with its will;—and either baffling or succeeded by his rivals, not in proportion as he excels or he is outshone in genius, but as he gives, or ceases to give, to the widest range of the legislative power, the most concentrated force of the executive; thus uniting the desires of the greatest number, under the administration of the narrowest possible control;—the constitution popular—the government absolute but responsible."

Now, in this splendid passage is to

be seen a luminous specimen of the view taken of the most memorable events in history by the liberal writers. In his reflections on this heart-stirring event, in his observations on the glorious defeat of the arms of Eastern despotism by the infant efforts of European freedom, there is nothing said of the incalculable consequences dependent on the struggle—nothing on the evident protection afforded by a superintending Providence to the arms of an inconsiderable Republic—nothing on the marvellous adaptation of the character of Themistocles to the mighty duty with which he was charged, that of rolling back from the cradle of civilisation, freedom and knowledge, the wave of barbaric conquests. It was FATE which raised him up! Against such a view of human affairs we enter our solemn protest. We allow nothing to fate, unless that is meant as another way of expressing the decrees of an overruling, all-seeing, and beneficent intelligence. We see in the defeat of the mighty armament by the arms of a small city on the Attic shore—in the character of its leaders—in the efforts which it made—in the triumphs which it achieved, and the glories which it won—the clearest evidence of the agency of a superintending power, which elicited, from the collision of Asiatic ambition with European freedom, the wonders of Grecian civilisation, and the marvels of Athenian genius. And it is just because we are fully alive to the important agency of the democratic element in this memorable conflict; because we see clearly what inestimable blessings, when duly restrained, it is capable of bestowing on mankind; because we trace in its energy in every succeeding age the expansive force which has driven the blessings of civilisation into the recesses of the earth, that we are the determined enemies of those democratic concessions which entirely destroy the beneficent agency of this powerful element, which permit the vital heat of society to burst forth in ruinous explosions, or tear to atoms the necessary superincumbent masses, and instead of the smiling aspect of early and cherished vegetation, leave only in its traces the blackness of desolation and the ruin of nature.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. IX.

THAT Liston is an excellent actor, all agree; that he thinks of leaving the stage, all regret; that he has made a competence, all are glad to hear; but that he is overcome with modesty, we thought had hitherto never occurred to any one. However, we were mistaken; for it has just occurred to a correspondent of one of the papers. This discoverer forewarns the public, that the next time they shall see him, he is to be overwhelmed with sudden blushes, and to weep, by particular desire. The letter tells us, that Liston, who left Covent Garden boards in 1823, returns there for one night more; but, as the writer, with pathetic pleasantry, and pleasant pathos, says,—“It is supposed by his friends that he returns only to finish his glorious theatrical career.” The letter proceeds to give one of those touches of the historic broom by which the concealing cobwebs are swept away from the fame of men. It tells us that Liston was born in London in 1776, and first appeared at the Haymarket in June 1805. That he has always believed himself too *nervous* to take a formal farewell; and even now *dreads* being called on to appear at the end of a play. Therefore, adds the writer, “It is to be hoped that on Friday next this useless, and in his case painful ceremony, will be dispensed with.”

We never doubted Liston's power of merriment, and are the less surprised that he should be merry in the newspapers. Of course the announcement that he is to finish the part of Looney Mactowlter or Paul Pry, by the part of “Niobe all tears,” for that night only, will add prodigiously to the audience, and swell the bill of the Farce by a “new attraction.” That a clever fellow who has faced all kinds of audiences, in all kinds of parts, and with all kinds of oddities, for thirty years, should feel a sudden timidity at the sight of pit, box, and gallery huzzing him, is a paradox. That he should feel a pang in the waving of a pocket-handkerchief, horror in a hearty laugh, or agony in “three distinct rounds of applause,” is to us among the mysteries of human nature; a phenomenon

as remarkable as his own physiognomy—a problem “too deep for tears,” an evidence of virgin sensibility surviving the “smell of lamp-oil and orange-peel,” as poor Matthews defined the theatrical atmosphere, unrivalled in the annals of the Minerva library.

It is our personal opinion, that Liston intends to amuse himself, and still more amuse his audience, by a burlesque of the customary leave-taking, and instead of “sending his hearers weeping to their beds,” or poisoning the air with the odour of hartshorn, and startling the ear with the sound of hysterics, will keep the multitude laughing at him, for him, and by him, to the fall of the curtain. Liston is undoubtedly a loss to the stage. He had great humour, yet of a peculiar kind. He had neither the broad pleasantry with which Munden exerted such irresistible power over the audience, nor the graceful pleasantry that made Jack Bannister the most delightful of comedians. His talent was dry humour. Those who see nothing in an actor but his visage, said that he had the most humorous of all visages, and were prepared to laugh when he twisted a muscle. But his face was certainly the mere instrument of an ingenious mind. It was actually heavy. It had neither the flexible mouth that we see pit-pat made for jest, nor the voluble eye that the great dramatist describes, “like parrots winking at a bagpiper.” But, as the instrument of an inventive drollery, it was characteristic. Liston was rather a humorist than a man of humour. There was a quaint force in his conception that as often made one think as smile; and a dexterous by-play which seldom left the audience aware of the skill to which their delight in his performance was due. But neither he, nor any of the chief actors of our day, have had a fair trial within the last twenty years. The stage has produced too little of force or novelty to give them the field for true talent; it has abandoned the strong pungency of English character for the feeble affectations of foreign life, and thus, instead of native opulence, given

us foreign beggary. It is altogether untrue to say, that our stage has been driven to feed on those husks by the famine of English character. Those who say this palpably think that the coat is the man, and that the uniformity of costumes can extinguish the original diversities of profession, propensity, and mind. Such thinkers would have us believe that there is neither folly nor wisdom existing except through the taste of the tailor; and that the quackery of physic, the presumption of law, the ostentation of soldiership, the avarice of commerce, the adulation of courts, the vanity of fashion, the vulgarity of the *parvenus*; all the peculiar follies, and tangible exaggerations of life are lost since the day when the streets were a masquerade of full-bottomed wigs, square-skirted coats, and rolled-up stockings. They cannot see which folly runs ahead in the grand race of national absurdities, except by the colour of the jockeys' caps and jackets. To such critics the whole feast of public oddity is a feast with all the dishes covered. Their eye is baffled by the indiscriminate show of the outside, and they judiciously determine that there can be no variety in the viands within.

But the question arises. To what is the true deficiency of stage authorship owing? We say not to the public. Whenever the theatres exhibit any thing worth going to see, the public crowd the theatre. Not to the national failure of ability? In the vigour which the British mind exhibits in every pursuit, in the countless avenues which it finds or makes for fame, and in the natural propensity of the Englishman for the study of character, we see an inexhaustible mine of comic power, if the mine were but worked. In the profound sensibilities of a people, the most sensitive though the least ostentatious in their feelings of any on earth, we have as little doubt that the noblest ore of tragedy is only waiting to be brought to the surface. Why, then, have we not both comedy and tragedy? The reason unquestionably is—Because neither is solicited by that especial encouragement which is essential to both. Both are especial works of genius. One requiring the quick wit, the keen insight into human eccentricities, and the forcible construction of story, which are never to be found in their highest grade, but in the highest orders of invention.

The other absolutely hopeless, without the daring originality, the living conception of human impulses, and the poetic eloquence, which by common consent are born of consummate ability alone. But genius is proverbially shy, fastidious, and easily disconcerted. If it rises higher than the ordinary step of men, it is only the more exposed to waver and feel at once the force and the chill of gusts that would pass unregarded across the path of the thousands below. A slight repulse has often thrown a man of this rank of mind wholly off his balance, has made him relinquish the favourite pursuit of years, and exaggerating the nature of his failure with the same keen sensibility which fevered his spirit in the enterprise, he resolves, like another Prospero, to abandon the fairy isle where he so long reigned alone, break his wand, and return to the ordinary haunts and commonplace career of general mankind.

Nor is the fault wholly that of managers. They are a struggling class of men. Within the last half century, none of them have been able to do more than fight ill luck from season to season. A long succession of them have been ruined altogether; and a late manager, whose amateur propensities plunged him into the hazardous amusement of governing a theatre, is said to have paid L.30,000 as the penalty of his experience. What, then, is to be the resource? Or are we to relinquish all the advantages which might redound to a civilized people from a well-ordered national theatre? We altogether disregard the ridiculous outcry raised against theatres from their abuse; and, so long as we have Shakespeare, can rejoice that we had a theatre to summon that mighty genius into action, and still have a theatre to spread the splendours of his mind through the people and posterity. The first step, as we conceive, would be to form some public body for the *express encouragement of the drama*. We have a Royal Academy for painting; we have half a hundred associations for all kinds of public efforts, from the dreary drudgeries of geology, up to the noblest researches of science. Why not establish a society for the direct promotion of dramatic authorship—to give rewards for the ablest comedy and tragedy; to spread dramatic knowledge, to purify dramatic taste, &c. to exercise the mild influence of

opinion over the conduct of actors, authors, and managers alike, and without harshness or officiousness, have all the effect of a powerful and salutary jurisdiction? The object is certainly worth the trial. The literary ambition of Swift was to found an academy for the purification of the national language. The noblest trophy that Louis XIV. raised in the height of his power, and the only fragment of his fame which survived himself, was the French Academy, whose chief exploit was the Dictionary of the national language. Yet we suffer the most brilliant, most effectual, and most permanent, popular, and universal of all the efforts of genius to lie in utter neglect; struggling into an abortive existence under the difficulties of bankrupt theatres and bitter criticism, wholly unprotected by the natural patronage of the higher orders, almost wholly unknown to the people, and thus absolutely decaying out of the land. To undertake this duty and remove this stigma, should be the work of the opulent, the intelligent, and the patriotic of the nobility of England. It would well become Lord Francis Egerton, for instance, and individuals of his tastes and opportunities. Many would join them; and a society would be formed, which might become rapidly one of the ornaments of the country. Doubtless they would find a vast quantity of feeble writing poured in upon them in the first instance. This is the natural result of the long neglect of the drama, and also—and the remark is worth making—of the strong propensity of the people to *dramatize*. But a few months would exhaust the influx, and then the stream would begin to run pure. Writers who now shrink from the *entré* of the pursuit, who know nothing of the means of access, or who have been disgusted with the difficulties of theatric negotiation, would be found, delighted to follow the impulse of their minds, when the fruit of that impulse was to be placed in the hands of men of rank and estimation, actuated simply by the wish to raise the fallen dramatic fame of this singularly dramatic country. We cordially hope that the experiment will be made. We can answer for its success. Half-a-dozen years would not elapse without producing a total change in every matter connected with the national drama, stimulating the latent poetry of England into vividness and beauty,

and repeopling the deserted hills of national literature with shapes not unworthy to move even among the colossal heroes and demigods of Shakspeare.

But, to revert for a moment to the fact that our best actors have not had a fair field for their display, we affirm that the failure of authorship is the true cause of the comparative failure of stage ability. The most vivid actor is but little less than a puppet, without a vivid part. He may look the character, but it is the author who must give him the power to speak it. No pleasantry of the performer can fully struggle against native dulness in the play, and no originality in the performer can make an audience find perpetual novelty in perpetual repetition. In fact, all our comedies are worn out; and, except Shakspeare's, no tragedies are now ever capable of being performed. Repetition even in those cannot extinguish the beauties, but it has pallied the delight; and the actor's fame perishes under the forced sameness of the exhibition. If we should once again see the revival of talent in the drama, we should forget our complaints against the decay of talent in the actors. While the temple is in ruins, who can wonder at the listlessness of the priests? Like the old and fine superstition of the Greeks, the cutting down of the forest not merely stripped the land of its noblest ornament, but exiled the whole host of nymphs and sylvans—made the night no longer vocal with sounds of unearthly harmony, and extinguished the purple wavings of the thousand pinions that once bore the forms of beauty and inspiration among its dewy haunts and caverns of solemn shade.

It might be a curious question for metaphysicians—if metaphysics ever settled any thing—why credulity exercises such singular power over man? If there be one fact more notorious than another, it is, that the future is wholly beyond human knowledge. That no man can determine the events of the morrow, has amounted to a truism since the beginning of the world; and yet, in defiance of the most perfect proof on the subject, there has always been a strong inclination to believe that the events of not only the morrow, but of years to come, and even of a whole life, can be

determined. And, to make the anomaly stronger still, this determination is not to be fixed on the wisdom of the wise, but on the ignorance of the ignorant. Where we disdain the philosopher, we trust the gipsy; where we laugh at the man of experience, we rely on the babblings of an old woman: just as our forefathers scoffed at the statesman, and believed the astrologer. Last month a prophecy shook the good town of Halifax "from its propriety," by threatening it with utter ruin. It was not to be massacre by a French invasion, nor cannibalism by an Irish one. Napoleon was not to rise from his dust to inflict vengeance upon the loyalty of the Tories, nor Dan O'Connell to smite the Radicals for having refused to make him "representative of all England." The destruction was to come in the shape of the Sodom and Gomorrah penalties. First there was to be an earthquake of the most sweeping and effectual order. By this all above ground was to be shattered to pieces, from the mirror in the house of the mayor to the pane in the cobbler's stall. Then was to come the second unwelcome visitor, in the shape of a thunder-storm, not merely the "most terrible in the memory of the oldest inhabitant," according to the established formula on those occasions, but one which was to prevent any appeal to the past, or moral for the future, by roasting every soul that was caught above ground. The *finale* was to be finished by a shower that would have carried away Mont Blanc, if it had happened to be in the neighbourhood, but, of course, would make short work with the crackling ruins and burnt bones of the Halifax houses and householders.

The prophecy, formidable as it was, came from a source which deepened all its terrors. It was from a pauper in the county workhouse. We have not ascertained whether he was not blind, deaf, and dumb. But if he were, this oracle would have been only the more worthy of public acceptance; if the man had been an idiot, additional force would naturally have been given to his authority. But if he had been frantic and the actual wearer of a strait waistcoat, it would have justified a general insurance of bills, making of leases, and borrowing of money. As it was, the effect was solemn. As the day approached, a

new face of virtue was very properly visible over the whole town. Butchers' meat fell a penny in the pound, and the pound itself seemed suddenly to enlarge in its dimensions. The loaf assumed a new whiteness, along with a new magnitude. Several coteries of old ladies declined attending the card table. The Temperance Society received an accession of members, and drew up a resolution, that in future none but rain water should be used in their tea, as being the most celestial. The new corporation bought a prayer-book, and the mayor carried a proposal, in full conclave, that they should attend the parish church on the Sunday ensuing, if they survived. Various husbands were reconciled to their wives. Several gentlemen of advanced years and good repute repaired to the Surrogate for licenses, in which they inserted the names of their housekeepers. Several solicitors spontaneously docked several bills of cost of peculiar longitude. Two dissenters acknowledged that half a farthing in the pound was not a ruinous sum to pay to the church-rate; and one dissenter actually paid it to the amount of sixpence halfpenny.

Still, as in all cases prevention is better than cure, and virtue is difficult, where multitudes are concerned, the expedient most in favour was flight. Numbers, as the day approached, shook off the dust of their feet against Halifax, prepared to see the catastrophe on cheaper terms than total conversion, and escaped with all speed from the devoted town. The unfortunate theatre, the common scapegoat of the Simon Pures, without which we should have lost so many terrific specimens of street eloquence from the itinerant, and so many drowsy declamations from the stationary, and without which we should have lost Shakespeare too, a trifle in comparison, was utterly abandoned. Mrs Wail-it's ominous name, well known for her various kinds of captivity, offered them in vain. Taste was vanquished by terror—the love of song gave way to the love of life—the minstrel was left like the nightingale to tell his sorrows to darkness and solitude—and the theatre closed its doors in despair.

Washington Irving, after gleaning the romance of Europe, is now indefatigably labouring at the romance of

America. The change of the *venue* is considerable, and the difference between the Gothic cathedral and the native wigwam, the Spanish cavalier and the painted man of the scalp, the palace and the prairie, loses none of its distinctness in the labours of the retired tale-writer. He now occupies himself with simpler tasks than the offspring of his own brains, and acts as *accoucheur* to the teeming memories of the half-smugglers and half-banditti who supply the Indians with brandy and the Europeans with beaver; the graceful representatives of civilisation in the land of the buffalo.

Yet truth has always some kind of nature;—Nature is worth describing, however *natural* she may be; and we are miserably sick of the softest of romances. Irving's last performance in his present line of business is "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville," a ramble through the Back Country, on a *trapping* scheme. The gallant Captain's employment, however, not being, as in the southern parts of the land of liberty, to trap men, but wolves, foxes, beavers, rats, and, we presume, every thing that wears a skin. The Captain's adventures lead him into the heart of the mountain chain which divides the waters of the west from those of the United States. He hunts, shoots, and roves at will through this vast region of rock, precipice, and forest, which some future Helvetic will transform into some future Switzerland, and which will form the key of invasion a hundred years hence for the hosts of the prairie land, coming under the conduct of Occidental Napoleons, to strike the last dollar from the desks of the New Englander, and teach the Carolinian that the cat-o'-nine-tails is not made for the dingy-skinned alone. But this work talks of more than mountains. It gives us some insight into the native race which range those mountains, and whom the march of mind, in the shape of American squatters, is hourly driving from their lands; and the march of freedom, in the shape of peach brandy, is as rapidly driving out of existence. The Indians have expressive names for their tribes; some of them lofty and sonorous; some of them sounding meanly to our ears; but all given with reference to personal or national qualities. The tribes whose titles astound-

ed our early youth—the Chictaws, Mohawks, Chickasaws, and other truculent gatherings of consonants, are names which seem to have departed from every thing but Mr Fenimore Cooper's very voluminous volumes. He is worthy to be their extinguisher; and their epitaph can come from no more mortal hand. But two powerful tribes survive beyond the mountains, who, though they love brandy well, and are infested with the squatter, yet contrive to keep the legislators, negotiators, agents, and ambassadors at a determined distance, and would hang an American senator with no more compunction than if he were not more than man. The horse has done this for them. By stealing the horse from the Mexican Spaniards, the Indians make a cavalry that at once evades pursuit, when they are within the range of the rifle, and takes desperate vengeance when the rifleman, drunk and tired, dozes in the wilderness. The desert riders—and they ride as well as any Arab on earth—come in troops of fifty or a hundred, charge into the heart of the little camp, scalp the men, carry off the women, remount their cavalry with the horses, and are off a hundred miles before daylight has tipped a single pinnacle of the mountain range with saffron. The Crows and Blackfeet are the leading tribes.

Among the Indians are some extraordinary characters. Aropooish, the old chief of the Crows, would have made a great statesman in Europe if he had not been too honest a man for the general exigencies of the character. He was politic enough to recommend the peculiar avoidance of all quarrels with the whites. "If," said he, "we keep friends with them, we have nothing to fear from the Blackfeet, and can rule from the mountains." Aropooish was a master of all the arts of Indian government. He was a great "medicine man," medicine being the established name for the mysterious combination of character which, in Europe, more accustomed to the division of labour, is separated into the priest, the physician, the prophet, and the conjuror. Like Mahomet and his pigeon, and Napoleon and his star, this Numa of the desert had his oracle in the shape of a tame eagle, which brought to his ear the secrets of fate. When

the whites laughed at this, the old chief joined them in the laugh; but the eagle was indispensable among the red men.

But Aropooish was capable of higher things, though in his own quaint style. Mr Campbell, one of the leading traders, distrustful of Indian honour, had deposited a considerable quantity of furs in a *caché*, or place of concealment. The rest of his furs he had placed under the care of the chief. One evening the old Indian returned to his lodge with a cloudy brow, and sat for a while, according to the manner of his countrymen when engaged in matters of peculiar interest, without uttering a syllable. At length he said to Campbell,—“You have more furs with you than you brought into the lodge.”—Campbell knew the folly, or perhaps hazard, of equivocating with an Indian, and told him that he had, and where.—“You speak straight,” said Aropooish; “but your *caché* has been robbed. Go and reckon how many skins they have taken from it.”—Campbell searched, and found that he had lost about 150 beaver skins.

The chief now summoned the village. He reproached his people for robbing a stranger who had trusted them, ordered them to bring back the skins, and declared, that “as the stranger was under his roof, he would *neither eat nor drink until every skin was found.*” In a little time some of the skins made their appearance, the bringers quietly laying them down in the lodge, and departing as quietly as they came. Thus passed the first day; Aropooish sitting in a corner of the lodge, wrapped in his robe, and tasting nothing. At nightfall, he asked whether *all* the skins had come in. Above a hundred had been returned, and Campbell expressed himself satisfied. But the old chief’s honour was not to be so satisfied. He neither ate nor drank all that night. In the morning some more skins were brought in by twos and threes, till but a few were wanting to complete the number. Campbell, anxious to put an end to the old man’s fasting, again and again declared that he had got all that was necessary.—“How many are still wanting?” asked Aropooish. On being told the number, he whispered to some of the men round him, who disappeared; and, soon after, skins to the requisite

amount were laid on the floor. It was evident that they were not the stolen skins, but had been collected through the village. “Is all right now?” asked the Indian. “All is right,” replied Campbell. “Good!” said Aropooish. “Now, bring me meat and drink.”

Their parting was equally characteristic.—“When you come again among the Crows,” said the chief, “do not hide your goods. Trust them, and they will not rob you. Put your goods in the lodge of a chief, and they are safe; but hide them in a *caché*, and any one will steal them. My people have now given up your goods for my sake; but there are some foolish young men in the village who may be troublesome. Pack your horses and be gone.”

But Aropooish was more than a chief: he was either a geographer or a wit, or more probably both. To some enquiry relative to the country, he replied at full length, and with a patriotic contempt for every other.—“The Crow country,” said he, “is a good country. The Great Spirit has put it exactly in the right place. While you are in it you fare well. Whichever way you go out of it, you fare worse. If to the south, great barren plains—the water warm and bad—fever and ague. If to the north, cold winters, long and bitter—no grass. You cannot keep horses there; you must travel with dogs. What is a country without horses? On the Columbia, people poor and dirty—eat fish. Their teeth are worn out; they are always taking fish-bones out of their mouths. Poor food fish! To the east, live in villages; live well, but drink muddy water out of the Missouri—bad. A Crow’s dog would not drink such water. About the forks of the Missouri, fine country; good water, good grass; plenty of buffalo. In summer it is almost as good as the Crow country. But in winter it is cold; grass gone; no salt-weed for horses. The Crow country,” continued the patriot panegyrist, “is exactly in the right place. Snowy mountains and sunny plains; all kinds of climates; good things in all. When summer is in the prairies, mountains cool; there grass fresh; clear water tumbling from the snow-banks. There you hunt elk, deer, antelope, while their skins are fit for dressing. Plen-

ty of white bear and mountain sheep. In autumn, when the horses are fat from the mountain feed, you go into the plains; hunt buffalo; trap beaver. In winter, camp in woods along the river sides; there buffalo for yourselves, and cotton-wood bark for your horses; or in the Wood river valley there salt-weed enough. Crow country exactly in the right place. Every thing good is to be found there. No country like Crow country!"

The panegyric is curious, not merely from the ardour of the chief, but from its giving an enumeration of the actual employments and enjoyments of the Indian's life—a career to which nothing similar exists at present in the world, and of which a few generations to come will possess nothing but the memory. The Tartar roams a wilderness, but has neither forests nor prairies. He feeds sheep, and drinks mare's milk; but he does not hunt. The South American Indian lives on roots and fish. The man of North America is the only habitual hunter.

One of the Plymouth papers mentions an affair which would justify a heavy punishment. Some military gentlemen, as they are said to be by the partial journalist, laid a wager at a drinking-bout that one of their servants would eat three fowls, and swallow a bottle of whisky for a meal. The result was as unfortunate as the performance was disgusting, and as the temptation to the poor glutton was criminal. The meal was swallowed, but it soon produced great suffering. Medical aid was called in, but it proved useless; the stomach pump failed, and the wretched man expired.

As we have no means of ascertaining the facts in this instance, we give the statement, of course, on the credit of the journal; but if it be true, we can conceive few offences more fitting objects of enquiry. If two drunken peasants fight in an alehouse, and one dies in consequence, the coroner's inquest brings in "manslaughter" at the least. If two prize-fighters maim each other, and one of them dies, not only the survivor, but the whole party, the bottle-holders, managers, and instigators of the fight come under the hand of the law. Undoubtedly, if, at the instigation of half-a-dozen fools, or brutes, in a tavern, however they may

wear the King's cloth, a human life is taken away, the instigators ought to be punished. The death is their work, without whose intervention it clearly would not have happened. But the subject is of a wider description. Wagers of the same kind are not infrequent; and those disgusting exploits tarnish the name of England. They often destroy the existence of a fellow-creature at the time; and common sense, as well as common law, would bring in the whole parties concerned as accessaries before the fact. This proceeding would soon extinguish those abominable wagers.

Another vile custom does infinite discredit to the magistracy of the provinces. It is that of selling wives. A woman, of whom her brute of a husband wants to get rid, takes her into the market on some fair-day with a rope round her neck—sets her up to be bid for by the surrounding clowns, and the bargain is completed for half-a-crown or five shillings. To foreigners this proceeding naturally enough seems monstrous; and they scoff at our affectation of morality. The truth is, that this practice exists but among the most profligate of the lower classes; that it does not constitute a divorce; and that it is directly punishable by law; the object of the whole shameless ceremony being merely an acknowledgment that the husband surrenders all idea, or right, of taking an action against the man who lives with the separated wife. But this practice, at once illegal and disgusting, is a reproach to the magistracy, wherever it is suffered.

If the country magistracy overlook one offensive practice, the metropolitan magistracy, and those of the chief cities, are still more reprehensible. To them all gaming-houses subsist as notorious as the noonday. Yet the magistrates look on, and leave the prosecution to the parishes. Thus the nuisance of private waste is aggravated by the nuisance of public expenditure. The subtlety of the gaming-house keeper is assisted by the subtlety of the lawyer, and as the result, those actions are generally foiled. Yet a few constables sent in once a week to seize on the tables, and a policeman stationed at the door to prevent ingress, would, in a short time, abate an evil which has brought more young men to ruin, and more old ones to the gallows, than any known evil

of society. But then the whole proceeding ought to be impartial. Justice, unless even-handed, is no justice at all. The same activity which fastens on the apprentices in Whitechapel, or the bankers' clerks in the Regent's Quadrant, ought to display itself among the stately structures of St James's Square. The Pall-Mall clubs ought to pay their quota of penalty to the public morals, and great lords and rich commoners should be taught the necessity of respect for the laws, by feeling the grasp of those laws.

Another offence, and one of a more offensive, because of a more glaring description, is the state of the lobbies in the theatres. We shall not degrade our columns by attempting the detail of scenes which we shrink from witnessing. But we are entitled to ask, by what right a constable is empowered to arrest a wretched wanderer through the midnight streets, when this pampered and painted profligacy is suffered to display itself in its most glaring and insolent obtrusion in the theatres. One circle of the boxes, though but one, is undoubtedly kept clear of this nuisance.

If this can be so effectually done, why not keep all equally clear? Do the magistrates disregard the insult to public decency? Do they forget that, by this disregard, they actually assist in violating a public trust? for, by the existence of this nuisance, the public are largely excluded from the theatre. Their places are taken up by a class with whom they cannot associate; and even the interests of managers in every theatre in London are eventually injured. For, in a pecuniary point of view, theatres have never thriven as they did of old, since they have suffered this obnoxious class to be prominent among their audiences. The reason is plain: the resident families of the metropolis now seldom go to the theatres. Once, they went regularly. Some often, others at stated intervals throughout the year. At Christmas and Easter the custom of visiting the two principal theatres *en masse* was customary among the majority of the London householders. But this, though children are still taken to see the pantomimes, has remarkably fallen away, and the theatre is no longer among the regular places of the London family's gratification. The result is the falling off of revenue.

Nor do we demand the remedy of

this evil from managers: they are too severely pressed by circumstances to be enabled to attempt it; they are too powerless to effect what would now be regarded, not merely as an innovation, but an injury. Riots would probably be the result; and the theatres might be burned down in a rash attempt to restore their morality. The change must come from a higher source. The magistracy must be excited to diligence. The Minister for the Home Department must do his duty; and the metropolis of moral England must not nightly exhibit a dozen displays which would not be tolerated in profligate Paris or gross Vienna.

This reform is the more required from the number of the minor theatres. This number was the offspring of popular outcry; and no stronger exemplification of the folly of that outcry ever was offered. It was alleged that the multiplication of small theatres would at once improve the drama, by opening a more extensive field, improve the actors by competition, improve the public taste by the new patronage of genius, and improve the morals of their vicinities by providing rational amusement for the multitude who would otherwise seek it in the gin-shop. The actual consequences have been directly the reverse. The drama has wholly died; the great theatres being so drained by the minors, that they are absolutely unable to offer the due encouragement; and the minor theatres performing nothing but translations, or the plunder of the principal theatres. Acting is as close upon the point of death as possible; a single good actor being considered as the full appointment for a minor theatre. The companies of the principal being thus drained of their best performers, and these performers being totally lost in the vulgarity and dulness of the companies round them. The improvement of the popular taste is to be founded on the lowest buffoneries of the lowest minors, and "Life in London," and "Jim Crow," inevitably superseding Shakspeare and Sheridan. The improvement in morals is to be ascertained only from the inordinate increase of every species of vileness in their neighbourhoods; every minor theatre becoming rapidly the nucleus of a centre of haunts, themselves the haunts of every abomination.

We hear perpetual accounts of the poverty of the lower classes in both England and Ireland. That men who will save nothing when they have work, and will drink every thing whether they have or not, are likely to be poor, we feel ourselves under no necessity to deny; but that the lower classes actually do receive vast sums of money beyond the necessities of existence, we confidently believe. And this we believe not upon hearsay, but upon the public proofs of Parliament. The pauperism of Ireland affords to keep up the pauperism of Mr O'Connell at the rate of eighteen or twenty thousand a-year, which keep up the pauperism of his four relatives who do Ireland the honour to sit for her in the English Parliament; but also keep up a whole army of solicitors, agents, and other functionaries of rebellion, besides the handsome allowance of two thousand priests, with their usurping hierarchy; the MacHales, Murrays, &c. Besides this, the unhappy and impoverished people pay about eight millions sterling for whisky, not a drop of which they require, but every drop of which they swallow. This is tolerable for a country of paupers, heart-broken with poverty, and not knowing, Heaven help them and punish the liars who tell the tale of woe, how to get a meal for the morrow in the wide world.

But the Radical orators of England take up the tale where the Papist mourners break it off, and insist on it, that life is not worth living, when the noblest order of mankind, the ten-pounders, are ground to the dust with taxes, tithes, and the other abominations of an aristocracy. But, we have two authorities on the opposite side, who very considerably shake our faith and dry our eyes on the matter. The first is Mr Tidd Pratt, the Savings Banks' lawyer, a little man, but a great calculator. Mr Tidd Pratt tells us and the public, that the deposits in the savings banks amount to little less than eighteen millions of pounds a-year, and that by the constant purchase of stock, the lowest orders will soon be the great fundholders of England. Eighteen millions is certainly a handsome surplus of the purses of the poverty-stricken. But Spring Rice, also a little man, and a great calculator, brings in an account which throws the savings banks into total eclipse; and

this is the expenditure on gin. In the year 1834 the poverty of England laid out in gin L.21,874,000. This was showy drinking for beggars crushed to the dust by a generation of oligarchs. The account was still better in 1835, when it was L.23,397,000 *only*—an increase of upwards of a million and a half in twelve months! In 1836 it was L.24,710,000—the million and a half increase having been duly kept up. We are to bear in mind also, that the whole population of England and Wales is not above fourteen millions, and that the gin-drinking is confined to the exclusive pleasure of the populace; gin never being among the luxuries of a gentleman's table, and very seldom finding its way into his house. And Ireland and Scotland smuggling and distilling their own beverage *ad libitum*.—While even in England the gin drinking is narrowed within these few years by the teetotallers and other lovers of keeping themselves in hot water. Now, if we estimate the deposit in the savings banks so low as the twelve millions a-year, adding these to the expenditure on gin, we have at once L.36,000,000 a-year, namely, the full interest of the national debt; in other words, the whole national debt itself; for every one knows that the debt is nothing but the interest. Thus the poverty of England, if it should please to give up misery and mortality in the shape of dram-drinking, and add to what is saved from the gin-shop, what it is palpably able to lay by from its daily expenditure, would be enough to pay off the national debt any Easter of its existence. So much for poverty.

We are, of course, aware that individuals sometimes put money into the savings banks for the higher interest. But this occurs in so small a scale compared with the mass of depositors, that it is not worth consideration. This immense majority are depositors of a superfluity; owners of money which they do not want, and do not wish to waste, and which they very properly put under public protection, first in the savings banks, and next in the funds.

On the whole, we think that the patriotism of the ten-pounders would be much more distinctly shown by paying off the national debt, than by drinking any conceivable quantity of gin;

though we do not feel any very sanguine expectation of persuading the gin purveyors, the gas-lamplighters of the palaces, nor even the Sir Felix Booths of this world, of the advantage of our speculation. But four-and-twenty millions of money swallowed in the shape of liquid fire! The thought is more incendiary than another great fire of London. Well may the Sir Felixes of this world keep mansions in the Portman places of mankind, bathe in turtle-soup, and wash their spaniels in Burgundy. Yet we wish that the teetotalers would make a grand invasion of the distillery, and after boiling a few of the concoctors of conflagration in their own vats, let in the Thames to liquify the whole plant. With all this, we are aware of the respect due to vested interests. The physicians, to whom apoplexies are rent-rolls; the surgeons, who live on the broken bones of humanity; the undertakers, who keep themselves in their own houses, by removing every one else from theirs; and last, and most grasping of all, the Chancellors of the Exchequer, who tax the tombstones, and lay their hands upon every thing above and under ground. The slightest check on the national propensity for gin would be answered by a general wall from the whole multitude who live on the sad varieties of human woe. The workhouse would exhibit the portly matrons and pampered clerks who preside over the distribution of the six millions of pounds sterling which go in potatoes and cheese to the pauperism of Britain, lank as the mice that roamed their empty halls. The turnkeys of the county jails would grow melancholy, and toy with handcuffs no longer. Jack Ketch would pronounce his occupation o'er; and the "drop itself might be sold for old furniture not required at present by the owner."

But the calamity would not end here. Themis herself might give up her last breath in a groan that would shake the land from Westminster Hall to the Lizard. The judges would find their circuits reduced to the important duty of marching into the counties with a *posse* of clowns before them, and the sheriff's carriage to make up the show. The leanness of the courts would soon reduce the corporiety of the lawyers, and a speedy mortality, or a general recruiting for the East

India Company's service, would be the only resources against eating each other. With the barristers the solicitors must go, that active race, whose smaller dimensions by no means preclude their rival activity in extracting their subsistence from whatever they can fix on. The generation of clerks and law subalterns of all shapes, sizes, and stings, who live by the superior genera, must be reduced to the famine point without delay.

"So, naturalists say, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey,
And they have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed, *ad infinitum*."

All must perish alike; and lawyers, even to the grade invisible and next the worm, must go together to oblivion.

With the consciousness of so sweeping a calamity before him, who can wonder that little Spring Rice should have proposed to take off the spirit license tax from the gin-shops, "in the full and undoubting confidence that the increased gin-drinking therefrom would make up the loss to the revenue?"

The memory of Napoleon is inexhaustible in France. His career was so vivid, his exploits were so various, and the space over which his military life extended was so comprehensive, adventurous, and interesting, that we should not wonder if it supplied the gossipry of France with materials for a century to come. Of all lives the life of a great soldier is the most fertile in reminiscences of this order. Napoleon, one day the chief of cabinets, another day controlling camps—one day deciding the fate of empires in council, another day deciding the fate of wars in the field—a statesman by office, a soldier by profession, and from the cradle to the grave a preeminently brilliant, stirring, and audacious spirit—Napoleon was made to be the central figure of the most showy of all romances—the romance of his-
tory.

But his character was more developed in what may be called the private life of camps than in those larger scenes which belong to thrones and fields of battle. He had a singular power of addressing himself to the feelings of the soldiery; and this is the more singular, from its seeming incompatibility with the character of his

mind. If ever man was haughty and arrogant, bent upon high things, and contemptuous of human feelings—if ever man would have made a bridge of human heads and hearts to power, and would have immolated a generation on the altar where he set up himself as the idol—that man was the profound, subtle, and remorseless Napoleon. Yet never General of modern times—nor, perhaps, of ancient—had more the skill of reaching the heart of the soldier, more identified the glory of the soldier with his own success, or more combined the affections of a comrade with the dignity of a leader.

The latest work which has been published is a collection of anecdotes, entitled "Evenings with Cambacérès;" for the authenticity of the source the French publisher sufficiently pledges himself; and unlike as the whole communication is to what might occur in the intercourse of a retired minister amongst ourselves, there is no improbability whatever in its occurrence amongst our Gallic neighbours. The most vigorous life in France has a prodigious tendency to trifling. Under despotic government, trifling only is safe; and it is perfectly evident that trifling was the chief employment permitted to the two coadjutors of the First Consul. The prodigious genius of Napoleon not merely threw the faculties of his copartners in power into the shade, but utterly stripped them of all responsibility. If Cambacérès had been netting purses and Le Brun combing lap-dogs all the term of their natural lives, they could not have been less importantly employed than while they followed in the train of the First Consul. In these evenings, whether the anecdotes were transmitted direct from the lips of the Ex-Chancellor, or collected by the editor from his remembrances, we probably have the chief materials of his meditations during the career of the great Jacobin-Despot and Republican-Monarch of France. We give one of those anecdotes, as curiously characteristic of Napoleon *en campagne*.

During one of the campaigns in Germany the Emperor, wrapped in his grey great-coat, was riding about in the environs of Munich, attended only by two orderly officers. He met on the road a very pretty-looking female, who, by her dress, was evidently a *virandière*. She was weeping, and

was leading by the hand a little boy about five years of age. Struck by the beauty of the woman, and her distress, the Emperor pulled up his horse by the road-side, and said, "What is the matter with you, my dear?" The woman, not knowing the individual by whom she was addressed, and being much discomposed by grief, made no reply. The little boy, however, was more communicative, and he frankly answered, "My mother is crying, sir, because my father has beat her." "Where is your father?"—"Close by here; he is one of the sentinels on duty with the baggage." The Emperor again addressed himself to the woman, and enquired the name of her husband; but she refused to tell, being fearful lest the captain, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause her husband to be punished. "*Malpeste*, your husband has been beating you; you are weeping; and yet you are so afraid of getting him into trouble, that you will not even tell me his name. This is very inconsistent. May it not be that you are a little in fault yourself?"—"Alas, Captain! he has a thousand good qualities, though he has one very bad one—he is jealous, terribly jealous: and when he gets into a passion, he cannot restrain his violence."—"But that is rather serious: in one of his fits of jealousy he may inflict on you some serious injury; perhaps kill you."—"And even if he did, I should not wish any harm to come to him; for I am sure he would not do it wilfully; he loves me too well for that."—"And if I guess rightly, you love him?"—"That is very natural, Captain. He is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear boy." So saying, she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way in which he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother. "Well," said he again, turning to the woman, "whether you and your husband love each other or not, I do not choose that he should beat you. I am one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, and I will mention the affair to his Majesty. Tell me your husband's name."—"If you were the Emperor himself, I would not tell it you; for, I know, he would be punished."—"Silly woman! All I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and to treat you with the respect you deserve."—"That would make me very happy, Captain; but

though he ill-treats me, I will not get him punished." The Emperor shrugged his shoulders, made some remark upon female obstinacy, and galloped off.

When he was out of the woman's hearing, he said to the officers who accompanied him: "Well, gentlemen, what do you think of that affectionate creature? There are not many such women at the Tuileries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband." In the course of a few minutes the baggage, of which the boy had spoken, came up. It was escorted by a company of the 52d. Napoleon despatched one of the officers who was riding with him to desire the commander of the escort to come to him. "Have you a *vivandière* in your company?"—"Yes, sire," replied the Captain. "Has she a child?"—"Yes; little Gentil, whom we are all so fond of."—"Has not the woman been beaten by her husband?"—"I was not aware of the circumstance till some time after its occurrence. I have reprimanded the man."—"Is he generally well-conducted?"—"He is very jealous of his wife, but without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable."—"Does he know me by sight?"—"I cannot say, sire; but as he has just arrived from Spain, I think it is probable he does not."—"Try and ascertain whether he has ever seen me; and if he has not, bring him hither. Say you wish to bring him before the general of the division." On enquiry, it appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a very fine-looking man, about five-and-twenty. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said, in a familiar tone, "What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife? She is a young and pretty woman, and a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier."—"Bah! General, if women are to be believed, they are never in the wrong. I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever; and yet, in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or other of my comrades."—"Now, there is your mistake; you want to prevent a woman from talking; you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice; do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip, and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. Your comrades are not abso-

lutely capuchins; but I am much mistaken if they will not respect another man's wife. I desire that you do not strike your wife again; and if my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it. Suppose his Majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?"—"Ma foi, General, my wife is mine, and I may beat her if I choose. I should say to the Emperor—Sire, look you to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife." Napoleon laughed, and said—"My good fellow, you are now speaking to the Emperor." The word produced its usual magical effect. The grenadier looked confused, held down his head, lowered his voice, and said,— "Oh, sire, that quite alters the case. Since your Majesty commands, I, of course, obey."—"That's right. I hear an excellent character of your wife. Every body speaks well of her. She braved my displeasure, rather than expose you to punishment. Reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of sergeant; and, when you arrive at Munich, apply to the Grand Mareschal du Palais, and he will present you with four hundred francs. With that you may buy a sutler's caravan, which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy, and, at some future time, he shall be provided for. But mind, never let me hear of your beating your wife again. If I do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you."—"Ah, sire, I can never be sufficiently grateful for your kindness." Two or three years after this circumstance, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon had a wonderful power of recollecting the countenances of persons whom he had once seen. On one of his marches he met and recollected the *vivandière* and her son. He immediately rode up to her, saying "Well, my good woman, how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made to me?" The poor woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the Emperor's feet. "Oh, sire, oh, sire! since my good fortune led me into the gracious presence of your Majesty, I have been the happiest of women." "Then reward me by being the most virtuous of wives." A few pieces of gold were presented with these words; and, as Napoleon rode off, the cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*," uttered amidst tears and sobs by the

mother and her son, were repeated by the whole battalion.

The poetry of England should awake. The time for manly appeals to manly feelings is come, if ever; and poetry is the peculiar voice of manliness, feeling, and freedom. All the world is weary of sonnetteering. The sorrows of sentimentalists have no charms for us. The loves of the Laura Marias,—the Gulnares, with the knife in one hand, and the lute in the other,—the German heroines, “much bemersed in beer,”—and the fond squaws, who make love with scalps,—may perish in their own swamps, for any thing that we care. We shall never read a line of their raptures; but we desire to see the young minds of England plunging deep into the vigorous and invigorating surges of national poetry. What made Greece the great fount of poetry to mankind? What but that its poetry was public. It was grounded on great public events, stimulated by public necessities, and ennobled by the consciousness of public service. There never was a nation where the sonneteer and the sentimentalist did so little, or had so little to do. When this degeneracy of the muse crept in, the nation had already degenerated. What made the oratory, the biogra-

phy, the historic writings of Greece the most stirring, vivid, and lofty of the world? They were all public—all written by men with all their energies roused to their utmost pitch by public life, and honoured, felt, and rewarded by men themselves shaped into the muscle and proportions of heroism by public toils. What would Pindar have been, writing sonnets on some Laïs or Phryne of Thebes? Demosthenes, scribbling exquisite papers on cookery and the passions in the blue and sulphur Attic Review, published quarterly at the foot of the Pnyx? or Æschylus, forgetting the battle of Marathon, and luxuriating in the loves of some Salaminian sea-rovers, and some captured sultana of Xerxes?

We say, that if English poetry is henceforth to be worth the ink that marks it on the paper, it must look for its revival in national interest in seizing on great national transactions, and in showing its participation in the illustrious struggles of its country.

We give the following verses, sung at one of the Birmingham Conservative dinners, as an evidence that poetry can raise its voice among us still. The verses might evidently be more polished; but the feeling is good, and we wish to see many a follower of its example.

BIRMINGHAM CONSERVATIVE SONG.

“ ’Tis the voice of our country, from centre to shore,
It calls on each Briton to slumber no more;
It bids us arise, ere our birthright be gone,
And rally like men round the Altar and Throne.

“ The God of that Altar, through tumult and war,
Ever beam’d upon England his bright leading star;
Ever pour’d on our fathers his blessing divine,
And ne’er shall their children prove false to his shrine.

“ Round the throne of our Monarchs for ages have stood
Saints, heroes, and sages, the great and the good,
No foe from without dared its ramparts to win,
And it shall not be canker’d by traitors within.

“ Too long, oh! too long has a faction held sway,
That piecemeal would dribble Old England away,
That would take from her King and her Nobles their own,
And cover with insult the Altar and Throne.

“ But it shall not avail them; the voice is gone forth,
It rings through the empire, east, west, south, and north;
For Britain, uproused and indignant, at length
Now bares, like a giant, the arm of her strength.

“ Here we stand for Old England, her rights, and her laws,
’Tis the cause of our country—God prosper that cause!
Unimpaired to our children those rights shall descend,
We will live to preserve them, or die to defend.”

The late Sir Humphrey Davy was a man of fine talent for chemistry, and might have been alive at this moment if he had not read an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, which recommended that every clever man should be an universal genius. Jeffrey set the example, by curling his hair, and learning quadrilles. The late Dr Young, who was by nature almost a Universalist, and fond of settling every thing, from a chess-board to the Copernican system, actually learned sleight-of-hand from Mr Ingleby the emperor of the conjurors, and very nearly broke his neck in exhibiting as Harlequin at an opera-house masquerade. We remember a chemical professor of some notoriety in London, who suddenly astonished his friends, and amused the public at that period, by displaying his head covered with curls, many and exquisite enough to have done honour to any wig-block in the shop of the celebrated artist, who has passed down to history under the title of Barber-rossa. Sir Humphrey limited his ambition to poetry and piebald waistcoats, and certainly perpetrated very curious performances in both, yet without much success in either, his poetry being prose, and his waistcoats patchwork. But these were his follies. All have their follies, and he redeemed his by some of the most showy possible discoveries in chemistry.

But at present we have to do with his authorship. As he wrote prose, which he mistook for poetry, he wrote poetry, which he mistook for prose. In his *Salmonia* he thus describes the advantages of angling to the philosopher, the lover of nature, and the man of feeling! "It carries us into the most vivid and beautiful scenery of nature, among the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the highest ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful, in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee, and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like gems in the sun-

beam, to hear the twittering of the water-birds," with many similar sights and sounds, and to finish all by hooking a salmon, and carrying him home in a basket.

All this is very well for Sir Humphrey. Yet, as *Æsop* says, if lions could paint, or salmon either, we should probably hear a different account of the rapturous nature of human huntings and fishings. We premise that we are not Quixotic enough to venture a syllable against the humanity, wisdom, and necessity of angling; that we are not so utterly ignorant of human nature as to expect that an angler can be converted any more than a Jacobin; or so singularly illogical as to argue, that fish can feel a hook through a jaw or a nostril; or that whether they can feel or not, the question should in the least impede the sport of either gentlemen or ladies in hooking them for the mere sport of the angler. Yet without attempting to rival the picturesque of the philosopher, may we not suppose a salmon with the pen in his gills inditing some such state of the case as this.

"After having wintered in the central region of the Atlantic, in a depth of about ten miles, which no storm could disturb, and where the smoothness of the sands, the calmness of the water, and the luxuriant richness and variety of vegetation made the most delightful life for nine months of the year, while all on the surface was raging tempest or bitter frost, the necessity of providing for my offspring in the river in which I first saw the light, drove me most reluctantly upwards. As our column of about a hundred millions approached the shores, we found sufficient reason to regret the delightful regions which we had left below. Instead of the pure water in which it was a luxury to move, we shrunk from the half warm, half corrupt surface; we were disgusted by the smell of the decayed vegetation poured down by the rivers, and were all but choked by the mire which discoloured the emerald clearness of the ocean for leagues. At last we reached our allotted rivers; but here new evils awaited us; vast troops of dog-fish, sharks, and seals awaited our coming, rushed upon us, and devoured thousands before our eyes. But our numbers were incalculable, and we pushed on. At length I shot up my native stream, and on glid-

ing into the nook where I was born, felt some of the sensations natural to home. As I was the largest and most powerful tenant of the stream, I had no fear of rivalry; I swept through all its depths and recesses with the delight of novelty, tasted its fresh herbage, sheltered myself from the heat under the shade of its drooping willows, and at will sported in the sun. But one day, as I was darting with the speed of an arrow and the rapture of full animation, through the centre of the stream that rippled in silver under a breeze perfumed with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, I was startled by the sight of a monster such as I had never seen before. It was of indescribable ugliness. Instead of the brilliant sheathing, the diamond scale, and the rainbow painting, to which I had been accustomed in the tribes of the ocean, its clothing was of the colour of the dingiest mire. Instead of the lightning rapidity, ease and grace of the fin, it rowed, or rather tottered, on two singularly shapeless props; its employment seemed as idiotic as its figure was deformed. It stood sometimes gazing at the sun, sometimes at the water, stretching out its arms alternately with a look of dull intenseness, and holding a long reed which it helplessly waved back and forward, like one of the willows under the breeze. My first sensation was alarm, but I saw that the monster dreaded the water, and I despised him for his impotence. My next was disgust at his deformity. I gave a final glance, dashed the waters with my tail in scorn, and darted away. But let my folly be all told. That glance was fatal. I saw at the same moment, just touching the waters, one of the most delightful flies that imagination had ever shaped for the banquet of an epicure. I was an epicure. And his blue wing, purple body, and golden crest would have fascinated the most self-denying eye. I was young, rash, ardent, and hungry. I made but one spring at the temptation, and seized it at the moment. But to my inexpressible surprise I felt a singularly sharp pang in the very act of seizure. I plunged instantly into the depths of the river. But the pang was there and every where. Still I plunged on. But I suddenly found a strange check. At once furious and frightened, I plunged on. But the check grew more powerful as I grew exhausted. And at last, yielding to

fate, I found myself rapidly drawn back through the channel which I had traversed with such speed. The sensation in my throat now grew more torturing than ever. At last, judge of my horror when I saw the monster standing on the bank above me. His miry covering seemed more miry than ever, the props on which he tottered more tottering, but his countenance was distended with a hideous look of triumph. It was not hunger like my own about to be satiated, for the wretch had a rotundity of stomach which showed that he was already gorged. It was not poverty about to make gain of me, for I saw it throw coin to a crowd of young monsters standing on naked props, to venture into the water where I lay and seize me. It was sport. That detestable passion which belongs to such two-legged monsters alone; the unaccountable disregard of others' pain, the unaccountable enjoyment of seeing a creature endowed with a thousand faculties of life and pleasure finishing them all in agony. I was in torture. But the more I writhed the more the monster was evidently delighted. Every fibre of my throat was torn. I felt alternately the deadliest chill and the most scorching flame. My eyes started from their sockets. My heart panted in wild spasms. My flesh quivered as if poison had been dropped on every scale. A sudden and violent pull, which forced the steel into my very brain, dragged me on the bank. Here I felt a new scene of misery. In the next moment my whole frame burned as if coated in fire. The air, no longer softened by the water, seemed to me all flame. The sun, untempered by the shade, looked a vast furnace stooping from the sky. The horrors of that moment defy all conception. Fortunately they were brief—life could bear no more—I gave one wild convulsion, and lost all sense of being. Yet as I gave my last groan I could faintly hear a 'hurrah,' and the words, 'a five-and-twenty pounds fish at least—capital sport!' uttered by the crowd of monsters in mire round me.

"How long I remained in this condition I have no means of knowing; but I began to feel a sudden sensation of life. I looked round and saw myself in a basket on a bed of wet grass, whose coolness and moisture had probably restored me. I now saw the

monster take the basket from his back, and, laying it on the ground, wipe his heavy brows, and mutter 'confoundedly hot, and five miles more to walk. It was good sport, no doubt, to catch this fine fellow; but I am sick of fish. I have had fish enough since I came on this stupid visit to make me loathe the sight of it on the table. Well, I dine at the corporation feast to-day. This fellow will cut a figure among the turtle and turbot. To the corporation he shall go.' As I looked at the monster's bloated visage, and heard his reckless speech, a throb of indignation shot through me. What! was I to be curtailed of my existence, mutilated and mangled only to fill the stomachs of a herd of clowns, already pampered with gluttony? Indignation gave me new strength. I made one tremendous bound, sprang up in the monster's face, and to my measureless joy felt that I descended in the river. One thing alone was now wanting to my triumph. It was not wanting long. The monster, startled by my parting blow, lost his balance, toppled off the bank, and fell headlong into the stream. He roared like a bull, and struggled like a sea-horse. But the stream was strong, and I had the pleasure of accompanying him, side by side, for several hundred yards down the river. At length the crowd of monsters whom his cries had brought, running along the bank, dragged him out in the midst of peals of laughter. He was more miry than ever, his face was all duckweed and dismay; and without basket, rod, or hat, terrified, dripping, and half drowned, he looked the most helpless and ridiculous of all possible monsters. I left him, with a dash of my tail that ploughed up the water, in scorn, and sailed away for my old loved haunts in the Atlantic. From time to time I turned to gaze on the scene of the monster's discomfiture, where I saw the crowd carrying him away, and uttering roars of laughter, till all was lost in distance and silence; and I inhaled alone the living breeze, and saw before me the sapphire stream bending over the majesty of ocean."

In Sir Walter Scott's *Memoirs by Lockhart*, some slight mention is made of a dinner to which he was invited, less as the lion, than to be one of a party of lions. All were conversationists, the den was full, and the feeder

did his best to stir up his menagerie; among the rest was "Conversation Sharpe." How this trite and affected person ever attained the name, trifling as it now is, must be left to the discrimination of his trifling coterie. But he has left a legacy of his talent behind him, and nothing on earth or under it, can be more dry, formal, or shallow. His book has buried his reputation, it has carried his little buoyancy down like a mill-stone. No man since Sheridan has actually been a good converser. A mere man of anecdote may be amusing but he is not a good converser, he is a walking jest-book, an edition of Joe Millar in coat and breeches; a reciter of scraps out of Dryden or Pope, with now and then a stanza from Byron, to show that he has not grown too old for the rising generation, is not a good converser, but a walking commonplace book, a mutilated copy of "the elegant extracts." A repeater of the reminiscences of the last century who plagues the table still with newspaper paragraphs, new fifty years ago, assumes a superiority for having lived in the days of the departed great, though he lived no more connected with them than a rat in one of their stables; the man who rises in his chair and settles all questions by, "Sir, I saw Mr Fox, nay, saw him frequently; he was a short man, with a round stomach and a large head; I heard him speak, sir, and I shall never hear such eloquence again, though the one half of his speech was lost in his own sputtering, and the other half in the applause of the house." This reminiscent is not a good converser, but a walking turnpike, through which the great and little pass alike, and leave nothing but halfpenny tickets behind. But incomparably the most alarming of the whole tribe, the *bore par excellence*, is the academic, whose life, between the college and the churchyard, seems to be one great gulf, the world a nonentity, and no image in his mind but the absurdities of some head of a college dead, &c., fifty years ago, and as obscure in his life as ever he was in his grave. The quoter of Horace, to prove that a venison-pasty is not a plumpudding, deliberately talking Aristotle over his sherry, and in his moments of confidence mouthing the first half dozen lines of the *Iliad*; this man is not a good converser, but a public nuisance, and ought to be extin-

guished by petition to the two hours of the legislature ; he is a fly leaf of Lilly's Grammar, scratched over with the autographs of booby scholarship.

Sir James Mackintosh was an ambitious converser, and therefore not a good one. He overdid his work, had a prodigious memory, with prodigious quotations, ticketed like an attorney's pigeon-holes, and between long recitations from Dryden, and forgotten fragments of the Edinburgh Review, was among the most innocent and intolerable men of his time. Sir Walter Scott was clever in all things, and therefore in conversation. All his recollections were Scottish, and though amusing and characteristic, Englishmen were but slowly brought to give up their souls to the memories of the Hopes, the Blairs, and Mackenzies of Auld Reekie. Yet there was a perpetual animation about Sir Walter, a readiness to be happy, and make everybody else happy ; an absence of all discoverable sense of self, and a kind of conversational goodwill to all round the table, that made him always pleasing. He had the true conversational temper. No affectation of superiority, no harshness of remark, no severity in looking at men or times, no occasional sullenness. He was always in the vein, and never without some pleasant anecdote, just of the right length, and just odd enough to amuse. It is a thousand pities that in the latter years of his life he did not write his "Recollections." It would have been one of the most amusing pieces of nature and eccentricity in the world. But he was no wit. His pleasantries were of the memory, and except by the quaintness which seems to be impressed on the Scottish idiom, and the dry humour, which seems equally national, he seldom "set the table in a roar."

The Marquis Wellesley would be a good converser, except for the misfortune of his having gone to Eton. The "fifth form" rises before him as

the Weird Sisters before Macbeth. It perpetually molests, mystifies, and masters him. He quotes all through his waking hours. If he drops asleep, which he does of late, in the best company, he slides from a discussion on Perigord Pie into a sarcasm from Juvenal, or an episode from Silius Italicus. His waking hours are rendered unhappy to himself and mankind by alternate citations from Martial and the "Marattah war." But, of all men, living or dead, Sheridan was the best converser. Poor Richard ! poor, indeed ! thy life was an old "almanack," a catalogue of sunrises and sunsets, fasts and feasts, and all not worth a penny when the year was done. His was a Whig life ; professional patriotism, useless ability, lip honesty, and House of Commons honour. But his nature was Tory ; he had not an item of malice in his composition. He loved England and Englishmen ; he would have stood by the Constitution, if he had not been a pauper all his life, and had, in the turf phrase, not a leg to stand on. Unhappy Lazarus, at the gate of the Dives of Devonshire House ; living on Whig crumbs all his wretched life, and at its end left to any dog that would, to lick his sores. But he was the wit of wits, after all ; and the departing genius of conversation crushing together the bones and brains of all the conversationists before or since, ought to build a monument of them over the spot where this pleasant and unhappy, powerful and feeble, brilliant and extinguished luminary of the table, the Commons, and the Stage, is wedded to the worm.

Sheridan, too, had his conversational faults. "*Nemo omnibus horis.*" Which, being interpreted, is, no one can be always telling the best stories, and saying the most sparkling things in the world. He was uneven. He was either all cloud or all sunshine. But from the cloud sometimes shot a flash that was more brilliant than all sunshine.

THE CABINET.*

"Lauda memento."—HORACE.

WE have been much gratified by this little performance, the first edition of which, we confess, had escaped our notice. There is a spirit of frankness and candour about it, and an absence of all disguise in the exposition of the principles of the party from which it emanates, which are worthy of all acceptance. It contains, in fact, the existing philosophy of Whiggism reduced to its elements, and conveyed in the popular form of a lyric operetta, instead of being embodied in prosy pamphlets, or dreary quarterly manifestoes in the Edinburgh Review. To such an extent, indeed, is the candour of the author carried, that we were at first a little puzzled to discover whether the poem was really the production of a *bona fide* Whig, or of some wicked Tory wit, who, like Lord Palmerston of yore, in his celebrated new Whig Guide, had adopted this convenient vehicle of satire against his political opponents. A careful comparison, however, of the sentiments which the author attributes to the personages of his piece, with the opinions avowed by the leaders of the present Administration "in their place in Parliament," has satisfied us that the author is what he professes to be—a genuine Whig, in fact, "a Hebrew of the Hebrews;" and that the work, notwithstanding the comic mask which the author affects to wear, has its serious side, and is in truth little more than a poetical version of the speeches of the different members of Government, as recorded in the Mirror of Parliament. How far the publication may be made with the sanction of Ministers we know not; though, from the characteristic nature of the speeches and lyrics assigned to the leading actors in the scene, we are strongly inclined to think that some of them at least have been written, or at least revised, by the parties concerned; and that the work may be regarded as an experimental publication made with the view of ascertaining how far the public mind is yet prepared for the reception of

those simple and undeviating principles by which the views of the present Administration have been and are likely to be guided. We look upon it as a sort of light pilot, sent out to show how the wind sits, before venturing to launch the real balloon. Should the brochure be favourably received, the work will no doubt be claimed by its true authors: if the public, on the contrary, be startled by the naked simplicity of the Ministerial creed, poor Mr Dibdin will probably be left to bear the pelting of the storm as he best may.

In the mean-time, it is delightful to see in what a spirit of true philosophy these little pleasantries are composed. The authors do not affect to conceal from themselves that they are the subjects of general ridicule; they are the first to admit, that with the exception of their immediate dependents, and of those who agree to march through Coventry with them in the mean-time, that they may turn them to the rear, and make use of them for their own ends afterwards,—they are despised and rejected of all men; but they do all this with such a poor-devil air of openness and *bonhomie*, and bear with such resignation the visitation of national contempt, that they absolutely disarm our resentment. "Do not beat me," said, or looked, Sterne's ass, "but if you will you may." It was impossible to beat him under the circumstances. So it is with us on perusing this good-humoured Ministerial confession. The foot which was about to be "unsupportably advanced" is withdrawn; the knout drops from our hand; *solvuntur risu tabule*,—and the culprit leaves the bar with a verdict of not proven, "nodding and cocking his eye to the jury" as if nothing had happened.

The author, as we have said, has chosen to throw his subject into a dramatic form, and has selected as the time when the unflinching principles of his party might be supposed to be displayed to the greatest advantage—

* The Cabinet; a Downing Street Operetta; in one Act. The Music selected from various Composers. By Thomas Dibdin the Younger. Second Edition. London. 1837.

the Ministerial muster in Lord Melbourne's after the triumphant majority of five upon the English Church-Rates Bill. The fears, hopes, and consolations of men in office ;—the statement and enforcement of the grand principles by which they are determined to be governed ;—the contrast between the weak and wavering counsels of those who, almost in spite of themselves, are compelled to still avow a lingering attachment to decency and consistency of conduct, and the firmness of those who follow the surer guidance of self-interest through good report and bad, afford room for some scenes of considerable interest and power.

There is one point in Mr Dibdin's performance by which it is favourably distinguished from the crude and irregular productions with which our theatres are at present deluged ; viz. the attention which he pays to the unities. *Unity of place*, in particular, to which, since the prejudice produced by Dr Johnson's preface to Shakspeare, too little attention we fear has been paid, is with him a paramount consideration. His scene is laid in Downing Street, once for all ; and from that no consideration will induce his characters to stir. *Unity of plot* and *unity of interest* this little drama also possesses in perfection. From first to last the characters think and speak of one thing only, namely, how best "to rob me the King's Exchequer," with the smallest possible equivalent of services rendered in return. We had at first thought that the author had even discovered a new unity, viz. the unity of *sex*,—the personages of the piece being, nominally at least, of the masculine gender ; but the pretensions of Lord Holland, at least, to the character of an old woman, may be stated to us by a friend to be so plausible, as to make it doubtful to our minds whether Mr Dibdin can fairly take credit for the successful achievement of the dramatic novelty at which he appears to have aimed. The unity of *time*, it will easily be imagined, has not occasioned the author much difficulty ; since the whole action takes place in the course of a single *petit souper* at Lord Melbourne's after the division.

While admitting the author's merits in regard to the unities, we are bound

in fairness to state, that the *recitative* of his piece, as is too generally the case with these musical performances, "is naught." It has been obviously "slobbered up in haste," being "horribly stuffed with epithets," which have no meaning or purpose beyond that of filling up the line, and enabling the poet to conform with apparent decency to the exigencies of the musical composer. It is, in short, precisely such bombastic ten-syllabled trash as we have lately been compelled to encounter in the Duchess de la Valiere, but which, after the questionable success of that experiment, we trust we shall not be again subjected to in the long-threatened drama of "*Cromwell*." We think, therefore, we shall do a service both to our readers and to the author, by confining our extracts from his opera to the *lyrical* portion of the piece. It is a department of poetry for which he seems to us to have a considerable turn,—and in which we are inclined to think (certainly with no party prejudices in his favour) that he has been tolerably successful.

The piece opens with a duo between Lord Morpeth and Spring Rice, who have just entered, not a little disconcerted by the miserable display of the night, and who, in the first moments of consternation, give vent to the gloomiest views as to the ministerial prospects. There is a wonderful coincidence, in some respects, and contrast in others, between this desponding effusion of the honourable gentlemen and the triumphant opening duet of Noodle and Doodle in Tom Thumb. Indeed, we observe that Mr Dibdin, in several of the lyrics with which the piece is interspersed, has obviously derived considerable assistance from some of our popular afterpieces ; such as "*Tom Thumb*" and "*The Forty Thieves* ;" and that, in particular, he has been not a little indebted to the great lyric poet of his party, the translator of Anacreon, whose manner he has more than once copied with considerable success. In this instance, indeed, he has pretty plainly indicated the source from which the idea of his opening has been taken, since, with all the candour of Joseph Surface, he actually attaches the somewhat ludicrous adjuncts of *Noodle* and *Doodle* to the names of the two Ministerial performers.

Duet.—NOODLE AND DOODLE.

AIR—Tom Thumb.

(Key of two Flats—Accompaniment, Double Bass Obligato).

- Noodle.* Oh what a day! what a pitiful majority!
What on earth must now be done to save our skin?
- Doodle.* Public men are "dressed in but a little brief authority,"
When the nation wears a universal grin.
- Noodle.* All about us jeer and flout us—Radicals uproarious,
Swear, in lieu of such a crew, they'd rather have a Tory-House.
- Doodle.* Whichever way your eyes may stray, to dexter or to sinister,
There's nothing seen but the chagrin of some expiring Minister.
- Both.* Oh, such a vote! such "a shocking bad" majority!
Such another victory, and we're undone:
- The Others.* No! though we drop to "a respectable minority,"
We're not the Boys, for all their noise, to "cut and run."

Notwithstanding the resolution announced in the last line, there is an obvious want of confidence on the part of the choristers, which betrays itself in a tendency towards a treble, and in the superfluous shakes and quavers introduced in the course of the performance. At the conclusion, there is an anxious pause for a few minutes, which is broken by Lord John Russell, who, assuming a theatrical attitude, endeavours to restore confidence by an animated address, in which he con-

tures them, by their past efforts and former success in retaining office in spite of the most untoward events, to face the matter boldly, and send up the Bill to the House of Lords. He even affects to doubt whether they have sustained any discomfiture at all, and presses the point that, unless a number of their friends had been accidentally absent, they must have carried the day triumphantly. We can make room, however, only for two stanzas of this address.

(Flourish of Penny Trumpets.)

AIR—"Scots wha hae."

Whigs, whose sires with Hampden bled,
Whigs, whom I have oft mis-led,
Whigs, whom Holland long hath fed,
Once again give ear.

By the thimble-rigging cause—
By th' inexplicable pause
Of the Appropriation Clause,
What have we to fear!

Even the eloquence of the Leader, however, cannot persuade the company that their attitude is of a very imposing kind, so, dropping his Don Carlos tone, Lord John comes at once, in plain terms, to the point; and admits that an exemplary drubbing has been administered, but touches on various topics of consolation, and plains the course of treatment by which the painful effects of such discipline may be rendered perfectly

endurable, even though the evil should be of frequent occurrence. We remember a passage in Don Quixote, in which Sancho, after the drubbing administered to himself and his master by the Yanguesian carriers, in consequence of the over-frolicsome disposition of Rozinante, expresses sentiments of a nature very analogous to those of Lord John. Sancho thus states the grounds which induced him to decline the kind offer

made by Don Quixote to allow him to take vengeance on his enemies forthwith at his own hand :—" Sir, I am a meek, quiet, peaceable man, and can digest any injury be it ever so hard, for I have a wife and small children to maintain and bring up : wherefore let me apprise your worship that I will in no shape whatever use my sword against either knight or knave ; and that henceforward, in the sight of God, I forgive all injuries, past, present, or to come, which I have already received, at this present time suffer, or may hereafter undergo, from any person

whatsoever, high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without exception to rank or circumstance." In the same spirit in which the *resolutions* of Panza are framed is the manifesto of Lord John Russell composed. He merely stipulates, in addition, that compensation and castigation—hard kicks and hard cash—shall bear a due proportion to each other ; and with this judicious amendment he supports the Christian views of the destined Governor of Barataria, in the following pious and long-suffering strain :—

SONG—LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(*Jew's-harp.*)

AIR—*Which nobody can deny.*

My friends of THE THIMBLE, why should we despair ?
A drubbing, no doubt, is an awkward affair—
But this we must just be contented to bear,
If the Downing-street Livery still we would wear,
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

A drubbing is always unpleasant enough,
And " a towel of oak " disagreeably rough ;
But still we are made of more statesmanlike stuff,
Than to toddle down stairs in a heat or a buff,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

A drubbing is never a subject of pride ;
But although not remarkably thick in the hide,
When the kicks and the half-pence are both on one side,
You'll find me a safe, not a sensitive, guide,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

A drubbing a-week (or perhaps rather more)
Runs up in the twelvemonth a pretty long score :
But yet we have ever this comfort in store,
That " place is a plaster for every sore,"
Which nobody can deny, &c.

A drubbing like *this* makes us look rather small—
But even on tip-toe I never was tall ;
And we must not omit the great truth to recall,
That the lower we are, the less fear of our fall—
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

The audience in general are wonderfully comforted by this view of the case, and the compliments of the little Senate are paid to Lord John as to a sort of modern Varro, "*quia de re publica non desperasset.*" Hobhouse, however, who has been observed to

fidget a good deal during the opening scene, now rises. He confesses that, though it may be a weakness, he is still annoyed by some awkward scruples of conscience ; ventures to express some doubt as to the effect of Lord John's plaster, and even hints

that there may be cases in which resignation will become unavoidable. This startling proposition rouses the Colonial Secretary from a doze on the sofa, and excites the vehement indig-

nation of Lord Holland, who, "throwing his gouty crutch in thunder down," and seemingly inspired by the genius of old Walter de Maup, "Sic loquitur."

(*Mihi est Propositum in Taberna Mori.*)

(*Sackbut and Kettledrum.*)

*Mihi est propositum locum retinere !
Procul ab officio tempus erit flere ;
Bancum Thesaurarium juvat possidere,
RESIGNATIONEM—nostrum est horrere.*

*Nihil unquam facere fuit mos majorum,
Ducis Lancasteriæ cancellariorum :
Sapientes equidem ! Ego inatar horum
Feci nil et faciam,—in secula sæclorum.*

*Populus nos sibilet—teneamus locos :
Proceres fastidiant—perpetremus jocos.
Alii prædiligant aras atque focos,
Emunctæ naris, egomet antepono coquos.*

*Permittente podagrâ, officium tenebo
Officium demittere minimè suadebo :
Ut hirudo lateri, sitiens hærebo :
Dum que gutta superest sanguinem sorbebo.*

*Adsint mi perpetuo Bacchus atque Ceres ;
(Cytheream comitem, eheu ! frustra quæres)
Sermo tunc rotundus est, totus atque teres ;
Vulpis ecce veteris genuinus hæres !*

*Super meum fumulum rite inscribatis—
" Jacet hic qui dapibus et vino vixit satis :
Quod in votis fuerat obtinuit a fati
Pretio nil facere, ut fecerat nil gratis."*

Loud cheering follows the conclusion of this animating address, on the part of those who understand it, and the company are observed to drain their glasses with more than usual gusto. On the motion of the Attorney-General, however, who professes to say that he has lost some part of the allusions it contains, owing to his not being accustomed to any better Latin than that

of the law courts, Lord Lansdowne is called upon for an extempore version of this Leonine chant, a feat which he performs in such a manner as to satisfy even the translator of Lope de Vega. Thus runs his Lordship's improvisation, which, we understand, has excited not a little envy on the part of his great continental rivals, Sgricci and Wolff:—

*My mind is made up, place and pay to retain—
When fairly kick'd out 'twill be time to complain ;
Whatever betide, let us stick to Whitehall—
Resignation, my friends, were the devil and all.*

*In this Duchy of mine, since the nation began,
To do nothing at all was the Chancellor's plan :
Wise plan ! which to follow no man can be apter,
For nothing I'll do to the end of the chapter.*

If the nation should hiss us, our comfort is place ;
In the Lords, Joseph Miller may cover disgrace :
To our hearths and our altars another may look,
Commend me for one to my kitchen and cook.

While the gout leaves me life, office still shall be mine—
No mortal I'll ever advise to resign :
Like a leech to the side will I stick to my prey,
While a drop's to be drained I will never give way.

Fill Bacchus my goblet, and Ceres my plate—
(Their fair comrade, I fear, must have cut me of late)—
Inspired by their aid, I can spout pretty fair—
Old Charlie might own me his genuine heir.

On my tomb let them write, 'stead of commonplace stuff,
" Here lies one who through life swilled and swallowed enough—
He asked but one boon, and fate brought it about,
To be idle with pay, as he idled without."

Lord Melbourne, observing that the proceedings had been attended with some heat, now thinks it prudent to take a part in the debate, and gives, as we are inclined to think, rather a dexterous turn to the deliberations, by avoiding any positive allusion to resignation in the outset, and impressing on the attention of his hearers the simple fact, that next *quarter-day* is the 5th of July! The effect of this stroke is

electrical; Neptune's "quos ego" was not more instantaneous; the troubled elements of the party subside into calmness. Every man lays his hand with an approving smile upon his breeches pocket, "and, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening pay," while the Premier, in the most dulcet tones, thus sets forth the charms of Quarter Day :—

SONG—(VISCOUNT MELBOURNE.)

Piano-forte Accompaniment. T— M—

AIR—" *Love's Young Dream.*"

1.

There's not a joy the Statesman knows
Like that of QUARTER-DAY !
Amidst his thorns, it is the Rose
That blossoms by the way.
In darkest night
It is the light
That shines with cheering ray :
Oh, what were life
But toil and strife,
If not for Quarter-Day !

2.

Let others vainly talk of FAME—
'Tis but a noonday dream,
An empty sound, an idle name,
A bubble on life's stream.
Ev'n Love divine,
And pure, like mine,
Though absolute its sway,
To this fond heart
Can scarce impart
The sweets of Quarter-Day.

3.

'Mids't all the ills that we endure,
 (I well might say *survive*!)
 Four times a-year our joy is sure—
 Would heaven that it were *five*.
 Four times a-year
 "Our course is clear,"
 And we may stoutly say,
 Howe'er rebuffed,
 Or kicked, or cuffed,
 We hold to Quarter-Day.

4.

Then let us be, as we have been,
 To place and profit true:
 For if a nation's scorn be keen,
 Why, so is hunger too.
 The only scorn
 That may'n't be borne
 Is that which does not pay—
 The only joy,
 Without alloy,
 Is that of Quarter-Day.

"How sweet an Ovid was in Melbourne lost!" So great is the sensation produced by his recitative, and the aria with which it concludes, that Mr Spring Rice, in a fit of enthusiasm, proposes that the whole party, emulating the famous oath of the Tennis Court, should declare their sittings perpetual, and swear fidelity, under all circumstances, to their present leaders. Lord Palmerston entirely concurs in the proposal, so far as regards the perpetuity of their sittings, but objects decidedly to bind himself to Lord Melbourne or to any particular possessor of office. He reminds his hearers, that "permanency of position" being their true object, that can only be attained

by the consideration of place in the abstract, and without reference to its occupants: that *ceteris paribus* it may be right to give the preference to a friend; but that no right thinking placeman can hesitate which of the two to choose, place with a new Ministry, or principle with an old: he may "drop some natural tears" at seeing an old friend (Grey, for instance), hustled out of the Treasury door without very well knowing why, but "he wipes them soon"—"Adieu, he cries, and waves his lily hand!" Turning, therefore, to Lord Melbourne, on the conclusion of his speech, he thus addresses his *present* friend:—

Air—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

(*Spanish Guitar.*)

Believe me, if some of this supple Whig Corps
 Which thus hails you as master to-day,
 Should supplant you to-morrow, as Althorpe of yore,
 (With yourself,) once supplanted old Grey;
 Place with them were as dear as with thee it has been,
 Let their principles veer as they will,
 And amidst all the changes of life's shifting scene
 I would cling to my Protocols still.

It is not while pay can with conscience combine,
 And honour and office are one,
 That we prove that devotion to place, which, like mine,
 Loves best when those graces are gone.
 No; the placeman still follows where office invites,
 And as surely rats on to the close,
 As Lord John still surpasses in verse, when he *writes*,
 Even the drivel he utters in prose.

This is pretty fair, and abundantly characteristic, but it is right to remark, that there is rather a suspicious resemblance between the above effusion and the following (once popular)

IRISH MELODY.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts, fading away !
Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still !

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be shown,
To which time will but make thee more dear !
O the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her God when he sets
The same look which she gave when he rose.

It may be imagined, however, that the sentiments conveyed in Lord Palmerston's lyric are not quite so agreeable to the Premier as to the others ; but seeing that there is no probability of making any thing by it, he does not press the matter to a division, but is contented to allow the Foreign Secretary's amendment to the proposed oath to be quietly carried. A draught is prepared on the spot, and carefully revised by the Attorney-General. Here

again we think the ingenious author must have had in view *Hermia's* celebrated vow in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which has been so beautifully set to music by Bishop. At least there is a considerable resemblance between the two passages. *Shakespeare's* lines, as our readers probably remember (though no one ever tires of seeing even his most familiar passages quoted) are as follows :—

“ By the simplicity of *Venus' doves*—
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves—
And by that fire that burned the *Carthage Queen*,
When the false *Trojan* under sail was seen :
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than woman ever spoke,—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.”

Dibdin's Oath runs thus, and the music, we may notice, has been very scientifically adapted for a brass band of serpents and other instruments :—

By the simplicity of *Janus' face*,
By our own *Cupid's* never-dyeing grace,
By the chaste fire that warms the *Spanish Queen*,
When whiskered *Muñoz* by her side is seen ;
By all the oaths that *Talleyrand* e'er spoke,
In number more than *Louis Philippe* broke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
(While thou art Premier) I'll be true to thee.

The party proceed to sign the parchment, and during the signatures a distant chorus of *attachés* is heard in the adjoining apartment ; as to the Italian of which, without pretending to be members of the *Della Cruscan Academy*, we may remark, that it seems to be more of the school of *Melbourne* than of *Metastasio* :—

"O DOLCE FAR NIENTE."

AIR.—"O cara Armonia."

1.

O dolce far niente
O caro riposar!
Passar allegramente
I giorni senz' affar.
Oziosi sempre vivere,
E star di lieto cuor:
Buon vino sempre bere,
E coltivar l'amor.

2.

Ma molto più si sente
Squisito il placèr,
Pel dolce far niente
L' argento ricever!
O noi siamo nati
La gioia per gustar,
Dal pubblico pagati,
Niente affatto far.

The compact being thus completed, the party, with perfect unanimity, proceed to consider what new measures or devices can be introduced, for the purpose of being rejected in the usual manner, so as to amuse the Radicals, and at the same time secure "the present company" in office. On several points they are quite agreed, 1st, that that there shall be a committee to enquire whether the vote on the Church-Rates Bill was right or wrong, so as to gain time to consider what is to be its future fate. 2d, That they must forthwith issue another commission to enquire whether any of the former commissions have done any thing. 3d, That a bill shall be brought in for applying all non-existing surpluses to purposes of national utility. 4th, Another for promoting equality between the two religious parties in Ireland by giving the entire ascendancy to one of them. 5th, Another for building churches higher by means of removing the foundations. The hint of these plausible and ingenious schemes seems to us to be taken without acknowledgment from the occupations of the courtiers of Queen Whim, whom Pantagruel visited in his celebrated voyage in pursuit of the holy bottle.*

"I saw there," says Rabelais, "a

great number of the Queen's officers, who made blackamoors white as fast as hops, just rubbing their bellies with the bottom of a pannier." (This seems a parallel case to the celebrated white-washing operation performed on Whittle Harvey.)

"Others with three couples of foxes in one yoke ploughed a sandy shore, and did not lose their seed.

"Others stroked he-goats by the dugs, and saved their milk in a sieve, and much they got by it." (A clear case of Irish surplus!)

"Others built churches to jump over the steeples.

"Others set carts before the horses, and began to flay eels at the tail" (i. e. passed resolutions first, and then appointed a committee to enquire whether the resolutions should have been passed.)

"Others made a virtue out of necessity, and the best of a bad bargain, which seemed to me to be a very good piece of work." (Neither Pantagruel himself nor any one of Queen Whim's projectors understood this half so well as the present administration.)

"Others in a large grass plat measured exactly how far the fleas could go at a hop-step-and-jump, and told us that this was exceedingly useful for

* Rabelais, Book v. Chap. 23.

the ruling of kingdoms, the conduct of armies, and the administration of commonwealths; and that Socrates, who first brought philosophy out of heaven, used to spend half his philosophizing time in measuring the leaps of fleas, as Aristophanes the quint-essential affirms." Apparently these people were government commissioners, making up statistical returns.

"We heard," adds Rabelais, "that they did not think it a bit strange that two contradictions in mode, form, figure, and time should be true; though I'll warrant the sophists of Paris had rather be unchristened than own so much." The sophists of London, however, are not in the least disturbed by the scruples at which their Parisian predecessors startled:—witness Joseph Hume's celebrated undertaking to swear that black was white, or *vice versa*, as required.

"But we prattle something too wildly," and must not forget our modern dramatist in the old physician. These projects having been submitted with much approbation to the meeting, they determine to take

the proper steps for having them put into the most plausible shape for "the House"—when unfortunately the idea is started by Morpeth, that they have not yet received the sanction of O'Connell. A very uncomfortable sensation seems to pervade the assembly on the mention of this name; the Premier moves about uneasily, like Rudolph under the influence of Zamiel, and some half-suppressed murmurs of indignation are heard on the part of others of the company. But at this moment the door flies open; O'Connell enters with a grim smile, and pushing Melbourne from his stool, coolly seats himself in his place at the head of the table. All present stand up and make a low bow; while the band perform Weber's "Ruler of the Spirits." After a pause, O'Connell's countenance relaxes; he motions to the company to take their seats, gives his sanction to the different bills, the substance of which is explained to him by Lord John Russell, and helping himself to a bumper, he delivers the following address:

AIR,—*"Paddy Whack."*

(*Crossbones and Cleavers.*)

I sing of Old Erin, a theme worth your hearing;
Ye Downing Street drones who so richly regale;
Nor let your mirth *lade* ye to mock those who made ye,
For what had you been without me and my tail?
To office I've sped ye, I've fill'd and I've fed ye,
Nor ask'd my own share when you rifled the Mint;
To places and pensions I make no pretensions,
Content with my country's applause—and the *Rint*.

(CHORUS.)—*Singing, Paddy, my honey, come down with your money,
It's all agitation from bottom to top;
Your very last shilling, I know ye'll be willing,
To spend like a prince in O'Connell's own shop.*

Och, raly it's pleasant to see the poor peasant
Spontaneously forced to contribute his store;
A groat or a guinea, a pound or a penny,
I take all he has, if he has nothing more.
As to how he may raise it, provided he pays it,
The thought, I confess, does not bother me much;
Though the man that is dying sell the bed where he's lying,
The beggar his blanket, the cripple his crutch.

(CHORUS.)—*Then Paddy, my honey, come down with your money,
It's all agitation from bottom to top;
Your very last shilling, I know ye'll be willing,
To spend like a prince in O'Connell's own shop.*

But though you bleed freely, and pay me genteelly,
 I give you full value for all that I draw ;
 By word and example I've taught you to trample
 On quiet and industry, order and law.
 Discontent and suspicion, dissension, division,
 I've planted and rear'd as a patriot should :
 The storm I've been sowing I gladly see growing,
 For ill is the wind that blows nobody good.

(CHORUS.)—*Then Paddy, my honey, come down with your money, &c.*

From Emancipation to Appropriation,
 Some new botheration we've constantly tried,
 At present our trust is in clamours for " Justice,"
 I mean Irish justice—that's all on one side.
 Then Pat, at my fiat be ready to riot,
 As near treason's brink as you safely can steer,
 What good it will do ye—hereafter I'll shew ye,—
 To me 'twill be worth a few thousands a-year.

*So Paddy, my honey, while paying your money,
 Keep up Agitation from bottom to top,
 A nate insurrection, to help the Collection,
 Will ne'er come amiss to O'Connell's own shop.*

The assembly are evidently struck with the disinterested conduct of O'Connell, and all coldness or bad feeling is at an end. The personages join hands, and the piece concludes with the following

GRAND CHORUS.

AIR,—*" All hail to Masaniello."*

(*Sackbut, Psaltery, Dulcimer, and all kinds of Music.*)

All hail to Dan O'Connell,
 The master we obey :
 Who, quite content with his Irish Rent,
 To us leaves place and pay.
 In office he secures us,
 Of Quarter-day assures us :
 Then hail great Dan O'Connell,
 Still reign with gracious sway
 You're free to seize what power you please,
 But leave us place and pay !

[*After parading several times round the stage, O'CONNELL remaining seated, the Characters form pictures, and the curtain drops.*

REVOLT OF THE TARTARS; OR, FLIGHT OF THE KALMUCK KHAN AND HIS PEOPLE FROM THE RUSSIAN TERRITORIES TO THE FRONTIERS OF CHINA.

THERE is no great event in modern history, or perhaps it may be said more broadly, none in all history, from its earliest records, less generally known, or more striking to the imagination, than the flight eastwards of a principal Tartar nation across the boundless *steppes* of Asia in the latter half of the last century. The *terminus à quo* of this flight, and the *terminus ad quem*, are equally magnificent; the mightiest of Christian thrones being the one, the mightiest of Pagan the other. And the grandeur of these two terminal objects, is harmoniously supported by the romantic circumstances of the flight. In the abruptness of its commencement, and the fierce velocity of its execution, we read an expression of the wild barbaric character of the agents. In the unity of purpose connecting this myriad of wills, and in the blind but unerring aim at a mark so remote, there is something which recalls to the mind those Almighty instincts that propel the migrations of the swallow, or the life-withering marches of the locust. Then again, in the gloomy vengeance of Russia and her vast artillery, which hung upon the rear and the skirts of the fugitive vassals, we are reminded of Miltonic images—such, for instance, as that of the solitary hand pursuing through desert spaces and through ancient chaos a rebellious host, and overtaking with volleying thunders those who believed themselves already within the security of darkness and of distance.

We shall have occasion farther on to compare this event with other great national catastrophes as to the magnitude of the suffering. But it may also challenge a comparison with similar events under another relation, viz., as to its dramatic capabilities. Few cases, perhaps, in romance or history, can sustain a close collation with this as to the *complexity* of its separate interests. The great outline of the enterprise, taken in connexion with the operative motives, hidden or avowed, and the religious sanctions under which it was pursued, give to the case a triple character: 1st, That of a *conspiracy*, with as close a unity

in the incidents, and as much of a personal interest in the moving characters, with fine dramatic contrasts, as belongs to *Venice Preserved*, or to the *Fiesco* of Schiller. 2dly, That of a great *military expedition* offering the same romantic features of vast distances to be traversed, vast reverses to be sustained, untried routes, enemies obscurely ascertained, and hardships too vaguely prefigured, which mark the Egyptian expedition of Cambyses—the anabasis of the younger Cyrus, and the subsequent retreat of the ten thousand to the Black Sea—the Parthian expeditions of the Romans, especially those of Crassus and Julian—or (as more disastrous than any of them, and in point of space as well as in amount of forces, more extensive) the Russian anabasis and katabasis of Napoleon. 3dly, That of a religious *Exodus*, authorized by an oracle venerated throughout many nations of Asia, an Exodus, therefore, in so far resembling the great Scriptural Exodus of the Israelites, under Moses and Joshua, as well as in the very peculiar distinction of carrying along with them their entire families, women, children, slaves, their herds of cattle and of sheep, their horses and their camels.

This triple character of the enterprise naturally invests it with a more comprehensive interest. But the dramatic interest, which we ascribed to it, or its fitness for a stage representation, depends partly upon the marked variety and the strength of the personal agencies concerned, and partly upon the succession of scenical situations. Even the *steppes*, the camels, the tents, the snowy and the sandy deserts, are not beyond the scale of our modern representative powers, as often called into action in the theatres both of Paris and London; and the series of situations unfolded, beginning with the general conflagration on the Wolga—passing thence to the disastrous scenes of the flight (as it *literally* was in its commencement)—to the Tartar siege of the Russian fortress Koulagina—the bloody engagement with the Cossacks in the mountain passes at Ouchim—

the surprisal by the Bashkirs and the advanced posts of the Russian army at Torgau—the private conspiracy at this point against the Khan—the long succession of running fights—the parting massacres at the lake of Tengis under the eyes of the Chinese—and finally, the tragical retribution to Zebek Dorchi at the hunting-lodge of the Chinese emperor;—all these situations communicate a *scenical* animation to the wild romance, if treated dramatically; whilst a higher and a philosophic interest belongs to it as a case of authentic history, commemorating a great revolution for good and for evil, in the fortunes of a whole people—a people semi-barbarous, but simple-hearted, and of ancient descent.

On the 21st of January, 1781, the young Prince *Oubacha* assumed the sceptre of the Kalmucks upon the death of his father. Some part of the power attached to this dignity he had already wielded since his fourteenth year, in quality of Vice-Khan, by the express appointment, and with the avowed support of the Russian Government. He was now about eighteen years of age, amiable in his personal character, and not without titles to respect in his public character as a sovereign prince. In times more peaceable, and amongst a people more entirely civilized, or more humanized by religion, it is even probable that he might have discharged his high duties with considerable distinction. But his lot was thrown upon stormy times, and a most difficult crisis amongst tribes, whose native ferocity was exasperated by debasing forms of superstition, and by a nationality as well as an inflated conceit of their own merit absolutely unparalleled, whilst the circumstances of their hard and trying position under the jealous *surveillance* of an irresistible lord paramount, in the person of the Russian Czar, gave a fiercer edge to the natural unamiableness of the Kalmuck disposition, and irritated its gloomier qualities into action under the restless impulses of suspicion and permanent distrust. No prince could hope for a cordial allegiance from his subjects, or a peaceful reign under the circumstances of the case; for the lemma in which a Kalmuck ruler stood at present was of this nature; *neglecting* the sanction and support of

the Czar, he was inevitably too weak from without to command confidence from his subjects, or resistance to his competitors: on the other hand, *with* this kind of support, and deriving his title in any degree from the favour of the Imperial Court, he became almost in that extent an object of hatred at home, and within the whole compass of his own territory. He was at once an object of hatred for the past, being a living monument of national independence, ignominiously surrendered, and an object of jealousy for the future, as one who had already advertised himself to be a fitting tool for the ultimate purposes (whatsoever those might prove to be) of the Russian Court. Coming himself to the Kalmuck sceptre under the heaviest weight of prejudice from the unfortunate circumstances of his position, it might have been expected that *Oubacha* would have been pre-eminently an object of detestation; for besides his known dependence upon the Cabinet of St Petersburg, the direct line of succession had been set aside, and the principle of inheritance violently suspended, in favour of his own father, so recently as nineteen years before the era of his own accession, consequently within the lively remembrance of the existing generation. He therefore, almost equally with his father, stood within the full current of the national prejudices, and might have anticipated the most pointed hostility. But it was not so: such are the caprices in human affairs, that he was even, in a moderate sense, popular,—a benefit which wore the more cheering aspect, and the promises of permanence, inasmuch as he owed it exclusively to his personal qualities of kindness and affability, as well as to the beneficence of his government. On the other hand, to balance this unlooked-for prosperity at the outset of his reign, he met with a rival in popular favour—almost a competitor—in the person of *Zebek-Dorchi*, a prince with considerable pretensions to the throne, and, perhaps it might be said, with equal pretensions. *Zebek-Dorchi* was a direct descendant of the same royal house as himself, through a different branch. On public grounds, his claim stood, perhaps, on a footing equally good with that of *Oubacha*, whilst his personal qualities, even in those aspects which seemed to a philosophical observer most odious and repulsive, promised the most ef-

fectual aid to the dark purposes of an intriguer or a conspirator, and were generally fitted to win a popular support precisely in those points where *Oubacha* was most defective. He was much superior in external appearance to his rival on the throne, and so far better qualified to win the good opinion of a semi-barbarous people; whilst his dark intellectual qualities of Machiavellian dissimulation, profound hypocrisy, and perfidy which knew no touch of remorse, were admirably calculated to sustain any ground which he might win from the simple-hearted people with whom he had to deal—and from the frank carelessness of his unconscious competitor.

At the very outset of his treacherous career, *Zebek-Dorchi* was sagacious enough to perceive that nothing could be gained by open declaration of hostility to the reigning prince: the choice had been a deliberate act on the part of Russia, and Elizabeth Petrowna was not the person to recall her own favours with levity or upon slight grounds. Openly, therefore, to have declared his enmity towards his relative on the throne, could have had no effect but that of arming suspicions against his own ulterior purposes in a quarter where it was most essential to his interest that, for the present, all suspicion should be hoodwinked. Accordingly, after much meditation, the course he took for opening his snares was this:—He raised a rumour that his own life was in danger from the plots of several *Saissang* (that is, Kalmuck nobles), who were leagued together, under an oath, to assassinate him; and immediately after, assuming a well-counterfeited alarm, he fled to Tcherkask, followed by sixty-five tents. From this place he kept up a correspondence with the Imperial Court; and, by way of soliciting his cause more effectually, he soon repaired in person to St Petersburg. Once admitted to personal conferences with the Cabinet, he found no difficulty in winning over the Russian counsels to a concurrence with some of his political views, and thus covertly introducing the point of that wedge which was finally to accomplish his purposes. In particular, he persuaded the Russian Government to make a very important alteration in the constitution of the Kalmuck State Council, which in effect reorganized the whole political

condition of the state, and disturbed the balance of power as previously adjusted. Of this Council—in the Kalmuck language called *Sarga*—there were eight members, called *Sargatchi*; and hitherto it had been the custom that these eight members should be entirely subordinate to the Khan; holding, in fact, the ministerial character of secretaries and assistants, but in no respect ranking as co-ordinate authorities. That had produced some inconveniences in former reigns; and it was easy for *Zebek-Dorchi* to point the jealousy of the Russian Court to others more serious which might arise in future circumstances of war or other contingencies. It was resolved, therefore, to place the *Sargatchi* henceforward on a footing of perfect independence, and therefore (as regarded responsibility) on a footing of equality with the Khan. Their independence, however, had respect only to their own sovereign; for towards Russia they were placed in a new attitude of direct duty and accountability, by the creation in their favour of small pensions (300 roubles a-year), which, however, to a Kalmuck of that day were more considerable than might be supposed, and had a further value as marks of honorary distinction emanating from a great Empress. Thus far the purposes of *Zebek-Dorchi* were served effectually for the moment: but, apparently, it was only for the moment; since, in the further developement of his plots, this very dependency upon Russian influence would be the most serious obstacle in his way. There was, however, another point carried which outweighed all inferior considerations, as it gave him a power of setting aside discretionally whatsoever should arise to disturb his plots: he was himself appointed President and Controller of the *Sargatchi*. The Russian Court had been aware of his high pretensions by birth, and hoped by this promotion to satisfy the ambition which, in some degree, was acknowledged to be a reasonable passion for any man occupying his situation.

Having thus completely blindfolded the Cabinet of Russia, *Zebek-Dorchi* proceeded in his new character to fulfil his political mission with the Khan of the Kalmucks. So artfully did he prepare the road for his favourable reception at the court of this Prince,

that he was at once and universally welcomed as a public benefactor. The pensions of the counsellors were so much additional wealth poured into the Tartar exchequer; as to the ties of dependency thus created, experience had not yet enlightened these simple tribes as to that result. And that he himself should be the chief of these mercenary counsellors, was so far from being charged upon *Zebek* as any offence or any ground of suspicion, that his relative the Khan returned him hearty thanks for his services, under the belief that he could have accepted this appointment only with a view to keep out other and more unwelcome pretenders, who would not have had the same motives of consanguinity or friendship for executing its duties in a spirit of kindness to the Kalmucks. The first use which he made of his new functions about the Khan's person was to attack the Court of Russia, by a romantic villany not easy to be credited, for those very acts of interference with the council which he himself had prompted. This was a dangerous step: but it was indispensable to his further advance upon the gloomy path which he had traced out for himself. A triple vengeance was what he meditated—1. upon the Russian Cabinet for having undervalued his own pretensions to the throne—2. upon his amiable rival for having supplanted him—and 3. upon all those of the nobility who had manifested their sense of his weakness by their neglect, or their sense of his perfidious character by their suspicions. Here was a colossal outline of wickedness; and by one in his situation feeble (as it might seem) for the accomplishment of its humblest parts, how was the total edifice to be reared in its comprehensive grandeur? He, a worm as he was, could he venture to assail the mighty behemoth of Muscovy, the potentate who counted three hundred languages around the footsteps of his throne, and from whose "lion ramp" recoiled alike "baptized and infidel"—Christendom on the one side, strong by her intellect and her organization, and the "Barbaric East" on the other, with her unnumbered numbers? The match was a monstrous one; but in its very monstrosity there lay this germ of encouragement, that it could not be suspected. The very hopelessness of the scheme grounded his hope, and he re-

solved to execute a vengeance which should involve, as it were, in the unity of a well-laid tragic fable, all whom he judged to be his enemies. That vengeance lay in detaching from the Russian empire the whole Kalmuck nation, and breaking up that system of intercourse which had thus far been beneficial to both. This last was a consideration which moved him but little. True it was that Russia to the Kalmucks had secured lands and extensive pasturage; true it was that the Kalmucks reciprocally to Russia had furnished a powerful cavalry. But the latter loss would be part of his triumph, and the former might be more than compensated in other climates under other sovereigns. Here was a scheme which, in its final accomplishment, would avenge him bitterly on the Czarina, and in the course of its accomplishment might furnish him with ample occasions for removing his other enemies. It may be readily supposed indeed that he, who could deliberately raise his eyes to the Russian autocrat as an antagonist in single duel with himself, was not likely to feel much anxiety about Kalmuck enemies of whatever rank. He took his resolution, therefore, sternly and irrevocably to effect this astonishing translation of an ancient people across the pathless deserts of Central Asia, intersected continually by rapid rivers, rarely furnished with bridges, and of which the fords were known only to those who might think it for their interest to conceal them, through many nations inhospitable or hostile; frost and snow around them (from the necessity of commencing their flight in winter), famine in their front, and the sabre, or even the artillery of an offended and mighty empress, hanging upon their rear for thousands of miles. But what was to be their final mark, the port of shelter after so fearful a course of wandering? Two things were evident: it must be some power at a great distance from Russia, so as to make return even in that view hopeless; and it must be a power of sufficient rank to ensure them protection from any hostile efforts on the part of the Czarina for reclaiming them, or for chastising their revolt. Both conditions were united obviously in the person of Kien Long, the reigning Emperor of China, who was farther recommended to them by his respect

for the head of their religion. To China, therefore, and as their first rendezvous to the shadow of the great Chinese Wall, it was settled by Zebek that they should direct their flight.

Next came the question of time ; ~~when~~ should the flight commence :— and finally, the more delicate question as to the choice of accomplices. To extend the knowledge of the conspiracy too far, was to insure its betrayal to the Russian Government. Yet at some stage of the preparations it was evident that a very extensive confidence must be made, because in no other way could the mass of the Kalmuck population be persuaded to furnish their families with the requisite equipments for so long a migration. This critical step, however, it was resolved to defer up to the latest possible moment, and, at all events, to make no general communication on the subject until the time of departure should be definitively settled. In the meantime, Zebek admitted only three persons to his confidence ; of whom *Oubacha*, the reigning prince, was almost necessarily one ; but him, from his yielding and somewhat feeble character, he viewed rather in the light of a tool than as one of his active accomplices. Those whom (if any body) he admitted to an unreserved participation in his counsels, were two only, the great *Lama* among the Kalmucks, and his own father-in-law, *Erempel*, a ruling prince of some tribe in the neighbourhood of the Caspian sea, recommended to his favour not so much by any strength of talent corresponding to the occasion, as by his blind devotion to himself, and his passionate anxiety to promote the elevation of his daughter and his son-in-law to the throne of a sovereign prince. A titular prince *Zebek* already was ; but this dignity, without the substantial accompaniment of a sceptre, seemed but an empty sound to both of these ambitious rebels. The other accomplice, whose name was *Loosang-Dehaltzan*, and whose rank was that of *Lama*, or Kalmuck pontiff, was a person of far more distinguished pretensions ; he had something of the same gloomy and terrific pride which marked the character of Zebek himself, manifesting also the same energy, accompanied by the same unflinching cruelty, and a natural facility of dissimulation even more profound. It was

by this man that the other question was settled as to the time for giving effect to their designs. His own pontifical character had suggested to him, that in order to strengthen their influence with the vast mob of simple-minded men whom they were to lead into a howling wilderness, after persuading them to lay desolate their own ancient hearths, it was indispensable that they should be able, in cases of extremity, to plead the express sanction of God for their entire enterprise. This could only be done by addressing themselves to the great head of their religion, the *Dalai-Lama* of Tibet. Him they easily persuaded to countenance their schemes : and an oracle was delivered solemnly at Tibet, to the effect that no ultimate prosperity would attend this great Exodus unless it were pursued through the years of the *tiger* and the *hare*. Now, the Kalmuck custom is to distinguish their years by attaching to each a denomination taken from one of twelve animals, the exact order of succession being absolutely fixed, so that the cycle revolves of course through a period of a dozen years. Consequently, if the approaching year of the *tiger* were suffered to escape them, in that case the expedition must be delayed for twelve years more, within which period, even were no other unfavourable changes to arise, it was pretty well foreseen that the Russian Government would take the most effectual means for bridling their vagrant propensities by a ring fence of forts or military posts ; to say nothing of the still readier plan for securing their fidelity (a plan already talked of in all quarters), by exacting a large body of hostages selected from the families of the most influential nobles. On these cogent considerations, it was solemnly determined that this terrific experiment should be made in the next year of the *tiger*, which happened to fall upon the Christian year 1771. With respect to the month, there was, unhappily for the Kalmucks, even less latitude allowed to their choice than with respect to the year. It was absolutely necessary, or it was thought so, that the different divisions of the nation, which pastured their flocks on both banks of the *Volga*, should have the means of effecting an instantaneous junction ; because the danger of being intercepted by flying columns of the Imperial armies was

precisely the greatest at the outset. Now, from the want of bridges, or sufficient river craft for transporting so vast a body of men, the sole means which could be depended upon (especially where so many women, children, and camels were concerned), was *ice*: and this, in a state of sufficient firmness, could not be absolutely counted upon before the month of January. Hence it happened that this astonishing Exodus of a whole nation, before so much as a whisper of the design had begun to circulate amongst those whom it most interested, before it was even suspected that any man's wishes pointed in that direction, had been definitively appointed for January of the year 1771. And almost up to the Christmas of 1770, the poor simple Kalmuck herdsmen and their families were going nightly to their peaceful beds without even dreaming that the *fiat* had already gone forth from their rulers which consigned those quiet abodes, together with the peace and comfort which reigned within them, to a withering desolation, now close at hand.

Mean-time war raged on a great scale between Russia and the Sultan. And, until the time arrived for throwing off their vassalage, it was necessary that *Oubacha* should contribute his usual contingent of martial aid. Nay, it had unfortunately become prudent that he should contribute much more than his usual aid. Human experience gives ample evidence that in some mysterious and unaccountable way no great design is ever agitated, no matter how few or how faithful may be the participators, but that some presentiment—some dim misgiving—is kindled amongst those whom it is chiefly important to blind. And, however it might have happened, certain it is, that already, when as yet no syllable of the conspiracy had been breathed to any man whose very existence was not staked upon its concealment, nevertheless, some vague and uneasy jealousy had arisen in the Russian Cabinet as to the future schemes of the Kalmuck Khan: and very probable it is—that, but for the war then raging, and the consequent prudence of conciliating a very important vassal, or, at least, of abstaining from what would powerfully alienate him, even at that moment such measures would have been adopted as must

for ever have intercepted the Kalmuck schemes. Slight as were the jealousies of the Imperial Court, they had not escaped the Machiavelian eyes of Zebek and the Lama. And under their guidance, *Oubacha*, bending to the circumstances of the moment, and meeting the jealousy of the Russian Court with a policy corresponding to their own, strove by unusual zeal to efface the Czarina's unfavourable impressions. He enlarged the scale of his contributions; and *that* so prodigiously, that he absolutely carried to headquarters a force of 35,000 cavalry fully equipped; some go further, and rate the amount beyond 40,000: but the smaller estimate is, at all events, *within* the truth.

With this magnificent array of cavalry, heavy as well as light, the Khan went into the field under great expectations; and these he more than realized. Having the good fortune to be concerned with so ill-organized and disorderly a description of force as that which at all times composed the bulk of a Turkish army, he carried victory along with his banners; gained many partial successes; and at last, in a pitched battle, overthrew the Turkish force opposed to him with a loss of 5000 men left upon the field.

These splendid achievements seemed likely to operate in various ways against the impending revolt. *Oubacha* had now a strong motive, in the martial glory acquired, for continuing his connexion with the empire in whose service he had won it, and by whom only it could be fully appreciated. He was now a great marshal of a great empire, one of the Paladins around the imperial throne; in China he would be nobody, or (worse than that) a mendicant-alien, prostrate at the feet, and soliciting the precarious alms of a prince with whom he had no connexion. Besides, it might reasonably be expected that the Czarina, grateful for the really efficient aid given by the Tartar prince, would confer upon him such eminent rewards as might be sufficient to anchor his hopes upon Russia, and to wean him from every possible seduction. These were the obvious suggestions of prudence and good sense to every man who stood neutral in the case. But they were disappointed. The Czarina knew her obligations to the Khan, but she did not acknowledge them. Wherefore? That is a mystery, perhaps

never to be explained. So it was, however. The Khan went unhonoured; no *ukase* ever proclaimed his merits; and, perhaps, had he even been abundantly recompensed by Russia, there were others who would have defeated these tendencies to reconciliation. Erempel, Zebek, and Loosang the Lama, were pledged life-deep to prevent any accommodation; and their efforts were unfortunately seconded by those of their deadliest enemies. In the Russian Court there were at that time some great nobles pre-occupied with feelings of hatred and blind malice towards the Kalmucks, quite as strong as any which the Kalmucks could harbour towards Russia, and not, perhaps, so well-founded. Just as much as the Kalmucks hated the Russian yoke, their galling assumption of authority, the marked air of disdain, as towards a nation of ugly, stupid, and filthy barbarians, which too generally marked the Russian bearing and language; but above all, the insolent contempt, or even outrages which the Russian governors or great military commandants tolerated in their followers towards the barbarous religion and superstitious mummeries of the Kalmuck priesthood—precisely in that extent did the ferocity of the Russian resentment, and their wrath at seeing the trampled worm turn or attempt a feeble retaliation, re-act upon the unfortunate Kalmucks. At this crisis it is probable that envy and wounded pride, upon witnessing the splendid victories of Oubacha and Momotbacha over the Turks and Bashkirs, contributed strength to the Russian irritation. And it must have been through the intrigues of those nobles about her person, who chiefly smarted under these feelings, that the Czarina could ever have lent herself to the unwise and ungrateful policy pursued at this critical period towards the Kalmuck Khan. That Czarina was no longer Elizabeth Petrowna, it was Catherine the Second—a princess who did not often err so injuriously (injuriously for herself as much as for others) in the measures of her government. She had soon ample reason for repenting of her false policy. Mean-time, how much it must have co-operated with the other motives previously acting upon Oubacha in sustaining his determination to revolt; and how powerfully it must have

assisted the efforts of all the Tartar chieftains in preparing the minds of their people to feel the necessity of this difficult enterprise, by arming their pride and their suspicions against the Russian Government, through the keenness of their sympathy with the wrongs of their insulted prince, may be readily imagined. It is a fact, and it has been confessed by candid Russians themselves, when treating of this great dismemberment, that the conduct of the Russian Cabinet throughout the period of suspense and during the crisis of hesitation in the Kalmuck Council, was exactly such as was most desirable for the purposes of the conspirators; it was such, in fact, as to set the seal to all their machinations, by supplying distinct evidences and official vouchers for what could otherwise have been at the most matters of doubtful suspicion and indirect presumption.

Nevertheless, in the face of all these arguments, and even allowing their weight so far as not at all to deny the injustice or the impolicy of the Imperial Ministers, it is contended by many persons who have reviewed the affair with a command of all the documents bearing on the case, more especially the letters or minutes of Council subsequently discovered, in the handwriting of *Zebek-Dorchi*, and the important evidence of the Russian captive Weseloff, who was carried off by the Kalmucks in their flight, that beyond all doubt *Oubacha* was powerless for any purpose of impeding or even of delaying the revolt. He himself, indeed, was under religious obligations of the most terrific solemnity never to flinch from the enterprise, or even to slacken in his zeal: for *Zebek-Dorchi*, distrusting the firmness of his resolution under any unusual pressure of alarm or difficulty, had, in the very earliest stage of the conspiracy, availed himself of the Khan's well-known superstition to engage him, by means of previous concert with the priests and their head the Lama, in some dark and mysterious rites of consecration, terminating in oaths under such terrific sanctions as no Kalmuck would have courage to violate. As far, therefore, as regarded the personal share of the Khan in what was to come, *Zebek* was entirely at his ease: he knew him to be so deeply pledged by religious terrors to the

prosecution of the conspiracy, that no honours within the Czarina's gift could have possibly shaken his adhesion: and then, as to threats from the same quarter, he knew him to be sealed against those fears by others of a gloomier character, and better adapted to his peculiar temperament. For *Oubacha* was a brave man as respected all bodily enemies or the dangers of human warfare, but was as sensitive and as timid as the most superstitious of old women in facing the frowns of a priest, or under the vague anticipations of ghostly retributions. But, had it been otherwise, and had there been any reason to apprehend an unsteady demeanour on the part of this Prince at the approach of the critical moment, such were the changes already effected in the state of their domestic politics amongst the Tartars by the undermining arts of *Zebek-Dorchi* and his ally the Lama, that very little importance would have attached to that doubt. All power was now effectually lodged in the hands of *Zebek-Dorchi*. He was the true and absolute wielder of the Kalmuck sceptre: all measures of importance were submitted to his discretion: and nothing was finally resolved but under his dictation. This result he had brought about in a year or two by means sufficiently simple; first of all by availing himself of the prejudice in his favour, so largely diffused amongst the lowest of the Kalmucks, that his own title to the throne, in quality of great grandson in a direct line from *Ajouka* the most illustrious of all the Kalmuck Khans, stood upon a better basis than that of *Oubacha*, who derived from a collateral branch: secondly, with respect to that sole advantage which *Oubacha* possessed above himself in the ratification of his title, by improving this difference between their situations to the disadvantage of his competitor, as one who had not scrupled to accept that triumph from an alien power at the price of his independence, which he himself (as he would have it understood) disdained to court: thirdly, by his own talents and address, coupled with the ferocious energy of his moral character: fourthly—and perhaps in an equal degree,—by the criminal facility and good-nature of *Oubacha*: finally (which is remarkable enough, as illustrating the character of the man), by that very new mo-

delling of the *Sarga* or *Privy Council* which he had used as a principal topic of abuse and malicious insinuation against the Russian Government, whilst in reality he first had suggested the alteration to the Empress, and he chiefly appropriated the political advantages which it was fitted to yield. For, as he was himself appointed the chief of the *Sargatchi*, and as the pensions to the inferior *Sargatchi* passed through his hands, whilst in effect they owed their appointments to his nomination—it may be easily supposed that whatever power existed in the state capable of controlling the Khan, being held by the *Sarga* under its new organization, and this body being completely under his influence, the final result was to throw all the functions of the state, whether nominally in the Prince or in the Council, substantially into the hands of this one man: whilst, at the same time, from the strict league which he maintained with the Lama, all the thunders of the spiritual power were always ready to come in aid of the magistrate, or to supply his incapacity in cases which he could not reach.

But the time was now rapidly approaching for the mighty experiment. The day was drawing near on which the signal was to be given for raising the standard of revolt, and by a combined movement on both sides of the *Wolga* for spreading the smoke of one vast conflagration, that should wrap in a common blaze their own huts and the stately cities of their enemies, over the breadth and length of those great provinces in which their flocks were dispersed. The year of the *tiger* was now within one little month of its commencement; the fifth morning of that year was fixed for the fatal day when the fortunes and happiness of a whole nation were to be put upon the hazard of a dicer's throw; and as yet that nation was in profound ignorance of the whole plan. The Khan, such was the kindness of his nature, could not bring himself to make the revelation so urgently required. It was clear, however, that this could not be delayed; and *Zebek-Dorchi* took the task willingly upon himself. But where or how should this notification be made, so as to exclude Russian hearers? After some deliberation, the following plan was adopted:—Couriers, it was contrived, should arrive in fu-

rious haste, one upon the heels of another, reporting a sudden inroad of the Kirghises and Bashkirs upon the Kalmuck lands, at a point distant about 120 miles. Thither all the Kalmuck families, according to immemorial custom, were required to send a separate representative; and there accordingly, within three days, all appeared. The distance, the solitary ground appointed for the rendezvous, the rapidity of the march, all tended to make it almost certain that no Russian could be present. *Zebek-Dorchi* then came forward. He did not waste many words upon rhetoric. He unfurled an immense sheet of parchment, visible from the uttermost distance at which any of this vast crowd could stand; the total number amounted to 80,000; all saw, and many heard. They were told of the oppressions of Russia; of her pride and haughty disdain evidenced towards them by a thousand acts; of her contempt for their religion; of her determination to reduce them to absolute slavery; of the preliminary measures she had already taken by erecting forts upon many of the great rivers in their neighbourhood; of the ulterior intentions she thus announced to circumscribe their pastoral lands, until they would all be obliged to renounce their flocks, and to collect in towns like Sarepta, there to pursue mechanical and servile trades of shoemaker, tailor, and weaver, such as the freeborn Tartar had always disdained. "Then again," said the subtle prince, "she increases her military levies upon our population every year; we pour out our blood as young men in her defence, or more often in support of her insolent aggressions; and as old men, we reap nothing from our sufferings, nor benefit by our survivorship where so many are sacrificed." At this point of his harangue, *Zebek* produced several papers (forged, as it is generally believed, by himself and the Lama), containing projects of the Russian court for a general transfer of the eldest sons, taken *en masse* from the greatest Kalmuck families, to the Imperial court. "Now let this be once accomplished," he argued, "and there is an end of all useful resistance from that day forwards. Petitions we might make, or even remonstrances; as men of words we might play a bold part; but for deeds, for that sort of language

by which our ancestors were used to speak—holding us by such a chain, Russia would make a jest of our wishes, knowing full well that we should not dare to make any effectual movement."

Having thus sufficiently roused the angry passions of his vast audience, and having alarmed their fears by this pretended scheme against their first-born (an artifice which was indispensable to his purpose, because it met beforehand every form of amendment to his proposal coming from the more moderate nobles, who would not otherwise have failed to insist upon trying the effect of bold addresses to the Empress, before resorting to any desperate extremity), *Zebek-Dorchi* opened his scheme of revolt, and, if so, of instant revolt; since any preparations reported at St Petersburg would be a signal for the armies of Russia to cross into such positions from all parts of Asia as would effectually intercept their march. It is remarkable, however, that, with all his audacity and his reliance upon the momentary excitement of the Kalmucks, the subtle prince did not venture, at this stage of his seduction, to make so startling a proposal as that of a flight to China. All that he held out for the present was a rapid march to the Temba or some other great river, which they were to cross, and to take up a strong position on the further bank, from which, as from a post of conscious security, they could hold a bolder language to the Czarina, and one which would have a better chance of winning a favourable audience.

These things, in the irritated condition of the simple Tartars, passed by acclamation; and all returned homewards to push forward with the most furious speed the preparations for their awful undertaking. Rapid and energetic these of necessity were; and in that degree they became noticeable and manifest to the Russians who happened to be intermingled with the different hordes either on commercial errands, or as agents officially from the Russian Government, some in a financial, others in a diplomatic character.

Amongst these last (indeed at the head of them) was a Russian of some distinction, by name Kichinskoi, a man memorable for his vanity, and memorable also as one of the many victims to the Tartar revolution. This

Kichinskoi had been sent by the Empress as her envoy to overlook the conduct of the Kalmucks; he was styled the *Grand Pristaw*, or Great Commissioner, and was universally known amongst the Tartar tribes by this title. His mixed character of ambassador and of political *surveillant*, combined with the dependent state of the Kalmucks, gave him a real weight in the Tartar councils, and might have given him a far greater, had not his outrageous self-conceit, and his arrogant confidence in his own authority as due chiefly to his personal qualities for command, led him into such harsh displays of power, and menaces so odious to the Tartar pride, as very soon made him an object of their profoundest malice. He had publicly insulted the Khan; and upon making a communication to him to the effect that some reports began to circulate, and even to reach the Empress, of a design in agitation to fly from the Imperial dominions, he had ventured to say, "But this you dare not attempt; I laugh at such rumours; yes, Khan, I laugh at them to the Empress; for you are a chained bear, and that you know." The Khan turned away on his heel with marked disdain; and the Pristaw, foaming at the mouth, continued to utter, amongst those of the Khan's attendants who staid behind, to catch his real sentiments in a moment of unguarded passion, all that the blindest frenzy of rage could suggest to the most presumptuous of fools. It was now ascertained that suspicions *had* arisen; but at the same time it was ascertained that the Pristaw spoke no more than the truth in representing himself to have discredited these suspicions. The fact was, that the mere infatuation of vanity made him believe that nothing could go on undetected by his all-piercing sagacity, and that no rebellion could prosper when rebuked by his commanding presence. The Tartars, therefore, pursued their preparations, confiding in the obstinate blindness of the Grand Pristaw as in their perfect safeguard; and such it proved—to his own ruin as well as that of myriads beside.

Christmas arrived; and, a little before that time, courier upon courier came dropping in, one upon the very heels of another, to St Petersburg, assuring the Czarina that beyond all doubt the Kalmucks were in the very crisis of departure. These despatch-

es came from the Governor of Astrachan, and copies were instantly forwarded to Kichinskoi. Now, it happened, that between this governor—a Russian named Beketoff—and the Pristaw had been an ancient feud. The very name of Beketoff inflamed his resentment; and no sooner did he see that hated name attached to the despatch than he felt himself confirmed in his former views with tenfold bigotry, and wrote instantly, in terms of the most pointed ridicule, against the new alarmist, pledging his own head upon the visionariness of his alarms. Beketoff, however, was not to be put down by a few hard words, or by ridicule: he persisted in his statements; the Russian Ministry were confounded by the obstinacy of the disputants; and some were beginning even to treat the Governor of Astrachan as a bore, and as the dupe of his own nervous terrors, when the memorable day arrived, the fatal 5th of January, which for ever terminated the dispute, and put a seal upon the earthly hopes and fortunes of unnumbered myriads. The Governor of Astrachan was the first to hear the news. Stung by the mixed furies of jealousy, of triumphant vengeance, and of anxious ambition, he sprang into his sledge, and, at the rate of 300 miles a-day, pursued his route to St Petersburg,—rushed into the Imperial presence,—announced the total realization of his worst predictions,—and upon the confirmation of this intelligence by subsequent despatches from many different posts on the Wolga, he received an imperial commission to seize the person of his deluded enemy, and to keep him in strict captivity. These orders were eagerly fulfilled, and the unfortunate Kichinskoi soon afterwards expired of grief and mortification in the gloomy solitude of a dungeon—a victim to his own immeasurable vanity, and the blinding self-delusions of a presumption that refused all warning.

The Governor of Astrachan had been but too faithful a prophet. Perhaps even *he* was surprised at the suddenness with which the verification followed his reports. Precisely on the 5th of January, the day so solemnly appointed under religious sanctions by the Lama, the Kalmuck on the east bank of the Wolga were seen at the earliest dawn of day assembling by troops and squadrons.

and in the tumultuous movement of some great morning of battle. Tens of thousands continued moving off the ground at every half-hour's interval. Women and children, to the amount of two hundred thousand and upwards, were placed upon waggons, or upon camels, and drew off by masses of twenty thousand at once—placed under suitable escorts, and continually swelled in numbers by other outlying bodies of the horde who kept falling in at various distances upon the first and second day's march. From sixty to eighty thousand of those who were the best mounted staid behind the rest of the tribes, with purposes of devastation and plunder more violent than prudence justified, or the amiable character of the Khan could be supposed to approve. But in this, as in other instances, he was completely overruled by the malignant counsels of Zebek-Dorché. The first tempest of the desolating fury of the Tartars discharged itself upon their own habitations. But this, as cutting off all infirm looking backward from the hardships of their march, had been thought so necessary a measure by all the chieftains, that even Oubacha himself was the first to authorize the act by his own example. He seized a torch previously prepared with materials the most durable as well as combustible, and steadily applied it to the timbers of his own palace. Nothing was saved from the general wreck except the portable part of the domestic utensils, and that part of the wood-work which could be applied to the manufacture of the long Tartar lances. This chapter in their memorable day's work being finished, and the whole of their villages throughout a district of ten thousand square miles in one simultaneous blaze, the Tartars waited for further orders.

These, it was intended, should have taken a character of valedictory vengeance, and thus have left behind to the Czarina a dreadful commentary upon the main motives of their flight. It was the purpose of Zebek-Dorché that all the Russian towns, churches, and buildings of every description should be given up to pillage and destruction, and such treatment applied to the defenceless inhabitants as might naturally be expected from a fierce people already infuriated by the spectacle of their own outrages, and

by the bloody retaliations which they must necessarily have provoked. This part of the tragedy, however, was happily intercepted by a providential disappointment at the very crisis of departure. It has been mentioned already that the motive for selecting the depth of winter as the season of flight (which otherwise was obviously the very worst possible) had been the impossibility of effecting a junction sufficiently rapid with the tribes on the west of the Wolga, in the absence of bridges, unless by a natural bridge of ice. For this one advantage the Kalmuck leaders had consented to aggravate by a thousandfold the calamities inevitable to a rapid flight over boundless tracts of country with women, children, and herds of cattle—for this one single advantage; and yet, after all, it was lost. The reason never has been explained satisfactorily, but the fact was such. Some have said that the signals were not properly concerted for marking the moment of absolute departure; that is, for signifying whether the settled intention of the Eastern Kalmucks might not have been suddenly interrupted by adverse intelligence. Others have supposed that the ice might not be equally strong on both sides of the river, and might even be generally insecure for the treading of heavy and heavily-laden animals such as camels. But the prevailing notion is, that some accidental movements on the 3d and 4th of January of Russian troops in the neighbourhood of the Western Kalmucks, though really having no reference to them or their plans, had been construed into certain signs that all was discovered; and that the prudence of the Western chieftains, who, from situation, had never been exposed to those intrigues by which Zebek-Dorché had practised upon the pride of the Eastern tribes, now stepped in to save their people from ruin. Be the cause what it might, it is certain that the Western Kalmucks were in some way prevented from forming the intended junction with their brethren of the opposite bank; and the result was, that at least one hundred thousand of these Tartars were left behind in Russia. This accident it was which saved their Russian neighbours universally from the desolation which else awaited them. One general massacre and conflagration would assuredly have

surprised them, to the utter extermination of their property, their houses, and themselves, had it not been for this disappointment. But the Eastern chieftains did not dare to put to hazard the safety of their brethren under the first impulse of the Czarina's vengeance for so dreadful a tragedy; for as they were well aware of too many circumstances by which she might discover the concurrence of the Western people in the general scheme of revolt, they justly feared that she would thence infer their concurrence also in the bloody events which marked its outset.

Little did the Western Kalmucks guess what reasons they also had for gratitude on account of an interposition so unexpected, and which at the moment they so generally deplored. Could they but have witnessed the thousandth part of the sufferings which overtook their Eastern brethren in the first month of their sad flight, they would have blessed Heaven for their own narrow escape; and yet these sufferings of the first month were but a prelude or foretaste comparatively slight of those which afterwards succeeded.

For now began to unroll the most awful series of calamities, and the most extensive, which is any where recorded to have visited the sons and daughters of men. It is possible that the sudden inroads of destroying nations, such as the Huns, or the Avars, or the Mongol Tartars, may have inflicted misery as extensive; but there the misery and the desolation would be sudden—like the flight of volleying lightning. Those who were spared at first would generally be spared to the end; those who perished would perish instantly. It is possible that the French retreat from Moscow may have made some nearer approach to this calamity in duration, though still a feeble and miniature approach; for the French sufferings did not commence in good earnest until about one month from the time of leaving Moscow; and though it is true that afterwards the vials of wrath were emptied upon the devoted army for six or seven weeks in succession, yet what is

that to this Kalmuck tragedy, which lasted for more than as many months? But the main feature of horror, by which the Tartar march was distinguished from the French, lies in the accompaniment of women* and children. There were both, it is true, with the French army, but so few as to bear no visible proportion to the total numbers concerned. The French, in short, were merely an army—a host of professional destroyers, whose regular trade was bloodshed, and whose regular element was danger and suffering. But the Tartars were a nation carrying along with them more than two hundred and fifty thousand women and children, utterly unequal, for the most part, to any contest with the calamities before them. The Children of Israel were in the same circumstances as to the accompaniment of their families; but they were released from the pursuit of their enemies in a very early stage of their flight; and their subsequent residence in the Desert was not a march, but a continued halt, and under a continued interposition of Heaven for their comfortable support. Earthquakes, again, however comprehensive in their ravages, are shocks of a moment's duration. A much nearer approach made to the wide range and the long duration of the Kalmuck tragedy may have been in a pestilence such as that which visited Athens in the Peloponnesian war, or London in the reign of Charles II. There also the martyrs were counted by myriads, and the period of the desolation was counted by months. But, after all, the total amount of destruction was on a smaller scale; and there was this feature of alleviation to the *conscious* pressure of the calamity—that the misery was withdrawn from public notice into private chambers and hospitals. The siege of Jerusalem by Vespasian and his son, taken in its entire circumstances, comes nearest of all—for breadth and depth of suffering, for duration, for the exasperation of the suffering from without by internal feuds, and, finally, for that last most appalling expression of the furnace-heat of the anguish in its

* Singular it is, and not generally known, that Grecian women accompanied the *Anabasis* of the younger Cyrus and the subsequent Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Xenophon affirms that there were "many" women in the Greek army—*πολλὰς γυναικας*; and in a late stage of that trying expedition it is evident that women were amongst the survivors.

power to extinguish the natural affections even of maternal love. But, after all, each case had circumstances of romantic misery peculiar to itself—circumstances without precedent, and wherever human nature is ennobled by (Christianity) it may be confidently hoped—never to be repeated.

The first point to be reached, before any hope of repose could be encouraged, was the river Jaik. This was not above 300 miles from the main point of departure on the Wolga; and if the march thither was to be a forced one, and a severe one, it was alleged on the other hand that the suffering would be the more brief and transient; one summary exertion, not to be repeated, and all was achieved. Forced the march was, and severe beyond example: there the forewarning proved correct; but the promised rest proved a mere phantom of the wilderness—a visionary rainbow, which fled before their hope-sick eyes, across these interminable solitudes, for seven months of hardship and calamity, without a pause. These sufferings, by their very nature, and the circumstances under which they arose, were (like the scenery of the *Steppes*) somewhat monotonous in their colouring and external features: what variety, however, there was, will be most naturally exhibited by tracing historically the successive stages of the general misery, exactly as it unfolded itself under the double agency of weakness still increasing from within, and hostile pressure from without. Viewed in this manner, under the real order of development, it is remarkable that these sufferings of the Tartars, though under the moulding hands of accident, arrange themselves almost with a scenical propriety. They seem combined, as with the skill of an artist; the intensity of the misery advancing regularly with the advances of the march, and the stages of the calamity corresponding to the stages of the route; so that, upon raising the curtain which veils the great catastrophe, we behold one vast climax of anguish, towering upwards by regular gradations, as if constructed artificially for picturesque effect:—a result which might not have been surprising had it been reasonable to anticipate the same rate of speed, and even an accelerated rate, as prevailing through the later stages of the expedition. But it seemed, on the contrary, most reasonable to calculate upon a continual decrement in the

rate of motion according to the increasing distance from the headquarters of the pursuing enemy. This calculation, however, was defeated by the extraordinary circumstance, that the Russian armies did not begin to close in very fiercely upon the Kalmucks until after they had accomplished a distance of full 2000 miles: 1000 miles further on the assaults became even more tumultuous and murderous: and already the great shadows of the Chinese Wall were dimly descried, when the frenzy and *acharnement* of the pursuers, and the bloody desperation of the miserable fugitives had reached its uttermost extremity. Let us briefly rehearse the main stages of the misery, and trace the ascending steps of the tragedy, according to the great divisions of the route marked out by the central rivers of Asia.

The first stage, we have already said, was from the Wolga to the Jaik; the distance about 300 miles; the time allowed seven days. For the first week, therefore, the rate of marching averaged about 43 English miles a-day. The weather was cold, but bracing; and, at a more moderate pace, this part of the journey might have been accomplished without much distress by a people as hardy as the Kalmucks: as it was, the cattle suffered greatly from overdriving: milk began to fail even for the children: the sheep perished by wholesale: and the children themselves were saved only by the innumerable camels.

The Cossacks, who dwelt upon the banks of the Jaik, were the first among the subjects of Russia to come into collision with the Kalmucks. Great was their surprise at the suddenness of the irruption, and great also their consternation: for, according to their settled custom, by far the greater part of their number was absent during the winter months at the fisheries upon the Caspian. Some who were liable to surprise at the most exposed points, fled in crowds to the fortress of Koulagina, which was immediately invested, and summoned by Oubacha. He had, however, in his train only a few light pieces of artillery; and the Russian commandant at Koulagina, being aware of the hurried circumstances in which the Khan was placed, and that he stood upon the very edge, as it were, of a renewed flight, felt encouraged by these considerations to a more obstinate resistance than might

else have been advisable, with an enemy so little disposed to observe the usages of civilized warfare. The period of his anxiety was not long : on the fifth day of the siege, he desisted from the walls a succession of Tartar couriers, mounted upon fleet Bactrian camels, crossing the vast plains around the fortress at a furious pace, and riding into the Kalmuck encampment at various points. Great agitation appeared immediately to follow : orders were soon after despatched in all directions : and it became speedily known that upon a distant flank of the Kalmuck movement a bloody and exterminating battle had been fought the day before, in which one entire tribe of the Khan's dependents, numbering not less than 9000 fighting men, had perished to the last man. This was the *ouloss*, or clan, called *Feka-Zechorr*, between whom and the Cossacks there was a feud of ancient standing. In selecting, therefore, the points of attack, on occasion of the present hasty inroad, the Cossack chiefs were naturally eager so to direct their efforts as to combine with the service of the Empress some gratification to their own party hatreds : more especially as the present was likely to be their final opportunity for revenge if the Kalmuck evasion should prosper. Having, therefore, concentrated as large a body of Cossack cavalry as circumstances allowed, they attacked the hostile *ouloss* with a precipitation which denied to it all means for communicating with *Oubacha* ; for the necessity of commanding an ample range of pasturage, to meet the necessities of their vast flocks and herds, had separated this *ouloss* from the Khan's headquarters by an interval of 80 miles : and thus it was, and not from oversight, that it came to be thrown entirely upon its own resources. These had proved insufficient : retreat, from the exhausted state of their horses and camels, no less than from the prodigious encumbrances of their live stock, was absolutely out of the question : quarter was disdained on the one side, and would not have been granted on the other : and thus it had happened that the setting sun of that one day (the 13th from the first opening of the revolt) threw his parting rays upon the final agonies of an ancient *ouloss*, stretched upon a bloody field, who on that day's dawning had held and styled themselves an independent nation.

Universal consternation was diffused through the wide borders of the Khan's encampment by this disastrous intelligence ; not so much on account of the numbers slain, or the total extinction of a powerful ally, as because the position of the Cossack force was likely to put to hazard the future advances of the Kalmucks, or at least to retard, and hold them in check, until the heavier columns of the Russian army should arrive upon their flanks. The siege of Koulagina was instantly raised ; and that signal, so fatal to the happiness of the women and their children, once again resounded through the tents—the signal for flight, and this time for a flight more rapid than ever. About 150 miles ahead of their present position, there arose a tract of hilly country, forming a sort of margin to the vast sea-like expanse of champaign savannahs, steppes, and occasionally of sandy deserts, which stretched away on each side of this margin both eastwards and westwards. Pretty nearly in the centre of this hilly range lay a narrow defile, through which passed the nearest and the most practicable route to the river Torgai (the further bank of which river offered the next great station of security for a general halt). It was the more essential to gain this pass before the Cossacks, inasmuch as not only would the delay in forcing the pass give time to the Russian pursuing columns for combining their attacks and for bringing up their artillery, but also because (even if all enemies in pursuit were thrown out of the question) it was held by those best acquainted with the difficult and obscure geography of these pathless *steppes*—that the loss of this one narrow strait amongst the hills would have the effect of throwing them (as their only alternative in a case where so wide a sweep of pasturage was required) upon a circuit of at least 500 miles extra ; besides that, after all, this circuitous route would carry them to the Torgai at a point ill fitted for the passage of their heavy baggage. The defile in the hills, therefore, it was resolved to gain : and yet, unless they moved upon it with the velocity of light cavalry, there was little chance but it would be found pre-occupied by the Cossacks. They, it is true, had suffered greatly in the recent sanguinary action with their enemies : but the excitement of victory, and the intense sympathy with their

unexampled triumph, had again swelled their ranks—and would probably act with the force of a vortex to draw in their simple countrymen from the Caspian. The question, therefore, of pre-occupation was reduced to a race. The Cossacks were marching upon an oblique line not above 50 miles longer than that which led to the same point from the Kalmuck headquarters before Koulgina: and therefore without the most furious haste on the part of the Kalmucks, there was not a chance for them, burdened and “trashed” as they were, to anticipate so agile a light cavalry as the Cossacks in seizing this important pass.

Dreadful were the feelings of the poor women on hearing this exposition of the case. For they easily understood that too capital an interest (the *summa rerum*) was now at stake to allow of any regard to minor interests, or what would be considered such in their present circumstances. The dreadful week already passed,—their inauguration in misery,—was yet fresh in their remembrance. The scars of suffering were impressed not only upon their memories, but upon their very persons and the persons of their children. And they knew that where no speed had much chance of meeting the cravings of the chieftains, no test would be accepted, short of absolute exhaustion, that as much had been accomplished as could be accomplished. Wesloff, the Russian captive, has recorded the silent wretchedness with which the women and elder boys assisted in drawing the tent-ropes. On the 5th of January all had been animation, and the joyousness of indefinite expectation: now, on the contrary, a brief but bitter experience had taught them to take an amended calculation of what it was that lay before them.

One whole day and far into the succeeding night had the renewed flight continued: the sufferings had been greater than before: for the cold had been more intense: and many perished out of the living creatures through every class, except only the camels—whose powers of endurance seemed equally adapted to cold and to heat. The second morning, however, brought an

alleviation to the distress. Snow had begun to fall: and though not deep at present, it was easily foreseen that it soon would be so; and that, as a halt would in that case become unavoidable, no plan could be better than that of staying where they were: especially as the same cause would check the advance of the Cossacks. Here then was the last interval of comfort which gleamed upon the unhappy nation during their whole migration. For ten days the snow continued to fall with little intermission. At the end of that time keen bright frosty weather succeeded: the drifting had ceased: in three days the smooth expanse became firm enough to support the treading of the camels: and the flight was recommenced. But during the halt much domestic comfort had been enjoyed; and for the last time universal plenty. The cows and oxen had perished in such vast numbers on the previous marches, that an order was now issued to turn what remained to account by slaughtering the whole, and salting whatever part should be found to exceed the immediate consumption. This measure led to a scene of general banqueting and even of festivity amongst all who were not incapacitated for joyous emotions by distress of mind, by grief for the unhappy experience of the few last days, and by anxiety for the too gloomy future. Seventy thousand persons of all ages had already perished; exclusively of the many thousand allies who had been cut down by the Cossack sabre. And the losses in reversion were likely to be many more. For rumours began now to arrive from all quarters, by the mounted couriers whom the Khan had despatched to the rear and to each flank as well as in advance, that large masses of the Imperial troops were converging from all parts of Central Asia to the fords of the river Torgai as the most convenient point for intercepting the flying tribes: and it was already well known that a powerful division was close in their rear, and was retarded only by the numerous artillery which had been judged necessary to support their operations. New motives were thus daily arising for quickening the motions of

“Trashed.”—This is an expressive word used by Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Bonduca*, &c. to describe the case of a person retarded and embarrassed in flight, or in pursuit, by some encumbrance, whether thing or person, too valuable to be left behind.

the wretched Kalmucks, and for exhausting those who were previously but too much exhausted.

It was not until the 2d day of February that the Khan's advanced guard came in sight of *Ouchim*, the defile among the hills of Mougaldchares, in which they anticipated so bloody an opposition from the Cossacks. A pretty large body of these light cavalry had, in fact, pre-occupied the pass by some hours; but the Khan having two great advantages, namely, a strong body of infantry, who had been conveyed by sections of five on about 200 camels, and some pieces of light artillery which he had not yet been forced to abandon, soon began to make a serious impression upon this unsupported detachment; and they would probably at any rate have retired; but at the very moment when they were making some dispositions in that view, Zebek-Dorchi appeared upon their rear with a body of trained riflemen, who had distinguished themselves in the war with Turkey. These men had contrived to crawl unobserved over the cliffs which skirted the ravine, availing themselves of the dry beds of the summer torrents, and other inequalities of the ground, to conceal their movement. Disorder and trepidation ensued instantly in the Cossack files; the Khan, who had been waiting with the *élite* of his heavy cavalry, charged furiously upon them; total overthrow followed to the Cossacks, and a slaughter such as in some measure avenged the recent bloody extermination of their allies, the ancient *ouloss* of *Feka-Zechorr*. The slight horses of the Cossacks were unable to support the weight of heavy Polish dragoons and a body of trained *cameleers* (that is, cuirassiers mounted on camels); hardy they were, but not strong, nor a match for their antagonists in weight; and their extraordinary efforts through

the last few days to gain their present position, had greatly diminished their powers for effecting an escape. Very few, in fact, *did* escape; and the bloody day at *Ouchim* became as memorable amongst the Cossacks as that which, about 20 days before, had signalized the complete annihilation of the *Feka-Zechorr*.*

The road was now open to the river Irgitch, and as yet even far beyond it to the Torgau; but how long this state of things would continue, was every day more doubtful. Certain intelligence was now received that a large Russian army, well appointed in every arm, was advancing upon the Torgau, under the command of General Trautenberg. This officer was to be joined on his route by ten thousand Bashkirs, and pretty nearly the same amount of Kirghises—both hereditary enemies of the Kalmucks—both exasperated to a point of madness by the bloody trophies which Oubacha and Momotbacha had, in late years, won from such of their compatriots as served under the Sultan. The Czarina's yoke these wild nations bore with submissive patience, but not the hands by which it had been imposed; and, accordingly, catching with eagerness at the present occasion offered to their vengeance, they sent an assurance to the Czarina of their perfect obedience to her commands, and at the same time a message significantly declaring in what spirit they meant to execute them, viz. "that they would not trouble her Majesty with prisoners."

Here then arose, as before with the Cossacks, a race for the Kalmucks with the regular armies of Russia, and concurrently with nations as fierce and semi-humanized as themselves, besides that they were stung into threefold activity by the furies of mortified pride and military abasement, under the eyes

* There was another *ouloss* equally strong with that of *Feka-Zechorr*, viz. that of Erketunn, under the government of Assarcho and Machi, whom some obligations of treaty or other hidden motives drew into the general conspiracy of revolt. But fortunately the two chieftains found means to assure the Governor of Astrachan, on the first outbreak of the insurrection, that their real wishes were for maintaining the old connexion with Russia. The Cossacks, therefore, to whom the pursuit was intrusted, had instructions to act cautiously and according to circumstances on coming up with them. The result was, through the prudent management of Assarcho, that the clan, without compromising their pride or independence, made such moderate submissions as satisfied the Cossacks; and eventually both chiefs and people received from the Czarina the rewards and honours of exemplary fidelity.

of the Turkish Sultan. The forces, and more especially the artillery, of Russia, were far too overwhelming to permit the thought of a regular opposition in pitched battles, even with a less dilapidated state of their resources than they could reasonably expect at the period of their arrival on the Torgau. In their speed lay their only hope—in strength of foot, as before, and not in strength of arm. Onward, therefore, the Kalmucks pressed, marking the lines of their wide-extending march over the sad solitudes of the steppes by a never-ending chain of corpses. The old and the young, the sick man on his couch, the mother with her baby—all were left behind. Sights such as these, with the many rueful aggravations incident to the helpless condition of infancy—of disease and of female weakness abandoned to the wolves amidst a howling wilderness, continued to track their course through a space of full two thousand miles; for so much, at the least, it was likely to prove, including the circuits to which they were often compelled by rivers or hostile tribes, from the point of starting on the Wolga until they could reach their destined halting ground on the east bank of the Torgau. For the first seven weeks of this march their sufferings had been embittered by the excessive severity of the cold; and every night—so long as wood was to be had for fires, either from the lading of the camels, or from the desperate sacrifice of their baggage-waggons, or (as occasionally happened) from the forests which skirted the banks of the many rivers which crossed their path—no spectacle was more frequent than that of a circle, composed of men, women, and children, gathered by hundreds round a central fire, all dead and stiff at the return of morning light. Myriads were left behind from pure exhaustion, of whom none had a chance, under the combined evils which beset them, of surviving through the next twenty-four hours. Frost, however, and snow at length ceased to persecute; the vast extent of the march at length brought them into more genial latitudes, and the unusual duration of the march was gradually bringing them into more genial seasons of the year. Two thousand miles had at last been traversed; February, March, April, were gone; the balmy month of May had

opened; vernal sights and sounds came from every side to comfort the heart-weary travellers; and at last, in the latter end of May, they crossed the Torgau, and took up a position where they hoped to find liberty to repose themselves for many weeks in comfort as well as in security, and to draw such supplies from the fertile neighbourhood as might restore their shattered forces to a condition for executing, with less of wreck and ruin, the large remainder of the journey.

Yes; it was true that two thousand miles of wandering had been completed, but in a period of nearly five months, and with the terrific sacrifice of at least two hundred and fifty thousand souls, to say nothing of herds and flocks past all reckoning. These had all perished: ox, cow, horse, mule, ass, sheep, or goat, not one survived—only the camels. These arid and adust creatures, looking like the mummies of some antediluvian animals, without the affections or sensibilities of flesh and blood—these only still erected their speaking eyes to the eastern heavens, and had to all appearance come out from this long tempest of trial unscathed and unharmed. The Khan, knowing how much he was individually answerable for the misery which had been sustained, must have wept tears even more bitter than those of Xerxes when he threw his eyes over the myriads whom he had assembled: for the tears of Xerxes were unmingled with compunction. Whatever amends were in his power he resolved to make by sacrifices to the general good of all personal regards; and accordingly, even at this point of their advance, he once more deliberately brought under review the whole question of the revolt. The question was formally debated before the Council, whether, even at this point, they should untread their steps, and, throwing themselves upon the Czarina's mercy, return to their old allegiance? In that case, Oubacha professed himself willing to become the scapegoat for the general transgression. This, he argued, was no fantastic scheme, but even easy of accomplishment; for the unlimited and sacred power of the Khan, so well known to the Empress, made it absolutely iniquitous to attribute any separate responsibility to the people—upon the Khan rested the guilt, upon the Khan would descend the Imperial

vengeance. This proposal was applauded for its generosity, but was energetically opposed by Zebek-Dorchi. Were they to lose the whole journey of two thousand miles? Was their misery to perish without fruit? True it was that they had yet reached only the half-way house; but, in that respect, the motives were evenly balanced for retreat or for advance. Either way they would have pretty nearly the same distance to traverse, but with this difference—that, forwards, their route lay through lands comparatively fertile—backwards, through a blasted wilderness, rich only in memorials of their sorrow, and hideous to Kalmuck eyes by the trophies of their calamity. Besides, though the Empress might accept an excuse for the past, would she the less forbear to suspect for the future? The Czarina's pardon they might obtain, but could they ever hope to recover her *confidence*? Doubtless there would now be a standing presumption against them, an immortal ground of jealousy; and a jealous government would be but another name for a harsh one. Finally, whatever motives there ever had been for the revolt surely remained unimpaired by any thing that had occurred. In reality the revolt was, after all, no revolt, but (strictly speaking) a return to their old allegiance, since, not above one hundred and fifty years ago (*viz.* in the year 1616), their ancestors had revolted from the Emperor of China. They had now tried both governments; and for them China was the land of promise, and Russia the house of bondage.

Spite, however, of all that Zebek could say or do, the yearning of the people was strongly in behalf of the Khan's proposal; the pardon of their prince, they persuaded themselves, would be readily conceded by the Empress: and there is little doubt that they would at this time have thrown themselves gladly upon the Imperial mercy; when suddenly all was defeated by the arrival of two envoys from Traubenberg. This general had reached the fortress of Orsk, after a very painful march, on the 12th of April; thence he set forwards towards Oriembourg, which he reached upon the 1st of June, having been joined on his route at various times through the month of May by the Kirghises and a corps of ten thousand Bashkirs.

From Oriembourg he sent forward his official offers to the Khan, which were harsh and peremptory, holding out no specific stipulations as to pardon or impunity, and exacting unconditional submission as the preliminary price of any cessation from military operations. The personal character of Traubenberg, which was any thing but energetic, and the condition of his army, disorganized in a great measure by the length and severity of the march, made it probable that, with a little time for negotiation, a more conciliatory tone would have been assumed. But, unhappily for all parties, sinister events occurred in the meantime, such as effectually put an end to every hope of the kind.

The two envoys sent forward by Traubenberg had reported to this officer that a distance of only ten days' march lay between his own headquarters and those of the Khan. Upon this fact transpiring, the Kirghises, by their prince Nourali, and the Bashkirs, entreated the Russian general to advance without delay. Once having placed his cannon in position, so as to command the Kalmuck camp, the fate of the rebel Khan and his people would be in his own hands: and they would themselves form his advanced guard. Traubenberg, however, *why* has not been certainly explained, refused to march, grounding his refusal upon the condition of his army, and their absolute need of refreshment. Long and fierce was the altercation; but at length, seeing no chance of prevailing, and dreading above all other events the escape of their detested enemy, the ferocious Bashkirs went off in a body by forced marches. In six days they reached the Torgau, crossed by swimming their horses, and fell upon the Kalmucks, who were dispersed for many a league in search of food or provender for their camels. The first day's action was one vast succession of independent skirmishes, diffused over a field of thirty to forty miles in extent; one party often breaking up into three or four, and again (according to the accidents of ground) three or four blending into one; flight and pursuit, rescue and total overthrow, going on simultaneously, under all varieties of form, in all quarters of the plain. The Bashkirs had found themselves obliged, by the scattered state of the Kalmucks, to split up into innumerable sections;

and thus, for some hours, it had been impossible for the most practised eye to collect the general tendency of the day's fortune. Both the Khan and Zebek-Dorchi were at one moment made prisoners, and more than once in imminent danger of being cut down; but at length Zebek succeeded in rallying a strong column of infantry, which, with the support of the camel-corps on each flank, compelled the Bashkirs to retreat. Clouds, however, of these wild cavalry continued to arrive through the next two days and nights, followed or accompanied by the Kirghises. These being viewed as the advanced parties of Trautenberg's army, the Kalmuck chieftains saw no hope of safety but in flight; and in this way it happened that a retreat, which had so recently been brought to a pause, was resumed at the very moment when the unhappy fugitives were anticipating a deep repose without further molestation the whole summer through.

It seemed as though every variety of wretchedness were predestined to the Kalmucks; and as if their sufferings were incomplete unless they were rounded and matured by all that the most dreadful agencies of summer's heat could superadd to those of frost and winter. To this sequel of their story we shall immediately revert, after first noticing a little romantic episode which occurred at this point between Oubacha and his unprincipled cousin Zebek-Dorchi.

There was at the time of the Kalmuck flight from the Wolga a Russian gentleman of some rank at the court of the Khan, whom, for political reasons, it was thought necessary to carry along with them as a captive. For some weeks his confinement had been very strict, and in one or two instances cruel. But, as the increasing distance was continually diminishing the chances of escape, and perhaps, also, as the misery of the guards gradually withdrew their attention from all minor interests to their own personal sufferings, the vigilance of the custody grew more and more relaxed; until at length, upon a petition to the Khan, Mr Weseloff was formally restored to liberty; and it was understood that he might use his liberty in whatever way he chose, even for returning to Russia, if that should be his

wish. Accordingly, he was making active preparations for his journey to St Petersburg, when it occurred to Zebek-Dorchi that, not improbably, in some of the battles which were then anticipated with Trautenberg, it might happen to them to lose some prisoner of rank, in which case the Russian Weseloff would be a pledge in their hands for negotiating an exchange. Upon this plea, to his own severe affliction, the Russian was detained until the further pleasure of the Khan. The Khan's name, indeed, was used through the whole affair, but, as it seemed, with so little concurrence on his part, that, when Weseloff in a private audience humbly remonstrated upon the injustice done him, and the cruelty of thus sporting with his feelings by setting him at liberty, and, as it were, tempting him into dreams of home and restored happiness only for the purpose of blighting them, the good-natured prince disclaimed all participation in the affair, and went so far in proving his sincerity as even to give him permission to effect his escape; and, as a ready means of commencing it without raising suspicion, the Khan mentioned to Mr Weseloff that he had just then received a message from the Hetman of the Bashkirs, soliciting a private interview on the banks of the Torgau at a spot pointed out: that interview was arranged for the coming night; and Mr Weseloff might go in the Khan's *suite*, which on either side was not to exceed three persons. Weseloff was a prudent man, acquainted with the world, and he read treachery in the very outline of this scheme, as stated by the Khan—treachery against the Khan's person. He mused a little, and then communicated so much of his suspicions to the Khan as might put him on his guard; but, upon further consideration, he begged leave to decline the honour of accompanying the Khan. The fact was, that three Kalmucks, who had strong motives for returning to their countrymen on the west bank of the Wolga, guessing the intentions of Weseloff, had offered to join him in his escape. These men the Khan would probably find himself obliged to countenance in their project; so that it became a point of honour with Weseloff to conceal their intentions, and therefore to accomplish the evasion from the camp (of which

the first steps only would be hazardous), without risking the notice of the Khan.

The district in which they were now encamped abounded through many hundred miles with wild horses of a docile and beautiful breed. Each of the four fugitives had caught from seven to ten of these spirited creatures in the course of the last few days; this raised no suspicion; for the rest of the Kalmucks had been making the same sort of provision against the coming toils of their remaining route to China. These horses were secured by halters, and hidden about dusk in the thickets which lined the margin of the river. To these thickets, about ten at night, the four fugitives repaired; they took a circuitous path which drew them as little as possible within danger of challenge from any of the outposts or of the patrols which had been established on the quarters where the Bashkirs lay; and in three quarters of an hour they reached the rendezvous. The moon had now risen, the horses were unfastened, and they were in the act of mounting, when suddenly the deep silence of the woods was disturbed by a violent uproar, and the clashing of arms. Weseloff fancied that he heard the voice of the Khan shouting for assistance. He remembered the communication made by that prince in the morning; and requesting his companions to support him, he rode off in the direction of the sound. A very short distance brought him to an open glade within the wood, where he beheld four men contending with a party of at least nine or ten. Two of the four were dismounted at the very instant of Weseloff's arrival; one of these he recognised almost certainly as the Khan, who was fighting hand to hand, but at great disadvantage, with two of the adverse horsemen. Seeing that no time was to be lost, Weseloff fired and brought down one of the two. His companions discharged their carbines at the same moment, and then all rushed simultaneously into the little open area. The thundering sound of about thirty horses all rushing at once into a narrow space, gave the impression that a whole troop of cavalry was coming down upon the assailants; who accordingly wheeled about and fled with one impulse. Weseloff advanced

to the dismounted cavalier, who, as he expected, proved to be the Khan. The man whom Weseloff had shot was lying dead; and both were shocked, though Weseloff at least was not surprised, on stooping down and scrutinizing his features, to recognise a well-known confidential servant of Zebek-Dorchi. Nothing was said by either party; the Khan rode off escorted by Weseloff and his companions, and for some time a dead silence prevailed. The situation of Weseloff was delicate and critical; to leave the Khan at this point was probably to cancel their recent services; for he might be again crossed on his path, and again attacked by the very party from whom he had just been delivered. Yet, on the other hand, to return to the camp was to endanger the chances of accomplishing the escape. The Khan also was apparently revolving all this in his mind, for at length he broke silence, and said—"I comprehend your situation; and under other circumstances I might feel it my duty to detain your companions. But it would ill become me to do so after the important service you have just rendered me. Let us turn a little to the left. There, where you see the watch-fire, is an outpost. Attend me so far. I am then safe. You may turn and pursue your enterprise; for the circumstances under which you will appear, as my escort, are sufficient to shield you from all suspicion for the present. I regret having no better means at my disposal for testifying my gratitude. But tell me before we part, Was it accident only which led you to my rescue? Or had you acquired any knowledge of the plot by which I was decoyed into this snare?" Weseloff answered very candidly that mere accident had brought him to the spot at which he heard the uproar, but that *having* heard it, and connecting it with the Khan's communication of the morning, he had then designedly gone after the sound in a way which he certainly should not have done at so critical a moment, unless in the expectation of finding the Khan assaulted by assassins. A few minutes after they reached the outpost at which it became safe to leave the Tartar chieftain; and immediately the four fugitives commenced a flight which is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of travelling. Each of them led six or seven horses

besides the one he rode ; and by shifting from one to the other (like the ancient *Desultores* of the Roman circus), so as never to burden the same horse for more than half-an-hour at a time, they continued to advance at the rate of 200 miles in the 24 hours for three days consecutively. After that time, conceiving themselves beyond pursuit, they proceeded less rapidly ; though still with a velocity which staggered the belief of Weseloff's friends in after years. He was, however, a man of high principle, and always adhered firmly to the details of his printed report. One of the circumstances there stated is, that they continued to pursue the route by which the Kalmucks had fled, never for an instant finding any difficulty in tracing it by the skeletons and other memorials of their calamities. In particular, he mentions vast heaps of money as part of the valuable property which it had been found necessary to sacrifice. These heaps were found lying still untouched in the deserts. From these Weseloff and his companions took as much as they could conveniently carry ; and this it was, with the price of their beautiful horses, which they afterwards sold at one of the Russian military settlements for about L.15 a-piece, which eventually enabled them to pursue their journey in Russia. This journey, as regarded Weseloff in particular, was closed by a tragical catastrophe. He was at that time young, and the only child of a doating mother. Her affliction under the violent abduction of her son had been excessive, and probably had undermined her constitution. Still she had supported it. Weseloff, giving way to the natural impulses of his filial affection, had imprudently posted through Russia to his mother's house without warning of his approach. He rushed precipitately into her presence ; and she, who had stood the shocks of sorrow, was found unequal to the shock of joy too sudden and too acute. She died upon the spot.

We now revert to the final scenes of the Kalmuck flight. These it would be useless to pursue circumstantially through the whole two thousand miles of suffering which remained ; for the character of that suffering was even more monotonous than on the former

half of the flight, but also more severe. Its main elements were excessive heat, with the accompaniments of famine and thirst, but aggravated at every step by the murderous attacks of their cruel enemies the Bashkirs and the Kirghises.

These people, "more fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea," stuck to the unhappy Kalmucks like a swarm of enraged hornets. And very often, whilst *they* were attacking them in the rear, their advanced parties and flanks were attacked with almost equal fury by the people of the country which they were traversing ; and with good reason, since the law of self-preservation had now obliged the fugitive Tartars to plunder provisions, and to forage wherever they passed. In this respect their condition was a constant oscillation of wretchedness ; for sometimes, pressed by grinding famine, they took a circuit of perhaps a hundred miles, in order to strike into a land rich in the comforts of life ; but in such a land they were sure to find a crowded population, of which every arm was raised in unrelenting hostility, with all the advantages of local knowledge, and with constant preoccupation of all the defensible positions, mountain passes, or bridges. Sometimes again, wearied out with this mode of suffering, they took a circuit of perhaps a hundred miles, in order to strike into a land with few or no inhabitants. But in such a land they were sure to meet absolute starvation. Then again, whether with or without this plague of starvation, whether with or without this plague of hostility in front, whatever might be the "fierce varieties" of their misery in this respect, no rest ever came to their unhappy rear ; *post equitem sedet atra cura* ; it was a torment like the undying worm of conscience. And, upon the whole, it presented a spectacle altogether unprecedented in the history of mankind. Private and personal malignity is not unfrequently immortal ; but rare indeed is it to find the same pertinacity of malice in a nation. And what embittered the interest was, that the malice was reciprocal. Thus far the parties met upon equal terms ; but that equality only sharpened the sense of their dire inequality as to other circumstances. The Bashkirs were ready to fight "from morn to dewy

eve." The Kalmucks, on the contrary, were always obliged to run; was it from their enemies as creatures whom they feared? No; but *towards* their friends—towards that final haven of China—as what was hourly implored by the prayers of their wives, and the tears of their children. But though they fled unwillingly, too often they fled in vain—being unwillingly recalled. There lay the torment. Every day the Bashkirs fell upon them; every day the same unprofitable battle was renewed; as a matter of course the Kalmucks recalled part of their advanced guard to fight them; every day the battle raged for hours, and uniformly with the same result. For no sooner did the Bashkirs find themselves too heavily pressed, and that the Kalmuck march had been retarded by some hours, than they retired into the boundless deserts, where all pursuit was hopeless. But if the Kalmucks resolved to press forward, regardless of their enemies, in that case their attacks became so fierce and overwhelming, that the general safety seemed likely to be brought into question; nor could any effectual remedy be applied to the case, even for each separate day, except by a most embarrassing halt, and by countermarches, that to men in their circumstances, were almost worse than death. It will not be surprising, that the irritation of such a systematic persecution, superadded to a previous and hereditary hatred, and accompanied by the stinging consciousness of utter impotence as regarded all effectual vengeance, should gradually have inflamed the Kalmuck animosity into the wildest expression of downright madness and frenzy. Indeed, long before the frontiers of China were approached, the hostility of both sides had assumed the appearance much more of a warfare amongst wild beasts than amongst creatures acknowledging the restraints of reason or the claims of a common nature. The spectacle became too atrocious; it was that of a host of lunatics pursued by a host of fiends.

On a fine morning in early autumn of the year 1771, Kien Long, the Emperor of China, was pursuing his amusements in a wild frontier district lying on the outside of the Great Wall. For many hundred square leagues the country was desolate of inhabitants, but rich in woods of ancient growth, and overrun with game of every description. In a central spot of this solitary region, the Emperor had built a gorgeous hunting-lodge, to which he resorted annually for recreation and relief from the cares of government. Led onwards in pursuit of game, he had rambled to a distance of 200 miles or more from this lodge, followed at a little distance by a sufficient military escort, and every night pitching his tent in a different situation, until at length he had arrived on the very margin of the vast central deserts of Asia.* Here he was standing by accident at an opening of his pavilion, enjoying the morning sunshine, when suddenly to the westwards there arose a vast cloudy vapour, which by degrees expanded, mounted, and seemed to be slowly diffusing itself over the whole face of the heavens. By and by this vast sheet of mist began to thicken towards the horizon, and to roll forward in billowy volumes. The Emperor's suite assembled from all quarters. The silver trumpets were sounded in the rear, and from all the glades and forest avenues began to trot forward towards the pavilion the yagers, half cavalry, half huntsmen, who composed the Imperial escort. Conjecture was on the stretch to divine the cause of this phenomenon, and the interest continually increased, in proportion as simple curiosity gradually deepened into the anxiety of uncertain danger. At first it had been imagined that some vast troops of deer, or other wild animals of the chase, had been disturbed in their forest haunts by the Emperor's movements, or possibly by wild beasts prowling for prey, and might be fetching a compass by way of re-entering the forest grounds at some remoter points secure from molestation. But this conjecture was dissipated by the slow increase of the

* All the circumstances are learned from a long state paper upon the subject of this Kalmuck migration, drawn up in the Chinese language by the Emperor himself. Parts of this paper have been translated by the Jesuit missionaries. The Emperor states the whole motives of his conduct and the chief incidents at great length.

cloud, and the steadiness of its motion. In the course of two hours the vast phenomenon had advanced to a point which was judged to be within five miles of the spectators, though all calculations of distance were difficult, and often fallacious, when applied to the endless expanses of the Tartar deserts. Through the next hour, during which the gentle morning breeze had a little freshened, the dusty vapour had developed itself far and wide into the appearance of huge aerial draperies, hanging in mighty volumes from the sky to the earth; and at particular points, where the eddies of the breeze acted upon the pendulous skirts of these aerial curtains, rents were perceived, sometimes taking the form of regular arches, portals, and windows, through which began dimly to gleam the heads of camels "indorsed" with human beings—and at intervals the moving of men and horses in tumultuous array—and then through other openings or vistas at far distant points the flashing of polished arms. But sometimes as the wind slackened or died away, all those openings, of whatever form, in the cloudy pall, would slowly close, and for a time the whole pageant was shut up from view; although the growing din, the clamours, shrieks, and groans, ascending from infuriated myriads, reported, in a language not to be misunderstood, what was going on behind the cloudy screen.

It was in fact the Kalmuck host, now in the last extremities of their exhaustion, and very fast approaching to that final stage of privation and intense misery, beyond which few or none could have lived, but also, happily for themselves, fast approaching (in a literal sense) that final stage of their long pilgrimage, at which they would meet hospitality on a scale of royal magnificence, and full protection from their enemies. These enemies, however, as yet were still hanging on their rear as fiercely as ever, though this day was destined to be the last of their hideous persecution. The Khan had, in fact, sent forward couriers with all the requisite statements and petitions, addressed to the Emperor of China. These had been duly received, and preparations made in conse-

quence to welcome the Kalmucks with the most paternal benevolence. But as these couriers had been despatched from the Torgau at the moment of arrival thither, and before the advance of Trautenberg had made it necessary for the Khan to order a hasty renewal of the flight, the Emperor had not looked for their arrival on his frontiers until full three months after the present time. The Khan had indeed expressly notified his intention to pass the summer heats on the banks of the Torgau, and to recommence his retreat about the beginning of September. The subsequent change of plan being unknown to Kien Long, left him for some time in doubt as to the true interpretation to be put upon this mighty apparition in the desert; but at length the savage clamours of hostile fury, and the clangour of weapons, unveiled to the Emperor the true nature of those unexpected calamities which had so prematurely precipitated the Kalmuck measures.

Apprehending the real state of affairs, the Emperor instantly perceived that the first act of his fatherly care for these erring children (as he esteemed them) now returning to their ancient obedience, must be—to deliver them from their pursuers. And this was less difficult than might have been supposed. Not many miles in the rear was a body of well-appointed cavalry, with a strong detachment of artillery, who always attended the Emperor's motions. These were hastily summoned. Meantime it occurred to the train of courtiers that some danger might arise to the Emperor's person from the proximity of a lawless enemy; and accordingly he was induced to retire a little to the rear. It soon appeared, however, to those who watched the vapoury shroud in the desert, that its motion was not such as would argue the direction of the march to be exactly upon the Pavilion, but rather in a diagonal line, making an angle of full 45 degrees with that line in which the Imperial *cortège* had been standing, and therefore with a distance continually increasing. Those who knew the country judged that the Kalmucks were making for a large fresh-water lake about seven or eight miles distant; they were right; and

* Camels "indorsed;"—"And elephants indorsed with towers."

MILTON in *Paradise Regained*.

to that point the Imperial cavalry was ordered up; and it was precisely in that spot, and about three hours after, and at noonday on the 8th of September, that the great Exodus of the Kalmuck Tartars was brought to a final close, and with a scene of such memorable and hellish fury, as formed an appropriate winding up to an expedition in all its parts and details so awfully disastrous. The Emperor was not personally present, or at least he saw whatever he *did* see from too great a distance to discriminate its individual features; but he records in his written memorial the report made to him of this scene by some of his own officers.

The lake of Tengis, near the frightful desert of Kobi, lay in a hollow amongst hills of a moderate height, ranging generally from two to three thousand feet high. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the Chinese cavalry reached the summit of a road which led through a cradle-like dip in the mountains right down upon the margin of the lake. From this pass, elevated about two thousand feet above the level of the water, they continued to descend, by a very winding and difficult road, for an hour and a half; and during the whole of this descent they were compelled to be inactive spectators of the fiendish spectacle below. The Kalmucks, reduced by this time from about six hundred thousand souls to two hundred thousand, and after enduring for two months and a half the miseries we have previously described—outrageous heat, famine, and the destroying scimitar of the Kirghises and the Bashkirs, had for the last ten days been traversing a hideous desert, where no vestiges were seen of vegetation, and no drop of water could be found. Camels and men were already so overladen, that it was a mere impossibility that they should carry a tolerable sufficiency for the passage of this frightful wilderness. On the eighth day the wretched daily allowance, which had been continually diminishing, failed entirely; and thus for two days of insupportable fatigue, the horrors of thirst had been carried to the fiercest extremity. Upon this last morning, at the sight of the hills and the forest scenery, which announced to those who acted as guides the neighbourhood of the lake of Tengis, all the people rushed along with maddening eagerness to the anticipated

solace. The day grew hotter and hotter, the people more and more exhausted, and gradually, in the general rush forwards to the lake, all discipline and command were lost—all attempts to preserve a rear-guard were neglected—the wild Bashkirs rode in amongst the encumbered people, and slaughtered them by wholesale, and almost without resistance. Screams and tumultuous shouts proclaimed the progress of the massacre; but none heeded—none halted; all alike, pauper or noble, continued to rush on with maniacal haste to the waters—all with faces blackened by the heat preying upon the liver, and with tongue drooping from the mouth. The cruel Bashkir was affected by the same misery, and manifested the same symptoms of his misery as the wretched Kalmuck; the murderer was oftentimes in the same frantic misery as his murdered victim—many indeed (an ordinary effect of thirst) in both nations had become lunatic—and in this state, whilst mere multitude and condensation of bodies alone opposed any check to the destroying scimitar and the trampling hoof, the lake was reached; and into that the whole vast body of enemies together rushed, and together continued to rush, forgetful of all things at that moment but of one almighty instinct. This absorption of the thoughts in one maddening appetite lasted for a single minute; but in the next arose the final scene of parting vengeance. Far and wide the waters of the solitary lake were instantly dyed red with blood and gore: here rode a party of savage Bashkirs, hewing off heads as fast as the swathes fall before the mower's scythe; there stood unarmed Kalmucks in a death-grapple with their detested foes, both up to the middle in water, and oftentimes both sinking together below the surface, from weakness or from struggles, and perishing in each other's arms. Did the Bashkirs at any point collect into a cluster for the sake of giving impetus to the assault? Thither were the camels driven in fiercely by those who rode them, generally women or boys; and even these quiet creatures were forced into a share in this carnival of murder, by trampling down as many as they could strike prostrate with the lash of their fore-legs. Every moment the water grew more polluted: and

yet every moment fresh myriads came up to the lake and rushed in, not able to resist their frantic thirst, and swallowing large draughts of water, visibly contaminated with the blood of their slaughtered compatriots. Wheresoever the lake was shallow enough to allow of men raising their heads above the water, there, for scores of acres, were to be seen all forms of ghastly fear, of agonizing struggle, of spasm, of convulsion, of mortal conflict, death, and the fear of death—revenge, and the lunacy of revenge—hatred, and the frenzy of hatred—until the neutral spectators, of whom there were not a few, now descending the eastern side of the lake, at length averted their eyes in horror. This horror, which seemed incapable of further addition, was, however, increased by an unexpected incident: the Bashkirs, beginning to perceive here and there the approach of the Chinese cavalry, felt it prudent—wheresoever they were sufficiently at leisure from the passions of the murderous scene—to gather into bodies. This was noticed by the governor of a small Chinese fort, built upon an eminence above the lake; and immediately he threw in a broadside, which spread havoc amongst the Bashkir tribe. As often as the Bashkirs collected into “*globes*” and “*turms*,” as their only means of meeting the long lines of descending Chinese cavalry—so often did the Chinese governor of the fort pour in his exterminating broadside; until at length the lake, at its lower end, became one vast seething cauldron of human bloodshed and carnage. The Chinese cavalry had reached the foot of the hills: the Bashkirs, attentive to *their* movements, had formed; skirmishes had been fought: and, with a quick sense that the contest was henceforwards rapidly becoming hopeless, the Bashkirs and Kirghises began to retire. The pursuit was not as vigorous as the Kalmuck hatred would have desired. But, at the same time, the very gloomiest hatred could not but find, in their own dreadful experience of the Asiatic deserts, and in the certainty that these wretched Bashkirs had to repeat that same experience a second time, for thousands of miles, as the price exacted by a retributory Providence for their vindictive cruelty—not the very gloomiest of the Kalmucks, or the least reflecting, but found in all this a

retaliatory chastisement more complete and absolute than any which their swords and lances could have obtained, or human vengeance have devised.

Here ends the tale of the Kalmuck wanderings in the Desert; for any subsequent marches which awaited them, were neither long nor painful. Every possible alleviation and refreshment for their exhausted bodies had been already provided by Kien Long with the most princely munificence; and lands of great fertility were immediately assigned to them in ample extent along the river Ily, not very far from the point at which they had first emerged from the wilderness of Kobi. But the beneficent attention of the Chinese Emperor may be best stated in his own words, as translated into French by one of the Jesuit missionaries:—“*La nation des Torgotes (savoir les Kalmuques) arriva à Ily, toute délabrée, n'ayant ni de quoi vivre, ni de quoi se vêtir. Je l'avais prévu; et j'avais ordonné de faire en tout genre les provisions nécessaires pour pouvoir les secourir promptement: c'est ce qui a été exécuté. On a fait la division des terres; et on a assigné à chaque famille une portion suffisante pour pouvoir servir à son entretien, soit en la cultivant, soit en y nourrissant des bestiaux. On a donné à chaque particulier des étoffes pour l'habiller, des grains pour se nourrir pendant l'espace d'une année, des ustensiles pour le ménage, et d'autres choses nécessaires: et outre cela plusieurs onces d'argent, pour se pourvoir de ce qu'on aurait pu oublier. On a désigné des lieux particuliers, fertiles en pâturages; et on leur a donné des bœufs, moutons, &c. pour qu'ils pussent dans la suite travailler par eux-mêmes à leur entretien et à leur bien-être.*”

These are the words of the Emperor himself, speaking in his own person of his own parental cares; but another Chinese, treating the same subject, records the munificence of this prince in terms which proclaim still more forcibly the disinterested generosity which prompted, and the delicate consideration which conducted this extensive bounty. He has been speaking of the Kalmucks, and he goes on thus:—“*Lorsqu' ils arrivèrent sur nos frontières (au nombre de plusieurs centaines de mille), quoique la fatigue*

extrême, la faim, la soif, et toutes les autres incommodités inséparables d'une très-longue et très pénible route en eussent fait périr presque autant, ils étaient réduits à la dernière misère; ils manquaient de tout. II" [viz. l'Empereur, Kien Long] "leur fit préparer des logemens conformes à leur manière de vivre; il leur fit distribuer des alimens et des habits; il leur fit donner des bœufs, des moutons, et des ustensiles, pour les mettre en état de former des troupeaux et de cultiver la terre, et tout cela à ses propres frais, qui se sont montés à des sommes immenses, sans compter l'argent qu'il a donné à chaque chef-de-famille, pour pourvoir à la subsistance de sa femme et de ses enfans."

Thus, after their memorable year of misery, the Kalmucks were replaced in territorial possessions, and in comfort equal perhaps, or even superior, to that which they had enjoyed in Russia, and with superior political advantages. But, if equal or superior, their condition was no longer the same; if not in degree, their social prosperity had altered in quality; for instead of being a purely pastoral and vagrant people, they were now in circumstances which obliged them to become essentially dependent upon agriculture; and thus far raised in social rank, that by the natural course of their habits and the necessities of life, they were effectually reclaimed from roving and from the savage customs connected with so unsettled a life. They gained also in political privileges, chiefly through the immunity from military service, which their new relations enabled them to obtain. These were circumstances of advantage and gain. But one great disadvantage there was, amply to overbalance all other possible gain; the chances were lost or were removed to an incalculable distance for their conversion to Christianity, without which in these times there is no absolute advance possible on the path of true civilisation.

One word remains to be said upon the *personal* interests concerned in this great drama. The catastrophe in this respect was remarkable and complete. Oubacha, with all his goodness and incapacity of suspecting, had, since the mysterious affair on the banks of the Torgau, felt his mind alienated from his cousin; he revolted from the

man that would have murdered him; and he had displayed his caution so visibly as to provoke a reaction in the bearing of Zebek-Dorchi, and a displeasure which all his dissimulation could not hide. This had produced a feud, which, by keeping them aloof, had probably saved the life of Oubacha; for the friendship of Zebek-Dorchi was more fatal than his open enmity. After the settlement on the Ily this feud continued to advance, until it came under the notice of the Emperor, on occasion of a visit which all the Tartar chieftains made to his Majesty at his hunting-lodge in 1772. The Emperor informed himself accurately of all the particulars connected with the transaction—of all the rights and claims put forward—and of the way in which they would severally affect the interests of the Kalmuck people. The consequence was, that he adopted the cause of Oubacha, and repressed the pretensions of Zebek-Dorchi, who, on his part, so deeply resented this discountenance to his ambitious projects, that in conjunction with other chiefs he had the presumption even to weave nets of treason against the Emperor himself. Plots were laid—were detected—were baffled—counterplots were constructed upon the same basis, and with the benefit of the opportunities thus offered.

Finally, Zebek-Dorchi was invited to the imperial lodge, together with all his accomplices; and under the skilful management of the Chinese nobles in the Emperor's establishment, the murderous artifices of these Tartar chieftains were made to recoil upon themselves; and the whole of them perished by assassination at a great imperial banquet. For the Chinese morality is exactly of that kind which approves in every thing the *lex talionis* :—

— "lex nec justior ulla est (as they think)
"Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."

So perished Zebek-Dorchi, the author and originator of the great Tartar *Exodus*. Oubacha, mean-time, and his people, were gradually recovering from the effects of their misery, and repairing their losses. Peace and prosperity, under the gentle rule of a fatherly lord paramount, redawned upon the tribes: their household *lares*, after so harsh a translation to distant climates, found again a happy reinstatement in what had in fact been their pri-

mitive abodes: they found themselves settled in quiet sylvan scenes, rich in all the luxuries of life, and endowed with the perfect loveliness of Arcadian beauty. But from the hills of this favoured land, and even from the level grounds as they approached its western border, they still look out upon that fearful wilderness which once beheld a nation in agony—the utter extirpation of nearly half a million from amongst its numbers, and, for the remainder, a storm of misery so fierce, that in the end (as happened also at Athens during the Peloponnesian war from a different form of misery) very many lost their memory; all records of their past life were wiped out as with a sponge—utterly erased and cancelled: and many others lost their reason; some in a gentle form of pensive melancholy, some in a more restless form of feverish delirium and nervous agitation, and others in the fixed forms of tempestuous mania, raving frenzy, or moping idiocy. Two great commemorative monuments arose in after years to mark the depth and permanence of the awe—the sacred and re-

verential grief with which all persons looked back upon the dread calamities attached to the year of the Tiger—all who had either personally shared in those calamities, and had themselves drunk from that cup of sorrow, or who had effectually been made witnesses to their results, and associated with their relief; two great monuments, we say; first of all, one in the religious solemnity, enjoined by the Dalai Lama, called in the Tartar language a *Romanang*, that is, a national commemoration, with music the most rich and solemn, of all the souls who departed to the rest of Paradise from the afflictions of the Desert: this took place about six years after the arrival in China. Secondly, another more durable and more commensurate to the scale of the calamity and to the grandeur of this national Exodus, in the mighty columns of granite and brass, erected by the Emperor Kien Long, near the banks of the Ily: these columns stand upon the very margin of the *steppes*; and they bear a short but emphatic inscription* to the following effect:—

By the Will of God,
Here, upon the Brink of these Deserts,
Which from this Point begin and stretch away
Pathless, treeless, waterless,
For thousands of miles—and along the margins of many mighty Nations,
Rested from their labours and from great afflictions
Under the shadow of the Chinese Wall,
And by the favour of KIEN LONG, God's Lieutenant upon Earth,
The ancient Children of the Wilderness—the Torgote Tartars—
Flying before the wrath of the Grecian Czar,
Wandering Sheep who had strayed away from the Celestial Empire in the year 1616,
But are now mercifully gathered again, after infinite sorrow,
Into the fold of their forgiving Shepherd.
Hallowed be the spot for ever,
and
Hallowed be the day—September 8, 1771!
Amen.

* This inscription has been slightly altered in one or two phrases, and particularly in adapting to the Christian era the Emperor's expressions for the year of the original Exodus from China and the retrogressive Exodus from Russia. With respect to the designation adopted for the Russian Emperor, either it is built upon some confusion between him and the Byzantine Cæsars; as though the former, being of the same religion with the latter (and occupying in part the same longitudes, though in different latitudes) might be considered as his modern successor; or else it refers simply to the Greek form of Christianity professed by the Russian Emperor and Church.

THE BARBER'S SUPPER.

THIS is the age of speculations ; but however promising they may be (and there is no lack of promises in any of their prospectuses that we have encountered), there is always a certain bitter in the midst of all their sweets,—always a lingering fear that their end may not be quite so flourishing as their beginnings, and that the dropping of the curtain may find the bubble burst, and the unfortunate speculator in jail. The absence of absolute downright certainty in any undertaking is a great drawback on its desirableness. How gladly would we pawn our last shred of property, yea, the very greatcoat we have borrowed of our landlord, to realize money enough to become a shareholder in the joint-stock company for the working of the gold mines lately discovered in the mountains of the moon ; or for the creation of antediluvian elephants by means of muriatic acid as discovered by Mr Crosse ; if we could only be *certain* that the gold would be plentiful and the elephants fit for work. Yet amidst all this uncertainty, it is very satisfactory to know that there is one speculation in which it is impossible to go wrong,—and which it requires nothing but a little observation and the use of one's own judgment to render quite as money-making a concern as a general balloon navigation company to all—except the original proposers. This speculation is—to fail ; and there is but one art and mystery in it—to fail at the right time ; not for a few paltry pounds, which are rigorously taken from you, but for a good slapping sum at once, enough to strike your creditors with reverence for your greatness, and respect for your misfortunes. At the very worst they will allow you a comfortable maintenance out of their own money, and perhaps present you with a silver dinner set in token of their gratitude for your allowing them to recover a shilling in the pound. And in circumstances like these there is always this comfort, that the remaining nineteen shillings enable you to fill the silver dishes with turtle and venison, and all things else in a concatenation accordingly.

There was once in a country town

to the east of the Land's-end, and the north of the Isle of Wight, a merchant of the name of Stephen Whiffle, who, although he did not figure in the Red Book, had that very excellent and lucrative possession—a good name. In those days there were none of those multitudinous branch banks which now overshadow the land, but Stephen, with a desire to oblige that made him popular in all the neighbourhood, undertook to supply the place of one. He received all the savings of his friends and neighbours, and some were so delighted with this mode of investment, that they converted all their property into money, and gladly placed it in his hands. In fact, it was thought a great favour on the part of Stephen when he accepted the sums offered to him, and, of course, the favour was the greater the larger the amount. At last there was not a shilling in the town but what was in the custody of Stephen ; the people returned almost to a state of pristine security ; no door was bolted at night, there was nothing left to tempt the cupidity of thieves. The golden age revisited the borough town of Heckingham, and hogsheads of beer were quaffed every night by the happy inhabitants of the modern Arcadia to the health and happiness of Stephen Whiffle. But while all went gaily as a marriage-bell, and when the felicity of the population had reached to such a height that the tap-room of the Golden Lion could scarcely accommodate the ale-imbibing worshippers of the bestower of all this joy, and the pump in the market was forsaken as a useless implement, there came what is now called a crisis in the money market, but which we shall continue to call by its old name—a crash. Good gracious ! can it be possible ! The house of Osbaldiston and Tresham was a joke to this ! Stephen Whiffle was a bankrupt ; his property was found to be scarcely worth the dividing ; his strong-box empty, his creditors broken-hearted, and the pewter mace, which on high days and holidays was carried before the mayor, was ordered by that official to be enveloped in crape in sign of the general lamentation. Stephen, however, continued to live in

his old house; and the only change visible was an increased devotion and a marvellous tendency to grow fat. His attendance at chapel was regular as clock-work; his groans were heart-rending in the extreme, and no one could possibly help feeling compassion for his misfortunes when he began himself to adorn the pulpit, and preach on the perishableness of all earthly treasures. One consolation, however, remained to him, he used often to say in his discourses, and that was, that through the agency of his failure the Lord had turned the hearts of many from the Golden Lion, and opened their eyes to the superiority of the pump. The increase of sobriety was indeed remarkable, and the landlords of the different inns were untiring in their efforts to obtain a diminution of the duties on beer; the malt they did not care about, as having little connexion with it in the way of their business; but if the Bonifaces were untiring, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was unremitting, and so there was a Temperance Society established in the borough, on the most strictly involuntary principles. Among all those who owed the blessing of sobriety to the philanthropic and reforming proceedings of the devout Whiffle, the person who seemed least grateful to his benefactor was one John Piper, the corporation barber. This ingratitude in John was extremely sinful, as he had not only to thank Mr Stephen for having weaned him from strong ale, but also for the inestimable blessing of an appetite which might safely be called never-failing, seeing that he never had now the means of satisfying its demands. This unerring sign of health also was extended to his wife and six or seven children, so that John's obligations were certainly of the most powerful kind. But instead of looking with an eye of favour on Mr Whiffle, he actually grudged that respectable gentleman every pound of flesh that adorned his ribs; his enormous breadth of back he considered a fresh theft of his property, and when a third chin began to develope itself, the indignation of the barber could no longer be restrained—his rage found vent in words, and he claimed the additional protuberance as his own. His claim was logically enounced—the produce of my money

is mine; that chin is the produce of my money; *ergo*, that chin is mine. In the mean-time Mr Stephen had a life-interest in it as well as in all the other goods, chattels, and hereditaments of which he had so sagaciously possessed himself. But Stephen, though very devout, was not a little ostentatious; a combination you may perhaps have remarked on similar occasions if you are a person of observation; if not, take our advice, and watch, and you will see that the carriages of pious people who have abjured the world are always as gaudy as a lord mayor's coach. This rule is without exception. Stephen, we say, was ostentatious; but this vain-glorious spirit did not display itself in the trappings of his carriage, seeing that he contented himself with an occasional hire of a gig, but in the equally tangible form of a larder stuffed to the very roof; parcels of fish arriving every week from London, and the evolutions of a jack before the kitchen fire, which one might almost have fancied a specimen of the perpetual motion. One morning a sound as of the battle of Waterloo had alarmed half the town; deep groans and then high shrieks had filled the atmosphere for many yards around; there was neither earthquake nor eclipse; but when at last the horrid sounds had ceased, and "a solemn silence held the listening air," men looked at each other with faces that showed they knew the cause of the hurly-burly, and that Stephen had killed his pig! Such an enormous pig had never been fattened in Heckingham before by the ingenuity or the meal of man. Its sides swelled out like the mainsails of a three-decker in a stiffish breeze; its throat was imperceptible *quasi* throat, being rather a continuation of the prodigious body, and instead of being a narrow isthmus connecting two continents, it might have passed very well for a continent itself. Vanity indeed in such a possession was excusable in any one, and in Stephen the desire to show the lovely monster to his townfolk was altogether irresistible. He therefore had it placed on the floor of his kitchen, which was visible to all the passengers, while he himself sat at the top of the stair which led down to it, to enjoy the wonder and admiration of the behold-

ers. Oh, it was a sight worth seeing, the worthy Stephen Whiffle and his pig. At the first glance they might have passed for brothers; but a closer inspection, though it did not destroy the family resemblance, enabled one to perceive the different styles of beauty by which each was distinguished. Stephen had the ruddy glow of satisfaction diffusing its purple light over the vast expanse of his chops—face we mean; whereas the other had that mild expression peculiar to the defunct of that species, which Lord Byron has called “the rapture of repose.” Besides, what’s the use of any more descriptions of the points wherein they differed? Stephen sat full-dressed like a worthy gentleman in his chair, whereas the other lay full length with his bristly coat around him on the kitchen-floor. Wherever a sight was to be seen, of course all the barbers of a town must be there to see it, and as our friend John Piper was the principal professor of the shaving art in the town of Heckingham, he came, saw, and cursed the proprietor with all his soul and with all his strength. On returning home, and reflecting on all the distress he owed to Mr Whiffle—“how it was all along of he,” as he expressed it, “that very few people could now afford the luxury of a barber; that one of his best customers had put down his wig and his one-horse-chay the week after the failure; that baldness had become fashionable among the old; and long beards and moustaches among the young, ever since that eventful incident; when Piper, we say, reflected on all these things, he broke a good many of the commandments, among which we will only particularize the third and the tenth. What a wonderful thing hunger is! How it sharpens the wits!—how it teaches us logic, rhetoric, and philosophy!—how it makes us write books, or, at all events, publish them! Yes, hunger makes us do a great many curious things; and if you will wait for a very few minutes, you shall see what it induced the exasperated Piper to perform. It was indeed irresistible. Here was an opportunity to gratify at once his appetite and his revenge. “Wife!” he said, with a voice that portended strange things; “’tis past bearing, and I’ll bear it no longer.”

“What is it, dear John?” answered

his helpmate, who was the most obedient wife that ever fell to the lot of a barber.

“What is it?—ugh—it chokes me. Why that infernal villain—that rascal, Whiffle, has killed the most beautiful pig I ever saw. The greedy, fat, dishonest, d—d intolerable beast—twenty score if he’s an ounce—the cursed red-faced, pot-bellied, double-chinned impostor—besides liver and lights!”

“What is all this about?” enquired Mrs Piper, who, in the strange jumble of her husband’s ideas, could not exactly make out whether his descriptions were intended for Whiffle or the pig.

“I tell you ’tis mine! No power on earth shall persuade me that every inch of fat on both their carcases is not my just and lawful property; and I’ll have that pig this night as sure as my name’s!”

“Steal it?”

“What do you mean, woman, by talking such nonsense? Steal! Isn’t it my own? Haven’t I paid a hundred and three pounds seventeen and twopence for it?—a good price—and haven’t I a right to bring it home?”

The good woman shook her head and sighed. John paused in mid career, and casting his eye mournfully round the room on the beds where all his children were sleeping—

“They will ask us for something in the morning, Letty, and we have nothing to give them:—no more credit any where! The little rayens are fed in the fields, but we have nothing to put in the mouths of these little ones when they open them for food. Oh, cursed be he that cheateth his neighbours, and fattens his pig at other people’s expense!”

Letty looked mournfully round, but said nothing. “Only think, wife,” continued John, “in half an hour we could have the pig here;—a slice done on the gridiron would be delightful before going to bed. I would pawn some of my razors to buy some bread; we would waken the two elder ones to give them a taste, poor dears!—and to-morrow I would sell some of the bacon, and tell the rascal, Whiffle, I would give him a receipt for the value of the animal as part payment of his debt—eh! Letty?”

Letty could resist no longer. Her

bonnet was on her head; the light truck brought noiselessly from the back-yard to the door, and off the two set through the now deserted streets,

for the clock had struck ten, and the watchmen had been asleep for an hour.

CHAPTER II.

The day that Stephen Whiffle presented his fat pig to the admiring eyes of his townsmen was the happiest day of his life. His heart swelled with pride and exultation to such a degree, that he burst two of the buttons of his waistcoat. In a chair, conspicuously placed in the passage, in such a way as to command a view of the object of his admiration on one side, and the street on the other, with a pipe breathing perfume, and his ears wide open to hear the criticisms of his neighbours, from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve, did Stephen labour, as we have said, without intermission in his effort to astonish the natives; and so persevering had been his labours, that his appetite on this occasion was increased to a pitch of sharpness that would have made an alligator ashamed of himself. But Dinah Prim, who on week days was his housekeeper, and on Sundays his fellow-worker in edifying the rebellious, in so far as she invariably groaned louder in her devotions than any of the unconverted have a right to do, had prepared a more than usually abundant supper, as if in anticipation of the exciting effects of her master's unwonted activity. An immense dish of stewed beef-steaks, accompanied with hot potatoes, and garnished with sundry pickles, sent up their savoury steams; a huge tankard, crowned with a diadem of foam, rested its precious cargo of exquisite home-brewed, at Stephen's dexter hand; Dinah Prim smiled with her sweetest smiles directly opposite; and a kettle "weaving its song of potatory joy," and breathing vows of ardent devotion to a pot-bellied bottle of gin which stood on the table, gave symptoms of an intention on the part of Mr Whiffle to prove himself a patriotic subject by increasing the amount of the excise. But it is not to be imagined for a moment that Stephen had sat all day exposed to the fresh air without some refreshment. Dinah had performed various voyages to the cellar, and returned laden with profound beakers

of ale which her master had magnanimously tossed over the vast abyss of his throat with redoubled relish when he perceived that his happiness was witnessed by some hapless wretch to whom the flavour of John Barleycorn was one of the pleasures of memory, for Stephen was one of those Lucretian individuals to whom his own happiness was very much enhanced by a comparison with the misery of others. Supper at last was over; the tankard emptied; the gin poured into his tumbler, and over the huge expanse of Whiffle's countenance, now nearly blue from the quantity he had eaten, wandered an expression of self-complacent satisfaction that only the good can feel.

"What an excellent thing, Dinah, is a good conscience," snorted the almost somnolent Stephen, "and a contented mind. Them is the only things as is worth the search. All else is wanity and vexation."

"Truly; and if all blessings is used with moderation."

"What do you mean to hinsinivate?—That I ain't moderate?—Is not all things allowed to me as has repented?—Mayn't I heat a few beef-steaks?"

"Yes, with humility—"

"Humble enough too for one as has reached such degrees as I have.—But you are yet at the houter wall.—You don't know nothink of true 'oliness, and that ere beef-steak hadn't half enough of innions.—So hold your tongue."

While this and similar conversations went on, the bottle got rapidly exhausted;—short broken grunts were all that proceeded at last from the meek lips of Mr Whiffle, and with his head lean't back upon his chair, his nostrils wide distended, and his legs stretched out before him—to the eyes of one of the unconverted the immaculate Stephen might almost have had the appearance of being what the Gentiles call drunk. The unprofane would have considered him in a trance. There is no saying what visions were

vouchsafed to him on this occasion, but it is probable they had some reference to the business of the day; for, muttering some unintelligible words about his pig, he made sundry efforts to rise.

"What do you want?" enquired Dinah, seeing his critical condition—"Better sit still for an hour or two, and sleep it off."

A growl, and reiterated attempts to leave his chair, were the only answer to this sagacious hint.

"Sit down, Whiffle; you'll expose yourself. *You* to be seen in this condition—for shame!"

A monosyllable energetically pronounced, which is generally appropriated to the female specimens of the canine tribe, showed that Dinah's eloquence was not of much weight with the self-willed Stephen.

"Sit still," she said at last, "you will hurt yourself if you attempt to move. The kitchen door is open, and you will never get down the steps."

"I will though," stuttered Whiffle, at last succeeding in his efforts, and staggering along the floor. "I will, I tell you. I'll go down and have one other look on him afore I tumbles in. Go to bed, Dinah; to bed, you jade, and I'll come this moment.—"

Two or three lurches hither and thither at length brought him to the door at the top of the stairs leading down to the kitchen, where the object of his veneration was extended. "Steady, steady," cried Dinah, as he swayed to and fro with the candle in one hand—"steady." But before she had time to reach his side, the step was taken,—crash, crash, down the stairs thundered the prodigious weight—a heavy fall at the bottom—a grunt as of the bursting of a bagpipe—perfect silence and thick darkness told Dinah that her worst fears were realized. In fear and trembling she searched for another candle, lighted it at the decaying fire, and went into the kitchen.

There, at full length, lay the huge carcasses, Whiffle and his pig, lovely in their lives, in their deaths undivided. It needed a very slight observation to convince Dinah of the condition of the late Mr Whiffle, and as soon as she saw that all chance of his resuscitation was hopeless, she displayed a degree of heroism and self-command, that would have done honour to a Roman matron. With the most delicate sensitiveness she spread a large table-cloth over the defunct, for Stephen, in order more fully to enjoy his supper, had stripped himself as far as decency would allow, and locking the kitchen-door, she proceeded to the parlour to make preparations for alarming the neighbourhood with the spectacle of her distress. For this purpose she finished all that was left in the bottle by way of a support under her great affliction, and then, wisely considering that no honest man can endure the idea of leaving the world in debt, she resolved to wipe off such a stain from the memory of her master by paying herself in full for all the services she had rendered him. His hoards were ransacked, and as between such friends the ceremony of counting the money might have the appearance of distrust, she transferred the grand total to her own trunk, along with all the articles of silver she could find, as "friendship's offerings" from the deceased. "All this," she murmured devoutly, as she closed the lid of her strong-box, "should have been mine, for many's the time he has promised to make me an honest woman—but he was a mean, selfish beast, and the Lord's will be done. I am resigned to every dispensation." When all these preparations were ended, she again unlocked the kitchen-door, threw on her bonnet in a mighty hurry, and sobbing and sighing as heavily as she could, she proceeded to alarm the neighbours, and call in the surgeon to her master's aid.

CHAPTER III.

John Piper arrived at Stephen's mansion about five minutes after that worthy gentleman had performed the somerset which laid him on the kitchen-floor. Every thing was dark and silent. Dinah was busy in other parts of the house—the shutters were still

unclosed, and John, knowing the locality too well to stand in need of a light, glided noiselessly in by the kitchen-window, felt his way cautiously along the floor, and kicking with his foot on the vast mass reposing beneath the table-cloth, concluded that he had dis-

covered the object of his search. "How heavy the beast is!" muttered John, "I shall never be able to get him on the truck by myself. Here, Letty, come in and lend a hand!"—By incredible exertions, hauling and tugging by the table-cloth, the hungry pair managed to deposit the mighty burden on the little vehicle, and full of glowing anticipations of a smoking steak from the overloaded ribs, they proceeded to their dwelling. Happily without being observed by any human being, they reached their destination, bundled the prodigious carcase, still shrouded in the table-cloth, into their own kitchen; and while John went to the yard to deposit the truck, Letty made preparations for the approaching feast. The plates were laid on the table, the gridiron cleaned, the fire stirred up, and now nothing was wanting but the return of the husband to furnish the materials for Letty's culinary skill. John at last returned, took down a knife from the corner cupboard,—sharpened it for some time on the kitchen-dresser. "Now, Letty," he said, "off with the cloth, and let us have a slice out of the monster's rump."

"Hush," said Letty, somewhat alarmed, "I think I hear steps on the street."

"Only James Williams, the watchman, going home to bed—he could not see any thieves in so dark a night, so what's the use of sitting up? Come, uncover, and I'll cut off three or four pounds."

"No—no—wait till the steps are past. Hark! they are stopping at Mr Jones's the surgeon's—Don't you hear knocks at his door?—listen."

"They need not knock at Dr Jones's—He has gone out of the parish to attend a rich woman at Melham—If they wants any one to be bled, they must come to our young man."

"Ah! poor fellow," said Letty, "I had forgotten him quite—and he hasn't had no supper this blessed night, nor no dinner as I know of—Ah! John."

This latter invocation was accompanied with a significant look at the table-cloth on the floor, which John quickly comprehended. "Surely, surely, Letty," he said, "when all is got right again we will ask Mr Mason to join us. It will only be another slice or two, and Mr Mason is a perfect gentleman, though his father, poor

man, was ruined like the rest of us by that infernal rascal old Whiffle. Off with the table-cloth till I dig the knife into him." But before this injunction could be complied with the noise came to their own door. A loud knocking began, which their fears magnified, with the thundering of a constable's baton. The knife was thrown down in terror, and John stood anxiously listening to the continued rat-tat-tat! "What's to be done, dear John?" cried Letty, almost hysterical in her alarm; "Oh that we had resolved to starve on, rather than steal the pig—they will take us up for the robbery!—my poor children!—oh dear, oh dear!"

"Hark!" cried John, "they are come for us already. They will break in the door. Put out the light, Letty; let us save ourselves if we can."

"Open the door, Mr Piper," whined the voice of Dinah Prim, "it has pleased Providence to visit me with affliction. Is not there a doctor as lives in your upstairs?"

"Coming, Mrs Prim, coming, madam," flustered John, now recognising the voice; "rather a late hour this, Mrs Prim. What can I do for you?" he continued, cautiously opening the window.

"Oh he is gone! he is carried off," sighed the lady.

"Carried off! ahem—quite a mistake—good-humoured jest, that's all," said John.

"Jest! mistake indeed! No; he is carried off, I assure you; but I bows to the one as did it. It was done in kindness."

"Certainly, ma'am, no doubt of it," said the perplexed barber, not exactly knowing whether Dinah was aware of the truck adventure or not.

"If I had had any varning of it," continued Mrs Prim, "it wouldn't have been so bad; but to be stolen away from me so momentarily!"

"Why, yes ma'am," said John, more and more bewildered; "but ye see, ma'am, the truck is still in the back-yard, and your loss can soon be replaced."

"Oh, never, never," sobbed Dinah; "all things is for the best. But if you will tell the young doctor, as lodges here, it will be a great satisfaction if he will just cut my master's throat, that there mayn't be no chance of his being buried alive."

"Me, marm," exclaimed John, in the utmost surprise; "me tell Mr Mason to come for to go for to cut Mr Whiffle's throat, marm! No, he is an infernal old rascal, there aint no manner of doubt; but as to cutting his throat, it's vat no gentleman would condescend for to do, let alone the chance of being hanged for't; and who the devil vants to bury the old brute alive?"

"Come, Mr Piper, we are wasting precious time. If you don't send the young doctor to me directly, I will carry my complaint to the Mayor."

"For any sake, Mrs Prim, don't talk of the Mayor; I'll send Mr Mason directly, marm; and if you wish it, I'll have my truck at your door in a moment."

"Oh, no, I want nothing of that kind—only the young doctor. Come with him yourself, you may be useful."

"Certainly, marm," said John Piper, as Dinah walked off; "but that ere idea about cutting the villain's throat is the rummest as ever I heard. Taking a little bacon aint nothing to that; but what can the old rascal want with Mr Mason and me? Pr'aps to pay us our money? At any rate I'll go and tell him to his face that this here pig is my own, and that I aint ashamed of taking my own property."

With these and similar soliloquies, the magnanimous barber mounted the crazy stairs, and entered the room where Mr Mason was still poring over his books by the light of one miserable candle. "Ask your pardon, Mr Mason," said John, "but just as we was agoing to supper, Dinah Prim, old Whiffle's maid, came in to say that her master wished for to see you and me on very peticular business."

"Me! Mr Whiffle to see me?" asked the young man in surprise, "Is he ill?"

"Can't exactly say. Mrs Prim did talk in a hexeterordinary way about wishing you to cut his throat."

"Open a vein the woman means. I will take my lancet directly. He is plethoric, and is perhaps threatened with the premonitory symptoms of apoplexy. Follow me as soon as you can, there is no time to be lost."

"And if the old rascal says any thing about his loss to night before I comes, tell him I take it in part payment."

But the young man hurried out of the room without enquiring into the worthy barber's exact meaning, and proceeded to the house of Mr Whiffle on Esculapian thoughts intent. On arriving there Mrs Prim was still greatly agitated, but whether from the circumstance of two or three tumblers of gin-and-water being insufficient to restrain her emotion, or from some other cause, Mr Mason took no time to investigate. With a wave of her hand, which unfortunately extinguished the candle, she gave him to understand that his duty was in the kitchen—"You will find him on the floor," she hiccupped in the extremity of woe, and to the kitchen the practitioner accordingly groped his way. Stumbling down the steps, kicking his shins against tubs and chairs, he at last came to what he considered his patient; felt tenderly for the wrist, and was no little astonished to find he had hold of the trotter of a tremendous pig. Mr Mason was not superstitious, but he had read of the metempsychosis.

"Bring a candle, Mrs Prim; there is some mistake here."

That worthy lady, gathering all her energies once more, coaxed warmth enough into the fire to relight her candle, and staggered into the kitchen to the assistance of the surgeon.

"I s'pose he's quite cold, sir," she said, holding the candle with tipsy gravity over the gigantic porker; "there aint no chance of bringing him to life again, for he must have broken his neck half an hour ago."

"Who? Mrs Prim—who must have broken his neck?"

"Why, the gentleman as you are feeling the pulse of. Do you think I don't know my own master?"

"This, madam, this is a large sow or other animal of the porcina genus."

"A sow?—not my master?—then where can he be?" And the terrified woman looked all round for the body of the vanished Stephen. "I told him how it would be—the devil has carried him away—oh, dear—there, in this very spot I seed him land—put a tablecloth over him and all; and now he is spirited away. Don't you think you smell brimstone, sir?"

"Woman," replied young Mason, "you are either drunk or mad; you have played a most indecent trick in hoaxing a medical man. I know not what can have been your object, but

I have suffered enough already from the villany of Mr Whiffle not to be made the butt of your heartless jests."

The young man hurried home brim-full of wrath and offended dignity. He took no notice of the shivering barber's agitation as he opened the door. "You need not go to Whiffle's," he said, as he rushed up stairs, "he is quite recovered, and does not need any assistance."

"Heaven be praised; then my neck is saved from the gallows," ejaculated John Piper, as he again joined his wife, who had sunk into a chair, and was hiding her face in her hands. "Old Whiffle has got suddenly well again, and told Mr Mason that he had no need for medicines. Let us to bed good wife—the fright has taken away my appetite, and I wish the old rascal much joy of his fat pig."

CHAPTER IV.

The moment Mr Mason had left the house to attend on Mr Whiffle, the barber had gone into the kitchen where his wife was still busied in making preparations for the supper. "Now, Letty, lose no time," he cried, "the coast is quite clear. I shall be back before the steak is done. Off with the cloth, and let me cut them nicely!" The cloth was at last unwound, and it would be useless to attempt a description of the horror and surprise that fell upon the astonished pair, when in place of the portly chops of the much coveted pig they recognised the hated visage of the detested Whiffle.

"That rascal," cried John Piper, "will be the death of me, first by starvation, and then the gallows. Oh Letty, we shall both swing on the other side of the bridge, cheek by jowl with the murderer as was hanged last week."

"But we didn't murder him, John."

"What does the law care for that? We can't bring him to life again, and therefore we shall certainly be hanged."

"But we can take him back again."

"Impossible. That old woman has raised the alarm by this time. But how in heaven's name has the pig turned into old Whiffle?"

This was a complete puzzle.

"I'll swear it was a pig," said John, "when I laid it on my truck. It must have been Ingilby the conjurer, that was here at the fair, that turned a neck of veal into a goose and goslings. But what's the use of talking?" continued the barber. "All that won't save our necks. We must get quit of him."

After a moment's consultation, it was resolved to leave the unfortunate Stephen in the darkest part of the street, and rigidly to deny all know-

ledge of the adventure, if any enquiries were made on the subject. They accordingly again called the truck into requisition, and as the least suspicious place they could find, they laid him against the back of the watch-box of James Williams, the guardian of the streets of Heckingham, believing that that valuable officer had betaken himself to his couch. In this, however, they were mistaken, for that useful individual was sunk in a profound sleep within the very box against which they placed their burden. Silently the barber and his wife returned home;—waited the Doctor's arrival with no little expectation, and were relieved by the news he gave them of Mr Whiffle's recovery. When James Williams the watchman had continued his slumbers far into the night, he resolved to alter the venue of the conclusion of them to his own bed at home. For this purpose he got up, but no sooner had he altered the centre of gravity of his box, by removing his own weight from the back part of it, than it yielded to the superincumbent ponderosity of the inanimate Whiffle, and falling—with hideous ruin and combustion—down it enclosed the scarcely awakened watchman in his own sentry-box, with such a mountainous weight above it that his efforts to extricate himself were for a long time unsuccessful. When at last he contrived to rear his prison, which enclosed him like a shell, and creep out on hands and knees, his efforts, and the persevering obstinacy of his overthrower, had irritated him to such a pitch of frenzy, that the first thing he did was to apply sundry thwacks of his baton on the body of his assailant, which Piper had reinvested in the table-cloth.

"I'll teach you," exclaimed the

vengeful watchman, "to turn over my box—playing the ghost, too, you good-for-nothing vagabond, dressed up in an old sheet—I'll make you give up the ghost, I will. Who are you?" he continued—rather surprised at receiving neither an answer, nor any resistance to his attack. "Come, hold up your face to the light"—advancing the lantern, which had luckily escaped extinction in the *mêlée*. "Ha! gracious, Mr Whiffle," he cried, starting back—"and dead, too—what shall I do?—these baton marks would hang me in any court!" But we need not trace the farther adventures of the hapless Whiffle, which were as numerous as those of the Hunchback in the Arabian Nights. We pass over how the watchman placed him against a physician's door—how the physician threw him into the river, and how finally he got into the hands of the confederates of the man who, the preceding week, had been hanged in chains for robbery and murder. Several days passed on—and still no news of the lost one. A sort of enquiry was instituted—Dinah Prim told her story. A report got abroad, which was industriously circulated by John Piper, that the devil had carried away the defrauder of his neighbours; but those who did not go so far as this, believed that Mr Whiffle had resolved to leave the neighbourhood, and that the house-keeper's story was the result of ignorance and superstition. In the meantime, John Piper took possession of the house, signing an agreement, to give it up on Mr Whiffle's coming to claim it; and as his eloquence had been efficacious in persuading a good many people that there was something very mysterious in the Doctor feeling the pig's pulse instead of Mr Whiffle's, and that there was a dreadful coincidence between the disappearance of the missing man and the continued presence of the "hanimal," few people objected to the Barber taking possession of the porker also, binding himself to account for it when its owner made the demand.

Dinah Prim also, in the first agitation of her alarm, had dropt some hints of the money she had taken, of which the watchful barber availed himself, to arrest it for the benefit of the creditors. Other discoveries of the places in which Whiffle had deposited his spoils were also made, and every thing

was in a fair way to render the disappearance of Mr Stephen one of the happiest circumstances which had happened in the town of Heckingham since the ever memorable period of his failure, when an unexpected incident occurred which increased the amazement of the inhabitants in a tenfold degree, and perhaps, if the truth were known, their satisfaction at the same time.

The Mayor of that eventful year was the most celebrated tailor that Heckingham had ever produced. He had made liveries for many years for the Lord-lieutenant of the county, and not many months before this time had made a shooting-jacket for the High Sheriff. When a man is at the top of his profession, and at the same time Mayor of his native town, a little pride may perhaps be excusable. There is indeed no denying that Mr Clips was one of the vainest of men. He was vain of himself, of his shop, of his wife, of his children. He was vain not only of the beauties of his native town, but of every thing connected with it. He was not a little proud that Heckingham boasted of the smallest church and the largest prison of any borough town in England; but at the present moment the acmé of his pride was the fact that during his mayoralty a malefactor had actually been hung in chains.

It was perhaps about a week after the mysterious disappearance of Mr Whiffle, that the worshipful the Mayor of Heckingham, with a finely gilt chain dangling across his breast, a gold-headed cane in his hand, and gratified vanity ruling triumphant on every feature, accompanied an admiring stranger in an inspection of the curiosities of the place. "This here by the church-gate," began the Mayor, "is our stocks, and that there just opposite is the public-house—very convenient, you see, sir—the mealifactors haven't far to go. A little farther on is our prison. Excellent accommodation, and I am happy to say always quite full. The town-hall you have already seen. There is a little anecdote about that there figure of Justice over the door. Fine statty, aint it? Well, sir, you see we have a theatre here, and once when there was a row because Pizarro came on drunk, and give Rollo a bloody nose, the mob became uproarious and broke every thing

they could find. Among other things they got hold of this here wooden staty—she was Thalia then, and had a very agreeable smile on her face—and knocked the upper part of her head all to pieces. Well, an idea came into my mind, and I bought it as old lumber; had a board—you see the board, sir?—nailed right over the top of her nose—because Justice, you know, is blind; hung a pair of wooden scales over her left wrist, and glued the right arm of Mars to the stump of her broken elbow—made a present of her to the town, and received the thanks of the corporation. She is painted green to keep her from the weather:—not quite so natral as red and white, but stands the wear and tear much better.” In this way the eloquent Clips paraded his visitor through the town;—and as the last and crowning wonder, “the bright consummate rose of the whole wreath,” he conducted him to the other side of the bridge, and fixing his eyes intently on his friend to watch the effect of the spectacle, “There, sir,” he said, “there is the glory of Hekkingham,—the notorious Bill Swag—that robbed and murdered—no—murdered and robbed—the unfortunate old man on the great London road—a perpetual monument of the watchfulness of Providence to detect a murder, and also of the horse-patrol. You see what a miserable care-worn, thin-looking rascal it is. No!—Heaven be over us! what is that?” and the Mayor’s tongue ceased its office, though it still wagged, in vain attempts to reach the palate, the wide gaping of the mouth preventing all communication. The stranger looked astonished. “Sir,” began the mayor, mastering himself by a strong effort, “this is the most wonderful thing that ever happened, and will make my mayoralty notorious to all future times. The fat man you now see on the gallows, sir, is not Bill Swag, but Mr Whiffle—you’ve heard his story? There he is, sir—but this is too weighty a matter for delay. I must summon the Council forthwith.”

In pursuance of this wise resolution the members of the deliberative body met in full conclave,—marched in so-

lemn procession to the gallows to convince themselves of the fact, and returned to the town-hall to decide on farther proceedings. Opinions were long divided—some contending that it would be better to let things remain as they were—insinuating, at the same time, that the deceased was by no means unworthy of the situation he occupied. But the Mayor, rising with a dignity unknown to lower functionaries, addressed them in a speech which carried conviction to every mind. “As to old Whiffle finding his way to the gallows,” said Clips in his oration, “with that we have nothing to do—because we know nothing about it, and he himself is not in a position to tell us. It is certain that by removing him, our beautiful town, gentlemen, will lose one of its proudest ornaments, for, let me tell you, it aint every town as can point to a murderer hung in chains;—yet, gentlemen, even this distinction I hope you will surrender for the sake of me, Thomas Clips, the Mayor of this town. It is not for the man’s sake I wish him to be taken down—no—but when I tell you, gentlemen, that in this my year of mayoralty, I, the chief dignitary of this ancient borough,—with my own hands made the identical breeches in which he is now suspended—O! I feel certain you will not subject your principal magistrate to the indignity of having his handiwork disgraced upon the gallows!” The appeal was irresistible. It was unanimously agreed to act on the Mayor’s suggestion, and Hekkingham was robbed of the ornament which had rendered its inhabitants so proud.

Mr Mason is now the principal surgeon in that part of the country, and the last news of John Piper, who is a rich man and flourishing perfumer, was, that he is the Mayor-elect for the next year, and threatens to put Dinah Prim in Bridewell, if she makes any disturbance by preaching on the streets. It is observed that John kills a fat hog every year, and distributes it to the poor—a sort of thank-offering for all the benefits he has experienced from his affection to that species of animal.

BERRYER.

"*Poëte un beau talent !*" dit un des collègues du nouvel orateur. "*Dites donc une pléiade,*" répartit M. Royer Collard.
 "Lorsque *D'Agueux* débuta au Parlement de Paris, le vieux Président Talon s'écria. Je voudrais bien finir comme ce jeune homme commence."—*Playgo's Defence of Berryer at the Court of Assizes of the Lot et Cher in 1832.*

THERE is a *poetry* in eloquence, which is not only rhythmical—having one sound proportioned to another—but which possesses that characteristic of which Addison speaks in his *Spectator* when he says, that though in poetry it be necessary that the unities of time, place, and action should be explained, there is still something that gives a greatness of mind to the reader which few of the critics have considered.

The power of speaking with fluency and eloquence is the *viva voce* expression of him who thinks in measure. The poet writes. The orator speaks.

The Lady Anne of Bretagne, passing through the presence of France, says Peacham, and espying Chartier, a famous poet, fast asleep, kissing him, said, "We must honour the *mouth* whence so many golden poems have proceeded."

There is a *painting* in eloquence, which represents by delineation and colours, as living and as fresh as ever were presented on the canvass of a Rubens or a Wilkie. Colours, appearances, images, are all brought before you, either as faithful representatives of facts, or as artificial deckings, which cheat but to please you.

"This is the very *painting* of your fear ;
 This is the air-drawn dagger, which you
 said led you to Duncan."

There is a *music* in eloquence, which proceedeth from a man "who is moved with concord of sweet sounds." It is the "*silver sound*" of Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*. It is the chord of *Milton*, when "of old the sons of morning sang." It is the music of "Pope," which "never swelled too high, nor sunk too low ; which fired warriors with animated sounds ; and even poured into the lover's bleeding wounds the balm of consolation." It is harmonious, melodious, sweet sounding.

Thus, *eloquence* is a combination of poetry, painting, and music. But it is more than this.

There is a living *sculpture* in eloquence, for it is graceful action, since

Shakspeare has said that "*action is eloquence ;*" and the real orator presents in his person the thought embodied in the lines of Pope—

"Then *sculpture* and her sister arts revive,
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live."

But eloquence is natural. It cannot be artificial. It is the poetry of the soul. It is the painting of the heart. It is the music of the mind. It is the result, not of study, but of endowment. It is the gift, not of man, but of God. "*Pars nascitur non fit,*" is as true of him who speaks with eloquence as of him who rhymes with harmony.

But eloquence has yet higher qualifications. It is the voice of reason and of justice, as well as the harmony of music, the colouring of painting, the rhythm of poetry, and the living marble of grace and action. I cannot understand Seneca when he separates virtue from eloquence. "*Elige cum cujus tibi placuit et vita et oratio.*" Rather, with *Quintilian*, I look on the truly *eloquent* man as the apologist for virtue, who excites the best feelings of our nature in compassion for the unfortunate and not for the vicious.

"*Præcipua tamen ejus in commenda miseratione virtus, ut quidam in hac eum parte omnibus ejusdem operis autoribus præferant.*"

Whatever is natural is just. For the voice of nature is the voice of order ; and order is heaven's first law. The voice of conscience is the voice of nature ; and the efforts of genius, as of eloquence, when uncorrupted, are just and rational. If justice and truth, reason and conscience, be separated from eloquence, it is not eloquence, but declamation. It may please the ear, captivate the imagination, and excite the fancy, but as it springs not from the heart, so it can never reach it.

Thus, true eloquence is upright, incorrupt, honest, accurate, virtuous, rightful, regular, exactly proportioned, and administers to every man what is his due.

But its characteristics are not only natural, artial, and moral ; they are

likewise intellectual. Not only does the heart speak to the heart, but the mind speaks to the mind. It is the exertion of intelligent power by means of speech. It may be in the form of conversation—for who was more eloquent than Coleridge?—or in the form of public orations—and whose speeches can rival those of Berryer? In both cases, however, master minds, as well as noble hearts, were brought to bear upon their attentive and captivated listeners. True eloquence is inseparable from reason, or that power by which one man deduces one proposition from another, or proceeds from premises to consequences.

When Berryer defended the *Abbé de la Mennais*, in 1826, who was absurdly prosecuted for opinions which he then maintained, but has apparently since renounced, the question of the "*divine right of kings*" was discussed before the jury; and as the reason and the conscience of Berryer told him that this great maxim, this vast principle was the basis of liberty, of equality, and of right; and that an ungodly and perverse age had ignorantly and impiously confounded the word "absolutism" with "divine right," his reason and his conscience thus eloquently expressed the reasonings of the one and the convictions of the other:—

"A qui osera-t-on faire un crime de vénérer dans son cœur, et dans ses paroles, cette grande puissance spirituelle qui, toujours vigilante pour les rois et pour les peuples, leur fait sans cesse entendre ces nobles enseignements, fondements sacrés de tout ordre, de toute dignité, de toute liberté, dans les états. Peuple obéis à ton roi, il est l'image de Dieu sur la terre; roi, garde toi d'oublier dans les pompes de ta grandeur que le dernier de tes sujets est ton frère.

"L'absolutisme et le droit divin! étrange et criminel rapprochement des principes les plus opposés! Le droit divin! Mais c'est la liberté, c'est l'égalité entre les hommes, c'est l'éternelle loi qui les appelle à vivre en société, mais qui n'a point réglé les formes variables des sociétés politiques, dicté leurs constitutions, leurs lois intérieures; qui n'a attribué à aucun homme une autorité propre et personnelle sur les semblables. Républiques ou monarchies; tous ces états, tant qu'ils subsistent au fond des consciences, une autorité plus grande que celle des lois mêmes, plus puissante que le pouvoir humain, ont pu mettre sous la garde de la religion les lois fondamentales, les lois sanctionnées par une longue expérience par les suffrages des siècles. Que le Dieu Terme fût placé aux

limites des champs, que la statue de la Concorde s'élevât sur les places publiques—qu'une cérémonie sainte ait consacré le prince appelé au trône par les lois antiques du pays, ces garanties sacrées des droits sociaux n'en étaient point le principe."

The reason, the conscience, the understanding, the heart—all here are speaking in the language of nature;—as musical as the morning note of that lark which swims in ether, or rises to the pearly gates of the sun;—as poetical as the *Elegy of Gray*—as living a perfection of sculptured beauty as the production of Canova;—and coloured with all the purity and chasteness of a Titian, and yet the force and energy of a Raphael.

There is still another word which must be added to conscience and reason—it is knowledge. The "blast Tartarian, which makes the house tremble, as its notes are spread,"

"*Tartareus intendit vocem, qua protinus omnis contremuit dumus,*"

is by no means a necessary characteristic of eloquence. It may be an harangue—a set speech—an appeal to the passions—and may even border on rhetoric—but a declaimer and an orator are not more widely separated than knowledge and ignorance—volubility and eloquence. When *Garnier Pagès* addresses the French deputies, he is not speaking to *them*, but to the crowd without. His speeches suit the mob, and they toss high their caps and cry, "*Vive Garnier Pagès!*"—"But how can they be wise, whose talk is of bullocks?" When *Guizot* speaks to France, he speaks to the world—for the examinations of philosophy, the criticisms of the schools, and the investigations of political science, he courts; and why? Because he knows that which he believes—and his knowledge is at his fingers' ends.

Thus, *Berryer* has a certain perception, an indubitable apprehension of truth; and, as this is the highest degree of the speculative faculties—he possesses it to an astonishing degree. Hence the vivacity of his replies to those who interrupt him. When, during the discussion in the session of 1834, of the address of the Chamber of Deputies to the King; in reply to the opening speech, M. Berryer pointed out (in one of his most admirable orations, which lasted two hours, and which, through the inspiration of the moment, captivated, and even exta-

sied an assembly, in which he was the only one of his opinion) the disastrous effects of the doctrine, or dogma of "*the sovereignty of the people*"—the Keeper of the Seals, unable to resist the influence produced upon his reason, as well as the contending passions of his heart, exclaimed, '*Avec les conséquences que vous donnez à la souveraineté du peuple tout gouvernement est impossible !*'". And what said Berryer? Why, his knowledge—his certain perception—his indubitable apprehension was then to reply—and instantly he answered—

"*Et qui vous dit le contraire !*" The reply was sublime. The victory was accomplished. Berryer had convinced the Carbonaro, and the Propagandist Minister of Justice, that if the dogma, or the doctrine of the *sovereignty of the people*, were carried out into operation, as ought to be the case, where the government was founded upon that principle, or dogma, that "*no government could exist, that its existence would be impossible*." The triumph was achieved by the simple phrase, "*Et qui vous dit le contraire !*" From that moment, both the throne and its counsellors have abjured this doctrine, remembering the words of M. Guizot, in his work on the Government of France :—

"Ainsi, fermement persuadé que la légitimité des trônes est une institution excellente et que, pour être cette institution, la légitimité doit être ancienne, car autrement elle n'est pas :—Je me demande par quel malheur la révolution serait condamnée à méconnaître et à repousser un tel bien ;" and remembering the words of Count d'Argout, now *governor of the bank of France*, in his letter to the Mayors of the department of Gard, written in March 1817, "Sans la doctrine sacrée de la légitimité, il ne peut y avoir ni repos ni bonheur pour la France, et l'existence même de notre patrie est intimement liée à ce principe ;" and above all, remembering the words of Louis Philippe d'Orléans, now King of the French, in the solemn declaration made by the Princes of the House of Bourbon, when in 1803 Bonaparte proposed certain conditions to Louis XVIII. to induce him to renounce his rights to the crown of France : "Si l'injuste emploi d'une force parvenait (ce que à Dieu ne plaise), à placer de fait, et *jamais de droit*, sur le trône de France, tout autre que notre *roi légitime*, nous suivrons avec autant de confiance que de fidélité, la voix de l'honneur, qui nous prescrit d'en appeler

jusqu'à notre dernier soupir à Dieu, aux Français, et à notre épée."

The *knowledge* of M. Berryer—his certain perception—his indubitable apprehension, replying, in one phrase, to the minister of Justice—thus gave the last blow to that dogma which had for four years involved France in continuous insurrection. The doctrine of popular sovereignty has now been abandoned. *Montesquieu* is now preferred to *Lafayette*—and the language of the 221 Deputies of France, in March, 1830, has triumphed, *not over the acts*, but over the *principles* of the Deputies, who made a king in the succeeding month of July. For what says *Montesquieu*?—"It is not for the reigning family that the order of succession is established, but because it is the interest of the state that there should be one reigning family. The law which regulates the succession of private families is a civil law, which has for its object the interest of private individuals. That which regulates the succession to the monarchy is a political law, which has for its object the welfare and the preservation of the state." And what was even the language of the 221 Deputies who voted that fatal address, which, whilst it acknowledged the "*sacred principles of legitimacy*," and even the "*sacred rights of the Crown, as the surest guarantee for the liberties of the people*," yet dictated to the reigning prince the choice which he ought, according to them, to make of his responsible ministers?

"C'est un objet digne de la sollicitude de votre majesté que de mettre un terme aux maux qui affligent le Portugal, *sans porter atteinte au principe sacré de la légitimité, inviolable pour les rois, non moins que pour les peuples*.....La raison de peuple, mariée par l'expérience et par la liberté des discussions, lui dit que c'est surtout en matière d'autorité, que l'antiquité de la possession est le plus saint de tous les titres... Sa conviction s'accorde donc avec son devoir, pour lui présenter, les droits sacrés de votre couronne, comme la plus sûre garantie de ses libertés."

But there is a final characteristic, or ingredient, in true eloquence, to which I must briefly refer : and that is literary acquirements, or learned attainments, as in opposition to the gifts of nature. When the endowments of nature are enriched and enlarged by

requirements, then the mind, as an intelligent power, and as an intellectual capacity, supplies the orator with those materials and facts which his knowledge appreciates, his conscience repels or adopts, and his imagination converts into poetry, painting, music, and sculpture. He is a finished orator. How beautiful an assemblage is this of virtue, wisdom, and talent—of that which is artful, with that which is natural—and of judgment, rectitude, feeling, and taste! Such models are most rare. Yet, in my conscience, I believe that *Berryer* is one. His well-stored mind—rich in classic lore, in the wisdom of ages, and in the progress of human attainments:—replete with facts not crude and undigested, a mass of unarranged and unselected, because unappreciated materials—but filled with moral and social facts, identified with the history of man, and with the ways of God—comprehensive as the subjects of his research, and as the widely expansive character of his benevolence and heart; not limited to one school or to one language, to one age, or to one system, but though orderly as the cells of wax in which the bee stores her honey; yet filled, as in the honey-comb, with the varied sweets of many an intellectual flower and shrub, blossom, and tree;—this mind of his, thus enriched,—these acquirements of his, thus arranged; this knowledge of his, perceiving and apprehending all;—this conscience of his, the fond and devoted, nay, the passionate love of truth and justice, are all brought to the aid of his fertile fancy, his playful wit, and of that poet's tongue, "which, as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, turns them to shape—and gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

I have thus introduced *BERRYER* to your notice; and I have done so in this manner, because Eloquence might be represented by his statue or his bust; and because it is well to distinguish between things which differ and which are yet oft confounded. It is well, as it appears to me at least, to separate what is styled "*Eloquent*" by the ignorant, the violent and the wanton, from the real eloquence which has a sacredness about it, and of which *Isaiah* spoke when, describing the confusion and misery created by sin and error, he said, "*God taketh away in*

consequence from Jerusalem and from Judah, the captain of fifty and the honourable man, the counsellor and the ELOQUENT ORATOR." In one word, it is well that stupidity and knowledge, learning and ignorance, dignity and passion, honest conviction and affected energy, as opposed to the meretricious display of a voluble declaimer, and the unprincipled energy of a mere political partisan; differing as they do in their characteristics and in their objects; in the source of their influence and in their design and end—should be kept perfectly distinct in the minds of men. Real eloquence is entitled to the homage, the love, the admiration, the gratitude, and I will add, to the convictions and consciences of men—for it is intellectual superiority, vast acquirements and industry, and even moral virtue! Its influence on individuals, or on masses, should excite no surprise. It is the triumph of mind over nature, of application over indolence, of knowledge over confusion, of all that is just and honest, or a prejudice and vice, of reason, of fancy, of imagination, of poetry, of painting, of the playful innocence of childhood, as well as of the strength of a giant; of conscience and of nature; and when he, who spoke as never man spoke, opened his lips of love, and said, "*Let not your hearts be troubled—ye believe in God—believe also in me—peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you;*"—who can wonder at the enthusiasm of Simon Peter, who, having a sword, drew it, and smote the high priest's servant, and cut off his right ear, when in a garden by the side of the brook Cedron, a band of officers and chief priests arrived to arrest his Lord? The result of true eloquence must be proportioned to its character, as effects must correspond with their causes. He who lushed the stormy wind and the tempest said, "Peace! be still,"—but his voice was the voice of God.

BERRYER was born in the French metropolis on the 3d of January, 1790. He is the son of one of the most celebrated advocates of the Paris bar, and ever found in his father a guide, a counsellor, and a model. At the College of Juilly he received his education, and was prepared for the bar by the directions, skill, and constant assistance of his parent. His education

was classical and historical. He studied the best models of forensic eloquence, and was at an early age convinced of this great fact and principle, that monarchical governments are favourable to the development of genius, and to the advancement of industry and talent. The father of Berryer was, from principle as well as from education, a Royalist. He had watched with his son, who was at his elbow, and examined, as younger and elder students, the events which had transpired in France, from the period when the young Berryer was ten years of age till the epoch of his maturity;—and both were equally satisfied that the land of their birth, as of their affection, was unprepared for the doctrines of republicanism, and totally opposed to the continuance of imperialism. From 1812 to 1814 both father and son anticipated the speedy return of the Bourbons to France as a fact which was ever inevitable, and desired an arrangement, by which the liberties of the people, the power and unity of the monarchy, and the ameliorations introduced by the events of 1789 might be consecrated and preserved.

It was at this period that Berryer was called to the bar. From the moment of his appearance as an advocate, his admirable aptitude for reply was admitted by all his fellow-barristers—and one of them made in his honour a charming song, the chorus of which was

“A la réplique on connaît l’avocat.”

This facility of replying to his adversary, of seizing the weak points of his argument, and of gaining the attention of both judges and jury by a lofty address and an animated and powerful logic, has, of course, grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. His introductory addresses are strong, masculine, nervous. His replies are thunderbolts which sweep all before them, and leave his antagonists the sorriest victims of his power, strewn lifeless, or incapable of retorting on the field of battle.

When Berryer first entered public life as a barrister, the events of 1814 and 1815 rendered that profession more political than legal, and gave to it a character peculiarly favourable for the development of his immense powers. He embraced with ardour royalist opinions. The despotism of Napoleon and the vexations of his government,

had irritated the mind and heart of the young advocate. He had admired with all the French youth the military glory of the warrior—but when he contrasted that sole title to public favour with the persecuting character of the police, and with the arbitrary acts of the Government, he learned to appreciate beforehand the benefits of a government which brought back to France both liberty and order. He embraced with enthusiasm the cause of legitimacy, and to it he has been faithful during the rest of his noble and energetic life.

I remember, in the month of December, 1830, listening to a splendid oration of Berryer, in which he thus sketched his opening career:—

“Je réclame le privilège heureux de mon âge, qui me fit étranger à l’ancien régime. Ma carrière a commencée au milieu d’un bruit des armes. Je me suis, en quelque sorte, éveillé au monde aux cris de gloire de l’empire; alors que les vieilles querelles étaient étouffées. Je n’ai connu la liberté, l’ordre, les lois, la discussion des droits, la défense des intérêts publics ou privés, que dans la France, telle que la restauration l’a faite.”

Berryer was one of those who felt, when contemplating the vast catastrophe of the empire, how much there is of peril for the happiness and repose of society, when the power which directs it is all concentrated in only one man. Whilst such men as Bonaparte are rare, and hardly ever transmit to their successors the force with which their own genius has invested them—society is in perpetual need of order and protection. An unchangeable, inviolable, dominating principle, which consecrates all rights and all interests, can alone reply to these demands—and, if you will, to these weaknesses of human society.

It is easy for the enemies of the Restoration to affect a vast repugnance for foreign bayonets; but time and truth will do justice to this species of ingratitude, and the acclamations of the France of 1814 will, at a future period of French history, reply victoriously to those posthumous calumnies, only got up to give the lie to the facts of the past. The Restoration will preserve its great name in the annals of France, and posterity will say, that by the return of legitimate power to these shores, France was able to obtain that repose from her long political agita-

tion of which she was so much in need, and was brought to enjoy that "*prosperity without example*," which M. Dupin, in 1815, then admitted to exist. I cannot forbear from citing the very words of this distinguished individual, made use of in his letters to the electors of *La Nièvre* at that period.

"Le roi veut cicatriser nos plaies, tarir la source de nos maux, et nous procurer cette paix que a fui loin de nous avec les Bourbons; et qu'eux seuls pouvaient nous mener."

It is often a subject of occupation with M. Berryer, to compare men with themselves as well as with each other; to see how their passions and their prejudices at one period of their lives give the lie to the justice and truth of another period, and then *vice versa*. I cannot myself refrain, whilst speaking of the calumniated Restoration, from citing a few passages from the *Journal des Debats*, an organ of public opinion which has exercised so great an influence over the minds of the "*Bourgeoisie*" for a quarter of a century.

That journal was compelled, in its Numbers of 1st and 4th September 1832, to admit, "that France had not enjoyed any liberty before the promulgation of the charter, and the re-establishment of the constitutional monarchy by Louis XVIII. That which is certain in spite of all the declamations in the world is this, that France was never truly free but under the constitutional monarchy."

And again, "the Emperor had deprived us of the liberty of the press—the charter restored it us. The Emperor had taken from us the liberty of the tribune—the charter restored it to us. The Emperor, in one word, has destroyed every vestige of a representative government—the charter gave us that government back again. These are facts which may be kept back, and about which not one word may be uttered, but the facts will remain, and cannot be destroyed."

Even the 221 deputies, who in March, 1830, presented an address to Charles X., in which they virtually required him to abandon one of the most sacred prerogatives of his crown, the right of naming his own ministers, were compelled by the force of truth to say—

"Sire! The people cherish and respect

your authority. Fifteen years of peace and of liberty, which they owe to your august brother and to you, have rooted deeply in their hearts that gratitude which attaches them to your royal family."

As Berryer was always a man of action, as well as of principle, he became a Royalist volunteer, and made as such the journey to Ghent during the Hundred Days.

On the second return of the Bourbons, his Royalist opinions did not prevent him from devoting himself with ardour to the defence of the officers who were compromised by the events of 1815, and who were brought before the tribunals to be judged by the order of Ministers, who little understood the interests of the monarchy, and were never seriously devoted to the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon. And it is not a little singular, nay, it is a fact well deserving of being rescued from oblivion, that the ordonnance of Louis XVIII., which prescribed the arrest and trial of Ney, Cambronne, Debelle, &c., was made when *Pasquier*, the now President of the Chamber of Peers, and *Baron Louis*, the now candidate for the post of President of the Court of Accounts, were Ministers; when Prince Talleyrand, now the *factotum* of the *Tuileries*, was President of the Council, and the *Duc de Cazes*, the now Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers, was Prefect of Police. Yet one of the great accusations brought by the Revolution of 1830 against the Restoration was this,—"*The arrest, trial, and death of Marshal Ney.*"

Against this ordonnance, counselled and carried into execution by the warmest supporters of the new order of things in France, Berryer protested in 1815, and has never ceased to protest. He was the defender of the principle of the monarchy, because he was the lover of freedom—because he was convinced that that principle alone could conciliate order and liberty, and it is therefore that the alliance of "*Legitimacy and Liberty*" has been the constant objects of all his efforts, and the political faith of all his life.

In the eyes of a man who thus understood the nature and character of royalty, all violent measures were in his opinion opposed to the essence of legitimate power, which should never doubt its rights or its force, and which should feel that it was less a dominating

power than an immense pledge of security for the country. He was then opposed to all criminal proceedings which resembled acts of vengeance instead of acts of justice, and he would not that the conqueror should make the "*Place de Grève*" a supplement to the theatre of so many combats, or that the executioner should search for victims on the field of battle. M. Berryer opposed, then, with all the powers of his mighty eloquence, that *reactionary spirit* which the men who undertook to direct the second restoration dared to print upon it, and who were indifferent, as they are still, to the fall of dynasties and to the revolutions of empires, provided from the general wreck they can snatch but a ministerial portfolio.

When Marshal Ney was tried before the Chamber of Peers he assisted in his defence; and when Cambronne was tried at Nantes in 1816, his young Royalist friend was his defender.

M. Berryer was a Royalist from conviction, the result of profound thought and enquiry; he therefore desired that the throne should be strong enough to pardon, and often did he address himself to the Royal clemency. When unable to save *Debelle* by his splendid pleadings before a court-martial, he rushed to the palace, and threw himself at the feet of that King against whom the General had dared to raise the standard of revolt. "*He shall have his pardon*," replied the monarch to the young advocate, "*because he fought not against France, but against me*." It was thus that Henry IV. stretched forth his hand of forgiveness to the soldier who wounded him at Arques.

"*Plus de proscrits*" was the motto of M. Berryer. It was a noble and generous policy; and, faithful to the same motto, he had the right, in 1831, when he appeared as one of the counsel for the ex-Ministers of Charles X., to say, "that, as the royalty of so many centuries had been proscribed by the Revolution of July, at least the Ministers of the exiled monarch could not be led to the scaffold."

There are two passages in that most extraordinary and magical defence which, though out of the order of date, I insert in this part of my narrative, because they bear upon the conduct and opinions of Berryer in 1815.

"J'exprime ici, Messieurs, une pensée pro-

fondement gravée en mon cœur : et, pardonner-moi de le dire, j'ai quelque droit de l'exprimer avec confiance. En 1815, déjà pénétré de sentiments qui ne s'éteindront qu'avec ma vie, lorsque les passions politiques étaient partout ardentes, et plus excitées en moi par la chaleur d'une extrême jeunesse, je me disais : Un empoisonneur, un voleur public, un parricide, sont toujours criminels, et doivent être condamnés en tout temps, en tout pays. Il n'en est pas de même des criminels d'état : donnez leur seulement d'autres juges, que le temps calme les intérêts, modifie les passions, leur vie sera en sûreté, et peut être en honneur.

"C'est dans cette pensée que je m'assis près de mon père pour la défense de Marechal Ney. Et que je parvins du moins à sauver les jours des Généraux Debelles et Cambronne."

The following concluding words of M. Berryer, when he defended the Ministers of Charles X., supply an admirable example of his powers of reasoning, his love of justice, his impassioned eloquence :—

"La charte dit ; que la personne du Roi est inviolable et sacrée, que ses Ministres seuls sont responsables ; ces deux principes sont corrélatifs, dépendant l'un de l'autre, inséparables l'un de l'autre. La responsabilité des Ministres est la garantie de l'inviolabilité du Roi ; cette inviolabilité des personnes royales est le fondement de la responsabilité des agents du pouvoir..... En frappant le Roi lui-même, par la perte de ses droits, vous avez réputé qu'il avait voulu commander, exigé, et vous ne pouvez désormais punir ses Ministres de leur obéissance. La révolution que vous avez consommée a anéanti l'ordre politique, que l'accusation des Ministres n'aurait eu pour but que de maintenir et de venger... Vous ne pouvez pas vous faire leurs accusateurs, et je ne leur vois plus de juges sur la terre de France."

The defence of Cambronne by Berryer was a masterpiece of eloquence, but I dare not cite from it, not only from the difficulty of selection, but from the fear of extending this sketch to a disproportionate length. Cambronne was one of the generals who devoted himself with the greatest zeal to the cause of Bonaparte, and it was he who exclaimed at the battle of Waterloo, when required to surrender—

"La garde meurt—et ne se rend pas !"

Few events in the life of Berryer have given him so much satisfaction as the acquittal of Cambronne by the council of war, and he often refers to that first success with noble pride and

generous sympathy. The pardon of Debelles by Louis XVIII. at the request of Berryer, was his next achievement.

M. Berryer did not allow his royalist opinions or his monarchical affections to interfere with his love of liberty and his sacred attachment to the cause of justice. When consulted by M. Chedel, a merchant, in 1817, as to the illegal conduct of the then Prefect of Police, the Count Anglés, he thus expressed himself in a printed "*mémoire*," as to the rights of individual liberty, and the responsibility of the agents of the government.

"The laws are made for the protection of all. To invoke them when they are violated is as much the duty of the lowest citizen as of the Prime Minister. It is a small thing that the social pact promises political liberty. It is essential that all the secondary institutions should concur in protecting this liberty; and that every portion of the legislation of the country should guarantee at once the respect which is due to it, and the punishment of all attacks which shall be made upon it. It is our duty to attach ourselves to two things: the first is, not to tolerate that the laws of the times of persecution and of terror should be brought forward to impede the action, and prevent the developement and enjoyment of that liberty which the king has given us; and that the agents of the government shall not be allowed to have recourse to laws created by a military despotism to regulate a people restored to the advantages of its legitimate government. The agents of the government would insult France, if, showing to her in one hand the charta and its liberties proclaimed by Louis XVIII., they should dare to menace her with the other, with the decrees and *Senatus-Consultus* of Bonaparte. The French, who attach some importance to the laws of their country and to all royal institutions, are bound, above all, at a time when they are invited to enjoy a wise and rational liberty, to attach themselves with sincerity and ardour to the execution of the laws. They ought not to suffer any abuses to be introduced with impunity into that execution—abuses which, from their nature, are liable to extend and to multiply every day. The Ministers and agents of the government, who should render themselves thus culpable towards the governors and the governed, ought not to be able to escape from the legal responsibility which rests upon them. A merely moral responsibility is not sufficient. It would be little formidable in the eyes of a man who would console himself by the confidence of his master for the want of confidence of the whole nation!"

M. Berryer pursued with ardour his

profession of advocate, and obtained the most signal success. In *criminal prosecutions* he was distinguished by the influence which he exercised over the minds of the judges to acquit his clients when innocent, or when their guilt was really doubtful; or to inflict the smallest penalty imposed by law when the individual he defended was worthy of sympathy, or at least of compassion. His sensibility, his tact, and his deference to those appointed to administer justice, ensured him the respect of the tribunals.

In the conduct of *civil suits* his clearness of comprehension, his precision, and his perfect knowledge of the codes, and of the commentaries and decisions of the most celebrated legists and courts, distinguished him from the rest of the members of the bar. In France it is too much the custom with the advocates to weary both jury and judges by the minuteness of their details, and by dissertations more calculated to fatigue than to enlighten. M. Berryer, on the contrary, always sought to present to the judges the point in contest, the real question at issue—and to that point he directed all his erudition, all his research, and all his eloquence. In the present state of French jurisprudence, true it is, indeed, that occasions are rare when grave discussions of public or private rights can be entered into; but whenever these occasions present themselves, M. Berryer displays the most profound respect for those ancient juriconsults whose names and services, endowments and acquirements, would have adorned any country and any age. The opinions of *modern* French judges he rarely refers to. He knows how easy it is in these times to become a magistrate in France, and when he has such an example before his eyes, as M. Barther the carbonaro, the fourth-rate lawyer, Minister of Justice, and chief of all the French tribunals, it is not surprising that he should pore over the folios of former times, and read and reperuse the wisdom of ages, instead of satisfying himself with the empty dissertations of dandy advocates, or the fashionable pamphlets of mere political juriconsults.

In political discussions M. Berryer has always an advantage which has most admirably aided him, in every act of his political life, as well as in all his speeches from the tribune; and

that advantage has consisted in an "ensemble" of ideas in a complete system, well examined, and well decided on, and constantly pursued.

Under the Restoration M. Berryer pleaded several cases of great political importance. The three most remarkable were, 1st, his defence of M. Michaud against the ministry of Corbiere; 2d, his defence of his friend De la Mennais against the Gallicans; and 3d, his pleading for the *Quotidien* against the *Constitutionnel*. On these occasions he developed all the resources of a rich and fertile talent, all the powers of an extemporary speaker of the first-rate school, at once classical and poetic—and the brilliant yet well regulated display of a powerful and convincing eloquence.

In the *first* case, he proved that he knew how to combat even his friends, when the defence of a great political principle, the liberty of the press, compelled him to speak. He attacked, with vigour unparalleled, the attempts made by the *Corbiere* ministry "to stifle the expression of thought," and rendered historical the famous demand of that minister, who had not feared to say "*vendez nous un procès.*"

In the *second* case, he showed the art he possessed of rendering intelligible, even to those least conversant with such questions, the subtleties of Roman Catholic religious discussions, separating them, however, from those questions which more properly belonged to the province of the civil judges. When he pleaded for De la Mennais, he was influenced by two sentiments—that of affection for the accused, and of his own religious convictions. For the religious convictions of M. Berryer are very lively and very decided. He is a sincere Christian, and never hesitates openly to avow his firm and unwavering belief in the sacred chronicles of Heaven. He has often indeed been rallied by his adversaries, and even by his friends, as to his political and religious creed—and some have affected to think "that he had too much talent to believe in monarchical and religious principles." But M. Berryer would never accept a homage thus paid him at the expense of truth—and he has gloried in proclaiming, "*Yes, I am a Christian*"—" *Yes, I am a Monarchist!*"

In the *third* prosecution, in which M. Barthe, now Minister of Justice,

was counsel for the *Constitutionnel*, whilst M. Berryer was the advocate of the *Quotidien*, he displayed that power of satire which he seldom resorts to, except when his adversary attempts to impose on the court the exaggerations of a melo-drama for the sober language of truth and reason. His triumph was irresistible. It was *Lord Abinger* against *Charles Phillips*. It was Sir Robert Peel against the Member for Kilkenny. Fearful odds! and the result was not doubtful.

Although during the years M. Berryer was more or less acquainted with the various ministers of the Restoration—and although his talents and his influence were admitted by all parties—he never made use of them to procure for himself any advancement in the ranks of his profession, and never condescended to solicit any favour but the pardon of the unfortunate. Far also from seeking to obtain an appointment to public functions, which so many desired he would fill, he defended Conservative principles as an unshackled and free man, loving his country for the country itself—and thus adding to his doctrines the weight of his independence. This noble disinterested conduct gained for him the confidence of those who knew how to contrast the egotism of the age with the pure and unselfish character of his services and his devotedness. If M. Berryer sometimes solicited the favour of his King, it was on behalf of some old faithful servant, whose intentions or services had not been appreciated or understood—or it was some act of grace on behalf of the *unfortunate*. He was the petitioner and protector of the *unfortunate and the faithful*. This same spirit of mercy and of love induced him to plead, in his memorable speech of 9th November, 1831, the cause of the pensioners of the old civil list, when the Princes who were in exile, and who formerly supplied the wants of his now suffering clients, were unable to relieve the miseries of those for whom he did not plead in vain.

M. Berryer was one of the editors of the "*Conservateur*," but he only inserted one article of his own in that journal: it was on the works of "*Omer and Denis Talon*," Advocates-General to the Parliament. But he assisted with constancy in the revision of

the articles—or in the preparation of the work for the press—and above all by his counsels, which were distinguished by the clearness of his ideas, and by the elevation of his views. As a public writer, however, M. Berryer has never occupied a rank which has in the least approached to his reputation as an advocate. When he takes the pen in his hand his style instantly changes. His phrases are no longer harmonious. The colouring and the force, the poetry and the life are wanting, and without examining too minutely into the causes of the fact, the fact itself is indubitable, that M. Berryer rarely writes, and when he does so, it would seem that the long and measured character of the mere mechanism of writing deprives his thoughts of their brilliancy and their fire. His thoughts breathe, and his words burn; he is an admirable orator, but an indifferent writer.

At this epoch in the life of M. Berryer I must notice the part he took in the establishment of a Royalist school—the “*Société des Bonnes Etudes*.” Devoted to monarchical opinions, which with him were national and religious, he was tormented by a spirit of proselytism, which is indeed a general characteristic of the opinions which are founded on conviction and good faith. This period of the life of M. Berryer has been thus spoken of by one of his friends:—

“In this school of ‘*Bonnes Etudes*,’ of which I was a member, the youth of France attended, anxious to listen to the lessons of wisdom he had learned by the profound study of the ancient public rights and laws of France. It was there that, presenting to the admiration of his auditors all that was great and good in the calumniated and unknown past, he showed royalty adorned with the majesty of goneby ages, and by little and little he stripped it of those abuses which time had raised to obstruct its march. With a mind formed from the perusal of the lessons of the ancient magistrates of our Parliaments, in whom shone so much virtue that even the laws were living monuments enregistered in their discourses—he had learnt from them those principles of liberty and of attachment to the monarchy. He constantly presented before us the noble maxims of our great and good ancestors, and sought to raise our mind and hearts to their standard. Thus, *L'Hôpital* said to us by his voice, ‘Le plus sûr, pour le Prince que désire son bien, sa grandeur, et la continuation de son

sceptre en sa lignée, est de rendre la justice égale à ses sujets, et de les garder de toute oppression et violence. La vertu royale c’est la justice, et la justice c’est la liberté.’”

Not one amongst those who used to receive from him his lessons at the “*Société des Bonnes-Etudes*” has forgotten how we trembled with pleasure and delight as we heard repeated to us the words of Talon to Louis XIV.:—

“Vous êtes, sire, notre souverain seigneur : la puissance de votre majesté vient d’en haut ; elle ne doit compte de ses actions, après Dieu qu’à sa conscience. Mais il importe à sa gloire que nous soyons des hommes libres, et non pas des esclaves. La grandeur de son état et la dignité de sa couronne se mesurent par la qualité de ceux qui lui obéissent.”

It was thus that M. Berryer, whilst he recognised the progressive wants of our social state, instructed us to cherish the institutions of our country, without blushing for our fathers—and whilst he propagated new ideas to revive the power of ancient traditions, he made the present the perfected image of the past.

But we are now to follow M. Berryer into a new career. His studies, his lessons, his lectures, his successes at the bar, his astounding eloquence and unprecedented success, opened to him a new and a vast theatre. He was now to pass from the bar to the tribune—and the instant he had attained the age required by the law of elections, he was invited to become deputy. He was named President of the Electoral College of *Puy*, in the department of the *Haute Loire*—and was returned by a large majority as the representative not only of that district, but of all the enlightened and liberal Royalists and Conservatives throughout France. The first time he spoke from the tribune was on the occasion of the discussion in a secret committee of that address of the 221 Deputies to Charles X., which led to the ordonnances of July, and to the revolution which ensued. His speech was a thunderbolt; “*voilà un beau talent*,” cried one of his colleagues. “*Dites donc une puissance*,” replied Royer-Colard. Never was there a more glorious inauguration. The effect produced by his speech was such, that the journals of the day thought that he would be at once raised to

some eminent post in the ministry. But he sought no honours, and on the contrary left Paris in May, 1830, with the intention of returning in the month of August. On the morning of the day to which I have just referred, and on which M. Berryer proceeded for the first time to the Chamber of Deputies to speak as a member, he was much agitated. It was a new theatre. He was fearful that he might carry to the Tribune some of the manners, some of the habits of the bar;—and the timidity which he felt when he first ascended the Tribune even agitated his heart; but on leaving the assembly amidst the plaudits of the whole house, he said to one of his friends, "*I now know how it is necessary to speak at the Tribune.*" Never to have in the memory a phrase prepared before hand—to have a clear and distinct idea of the argument to be developed—not to think of what words are to be made use of—and to seek simply to give an opinion, and not make a speech. In this way the Tribune is not formidable." M. Berryer has remained faithful to this system! Whenever he has spoken since the Revolution of July, he has never pronounced one of those set speeches, which are expected beforehand, by political parties. The system of preparing a speech—getting it up—is not in accordance with his talent, his taste, or, if you will, with his caprice. When he shines most, it is when suddenly called on—when compelled instantaneously to reply, and when forced to grapple with an adversary of gigantic powers or of vast ascendancy. He is, above all, adapted to political contests—a false word—an incorrect thought—a bad principle—the physiognomy of the Chamber—and even the interruptions of his opponents, are all the guides to his most remarkable extemporary effusions. It is not that he abandons himself to a sort of vagabond eloquence—but that when his soul vibrates his tongue speaks. Thus it has more than once happened to him, that after having studied a question, got together the materials for his speech, and spent a laborious evening in arranging in his mind the "*ensemble*," and even the details of his oration—he has arrived at the Chamber—the discussion has taken another turn, which has not harmonized with his studies and his preparations—and he has renounced all

that he had done and prepared, and precipitating himself into a new system of argumentations originating out of the circumstances of the moment, he has developed it with an authority and a fertility which appeared to indicate long preparatory studies, though all the while he was merely speaking under the influence of the moment. A notable illustration of the truth of this observation took place in the session of 1833, on the occasion of the detention of the Duchess of Berry, when the Duke de Broglie had most imprudently developed the dogma of "*necessity*" as the foundation of, and the excuse for, the Revolution of July and the Throne of August! It was this word "*necessity*" which called him up, and he thundered away in the name of reason, of right, and of the moral interests of Europe against the consequence of this system of "*necessity*"—so menacing for society and the world. The *Duke de Broglie*, though an able and powerful speaker, was stunned by the blow—and admitted his surprise at the power and magic of an eloquence only called forth by the word "*NECESSITY*."

But let us return to M. Berryer and the Revolution of July, 1830.

M. Berryer was an enemy to "*coup d'Etat*," to the suspension of any of the articles of the charta of 1814, even though so suspended by virtue of the 14th clause—to the ordonnances of Prince Polignac—and to all extreme and violent measures. M. Berryer believed, as I believe, most firmly, that if instead of annulling the elections of 1830, the Crown had made an appeal to the good sense, as well as to the fears and interests of the Deputies, almost all of whom were necessarily opposed, from their position in society, to disorder and anarchy;—and had assembled them, and had simply presented the "*BUDGET*," that that "*budget*" would have been voted by a considerable majority.

But the act was consummated—and we find M. Berryer not participating in, but protesting against, though most courageously, in the midst of an assembly of a fraction of legislators who made a King, a Charta, and a Dynasty, after a great *emeute* of three days!—and what was the line of conduct he adopted? Did he follow the example of solemn apostasy set by some, who attach themselves with feline propen-

sities or instincts, to chateaus and to palaces, whoever may be the inhabitants—and not to the occupiers themselves? No, indeed: his firmness, his good faith, guided him in the midst of those terrible circumstances, where it is really sometimes more difficult to know what is one's duty, than it is to perform it.

As long as in the Chamber of Deputies, still surrounded by popular fury, it was simply proposed to make certain modifications in the charter, M. Berryer remained a broken-hearted spectator on the benches of that Chamber, which was now deserted by those who, a few days previously, professed such devotedness to the then reigning dynasty. He even succeeded in introducing three amendments into the new charter. But when a third of the deputies of France resolved on destroying the fundamental law of the country, and on adjudging the crown of Louis XIV., as an auctioneer would adjudge a jewel without an owner, picked up behind a Paris barricade—ah! then was the moment that Berryer protested, and then his voice was heard thundering reason, justice, right, liberty, and order, in the ears of his attentive, but unsubdued auditory. He told these king-making deputies, "that they had no right to disinherit posterity of an inviolable principle, placed far above the vote of a deliberating assembly."

It was a fine spectacle to behold this giant among the pigmies contending alone against the passions and the hatred of faction, and thus continuing to conflict, though the mob was without at the doors waiting for the sentence of this portion of the deputies, which, of course, was in conformity to its "*sovereign decisions!*" Berryer argued, pleaded, exhorted in vain. Again and again he ascended the Tribune, and notwithstanding he was forsaken by nearly 200 Royalist Deputies, who, from fear of popular vengeance, had hidden themselves in the provinces, or in the obscure quarters of Paris, he did not hesitate a moment as to the course he should adopt, but defended the old legitimacy, the old constitution, and the eternal principles of right and justice, with as much firmness and zeal, as if backed by a large majority. The storm, which had raged for three days, had beaten to the earth, had wholly prostrated, all the small trees

and saplings; but the oak of the forest, unscathed by the lightning, stood firm and strong in all the pride of its ancient and glorious greatness.

The question of the *oath of allegiance* to the new dynasty soon presented itself in all its importance. It was a monstrous anomaly to demand an oath of allegiance to a dynasty, when the "*sovereignty of the people*" was proclaimed to be the basis of the government. In a letter, addressed by the enlightened and noble-minded *Hyde de Neuville* to M. Guizot, in December, 1831, the former observed, "*The sovereignty of the people!* and the oath of allegiance, are two things most difficult to reconcile. If I do not much mistake, there are few contradictions so absurd as this." The functions of the members of the two Chambers, said M. Marschels, are wholly political. They exercise in the assemblies to which they belong a portion of the national sovereignty; and to require from them an oath is by no means the same thing as to require one from the depositaries of public authority.

"To demand an oath," said the *Courier Français*, "is a party measure, which never ought to have been imposed either on electors or deputies; it destroys a constitutional right, and we desire most ardently to see it disappear from our laws."

But the oath was decided on, and it was necessary to take it. The royalists hesitated—M. Berryer exhorted them in vain—they resigned their seats rather than swear to it—they refused to become either voters or candidates at the new elections, and the aristocracy of the Restoration was destroyed!

M. Berryer did not thus understand his duties or obligations. When required to take the oath of allegiance, he did so—protesting in the following terms against the measure:—

"Force can never destroy right. The legitimacy of a government is a right more precious for the people than it is for the royalty; but when brute force dominates in a state, private individuals can only submit; and honest men are bound to give to society the tribute of their efforts to prevent, if possible, yet greater evils. Influenced solely by this opinion, I feel it to be my duty to remain united to honourable men, in whom I acknowledge intentions salutary to my country, and I submit to take the oath which is required from us."

On another occasion, in March, 1831, M. Berryer thus explained his view of the question :—

"We, who were sincerely attached to the fallen government; we, who adopted with honesty and conviction the principle of legitimacy, of the regular and incontestable transmission of power, because we recognised in this principle the only guarantee for government, order, stability, and a desirable degree of liberty; when a new government was created by you, you demanded of us obedience! We have sworn obedience to you. We submitted ourselves to you. This was our language. This has been our conduct."

In reply to some attacks which were made on the sincerity of the oath of allegiance, as taken by the royalists, and on their general conduct, M. Berryer exclaimed on one occasion :—

"The Minister of Foreign Affairs told you lately, that there did not exist any *homogeneity* in this chamber. This is true! Such is our position. We are not the men of July, but we have all protested with our hearts and principles our love for the country; and we have all declared that we come here to defend the ever dear and sacred interests of our fellow-citizens. We have shown enough of loyalty and good faith that you should render justice to our most private thoughts and feelings. They are all now known. As to myself, I have never hidden one of my actions or one of my thoughts!"

And on another occasion, when defending himself and his party from the charge of having fomented trouble and discord in the country, after having denied the truth of the accusation, he said :—

"Certes, nous ne délaissions jamais des opinions que nous avons adoptées avec conscience, des sentiments que nous avons toujours reconnus honorables et salutaires; jamais nous ne les abjurerons un seul jour de notre vie."

The decision of M. Berryer to take the oath of allegiance to the new Government, protesting, at the same time, that it was an oath forced upon him, and that it was so taken to the country and not to the Government, was in itself a great event. It led to a discussion in the columns of the "*Courrier de l'Europe*," and of the "*Renouvateur*;" of the "*Gazette de France*," and of the "*Quotidienne*," which terminated some years afterwards in the assent of the legitimist party to the measure as well as to the principle of the oath, and will one day conduct

France, if not to a return to legitimacy, at least to Conservative principles, and to a moderate and mixed government. The evils inflicted on France by the refusal of the royalist deputies and electors to take that oath during three years were quite incalculable. The government was thus placed in the hands of the democracy; no control was exercised over it by the aristocracy, either of family, rank, estates, or wealth; and the Chamber of Deputies, for nearly four years, did not represent one-half of even the electoral body. If the royalist electors had presented themselves at the elections of deputies from 1830 to 1833, there would have been at least 100 royalist members in the Chamber; and these acting together, and always voting on the side of order, peace, and justice, would have prevented a thousand calamities, and averted a thousand acts of injustice and disorder. The Duke of Fitzjames was among the first to understand his duty and his privilege; and whilst he renounced the Peerage when it ceased to be hereditary, he made an appeal to the electoral body as a candidate for the deputation, and was returned a member. Now, indeed, this question is set at rest. The royalist electors now understand their duty, and there can be no doubt that at the next general election, which will take place during the autumn of this, or in the spring of the ensuing year, that at least 60 royalist candidates will be returned. M. Berryer having taken the oath of allegiance, and having resolved on the political line of conduct he should adopt, at once declared himself friendly to a very large extension of the electoral suffrage. He was the first to propose to enlarge the basis of the electoral system, in order, as he observed, "*that we may have a faithful and not a false, a national and not a factious representation of what is meant by popular sovereignty.*" From 1824 downwards, he had indeed called the attention of his friends in the Government to this subject, convinced as he was, that if all interests, all feelings, and all classes were faithfully represented in France, a vast majority would be in favour of a legitimate monarchy. And when after the Revolution of 1830, M. Berryer pursued his same system, and proclaimed the same ideas, it was because he viewed in that revolution

not the triumph of the nation but of a party—not of France, but only of a fraction and a faction. M. Berryer could not, above all, understand a “national sovereignty” proclaimed by the charter, and yet that there should be created only one hundred and fifty thousand electors out of a population of thirty-three millions, which excluded nine-tenths of all sorts of capacities, and which did not even confer electoral privileges on national guards and on jurymen.

“Avec ce système,” said M. Berryer, “que se prête à des calculs de telle ou telle opinion, tour à tour triomphante, les parties font tour à tour, leurs combinaisons, excellent telle ou telle opinion. Je ne vois là que la représentation des passions dans le moment où elles triomphent, et non pas la représentation véritable des intérêts permanents du pays. Tel a été, à mon avis, le vœu de notre système représentatif pendant quinze ans.”

When speaking of the new electoral system adopted by the Revolution of 1830, he said,

“In the law of elections, a narrow-minded, and even vicious principle was followed. It results from the system so adopted, that the actions of the power of the country is delivered into the hands of a portion of the middle classes: that the inferior classes are excluded from all participation in the exercise of political rights; and that the superior classes, chained down by their own want of power as a minority, witness the paralyzing of their own legitimate and necessary influence.”

On another occasion, Mr Berryer said,

“Sans la charte Royale, le droit de concourir à l’élection était une concession de l’autorité royale. Je comprends, qu’en faisant une concession on impose des conditions; que l’on dise; nul ne pourra concourir à l’élection s’il ne paye 300 francs d’impôt, si c’est la une limite à une concession faite, mais aujourd’hui, que vous avez adopté dans votre ordre politique un principe tout contraire, la souveraineté nationale, je ne comprends plus le sens fixé qui vient prononcer de véritables exclusions.”

The authors of the Revolution of 1830 have indeed accused M. Berryer of the desire of exaggerating the demands and the rights of this liberty, for the purpose of corrupting and destroying it. This charge is unjust. M. Berryer does not affect to be imbued with the doctrines or with the desires of that Revolution. But he requires from those who are so imbued,

a consistent and honest line of conduct. M. Berryer was attached to the exiled family, and that attachment he continues to profess. M. Berryer preferred the charter of 1814 to that of 1830, and that preference he maintains. But as we live in the world and must pay some attention, at least, to the facts of that world in which we so live, why the Revolution of July cannot be passed over, but must be taken as a fact of vast importance. Well, then, M. Berryer says to the men of July:—

“Be consistent! Do not proclaim that the principle of national sovereignty is the basis of your new government—and yet be afraid of the development of that principle. If the nation be for you, be not afraid of the nation. I tell you that the nation is *against* you, and that it is only a faction that is *for* you. If the nation be for you, if it be opposed to legitimacy and to the divine right of kings—then why restrain the electoral suffrage to 150,000 electors out of a population of 33 millions of men? No, the nation is *against* you—and I desire the extension of the electoral suffrage, in order to show you that it is so.”

And to the Royalists, the superior classes, the men of education, family, and rank in France, M. Berryer says,—

“I wish for the extension of the electoral suffrage, in order that you may exercise your just influence, and that all interests may be represented. Under the present system, the opinions of one class of society are only known and felt;—but if the poor and rich, as well as the middling classes, were all heard, and were allowed periodically to express their opinions, we might then arrive at something like an accurate understanding of the wishes of the country.”

The opinions of M. Berryer must not be confounded with those of Radicalism. Nothing would be more unjust than such a confusion. M. Berryer demanded an extension of the electoral suffrage under the Restoration, because he was justly confident that had such been the case, the address of the 221 deputies would never have been voted, and the Revolution of 1830 would never have taken place. France is not republican, nor even constitutional. France, if polled, would be monarchical; and when M. Berryer demanded of the new Government and of the new order of things in France the same, and even a larger extension, he did so, because he was confident, and he is so still, that it was not France but a faction that made the Revolution of 1830;

and that whenever France shall be heard, instead of the faction, her chamber of representatives will be eminently monarchical, and her peerage hereditary. It is not for the purpose of creating disorder and anarchy, that M. Berryer pleads for an extension of the electoral suffrage, but to destroy all absurd illusions, and restore the principles of legitimacy and order. The men who best understand the real nature of public opinion in France, admit, that the extension of the electoral suffrage would not lead to republicanism, but to monarchical preponderance and monarchical and conservative triumphs. The Government of July does not refuse its sanction to all measures of Parliamentary reform, for fear that many Garnier Pages and Eusebe Salvartes should be returned to the Chamber; but lest the majority should, in less than seven years, be legitimist.

M. Berryer has likewise proclaimed himself the enemy of that system of centralization which has made Paris France, and France Paris.

"S'il est un besoin," he exclaimed, in the sitting of the 4th Feb. 1831, "qui se fait sentir, sur tous, les points du Royaume, c'est de briser cette centralisation, née de la république et de l'empire, joug odieux et insupportable, à nos provinces; si vous considérez attentivement, la situation présente de pays, vous ne pourrez douter que le résultat des changements survenus sous nos yeux, ne soit, l'émancipation des intérêts provinciaux. Nos départements peuvent et doivent désirer de reconquérir le droit de faire leurs affaires eux-mêmes. Les efforts, j'en suis convaincu, ne manqueront pas de toutes parts pour atteindre ce but; et si vous laissez ce sentiment général se manifester par des mouvements spontanés, par l'action propre des localités, ne doit-on pas redouter les plus grands désordres dans le pays? pour prévenir ce mouvement désordonné, que je signale comme une conséquence naturelle, immédiate, de notre dernière révolution, il sera sage à la Chambre des Députés, d'introduire, peu à peu, dans la législation, des modifications qui doivent satisfaire, et les intérêts, et les vœux des provinces."

Almost all the evils which have afflicted France since 1792, may be more or less traced to the system of centralization. Civil war—regicide—revolutions—despotism—have had their origin in this system, which is favourable, not to liberty but to terror, not to public opinion but to factions.

The efforts of M. Berryer to maintain a hereditary peerage in France,

though not crowned with success, obtained for him the respect of the most enlightened and honourable men of the revolution of July; and the praises and confidence of such men as Casimir Perrier, Guizot, and Royer Collard, certainly well repaid him for the puppyism of M. Thiers, or the attacks of the "National." Even though the Ministry was compelled to offer up as a sacrifice to mob fury the hereditary character of the peerage in France, it applauded in private the efforts of M. Berryer, and the funeral oration of this great orator, which he pronounced over the fall of this conservative institution, will long be remembered, not only as a monument of his independence and courage, but as a magnificent appeal to history and to truth.

M. Berryer has defended, in the Chamber of Deputies, the rights of the people, as consecrated by the charter; has opposed the budgets of the Revolution as monstrous and disproportionate with the new principle of Government; has avenged the Restoration of the calumnies heaped upon it; has opposed domiciliary visits, martial law, and the establishment of prévôtal courts and military tribunals to try civil offenders; has conjured the Revolution of 1830 to make a solemn and public divorce with the Revolution of 1793; has implored the Chamber of Deputies to preserve, as a day of national mourning, the 21st of January, when a prince was immolated by a faction, though France reveres his name as the restorer of true liberty in 1789, and has defended the exiled family, when attacked by the ignorant and forsaken by the faithless. M. Berryer has opposed the laws of September, 1835, which destroyed the liberty of the press, of political associations, and of political meetings, and which rendered it quite impossible to propagate among the mass wholesome and good doctrines, because hawkers of journals were no longer allowed, and the taxes on papers, in the form of stamps, caution money, postages, and fine, prevented the execution of this measure.

But this is not a "*resumé*" of even one-tenth of the efforts and successes of Berryer.

In 1832 he was thrown into prison—detained there some months, accused of conspiring against the Government, and tried at the assizes of Loir-et-Cher, in the month of October of that year. Of course, he was acquitted. Berryer,

a conspirator! The charge was preposterous! His life gave the lie to such an invention—and when he spoke to the jury with all the warmth, eloquence, pathos, and dignity of a great and injured man, he did not gain an acquittal but a triumph! The country gloried that she possessed him—and his political enemies attempted no reply.

Although M. Berryer is no longer the only Royalist, or even the only Royalist orator, in the Chamber of Deputies, yet he is unquestionably the only leader of the Royalist party. M. Hennequin and the Duke of Fitz-James are men of undoubted talent, influence, and integrity, but they take him as their leader. And yet, though their leader, he is not their master. Elegant in his tastes, his habits, his labours, and his passions, there is a sort of softness or blandness of character about him, which prevents him from performing the duties of a political chieftain. He is not formed for marching the varied and opposing forces of a political party towards a common object and a prescribed end. There is an object towards which undoubtedly all the energy of his character tends—but he prefers to be followed by his friends rather than to order this or that movement, this or that combination. At the *Tribune*, as at the bar, if it be necessary to grapple with, or attack, and to combat to the last a political adversary, he is always ready. He has even procured the acquittal of a journal for a political libel, though the cause was not made known to him before the moment of trial, so easy does he find it to attack a Government with whose weakness and caprices he is well acquainted; but with respect to his party—though he is one of the most devoted heroes, he will never be the conquering general.

It is no less curious than true, that there is in the character of Berryer an alliance of an ardour which nothing can weaken, and a constancy which nothing can change, with a “*nonchalance*” or a sort of idleness of soul, which, where it exists, almost always undermines the most celebrated names and reputations. He has had in the course of his political career to contend against the aristocracy of his party, which would have condemned legitimacy to a sort of emigration into the interior of France. Whilst Clermont, Tonnerre, Villele, and even Chateau-

brland, preached to the Royalists to retire from public life, to cease to become deputies, peers, men of pleasure, or of letters, science, and renown; and would have had them all retire to their chateaus in the departments—spend none of their vast incomes, and then punish Paris for her madness and ingratitude; Berryer understood far differently the duties of his party—and imitating Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley, he said, “No! it is our business to descend into the arena of active life;” and notwithstanding the indolence of his character he set the example. The system of “*Bouderie*,” of silence, and of solitude, did not suit the frankness of his character, or the desire he had to use his talents in the service of his country. He has thus educated the *legitimists*, and he has so educated them, not by a formal set lesson, but by a pure, bright, and unchanging example.

When first Berryer devoted himself to the Royalist party, he had one of the best list of clients in Paris; and was making an income from the practice of his profession, of at least £3000 sterling per annum. This is an immense sum in France. But he has renounced the whole. The defence of the Royalist journals before the jury—and of Royalist principles at the tribune, has occupied all his time; and even his family estate would have been sold to pay the debts he had incurred, but that the party whose cause he defends with such unexampled talent and success, at length felt the necessity of coming forward and of opening a *Royalist subscription* to redeem his estate, and provide for his future support. A sum of £20,000 sterling has been raised, and it is expected that before the subscription shall have terminated a million of francs, or £40,000, will have been collected. Nor let it be imagined that this is a small sum for France. Let it not be forgotten, that colossal fortunes in this country are *very rare*, and that incomes and interests have been so much shaken and injured by the revolutions of the last forty years, that twenty francs is often a considerable sum to a provincial Royalist family.

M. Berryer, though possessed of such an admirable organization as an orator, and though enjoying so much of real and solid popularity, is one of the most affable, gentle, and benevolent of beings;—full of grace and

"*abandon*"—the charm of the private circle—as the ornament of the national tribune. Without a portion of jealousy in his character, he rejoices in the success of others, and often dwells with satisfaction on the talents and virtues of his adversaries. He has an admirable aptitude for combat and for resistance—but not for triumph. If he should live to see the full success of his party, he would most probably fall into the back ground. He would most likely not be named either chief or minister—and he would not complain; not because he would affect a sublimity of disinterestedness, unknown to man, but because his heart would excuse even the forgetfulness of his friends.

Though M. Berryer, from education and from practice, is an advocate, he is very far removed from the habits and usages of the members of the bar. Gentle as a lamb, and even playful as a child in his conversations and interviews with the younger advocates, yet he never could adopt the sort of "*café*" and *lounging* life of French advocates. He has been accused of aristocracy. "What do you mean by aristocracy?" he has replied. "Do you mean a love of what is great, noble, rich in art and manufacture—of palaces, of splendid constructions, of rich apartments, of lofty buildings, and of loftier minds? Yes, I am attached to aristocracy."

M. Berryer has a fine open face, a large forehead, black hair, a well made profile, a gracious mouth, a complexion somewhat pale, a physiognomy which changes often, and the "*ensemble*" is most certainly a "*belle tête*." He is of middling stature, disposed to corpulency, or rather not quite so corpulent as Lord Abinger, and not quite so tall. His voice is grave and measured. His accent is varied and harmonious. When he speaks without animation on an ordinary and dry subject of civil jurisprudence, his intonation is not gracious; but when the subject he discusses raises him—when the cause inspires him—then his fine voice resembles a well-tuned instrument, and it rises and swells, and dies away with a most perfect and delicious harmony. No one can possess a higher degree of modulation; but it is the theme on which he discourses which changes and fixes his voice, and not any design on his part to make that voice reply to his thought, or ex-

press his emotions—all is natural, nothing studied.

In the intimacy of private life, he is the most affable of beings. He possesses in an eminent degree the art of conversation: and his observations on the ordinary events of life are playful, witty, rich, and kind; and denote vast genius and great goodness. He is pre-eminently fond of the conversation of women of mind; and many a time has he forgotten to prepare himself for the contests at the Tribune, or at the bar on the succeeding day, when introduced into a circle of female friends.

M. Berryer is one of those men whose principles, life, and speeches are dominated by a dogma, under which all is placed, and before which all must bow, or with which all must harmonize. This dogma for him, is "*AUTHORITY*."

Thus, in *religion*, he partakes the ideas of M. de la Mennais, De Bonald, and the Count de Maistre. In *politics* he is a legitimist. In politics, as in religion, "*authority*" is for him the source of all society, and the principle to which all intelligences are bound to submit. He carries out this system so far, that, according to him, there does not exist what is called *natural rights*—at least as defended by the greatest number of the public writers who have developed their opinions on this subject. Every thing, according to M. Berryer, comes from God; and "*natural rights*," as well as what is called the spontaneous dictates of the conscience, appear to him a dream. "All our ideas, all our sentiments," he says, "all our notions of right are revelations from God."

M. Berryer possesses a splendid library, and few men have read more; but, as is the case with all who are dominated by a system, he reads less to learn what is, than to bring all he reads to support his ideas, and to confirm his system.

His favourite author is *Bossuet*. He reads and re-reads his compositions every year. He does not discover in any other a talent so flexible, and so powerful in rendering the tongue so docile in expressing the thoughts. He says of Bossuet that he had a wonderful genius, full of grandeur, abundant, sublime, which brought all sorts of human knowledge to bear upon religion.

Before Berryer ascends the Tribune, even though it be only to speak for a

few minutes, he always traces a plan of his argument; and when this plan is decided on, he follows it up, bringing all the power of his eloquence to bear on the subject he has in view. Sometimes, indeed, this has its inconveniences; for though he intends to reply to the objections of his opponents, yet the development of his one object so absorbs him, that he forgets the arguments of his adversary. His exordium is often slow, and even undecided. The expression of his thoughts is always easy and abundant; but sometimes one may perceive the hesitation of an orator who is not yet master of his subject. But when he has embraced in the plan he is about to develop all the points of his own system, and all the arguments of his antagonists, then his eloquence is astonishing, and he is a perfect orator. When he begins to speak, Berryer is continually raising his hand to his forehead, as though the touch of his hand was to kindle the fire of his imagination.

Though his talent for speaking is extraordinary, yet he has an organization which is very *impressionable*. He is much excited, and even exhausted, after some of his gigantic efforts, and on one occasion fainted away in the garden of the Tuileries, and was conveyed home. For some hours afterwards he suffered from nervous agitation.

M. Berryer has a great distaste for occupying the public with himself, or with his speeches, his sayings, or his doings. He would never consent to examine or correct the published versions of his speeches, either made at the bar or at the Tribune; and though the force of his mind and character enable him to surmount his timidity, yet naturally he is subject to that failing.

Such is Berryer. But before I conclude this sketch of the most eloquent of modern French orators, I must be allowed to refer to some of his triumphs, some of his successes. I do not mean to record his triumphs at the bar, either in civil or political causes. Even the enumeration of his successes would occupy some pages; but his triumphs as a political orator, and as a political leader, must be distinctly noted.

During the discussion of the question between France and the United States of America as to the claims for

indemnities made by the latter on the former power, *Berryer* made a speech, which led on one occasion to the rejection of the law which proposed an indemnity, and to the overthrow of the Ministry. The Duke de Broglie retired before the triumphs of the Legitimist orator.

During the discussion of the laws of September, 1835, which were enacted to put a stop to the attacks made by the press, on the *principle* of the new order of things in France, *Berryer* made a speech, which was the "*event*" of the session, in which he exposed in such terms the absurdity and inconsistency of a Government, born of a revolution and behind barricades, denying the *principle* of its origin, and yet hoping to exist, that it was with great difficulty the laws were passed.

Convinced that the triumph of his cause, that cause of legitimacy and order to which he has devoted his life, must be brought about by conviction and not by passion—by reason and not by force—he found out the Duchess of Berri, when in *La Vendée*, and counselled her by all means to leave a field of combat where she could gain no honours for her cause, and no crown for her son, but where her own dignity and that of her party could not fail of being signally compromised.

Attached to the exiled dynasty, he visited the ex-monarch in Germany, and counselled, in language full of respect and love, of devotedness and of sincerity, that the Duke of Bordeaux should have a large and liberal education suited to his high rank and his noble destinies, and should not be brought up by that Jesuit school, against which so many natural prejudices existed in France. His advice has been followed, and the Prince is educated as his best friends must desire.

Satisfied that the Legitimist party in France had formed a wrong opinion of its force and its duties after the Revolution of July, he undertook, single-handed, the task of convincing them that they were wrong, and of persuading them to follow him in his career of action, conflict, and vigorous but orderly resistance. Abundantly did he succeed in his efforts, and no party in France is now making such rapid strides in public opinion as the party of the Legitimists.

Resolved on having a section of the Chamber, however small, in favour of Royalist opinions, he is now surrounded by a small but active band of enlightened and zealous men, devoted to the cause of legitimacy, and voting with a perfect unity and truth. This band, though still small, is constantly increasing; and only a few weeks since an election of some importance, contested by a Legitimist and a warm supporter of Government, was gained by the *former* candidate. M. Berryer, who was alone in August, 1830, will soon have a powerful section of the Chamber to back him.

Appreciating with justice the duties of Royalist deputies, he does not conduct or encourage that sort of opposition which would lead men of weak minds and strong passions to oppose the Government *de facto* on all points, and at all hazards. His warfare is not after the fashion of Mr Hume or M. Auguis. He does not dispute about farthings, but about principles, and is satisfied with carrying conviction into the hearts and consciences of the French people. His is no vulgar warfare, partaking of the haggling character of an old clothes-man. He knows that if his party is ever again to arrive at power and influence, it will not be through such contemptible conduct. He knows that if his party shall triumph, it must be solely through the triumph of principles, and not of a vulgar economy, and an affected love for an absurd and impracticable parsimony. And yet Berryer neglects no fit occasion of showing to France how little she has gained by her Barriades of July. He often points to the budgets of the Restoration and to those of the Revolution—and he says, “Neither have you gained in political, in civil, in military, in naval, in commercial, in agricultural, in scientific, in arial—no—nor in financial rights, privileges, fame, glory, honour, or wealth.”

The questions of finance, though dry and uninteresting to a poet and an orator, are among those to which, however, he specially attends. Not to barter—not to huckster—not to drive hard bargains, and cheat a poor pensioner out of the means of his subsistence—but only for the purpose of re-

quiring the “*quid*” for the “*quo*,” and for applying the principles of a wise economy in the administration of the affairs of the state.

Just in his appreciations of human character, and grateful even for good intentions, he never fails to acknowledge that *Casimir Perier* did all he could do, in the circumstances in which he was placed, to arrest the spread of a wild and propagandizing democracy, and that *Guizot* and the *Doctrinaires* are the only men in France, in 1837, who are capable of perpetuating, if their counsels were followed, the iron dynasty of the *Orleans branch of the House of Bourbon*! The late measure of a “*general amnesty*” rejoiced his heart and gladdened his soul. Though not so general and so perfect as he could have desired, yet he was grateful that the prison doors were opened to so many of his fellow-countrymen, and he hesitated not to express his feelings of joy and satisfaction.

The prospects of the Royalist party depend greatly on the party itself. The revolution which has been effected in the public mind, in the short space of seven years, is most memorable. A Legitimist is now looked on with favour, with approbation, and even with confidence and love. The middling classes in France have all become Conservatives. The upper classes are essentially so. The lower classes are divided. That a vast deal of democracy remains cannot be denied—but if the Royalists shall continue to act with prudence, wisdom, calmness, dignity, and self-respect—they will thicken their ranks from the middling classes—and the middling classes will have many recruits from those of a lower scale. The conduct of the Royalist party depends a great deal on that of its chiefs, and its chiefs on their leader, M. Berryer. And I call him their *leader* most advisedly. He is *not* their master. He is *not* their dictator. He is *not* their governor. He is essentially their leader—not because he orders them, but because they follow him. And they followed him, because they have an unbounded confidence in his courage, his zeal, his energy, his disinterestedness, his purity, and his wisdom.

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PRISONS AND PENITENTIARIES IN FRANCE.

It is only since the year 1791 that the subject we have undertaken briefly to treat has attracted any attention in France. Previous to that period penal justice belonged in that country to seignorial and ecclesiastical jurisdictions, and consisted for the most part in capital or corporal punishments. Sentences being then summary, there was no need of confinement before trial; and after trial either a perpetual privation of liberty, for which the galleys sufficed, or torture, or mutilation, were the verdicts ordinarily pronounced. But the destruction of the feudal power of the nobility and of the church, the abolition of corporal inflictions, and the adoption of the trial by jury, introduced many distinctions. Crimes and offences were no longer met by arbitrary judgments, but were dealt with by a deliberate process of law. Hence there sprung up a necessity of having prisons for persons awaiting their sentences; and, as all penalties except the highest consisted in imprisonment, a multitude of penal establishments of different grades, corresponding to different classes of offenders, became likewise requisite.

It was owing, no doubt, to the late epoch at which prisons thus became national institutions in France, that the importance of their *classification*, and the classing of their inmates, was at once fully appreciated. Of a penal

system excogitated as a whole, and not arising gradually out of the wants of society, this was naturally the prominent feature. The Constituent Assembly, the first French national authority which legislated on this matter, distinguished between the arrested, the accused, and the condemned—between all the gradations of criminals and the establishments which were destined to receive them, with a degree of precision which no other nation had then attained to. Subsequently this classification has been insisted on with a growing emphasis, and so completely do we consider it as the *beginning* of all penitentiary discipline, that we shall commence this paper by giving an account of what has been done, or rather what has been decreed by the law in this respect in France.

There are in that country six different kinds of prisons: *Bagnes*, *maisons centrales*, *maisons départementales*, or houses of correction, *maisons d'arret*, *maisons d'arret et de justice*, and *depôts*. Of the *bagnes*, that of Brest is destined to receive those who may be condemned to ten years of forced labour, and upwards to perpetuity; the other two *bagnes* are for those whose sentences of the same nature extend not beyond from five to ten years. The *maisons centrales*, of which there are nineteen spread over the whole kingdom, are

peopled by criminals whose imprisonment is to be continued beyond one, and not beyond ten years. The eighty-seven houses of correction are for smaller offenders, whose punishment is limited to one year. The *maisons d'arret* and *de justice* are for those under accusation and awaiting judgment. The *maisons d'arret* are simply to receive arrested or suspected persons, charged with small offences; and the *depôts* correspond in some degree to our lock-up-houses. All prisoners indifferently, when first apprehended, are thrown into the *depôts*, but remain within them only for a few days.

In this enumeration of French prisons we see the principle of classification abundantly recognised. Even before trial prisoners are classed in two categories, are called *prévenus* and *accusés*, according to the lightness or gravity of their offences, and are confined in distinct kinds of establishments, *maisons d'arret*, and *maisons d'arret* and *de justice*: after trial there is again a threefold distinction made between them, corresponding to the houses of correction, the central houses, or houses of *reclusion*, and the *bagnes*.

But all this classification, which appears so admirable on paper, disappears, we are sorry to say, altogether, when we come to examine the practical working of the French system. So great is the confusion which exists between all the establishments we have above named, that they hardly appear ever to have had distinct destinations; and so promiscuous are the crowds which they harbour, that if the necessity of separating and classing culprits had never been recognised, the mixture of criminals of all grades associated together could not be more complete than it now is.

This confusion arises partly from the insufficient number of correctional and central houses, partly from all the prisons being places of passage and temporary abode to criminals on the road, or awaiting their transference to the establishments to which they are sentenced, and partly from the admission of persons into penal institutions who ought to be otherwise dealt with. Thus a *maison de justice* is often really converted into a house of correction; and those already sentenced undergo the whole or a part

of their punishment within its walls, and are associated with others who are untried. A house of correction, again, harbours temporarily those condemned to *reclusion*, and a *maison centrale* is encumbered with *gallériens* till they can be removed to their proper destination; and all these establishments receive indifferently in this way all these different descriptions of criminals. Indeed, the houses of correction have become also houses of *arrest* and of *justice*, and are open to those charged with misdemeanours or crimes, to beggars, vagabonds, lunatics, debtors, and children imprisoned by the paternal authority. All the prisons of the departments represent, therefore, all the crimes, abominations, and miseries of society blended and festering together.

Monsieur Gasparin, in his late report on provincial prisons, addressed to the King of the French, expresses himself as follows on this subject:—

“The population of these prisons is of two sorts—fluctuating and stationary. The first is composed of soldiers and sailors, of whom the number is considerable, especially near the stations of councils of war and of revision; of criminals who are to be transferred to the central houses and the *bagnes* by the *gendarmerie*; of beggars and vagabonds committed by the mayors of their respective *communes*; of lunatics and prostitutes; of prisoners to be sent before the Court of Assizes; of correctioners to be brought before the judges of appeal; of culprits to be delivered over to the courts and tribunals, either as witnesses, or to plead the pardons they may have received; of *gallériens* or *reclusionnaires*, who have been sent from one *bague* to another, or from one central house to another; and of several other descriptions of persons, of whom it would be difficult to give an exact enumeration.”

After declaring that no separation exists between this fluctuating population and the stationary population of the provincial prisons, and pointing out how corrupting and how destructive of order and discipline the constant flux and reflux of such masses must be in houses of correction, M. Gasparin enumerates the several classes of persons which constitute the permanent inmates of these establishments; viz. 1st, *prévenus*, or those

charged with misdemeanours ; 2d, debtors ; 3d, individuals imprisoned to secure the payment of fines or reimbursements due either to the state or to private claimants ; 4th, debtors to the treasury ; 5th, bankrupts ; 6th, prisoners to stand their trial before the Courts of Assizes ; 7th, criminals condemned to the guillotine awaiting the execution of their sentences ; 8th, culprits sentenced to a year or less of correctional imprisonment ; 9th, children committed by the parental authority ; and 10th, youths above the age of sixteen under restraint or condemnation by virtue of the 66th and 67th articles of the penal code.

According to the intention of the law, all these different descriptions of prisoners should be kept apart, but "the inspectors who have lately visited the prisons in question," says the report, "have in no instance found the legal classification put into practice." Even the separation of the sexes is not general ; in many prisons the men and women have free intercourse with each other during the day, and in almost all they have opportunities of meeting and communicating together. The sexes are nevertheless kept asunder much more effectually than the other classes of prisoners. In the houses of arrest and of justice it rarely happens that the *prevenus* and the *accusés* are either by night or by day separated, or hindered from associating with those who have been already condemned ; and when the same building serves for a *maison d'arret, de justice, et de correction*, which is very frequently the case, a deplorable confusion takes place, for then, under the same roof, criminality in all its elements and all its degrees is exhibited in one revolting medley of all crimes and all vices."

Having now shown, by one medium example, what the French prevailing system, first theoretically, and then practically, is, and pointed out the master vice which pervades, more or less, all the penal institutions of France, viz. confusion, overtopping and negating classification,—we proceed to other particulars, in which indeed the radical evil just named will reappear, for it is ascendant in every detail of the subject before us.

We have visited two establishments of preventive imprisonment in Paris—a *maison d'arret*, and a *maison d'arret*

and *de justice*. We make no distinction between these two sorts of prisons, because in truth none exists beyond their distinct names. *Prevenus* and *accusés* are found mingled together in both of them. Their inmates, being untried persons, are presumed to be innocent, and some, no doubt, are so ; but the great majority of them are most desperate ruffians. We saw droves of human beings shut up in the *maison de force* in Paris in perfect idleness, and having the most complete freedom of intercourse with each other. It was a fearfully revolting spectacle. The building has accommodation only for 600 persons, and 800 are actually lodged in it. Two beds placed side by side serve for three prisoners. The director of the house assured us that it was impossible for any individual to go out of this prison after the usual sojourn in it, which is about three months, without being thoroughly depraved, although he might have entered it with a character comparatively immaculate. He said also that 300 of those in confinement would probably be acquitted, or could at least furnish bail which would ensure their appearance before a jury, but that this bail, though deemed by him sufficient, would not be received by the law courts. We leave to the reader's imagination the horrid state these crowds of poor wretches must be in ; the hell of mutual corruption they must make together ; and the dreadful sufferings and degradation they must bring upon themselves, between the alternations of squalid debauchery and excess (for they are permitted every indulgence consistent with their safe custody and a very relaxed discipline) and complete indolence.

But however bad may be the state of the *maisons d'arret* and *de justice*, that of the *dépôts* is still worse. These hideous dens are houses of short detention, situated in every market town and *arrondissement* all over the French territory, and are, besides, receptacles for criminals till they can be disgorged into the prisons to which they are destined. So malignant to life are these horrid stews, that the *galleriens*, on their passage to the *bagnes*, can hardly pass a night or two under their roof without having some of their members paralysed by the damp and infected walls and atmosphere. "No words," says M. Leon Faucher, a gen-

cleman to whom we are indebted for much information on this subject, "can express the disgustful feelings which a visit to the Paris *dépôt* excites. Within its crowded walls every description of offence has its particular quarter, or rather chamber, which contains twenty camp beds, and in which are locked up, night and day, sometimes as many as seventy prisoners. Here are female thieves and prostitutes, there men charged with dreadful crimes, and others only with alight misdemeanours; and an honest man implicated in any unhappy affair implying no moral guilt, or arrested in the streets at the moment of insurrection, would be thrust into one of these rooms, and, to say all in a word, *delivered to the beasts*. He would be instantly plundered even of the clothes on his back, and might consider himself very fortunate if he escaped further outrageous violence." The director of this *dépôt* assured us that to make a wry face (*regarder à travers*) at a police-officer was quite sufficient cause for being thrown into this den. The gendarmes have a right, it appears, to arrest any one on suspicion.

The population of the Paris *dépôt*, which is a very small building, varies from 150 to 200 prisoners. The number of those who traverse yearly this great vomitory increases rapidly. During the last twenty years its inmates have doubled in number; and by a table showing this augmentation from 1822 to 1832, we learn that four persons are arrested for every five who are detained in confinement; and even of those whose imprisonment is prolonged, M. Faucher has ascertained that a third are acquitted by the tribunals.

The average population of all the prisons of France is 50,000 individuals, and as not more than from 10 to 15,000 of these are sent to the *bagnes* and the central houses, there are always about 35 or 40,000 persons incarcerated in the other gaols, through which also the *reclusionnaires* and the *galleriens* have, in the first instance, to pass. These institutions, of comparatively short and initiatory imprisonment, are therefore the most important of all. All criminals of all grades commence their penitentiary education, if they are to receive any, within their walls. We shall have presently to speak of the reforms which have been projected for

these houses and other establishments, of which we are still to give some account. Previously we have other matters to notice which, though not absolutely connected with the details we are following, yet belong prominently to our general subject.

And the most curious and instructive of these is the opinion, which long experience in prisons has shaped into an axiom in France, viz. that the nature of the crime committed by any individual who may fall into the hands of justice, forms no criterion to judge of the measure of his depravity. The directors of French penitentiaries invariably insist, in their reports, upon this observation, which they dwell upon less as an observation than as a fact of which they entertain no doubt. The reports we allude to go even further than this, and affirm that those who, in the eye of the law, are the most guilty, are generally much less depraved than those who are convicted of comparatively small offences. "In general," says the director of Clairvaux, "criminals are much less turbulent, and much more submissive and laborious than correctioners." From Beaulieu the report is in the same strain. "The correctioners," it says, "are usually those to whom theft is a trade." This class includes a multitude of old *galleriens*. But among the criminals there are many who, without being corrupted to any thing like the same degree, have yielded to the violence of passion, and have been urged to commit crime by the wants of a numerous family. The commissioner of the *bagne* of Brest expresses himself still more strongly. "Those condemned for murder or assassination," he declares, "if convicted for the first time, are usually very docile. Their names are never found among those who require a special surveillance. There is more repentance, more remorse in the class of murderers than in that of thieves, and they are rarely guilty of theft."

In company with this observation, that there is no such parity to be discovered between crime and depravity as to enable one to judge of the one by the other, there is a parallel remark which has been made at the same time, and which we leave to our readers' reflection without comment, viz. that the rural districts of France furnish generally the criminals to justice, whilst

the urban districts furnish the offenders. This distinction has been clearly ascertained by statistical tables.

The same tables, drawn up in 1834, inform us that the urban population which, compared to that of the whole kingdom, is in the proportion of 21 to 100, contributes, on an average, to the mass of criminals in the proportion of 30 to 100; and that in eight particular departments the urban *communes* furnish a greater amount to the sum total of committals than even the general result above specified would lead one to expect. In the department of the *Seine Inferieure* the city committals are in the proportion of 57 to 100; in that of the *Haute Garonne* 65 to 100; and in the department of the *Seine* 95 to 100. Descending, then, to offences cognizable only by the correctional police, the tables show that the disproportion between rural and urban transgressors is still greater; and that, as the urban offenders brought before the Courts of Assizes are, on the whole, as 30 to 100, whilst the urban population of the kingdom is but as 21 to 100, so the same class of delinquents brought before the correctional police, despite the above-mentioned minority in which the inhabitants of cities stand compared with the inhabitants of the provinces, are as 60 to 100.

Our readers, we believe, will be able to infer from the above statement why infractions of the law are much more numerous in England than in France, or perhaps any other country in the world. It is because England, from the spirit of commercial enterprise diffused over its whole surface is, as it were, *all city*.

We now come to the superior penal establishments of France—the *bagnes* and the central houses. These we may almost treat of together. But the *chaine*, the most remarkable peculiarity of the former (now abolished), demands a paragraph apart.

Our readers are, no doubt, aware that by this word is signified the manner in which those condemned to the galleys were transferred to their destination. Three times a-year, in the months of April, July, and October, the prisons of the neighbouring departments vomited out their *galleriens* upon the rendezvous gaol of Bicêtre, in order that they might be thence conducted to the *bagnes*. Previous

to their departure, however, ceremonies and scenes took place which we must briefly notice. First, the unhappy wretches were visited by the surgeon, that it might be ascertained whether they were able to endure the fatigue of the march before them. Then, being stripped naked, they descended to the open court, to be examined by the inspectors, that the possibility of their concealing about their persons any offensive weapon or instrument of evasion might be prevented. Afterwards came the ceremony of ironing and chaining the culprits together. To rivet the iron collar round the neck of each *gallerien* required three persons: the first held the head of the sufferer; the second kept the collar steady; and the third hammered in, with repeated stunning blows, the iron pin which fastened together its two extremities. Then were the prisoners chained together in companies of twenty-two. And all these operations—first the stripping, then the collaring and chaining of hundreds of human beings, treated like wild beasts—were performed in the sight of the other inmates of the prison; who, men, women, and even children, contemplated from their barred windows, with loud and brutal merriment, the sufferings of those who had been their companions the evening before. All these horrid rites having been accomplished, the *forcats* were permitted as much liberty as they could enjoy in fetters and within the precincts of the prison court; and then, says M. Faucher, from whom we have derived these details, to the stern and savage silence, to the rocky inanimation of countenance the convicts had before maintained, succeeded the most frantic jovialty. In dancing, in songs, and in drinking, they would pass the remainder of the day and all the ensuing night. A spectator might discern, he adds, marked distinctions of character among them. Some whom he might address would scowl upon him and answer his questions by insulting or indecent gestures; others would declare they had had the honour of meeting him at the Opera; and many would carry chaplets and crucifixes in their hands, showing that a certain leaven of religious sentiment still remained within them. Linked, however, together, these masses, in which

the worst and most hardened naturally, from their superior energy, gained the ascendancy over the better disposed, had to traverse, amid the hootings and contumelies of the populace, who every where assembled in crowds to gaze on them, six hundred miles of country to reach the *bagnes*; and it

is well known that more mutual corruption took place on these marches than could be well crowded into a whole previous life of iniquity and evil companionship.*

The *chaîne* having been suppressed since the month of October last, there remains but a slight distinction to be

* After perusing the above passage, our readers will no doubt be surprised at the horror and astonishment which is expressed or felt in France at the barbarity of the English tread-mill, and corporal punishments. We are advocates for neither of these inflictions. But it is a mistake to believe that the latter, though illegal, is not practised in the French army *when on active service*. During all the wars of Napoleon the flogging of French soldiers was, as we have learnt from many of their officers, frequent; and in case a new war should break out, we have been informed from the same source, the practice would again be deemed indispensable. It was not, however, for the purpose of stating this fact that we subjoin this note, but rather to combat certain false arguments by which corporal punishments are generally opposed; and on the strength of which they have been rejected from the discipline of French prisons, where, as our text will presently show, they are, *under the actual system*, necessary in the highest degree. The arguments to which we allude, as they are understood by Frenchmen, if not by others, have a worse effect than even the habitual brutalizing use of the knout in Russia. Corporal punishment, it is said, degrades the sufferer hopelessly in his own estimation; and that some remnant of self-respect should be left, if possible, in the mind of every malefactor, that out of it his future reformation may grow. And this observation, in a particular sense, is no doubt true. There exists often a vivid sympathy with virtue, a longing to be restored to the state from whence they have fallen, in the hearts of many culprits. And where this feeling can be perceived—where there is even a remote approach towards it—where it is not positively manifest that it has no existence at all—punishment of every sort should be as carefully separated from degradation as possible; and corporal punishment, the most degrading of all, should be totally abjured. If the state of mind, then, which we have described, be what is called *self-respect*, it should no doubt be treated with all the tenderness consistent with penal justice; and if the opinion we are contesting meant nothing more than this, we should cordially adopt it. But if by the word *self-respect* be signified, which we are convinced is the case, a sentiment which has no moral affinities—a quality which is most prominent in the most hopelessly hardened ruffians—a pride and a sense of personal dignity compatible with wickedness at its height, seared into insensibility, and glorying in a stoical resistance to every good impression,—the sooner such *self-respect* is degraded the better, and the keenest and most shameful abasements can alone bring to the dust such a towering strain of iniquity. In France, however, they think differently. "There is," says M. Faucher, "even in the character of the worst French criminals, pride and (I might almost say) honour;" and he therefore reprobates the idea of offering them any personal indignity. But what, we ask, is the "pride and honour" he speaks of, but the very crest and plumage of ruffianism? To acknowledge a personal dignity where there is no trace, relic, or symptom of moral dignity, is to give an emblazoned coat-of-arms to crime. Thieves, bandits, and assassins plume themselves, we know, on possessing what they call honour; and it is precisely this sentiment which hardens and sustains them throughout all their iniquities. The business of the reformer, however, is not to regard this notion as something sacred, and as containing the germ of future amendment, but to extirpate it by the severest humiliations. Yet the French doctrine goes to uphold it in all its force. It recognises in the very worst class of reprobates a dignity of human nature which is not to be violated. And this idea, which is popularly current, and well known to malefactors, is the source from whence they are able to retain some good opinion of themselves, and to entertain, thus countenanced by the world, that fatal *self-respect*, which is an effectual bar to the best hope of their return to a right mind. Fieschi and Alibaud were regarded by themselves and by others as heroes. Crime, if it only be of sufficient magnitude—wickedness, if it only be sufficiently stern and obdurate—secures the criminal in France from ignominy. By society recognising this species of indestructible dignity in its most abandoned outcasts, they are mightily upheld from falling in their own esteem; and *self-contempt* is, in our opinion, the real road to repentance.

made between the *bagnes* and the central houses. Condemnation to the former is attended with the greater ignominy, and the duration of punishment incurred, if it exceeds ten years, is longer. *Galleriens* also work without the walls of their prisons, exposed to the public eye, and should, according to a regulation which is at present constantly disobeyed, be continually fettered. In other respects the two institutions are almost identical, and the same observations apply to them both. One of the principal complaints made against these establishments is, that they harbour too great a multitude of malefactors. The *bagne* at Toulon contains at present more than 3000; that of Brest, 2500; and that of Rochefort, 1600. The average population of the central houses amounts to 800. Seven of these houses contain more than 1000. At Clairvaux there are 1800 in imprisonment, and at Fontevrault near 1500. Such hardened masses as these banded together are necessarily impenetrable to every moral impression. To maintain an external order and obedience, is the most that can be done by those who are placed over them.

With respect to the discipline enforced within these penitentiaries, we have been able to discover no regulations which deserve that name, except the obligation which every prisoner is under to work certain hours of the day at some trade, which is left as much as possible to his own choice, and for this he is paid. The produce of his work is divided into three parts: a third goes to defray the expenses of his imprisonment; a third forms a purse, which is given him on his liberation; and a third is handed to him daily or weekly, to be expended, if he wishes it, as he naturally does, at the canteen of the prison. And so keen are the prisoners to procure the indulgences thus placed at their disposition, that violent altercations often take place between them and the contractors who are obliged to furnish them with work. The rise or fall of prices in the articles manufactured occasion these scenes. Sometimes the prisoners do as little work as possible, or refuse to work at all, in order to bring the contractors to their terms: at other times the contractors hold back, as far as their engagements enable them to do so, employment from the prisoners, for the purpose of bringing them to

theirs; and if this fails, gifts—which are called gratifications—are distributed among the convict operatives by the manufacturers, to restore them to good temper. It often has happened that when a promised gratification of this kind has been delayed, a fearful tumult has taken place; tools and machinery have been broken to pieces, and the superintendents and agents of the contractors have been, on such provocations, murdered.

It may be well imagined that work carried on in this manner has no reforming effect whatever, but rather a contrary tendency; and such we find to be the fact. Since workshops have been established in the French prisons, recommitments have greatly increased. In the year 1828 the number of persons recommitted was 4760, whereas in 1834 this number had swelled to 8513. Mean-time the manufactures of the central houses have within the last three years become one-fifth more productive than they previously were; and it has been remarked that the best and most laborious workmen are those who most frequently return to the penitentiaries. These good workmen are what are called in the prison-slang *chevaux de retour*—return horses.

Here is the place to make a statement of recommitments in general. By the report of M. de Montbel in 1830, it appears that recommitted prisoners in the central houses were in the proportion of *two to eleven*, and in the houses of correction of *four to eleven*. In 1833, Messrs de Tocqueville and Beaumont learnt by documents furnished them by the French government, that, out of *sixteen thousand* criminals, the central houses contained *four thousand* recommitments. Another report, published a year later by M. Felix Real, states, that the number of persons recommitted, which in the year 1830 was 3787 out of 17,898 prisoners, or as 21 to 100, had risen, in July 1833, to 5018 out of 15,898 prisoners, or as 31 to 100. Finally, the statistical tables of the central houses, published recently by the Minister of the Interior, show that in January 1836, out of a population of 15,870 culprits, 6155, about as 38 to 100, or more than *one to three*, were recommitted individuals. This account includes not, it must be observed, recommitments made by the correctional police, which are probably much more numerous than those

we have enumerated. It is worthy of remark, too, that long experience in France has proved that crime leads not to crime, but to smaller offences. Thus, in the year 1831, among 1400 persons brought for the second time, or more frequently, before the tribunals, 1075, or 76 to 100, were charged with petty thefts. Among these there were 435 malefactors who had been previously condemned to the galleys, and 342 to the central houses.

After this statement our readers will naturally and justly conclude, that the great penitentiaries in France (so called) deserve not their name. The dreadful immoralities, indeed, which prevail in the central houses almost exceed belief. A few words will suffice to explain the height to which these are carried. It is a well-known fact, that condemnation to one of these establishments for ten years is equivalent to a sentence of death before that term expires. The prisoners are nevertheless well lodged, well clothed, well fed, have sufficient exercise, and are less rigorously treated than they would be either in America or in England. What is it, then, that acts with the certain effect of a death-warrant upon them? Their all-unutterable habit of vice. Compared with this shocking French jail abomination to which we allude, gambling, which is permitted to any degree among them, sinks almost into a venial irregularity. Of the prevalence of this last-named passion in the French prisons, the director of the Mont St Michel penitentiary thus writes: "I have seen prisoners who, after having lost in a second the price of a week's work, would play for their bread or any other part of the food they were to receive during one, two, or three months. On one particular prisoner the infatuation of play was so strong, that he gambled away his nourishment, not only when he was in health, but even in the hospital: he would stake his soup and wine, of which he stood in absolute need to regain his strength, on the turn of a die. This unhappy wretch died of inanition."

We must now speak of the reforms which are to be introduced into all the prisons of France. These consist principally of two: cells for the prisoners during the night, and the enforcement of silence on them in the daytime. Hitherto French prisoners have

all slept in common dormitories, and been allowed the freest companionship with each other; two most prolific sources of corruption. The new projected regulations, already adopted with success in other countries, will at least hinder the *deterioration* of criminals whilst in the hands of justice—perhaps as much as law within its own strict limits can do for them. It has been thought, however, that the rule of absolute silence is too severe; and in order to mitigate its rigour, French reformers, imitating those of other countries, have proposed that prisoners should be allowed to confer with their directors, overseers, visitors, and friends, who may come to see them; and M. Lucas, in a work entitled "Theory of Imprisonment," suggests that a select class of the best conducted and most hopeful penitentiaries should be allowed to converse together in couples during their hours of exercise in their walks within the prison precincts.

The cellular system is to include preventive imprisonment, and to be so extended as to keep untried persons, under accusation, separate from each other, day as well as night.

Solitary confinement has been abjured in France except as a black-hole punishment; and certainly we ourselves think it to be highly objectionable if continued as a penitentiary regimen for any great length of time—longer, for instance, than three days—without interruption. But periodical solitude we look upon as the most precious means of awakening the best affections, and of gathering together such broods of serious thoughts as may, by their frequent recurrence, tend strongly to change the character. The reason why it has been rejected from every plan of prison reform in France, is too awfully characteristic of the moral state of the nation not to be mentioned. A French gentleman, who knew well what he was saying, explained to us this reason as follows:—Solitude was good, he said, for culprits in England and America, because, in those countries, reflection led naturally to religion. But, in France, he maintained, a poor wretch, shut up with his own painful meditations, would find no religious encouragement or support in his own mind, or within the range of all the instruction he might have received in earlier life. He added, that to give the pri-

soner a Bible would be but at best to give him a *puzzle*; and he concluded by declaring his belief that solitary confinement, otherwise considered than as a penalty, as a mode of inflicting mere pain, would have the very worst effect upon French malefactors; that they would only be irritated, exasperated, and hardened, by the bitter reflections which would crowd upon them when left totally alone. Our own opinion is directly the reverse of this.

We have above specified the two great prison reforms which are to be adopted in France. The French Legislature will certainly embody them in a law; but even when this is done, a considerable time must elapse before they are carried into execution. Several new prisons must be built, and almost all those at present existing reconstructed, ere the improvements we have spoken of can be put into practice.

We must now pause a while from our details, to make a few general observations, which are so inseparable from all the bearings of the subject we have taken in hand, that, even in the briefest notice of it, they should never be lost sight of, and though perhaps trite, should be repeated again and again, lest, through their very triteness, they should become obsolete.

In penal justice, then, two objects alone are recognisable:—The punishment, involving example, and the reformation of criminals. The end of the former is to inspire dread, and so to hinder crime, from a fear of its consequences; and this it does in a very effectual manner, though not in the sense usually looked for and desired. *Punishment is extremely deterring to those who never incur it.* Upon the unoffending part of every community it acts with a power beyond computation great; yet withal so imperceptibly, that we can only be sensible of its mighty efficacy by reflecting on what society would be if every deterring consideration, not purely moral and prudential, were removed from criminal temptation. Here, then, we recognise the grand intents of penal justice fulfilled; but here its absolute dominion stops. In its outward moral sphere it is almost omnipotent; in its inner executive sphere it is nearly, if not altogether, impotent: and this must be so from the very nature of

things, for the contemplation of punishment operates in proportion as men are virtuous—not in proportion as they are vicious. As guilt increases, punishment loses gradually all its moralizing properties, till at last it has nothing left but compulsive force with which to work; and those who come within the range of its material action may be said by the very fact to be placed out of the reach of its moral control.

The dread of *consequences*, it is true, still remains; but a little reflection will show us that consequences are prudentially influential according to the *distance* at which they are foreseen. Viewed as the gradually growing and connected results of a long line of conduct, or of a whole life, their natural effect is to subordinate every separate act to a general course or plan of action; and in this manner the individual is kept under restraint, and his passions brought into subjection by the very motives which have in themselves the greatest impelling force. In the degree, however, in which the horizon of our views is contracted, consequences lose their morally restraining virtue; they become bare objects of passion, either of violent fear or hope, till, on the criminal who has *no future*, whose prospects are all absorbed in the enjoyment of the present, they act not at all till they are close upon him. He is perfectly heedless of them up to the moment when they become inevitable—so much so, that recklessness and criminality have come to be received as synonymous terms.

Now, in a like manner, as consequences are impotent as preventives of crime, they are also impotent as inducements to return to good conduct. In the latter sense, they can only set forth the *advantages* of a virtuous life; but these advantages are much greater, and the mind is much more susceptible of appreciating them, before a habit of transgressing the law has been formed than they ever can be afterwards.

Neither are the reflections which imprisonment and penitentiary discipline may generate calculated to bring the prisoner under the influence of the common motives which might, before his fall into crime, have legally sufficed for the regulation of his life. His situation is totally altered, morally even more than sociably. It is not

after having been governed by the violence of passion, that one can ever be made subject to the tame rule of prudence. Such a retrogradation of nature is impossible. The state of mind which prison reflections produce has not, either, this tendency. It is not one of cold and petty calculation; it is one of profound and passionate meditation. It is *introspective*, rather than *retrospective*. Regret for advantages forfeited and respectability lost, hardly enter into it at all. Such comparatively small selfishness is incompatible with the deeper thoughts which master the repentant malefactor. It is not his social position, but his moral character which troubles him. If he is not moved in this manner, he is not moved at all, and emotion of this kind is in its nature essentially *religious*. In religion, then, the *only* hope of his reformation can be found.

The confirmed transgressor has reached that point where the moral power of the law, of society, and of public opinion stops, and is null. He is totally beyond the influence of *conventional* morality, considered as such. His situation is altogether peculiar. He belongs not to the world; he is not a civil-society man. He comes under a category apart. All motives which are merely social, regard him not. They form no *medium*, as it were, through which one can get at him. He is thrown back from the world upon himself. His reformation must consequently be strictly *internal*; and it thus happens that if he is susceptible of good at all, he is susceptible of it only in its deepest and purest sense. There is no *middle* with him. The reaction must be equal to the action. We may affirm even that, in his moments of reflection, his apprehensions of virtue are equivalent to the depth of his own iniquity, for every thing is judged of and felt by comparison and contrast. Deep calleth unto deep. It is for this reason, we repeat, that whilst, if touched by a sense of his position, he is disposed to receive impression from *religion*, he is hardened in the same degree against *morality*, as distinguished therefrom, for morality so distinguished cannot take his measure. There is nothing *commensurate* between the shallow equivocal amendment of life, the moderate good conduct just keeping within legal bounds, which *such* morality inculcates, and

passionate desperate vice, or the repentance that may spring out of it; but there is a correspondency and relation intuitively perceived between things that are equal—between the utmost degradation, and the most thorough renovation of the affections. There is a *law of proportion* which holds universally, and it is by virtue of this law that it has become true to a proverb, that extremes meet.

We maintain, then, that a criminal is *nearer* to, and more *apt* for a complete change of character than he can ever be to any partial amelioration of behaviour. He may possibly be only one step removed from *sainthood*, whereas, from the intermediate rank of the unoffending citizen, he is excluded permanently. He cannot go back to his former condition, but he may be brought into a *new* condition, which indeed includes the former as the *major* includes the *minor*. And this new condition can be wrought out solely by *conversion*, in its only sense, which is a religious one.

It is remarkable, too, that conversion, or that complete transformation of character from one extreme to the other, which the word signifies, is peculiar to Christianity. It is true, the thorough revolution of the moral being, the displacement, as it were, and renovation of the affections which the term implies, may be regarded as a revolting *denaturalization* from the world, which men, respectable and highly considered, may neither desire nor feel the need of. But with respect to *outcasts*, the necessity and aptness of the change we are speaking of will, we believe, be promptly assented to; for it opens to *them* the *only* refuge that remains to them even here below, and supplies the only hope of producing within them that reformation which society for its own ends and welfare requires, but which civil means and social morality cannot bring about. The objects of the legislator should therefore, with reference to criminals, be merged and absorbed in the higher objects of the Christian philanthropist.

We have only further to add, on this point, that there is a singular and striking adaptation in the Christian religion to the inmates of prisons. They seem to be made the one for the other. The Gospel was emphatically given that it might "*seek and save those who are lost.*" The guilty are

the special objects of its benevolence. Prisons and penitentiaries—bad, impracticable bits of ground, sloughs of despond to society—form a soil decidedly favourable to a gospel cultivation. If this were fully understood and felt among ourselves, we should see no well-bred clericals or learned divines appointed as chaplains to our prisons, but thorough CONVERTERS—the men who are alone fit for the work to be performed there.

Directing now our remarks more immediately and exclusively to France, we are happy to inform our readers that religion is at present loudly demanded for French penitentiaries; and this demand coming principally from those who, if not decided unbelievers, are strongly tinged with infidelity, involves some curious conclusions. For, 1st, it is evident that from superstition or from rites and ceremonies no good can be expected; and, 2dly, that the simply ethical part of the Gospel cannot either be what is looked to, for this detached from its source has ever been at the disposition of philosophy. It is therefore *revealed doctrine* which is so strenuously invoked. By this an admission is made that there is something better in Christianity, though in the guise of Popery, than either ethics or ceremonies. Even infidels do this much justice to the Christian religion; and the priests are consequently every where invited and encouraged to bring the power of the Gospel into action. *It is because they do not do so that they are at present despised.* They cannot at the actual epoch throw back from themselves the blame of their impotency upon the incredulity of the age, for it is this very incredulity which clamours for religion; and that they can, to a considerable extent, produce the effect desired, we readily admit, for Christianity, however disguised and corrupted, is yet not altogether extinguished in Popery. Why, then, do not the French priesthood bestir themselves to regain their influence at a time so favourable to the attempt? The answer to this question is—they DARE NOT. They know very well that the popular demand for religion points only at instruction in those doctrines which Roman Catholics hold in common with all other Christians, and these they will not venture to bring prominently forward; for if any of the truths of the New Testament

should be preached by them with energy and simplicity, the legends of their own church would naturally lose their power. These latter can only maintain their ground whilst the former are involved in as much indistinctness and obscurity as possible, and glimmer, as it were, darkly through a vista of mysterious rites. To place such truths *in front* would be to throw the church into the shade. The priests, therefore, fear to announce these distinctly and *separately* as they do their own tenets of confession, penance, the worship of the Virgin, the Apostolic succession, &c. They can only suffer the Gospel doctrines which they profess to believe, to be seen distantly through many mediums, which perplex and nullify their force; as they are thoroughly aware that these doctrines *let loose* would destroy the church that *imprisons* them, and that to give them any prominence would be almost at one bound to arrive at the Reformation and at Protestantism.

It is almost needless, after what we have just written, to add, that although there are chaplains appointed to most of the French prisons, the ministry of these persons is considered by all serious reformers to be completely nugatory. So entirely does M. Lucas despair of the religious influence being of any avail upon prisoners, that the ultimate point of success which his whole system aims at is to produce what he calls a LEGAL morality in culprits, to be hammered out by the dint of sheer habit. Every attempt to effect more than this, appears to him chimerical, and, without discouraging, he would place no reliance on such efforts. Here, we think, is the part in which his whole scheme breaks down. In this opinion the observations we have made above will, we believe, support us. We will therefore merely remark—in order further to counteract the baneful, selfish, cold-hearted assumption of that otherwise valuable author, viz. that criminals are to be treated as beings without souls, as mere machines of society—that an enforced habit, no matter of how many years, is sure to be succeeded by a reaction, and this more especially if all the circumstances under which that habit has been formed should be suddenly and totally changed, as they must be on the liberation of a captive.

Protestant ministers are never admitted into French prisons except on

rare occasions, as a matter of special favour, and their ministry then is regarded with so much jealousy, and so crippled by conditions, that it is of very small service.

We must at present return to our details. Besides the French establishments which we have already mentioned, there are special penitentiaries for women—five in number; but these not being sufficient, females are also confined in separate quarters of the three principal central houses. This class of prisoners is more numerous in France than in, perhaps, any other country. Whilst in England, says M. Faucher, female culprits are only in the proportion of 16 to 100, in France they are 17 to 100 as *accusés*, 21 to 100 as *prevenus*; and 20 to the 100 of those condemned to a prolonged imprisonment. From this fact that gentleman concludes, that corruption in his own country springs out of the *family*, and in England out of society—or, in other words, that if crimes and violations of the law are more frequent with us, owing to the greater activity and enterprise of our population, *vice*, which is a much more pervading and malignant disease, prevails to a much greater extent in France. In the year 1836 there were 5804 women confined in the departmental prisons and central houses, and during the six previous years the number was much more considerable, amounting on an average to 6071. The state of these females in imprisonment is represented as most dreadful, exceeding in horror even the condition of the men prisoners, whose excesses we have already alluded to. The personal attendance to which they are subject increases the evil to which we refer. They are in the custody solely of men. They are not put under the charge of matrons, as with us; and M. Leon Faucher contrasts the daily and unrestrained intercourse they have with their male keepers, with the declaration of Mrs Fry before the House of Commons—that not even a chaplain should be allowed to approach female convicts without being accompanied by a person of their own sex.

We have now arrived at the last division of our subject: viz. the prisons for young offenders under the age of sixteen. Till very lately these youthful delinquents were confined in the common jails, and excepting at Paris they still continue to be so. The

number of youths in prison in France at the age of twenty, were, in 1834, according to the report of M. Beranger, 6000. Those under the age of sixteen amount actually to 2000. Very considerable reforms are at present in progress in this branch of penal justice. Already in Paris a vast edifice has been constructed for the special reception of juvenile transgressors; and it has been determined that establishments of a similar nature shall be extended over the whole surface of the French territory. Every second *Cour Royal* of the kingdom, of which there are twenty-seven, is to have within the circuit of its jurisdiction a penitentiary for boys. We have visited the institution at Paris—*La Roquette*. It is certainly too costly a structure for the purpose it is intended to serve. It contains, at the present time, 400 young culprits. Its interior discipline, if carried out fully into execution, would be very good. We saw from 200 to 300 boys industriously employed in the different *ateliers*, learning different trades. Whilst they are at work a total silence is enforced, but they appeared very cheerful and in fine strong health. On their countenances could be traced no impression of vice or depravity, and it was impossible not to be struck with the reflection, that at their early age the discipline they were undergoing, would have the almost certain effect of making them honest and upright citizens. It was an edifying spectacle to see so many children snatched from an early course of crime, and probably from eventual misery and ruin. There is a school, of course, attached to the establishment, but we were sorry to learn that its instructions are confined to one hour each day, and that there is only one master to teach such a multitude of boys. We have hitherto omitted to speak of the schools which exist in some of the other penitentiaries, because we think it very questionable whether men, especially men of hardened and desperate characters, can derive any benefit from acquiring, late in life, the rudiments of knowledge, which, to have any good effect, they should have acquired in boyhood. But with respect to boys of from eight to sixteen years of age, the case is very different. Religious and moral sentiments, not barely inculcated by precept, but attained by reading, and

appropriated, as it were, by the exercise of thought, which reading prompts at that early age, never fail, we think, to reappear and bear fruit in after years, however they may be obscured for a season. The school, therefore, should not certainly be sacrificed to the workshop. M. Leon Faucher has informed us that he has succeeded in effecting a notable improvement in this point in *La Roquette*. He has had half-a-dozen *surveillans*, whose business it was merely to preserve external order in the establishment, dismissed, and had them replaced by half-a-dozen schoolmasters, who perform also the duties of overseers. We are told likewise that the chaplain of the prison is a benevolent, zealous, unbigoted man. The New Testament is, by the Government regulations, read frequently—we hope every Sunday, but could not ascertain whether this be the case; and round the walls of the schoolroom there are, printed and hung up in frames, some of the most touching parables of the Gospel. All this is very gratifying. The gains of the young operatives are divided, as in the other prisons, into three parts; the first to defray the expenses of their imprisonment; the second to form a purse to be given them on their liberation; and the third to stimulate their industry, was formerly handed to them daily. At present they only receive the one-half of this third whilst they remain in imprisonment, the other half being put into the purse of reserve.

Connected with this establishment is another most admirable institution—the Patronage Society. This society has been formed voluntarily by benevolent individuals. Its object is to guide and provide for the young prisoners on their liberation. Each of the boys has a patron who exercises an influence over him, even during his confinement, by counsel and exhortation. On his being set at liberty his patron comes or sends for him, and places him in some situation for which he has fitted himself in the workshops of the penitentiary. Instead of being thrust out of the gates with the rags on their backs, with which they entered them, and with just sufficient money in their pockets to lead them into temptation, as was formerly the case, the poor lads are at present furnished with decent clothes, and given at once an

employment and a respectable livelihood. Their patrons visit them frequently, superintend their conduct, and by the affectionate sympathies they show them, encourage and confirm them in a virtuous course of life. They call them their children, and the reciprocal affection which often springs up between the little outcasts and their protectors is really very beautiful. We have the report of the Society now before us, and the numerous instances therein mentioned of youthful vagabonds and thieves becoming exemplary characters through the paternal kindness of the gentlemen who adopt them, is most edifying. One instance is mentioned of a former inmate of *La Roquette* having formed an attachment to an amiable and industrious girl, when, not having money to meet the expenses that would be attendant on his marriage, his patron gave him the means to do so, was present himself at the wedding, and furnished the lodgings of the new-married couple with chairs, tables, a bedstead, and some linen. We notice this fact, to which we might add many others of a similar nature, to show the benevolent spirit which actuates the Society. But the most unequivocal proof of the value of its exertions consists in this, viz. that before its existence, out of 217 youths that were liberated between the years 1831 and 1833, ninety-nine were recommitted, many several times, and for grave offences; whereas, since the association has entered upon its mission, out of 269 lads taken under their charge, only fifty-one have been again sentenced to a second imprisonment. And it is to be observed, that the ninety-nine recommitments above specified are merely those which have taken place in Paris under the real names of the offenders. How many may have happened in the provinces, and under false names, cannot be ascertained. But all who have been recommitted whilst under the superintendence of the Society are positively known, as they cannot quit their situations without the fact being communicated to their patrons. The report affirms, that of those who have been guilty of no fresh transgression against the law, fifty-eight are not only laborious, economical, and submissive to their masters, but join to those qualities virtues which must gain them general esteem; that 124, without

being so remarkable, are nevertheless excellent young men and good workmen, who give every kind of satisfaction to their employers and protectors; so that out of 269, there are 182 juvenile delinquents thoroughly reformed, who are the joy and glory of the Society. The remaining thirty-three are represented as very equivocal characters, some of them rejecting the patronage of their benefactors altogether, and others refusing hard work, and constantly changing their masters. Nevertheless the account, upon the whole, is delightful. The contemplation of benevolence, and the reward of benevolence in extensive good, really and unquestionably effected, recompenses one amply for wading through the revolting records of crime and misery, which we have been obliged to do in order to write this paper.

It still remains for us to subjoin a few words on one very important subject—the personal attendance upon prisoners. In France these unhappy beings are placed under the custody of individuals of the very worst description. Even the directors of prisons are hardly respectable. Their rank in society is always low, and their education and sentiments corresponding thereto. The officials under them are, for the most part, what are called *hommes de peine*: they belong to the family of Jack Ketch. Yet, as they are not considered sufficiently brutal for their occupation, some *forçat libéré* is frequently appointed guardian of the separate wards; or some eminent ruffian, knowing the ways of enforcing discipline from his own repeated imprisonments, is taken from among the captives themselves, and set over his fellow-malefactors. With us, certainly, things may not be quite so bad as this; but we appeal to common experience whether, even in England, a respectable man would not avoid all company and intercourse with a jailer or turnkey with as much care, and from the same sentiment of aversion, as would make him shun the society of culprits themselves. In fact, all the agents employed about our jails and houses of correction, and all the persons who hold habitual communications of any kind with prisoners, are recognised at once by their savage manners, and atrocious insensibility and ignorance. Yet it is certain that the reformation of criminal

nals depends primarily upon the character of those who come into daily and hourly contact with them. The influence of individual upon individual is either for good or for evil—the most powerful of all influences. We would have, therefore, even turnkeys, at least, as respected, as humane, and as well informed as the best sergeants in the English army. The higher officers should approach as near in education and in elevation of sentiment to *gentlemen* as possible; and, from the governor downwards, all should be taught that they are not to consider themselves merely men of bolts and bars, but that their mission is one emphatically and primarily of *benevolence*,—and that, in the performance of their duties, it should be their constant effort to obtain a moral ascendancy over those under their charge. Men capable of acquiring this ascendancy should be sought out and appointed as officials to prisons. Their rank and estimation in the world should be necessarily raised, and their vocation regarded not as opprobrious or low, but as honourable in a very high degree. We insist earnestly upon this point, because we consider it most essential. All hope of reforming malefactors turns, in our opinion, upon three pivots:—Their classification or separation, Religion, and the personal attendance with which they are surrounded. Regulations of detail are good only in a positive sense as accessories, as removing all counteraction from, and aiding the efficiency of these three great master-springs of penitentiary discipline.

In concluding this paper, we must make our warm acknowledgments to M. Leon Faucher, from whose instructive conversation and valuable papers we have derived the greater part of the information we have been able to lay before our readers. That gentleman is about to give to publication (if he has not already done so) a work entitled "*Prison Reform*." This work will be found full of matter and interest, and is written in a bold, free, animated style. M. Faucher has given to a subject naturally repulsive a great deal of attraction, and made his book almost as entertaining as it is useful.

LONDON AND ROME.

We have known many people who, on the strength of a solitary manor-house, placed in the middle of a few acres of their own land—separated from the rest of the world by an interminable lane filled with unfathomable ruts—have made a point of laughing open-mouthed at an animal called a Cockney. When a person strolls in a majestic park beneath the shadow of old ancestral trees; or even breathes forth a gentle Havannah on a spacious lawn; or paces his quiet hackney through “bosky dell and bushy bourn,” he may be excused if he does not particularly envy the condition of the denizens of dingy back parlours in Lombard Street, or up-stairs business rooms in Cheapside. Nay, he may even be pardoned if he cannot enter into the feelings of pride and satisfaction with which they listen to Bow-bell—the sort of personal vanity with which they talk of the Monument and the Mansion-house—for it is apparent to the most superficial observer that the real Londoner is as proud of the city he lives in as if it were his own possession. He is proud of the height of St Paul’s, the number of the bridges, the noisiness of the Strand, the dirt of Wapping. When the Thames Tunnel is completed, the true Cockney will be the greatest coxcomb in the world. The whole race was intolerably self-conceited for many weeks, because the heroic Greenacre knocked out a poor old washerwoman’s eye with a billy-roller, and carried her head in an omnibus on his knee. The “country” had nothing to compare with this—the omnibus is a touch of the sublime—and the Cockney rose in his own estimation accordingly. But it is not to be supposed that he has any idea of the superiority of the position of the rural squire. If there is one object more ludicrous than another in the eye of a Cockney, it is a country gentleman. The generally recognised eidolon of the species is an individual about fifty years of age—with a considerable projection in front—red face—loud voice—empty head—risking his neck a hundred times a day in following a fox—or toiling beneath a prodigious double-barrelled musket to

murder a poor hare;—no business in the morning—no bustling streets—no Nassau balloon—no theatre—no Wauxhall—no nothing. And such an ignorant fellow too—he does not see the paper till it is two days old! For forty-eight hours the Yorkshire squire does not know in what character Jack Reeves is to appear on Tuesday—what Madame Vestris is to act for her benefit, or if she has taken the benefit of the act; and, *à fortiori*, the veritable Londoner despises the inhabitant of more distant regions still more heartily, and all foreigners because they cannot read the *Times*. And this is the only philosophical way we have ever heard the patriotism of the good city accounted for—the said patriotism consisting in a dignified disdain of all other dominions, principalities, and powers. If we must enlist on one side or other, and laugh at the Cockney with the squire, or at the squire with the Cockney, we profess ourselves on the side of the metropolitan. There is certainly something grand in being a unit in the mighty sum that makes up the total of that tremendous whole. We deal with things on such a prodigious scale that our very thoughts become majestic. We—that is, the glorious aggregate—drink three times more port wine every year than all Portugal produces in five, and therefore think very little for our individual share of a couple of bottles a-day. We eat the cattle on a thousand hills, and lunch on a leg of mutton. We exhaust the salmon-fishery of Dundee, and long for whale. We are sixteen hundred thousand, men, women, and children, and we inhabit the greatest, the richest, and the noblest city that the world has ever seen. Babylon was a desert to us—Rome a village; Pactolus a puddle of valueless water, compared to the Thames; and the Ærarium of the Capitol a beggar’s wallet, compared to the Bank of England. Even in the “arts that aggrandize life,” according to the phrase of Dr Johnson—such as cookery and horse-racing—we leave the Eternal City far behind. We would rather dine with Lord Sefton than with Apicius. We have no hesitation in placing

Ude above Pompey, and next to Cæsar—not that the field of glory of these three men was the same, but that they are the three greatest names that occur to us at the moment. Their chaplets must be twined of different materials: laurel for the conqueror of Pharsalia—oak for him who even in his youth was called the Great—and parsley (without butter) for the Admirable Eustache. For what, after all (if we enter into a comparison), were the most magnificent of the Roman feasts (the mere numbers present at them being left out of the question) but ostentatious collections of strange and heterogeneous materials? We cannot, on looking at the bill of fare of a dinner of Lucullus or Vitellius, persuade ourselves that cookery had risen into the dignity of a science. It was not so much the taste, the flavour, the getting-up of the dishes, that attracted admiration, as the vast sum of money they cost. This paltry purse-proud feeling is completely shown in the supper of Cleopatra, who sat in solitary state, and having had the largest pearl that had ever been seen melted by some powerful acid, drank at one gulp the value of eighty thousand pounds. In this species of folly she was closely imitated at Rome, for Pliny tells us that one Clodius, the son of a play-actor of the name of *Æsop*, was so pleased with having swallowed a pearl worth nearly eight thousand pounds, that he invited a large party to sup with him and gave each of them a similar draught—"quod Romæ in promiscuum ac frequentem usum venit." Hear this, ye gourmands of taste and sentiment, and rejoice that you are born in an age and country where genius and refinement preside over the cuisine. 'Tis with feelings of mingled indignation and disgust that in all the feastings and glorifications of Vitellius we discover no mention of the cook! This contemptible glutton, who was not enough of a gentleman to be an epicure, wasted in sheer guzzling and gormandizing the sum of seven millions sterling in a very few months after his accession. He dined four or five times a-day, and if he had lived a few years longer would have eaten up the empire. But, besides these house dinners, as they may be called, he used to favour his friends with his company to an intermediate meal,

which rarely cost them less than twenty-eight or thirty thousand pounds. Half Rome was ruined by these condescending visits of the Emperor, and the other half killed by over-eating in courtly imitation of their master. We will not degrade the tasteful and gentlemanly diners of Lord Reay or Holland House by contrasting them with such wholesale ingurgitations as these; but old Brotier, after relating a few instances of this dreadful—dreadful because wasted—extravagance, asks, "At quas ergo opes habebant Romani ut tanto luxui sufficerent?"

Now, let any man, between the hours of four and six o'clock, stand for twenty minutes in Regent Street, or sit down half an hour in Hyde Park, and he will see more wealth roll past him upon wheels than Rome had to boast of at the time of her greatest riches. We have heard a calculation, which we believe to be a very moderate one, that for every private carriage you see in London you may give the owner of it credit for five thousand a-year. Not that it takes a fortune of that amount to entitle a man to his carriage; but, if we consider that no man would venture on it with less than fifteen hundred—very few with so little, and those only professional men, such as surgeons and physicians—and recollect, at the same time, the hundreds who have their eight and ten thousands, many their twenty and thirty, and some their hundred and even their two hundred thousands a-year, we may fairly assume the average as it has been stated. Now, in one hour, we have counted on Regent Street seven hundred and forty carriages;—last Sunday (Heaven and Sir Andrew pardon us for the employment!) we counted standing in line at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park eight hundred and sixty-four! On that day, we will venture to say, were perambulating the walks, giving nuts to the elephant, and handfuls of gingerbread to the bears—the aggregate representation of an annual expenditure of four million two hundred and twenty thousand pounds. But this is nothing. At the same hour that you have counted the equipages in Regent Street, you discover from a friend who compares notes with you, that he could scarcely leave the Park from the string of carriages enclosing

it three rows deep. Another at the same moment has had his cab damaged in threading his way through the crowd of vehicles in Piccadilly. And each of the lines of streets leading up to the Regent's Park, from Harley Street to Baker Street, are equally swarming. There were certainly individuals at Rome as rich as our own Dukes of Sutherland or Buccleuch; but we deny *in toto* that any thing like this degree of wealth was equally diffused. And a step or two below this, the observer is still more struck with the endlessness of the riches of London. Any one of moderate fortune, say from seven hundred up to a thousand a-year, who has had occasion to look out for a house, has an idea forcibly impressed on him, that he is beyond all question the poorest man within ten miles of St Paul's. He passes through mile after mile of capital houses, all above his mark, and, almost in despair, he turns in another direction. But the line stretches quite as far to the east as it did to the west. He tries the suburbs. Thousands upon thousands of comfortable quarters meet his eye;—long stretches of streets leading from Oxford Street all the way to Kensington Green, Dulwich, Brixton—all occupied—all in the tidiest order—where no person could possibly live under a very considerable income. He turns, as a final effort, to the north; he walks through the same uninterrupted row of middle-rank residences up to Highgate and Hornsey—to the west he arrives at Kensington, Brompton, and Chelsea—and at last, like a sensible man, finding that he is not rich enough to be one of the Cockneys he formerly despised, he deposits himself and his portmanteau on the top of the Norwich coach, and betakes himself to his native shade in the neighbourhood of Bury St Edmunds. Where does all this money come from?—for it is impossible for all of it to be done upon tick. And this brings us to the same point to which a view of the gluttony of Vitellius brings the erudite Brotier with regard to the riches of old Rome. The learned annotator takes his estimate from the fortunes of two or three individuals, and the question of individual wealth we are willing to concede. He says he will take his example, not from Crassus, the richest man of his day with the exception of

Sylla, but from one Caius Licinius Claudius Isidorus—a man "*satis ignobilis*"—whose will was proved eighteen hundred and forty-five years ago, in the Prerogative Court of Rome, and his property was sworn to in the usual form. In spite of great losses in the civil war, he left four thousand one hundred and sixteen slaves; three thousand six hundred yoke of oxen; of other cattle fifty-seven thousand head; and in hard cash four hundred and sixty-one thousand nine hundred and twenty pounds, twelve shillings and sixpence. Now, taking the slaves at the low rate of thirty pounds a-piece, the oxen at eighteen pounds a-yoke, and the cattle of all sorts and kinds at thirty shillings a-head, we may set down the said ignobilis gentleman as cutting up to his expectant heirs to the tune of seven hundred and thirty-five thousand seven hundred and eighty pounds,—which, after all, is not nearly so much as has been left by many gentlemen who have been the artificers of their own fortunes within the last few years in this very town. It is generally believed that Sir Robert Peel had a list furnished to him of fifteen hundred of his supporters whose united fortunes would pay off the national debt; and this, taking the debt at seven hundred and fifty millions, gives a neat little property to each of them of five hundred thousand pounds.

We shall have to come back to the subject of the wealth of the two cities, in comparing the Bank of England with the *Ærarium*; but in the meantime let us see whether Rome, or any other city about whose vastness so much is boasted by the poets, had as many inhabitants as this good city of London.

In this comparison we have nothing to do with the number of Roman citizens—the citizenship being an honorary distinction bestowed on the inhabitants of distant regions who had never been within a thousand miles of the Seven Hills. How prodigiously this honour or privilege was spread in the latter times of the empire, till at last, like knighthood under James I., it was almost a distinction to be without it, may be seen by looking into the census at intervals of fifty or a hundred years. The first census on record is that held by Servius Tullius in the year of the City one hundred and

eighty. The number of citizens at that time was eighty thousand. In the first census after the expulsion of the kings, held in the year two hundred and forty-five, there were a hundred and thirty thousand. But in the fifty-seventh lustrum, the last that was held in the republic, in the year of the City six hundred and eighty-three, the number of citizens—which, in addition to the inhabitants of Rome, must have included a number of the principal personages among their allies—amounted to four hundred and fifty thousand. In the civil wars and the empire the citizenship was so promiscuously bestowed, that in the last census held by Augustus, the number rose to four million one hundred and thirty-seven thousand. When the Emperor Decius, in the year one hundred and four, wished to restore the censorship, the attempt was found impracticable, as Caracalla had extended the citizenship to all the inhabitants of the Roman empire. "The freedom of the city" has certainly been conferred on a goodly number of queer people, from the Hetman Platoff down to her Majesty's right honourable and right variegated Privy Council, the greater number of whom rejoice in the civic diploma; but the liberality of Guildhall is not quite so diffusive in this respect as the generosity of Claudius and Nero. The privilege, to be sure, is more valuable, for what is exemption from flogging, and an equality of rank with kings, to the power of keeping a snuff-shop on Ludgate-hill, or rising to be Lord Mayor? Some of the right honourable Councillors belong to the worshipful company of pin-makers, which accounts for their point and polish; but most of them, we have heard, are fishmongers, which explains the propensity of some of them to "flounder," and the attachment of all of them to "Plaice." But let us return, as the French say, to our muttons.

And first, as to the size of the two cities. Great battles have been fought about the walls of Rome, not only by stalwart knights, but by angry scholars and antiquarians. From the days of Romulus and Remus they seem destined to be a cause of quarrel. Even the exact meaning of the word "*Pomerium*," or portion of consecrated ground next the city walls, seems hardly agreed on. But that there

was a certain space of ground kept sacred from the plough, and the approach of buildings, between the inhabited part of the town and the outer wall, is not doubted; and Livy informs us, that as the city walls were extended, these consecrated limits were to be advanced along with them.

The first *Pomerium* consecrated by Romulus ran entirely round the foot of the Palatine-hill. The size, therefore, of the Palatine gives us the dimensions of the infant city. It is nearly square, its sides to the north and south measuring thirteen hundred Roman feet; and to the east, fourteen hundred and fifty; to the west, fourteen hundred. *Tantula urbe, tanti futuri imperii parens!* But when Servius Tullius, with admirable foreknowledge of the future greatness of Rome, included the Quirinal and Viminal hills, and afterwards the *Æsquiliæ*, on which he built his house, and surrounded the city with a ditch and rampart, the *Pomerium* thus fixed was viewed with such religious veneration, that, according to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who wrote in the time of Augustus, the circuit of the city had not been increased up to that day. And here begins the battle of the learned, who dispute the ground foot to foot, and yield only by inches. The right of advancing the *Pomerium* belonged to those who had aggrandized the Roman people by conquering territory from the enemy. This right was exercised, or claimed rather, by Sylla—was carried into effect by Julius Cæsar, and by Augustus himself, in the year 746. But how could the *Pomerium* be advanced if the circuit of the city had not been enlarged? It is impossible, says one, to refuse the evidence of Dionysius; it is impossible, says another, that the size of the city can have remained the same when the *Pomerium* was so frequently advanced. The explanation suggested by the ingenious Græterus is, perhaps, the true one—either that these conquerors assumed the merit of having extended the *Pomerium* from having renewed the consecration of it, or from having consecrated certain portions of the city surrounded by walls, which had not originally been set apart by the augurs; and that there were *within* the city certain districts which had been excluded from the *Pomerium*, is ma-

nifest from the well-known fact of the Aventine Mount being expressly excepted from it, "*quasi avibus obscenis ominosum.*" Claudius, however, was too much elated by his victories in Britain to attend to these religious omens, and included it in the Pomerium. But, after all, the walls, ditches, ramparts, Pomerium, and other limits by which the "*urbs*" is defined, have no more to do with an enquiry into the size of inhabited Rome, than the circuit of London wall, or the jurisdiction of the city authorities, have to do with the magnitude of London. The "*city*" properly so called, is not very extensive; and even in Rome, after the walls had been pushed forward to their full extent, including the hills which were not all built upon, the circuit, according to Pliny, was little more than thirteen miles. But even from these thirteen miles great deductions must be made, for we must make allowance for all the indentations and windings of the walls, and all the projections of the towers—for the measurement was taken by closely stepping round; and, accordingly, some scholars who have studied the subject have reduced the actual circuit to eight miles and two hundred paces. Now, this is not a large circumference, and scarcely equal, we should think, to the liberties of London. But, however, as it is the number of inhabitants contained in the two capitals, and not the mere space included in their respective walls, that we are now comparing, we shall not trouble our heads whether the "*urbs*" or the "*city*" filled the greatest area. When we listen to the rounded periods of Pliny, as he boasts "that the advancing limits have added cities to the city," and that "if, in addition to this, one considers the altitude of the houses, some sort of notion may be formed of the magnitude of Rome, and every one will confess that no city could even compare with it,"—we can easily persuade ourselves that the observations are applied to London. And we can scarcely help believing that Dionysius wrote the following sentences after a visit to the dome of St Paul's:—"If a man judges from the mere walls of the size of Rome, he will undoubtedly be deceived, and will have no certain means of imagining where the city

goes to, and where it ends. To such a degree are the suburbs conjoined to the houses of the town, that to a person looking at them from this point of view, they give the appearance of a city stretching out into an *infinite* extent. "Some such idea of the infinite size of London must be entertained by the Marquis of Hertford, who one day at his villa in the Regent's Park, was visited by a friend from the neighbourhood of Belgrave Square. "Ah, my dear fellow," he said, "I am delighted to see you—but—where did you change horses?"

If the Romans had published their bills of mortality, we could easily have discovered the number of inhabitants. The deaths multiplied by thirty-two, will guide us very closely to the number of a population in former times, and in many crowded cities in our own day. The deaths, however, in London, we believe, are not above one in the thirty-eight; an improvement on the duration of life, to be attributed to a more general attention to cleanliness, the introduction of inoculation, and perhaps an advancement in medical skill. The enlargement of our streets, and the gradual abolition of horrible blind lanes and alleys will still farther diminish the mortality, till at last the cemetery companies, which are now springing up on all hands, will fail from a total want of employment; for it is an ascertained fact, that if people do not die, they do not require to be buried. And it was perhaps some consideration like this that induced the popular and patriotic Mr Duncombe to advocate the conversion of Primrose Hill into a large Necropolis; for he might safely have calculated, that if he succeeded in his object, he would not only have a prodigious tomb, but plenty of poor people deprived of the fresh air and exercise—quite ready to be put into it:

"A pie with no meat in't is nothing," he cried,

"So I'll send you the crust and the pigeons beside."

But in the absence of the Roman burial registers, we must have recourse to another guide which fortunately remains to us, namely, the number of buildings. The learned Victor, in his disquisition "*de Regionibus Urbis*," tells us the respective numbers of the different kinds of houses, the *insulae*, and the *domus*. But the

reader who has not attended much to these George Robins' kinds of details, will like perhaps to be reminded of what the *insulæ* and the *domus* were. The *insulæ*, then, were the ordinary houses, many of them divided, as at present in Edinburgh and Paris, into flats, and inhabited by separate families. The *domus*, on the other hand, were the great dwellings of the rich patricians, such as the French call hotels,—and for which we have no name that comes so near to the idea as mansion,—or, perhaps, conjoined with the proprietor's name—house,—for example, Lansdowne-house, Burlington-house, Devonshire-house, and many others. Now, of the *insulæ* or ordinary houses, there were at Rome forty-six thousand six hundred and two. Each of these averaged three separate families and a-half; and each family averaged six individuals, making for each roof an aggregate of twenty-one. Well, the forty-six thousand six hundred and two houses multiplied by twenty-one, give an amount of nine hundred and seventy-eight thousand six hundred and forty-two.

The *domus* were seventeen hundred and eighty. Now, it is usual to consider the *domus* at only the double of the *insulæ*; that is, reckoning only forty-two inhabitants to each; but our authority for these calculations, is willing to take them at four times the amount, or allowing eighty-four inhabitants to each *domus*, “*ne in urbis majestatem peccasse videatur.*” But he is induced to make this prodigious allowance for the indwellers of the *domus*, from the vastness of the palace of the Cæsars, and from the circumstance mentioned by Tacitus illustrative of the incredible number of attendants entertained by the nobility, that in the single *domus* of Pedanius Secundus, the prefect of the city, there lived four hundred slaves, without including the freedmen. Taking, therefore, these seventeen hundred and eighty mansions at eighty-four inhabitants each, we shall find an aggregate of a hundred and forty-nine thousand five hundred and twenty. And allowing for the garrison in the Prætorian camp, strangers and interlopers of all kinds to the number of sixty thousand, we find the grand total of the Roman population to be one million one hundred and eighty-

eight thousand one hundred and sixty-two. What, then, could Lipsius mean by stating the population at four millions? But, to be sure, even this was moderate compared to the random guess-work of others, who have placed it at eight, or even at fourteen millions. This is nearly as huge a boast as that of King Daniel, and his finest pisantry, who ought (if his statement be true that his followers are seven million MEN) to amount altogether to thirty-five millions of people. For we suppose no person who has ever thought at all on political arithmetic will allow more MEN to a population than one in five. There is no saying what a few more years may produce in the way of adding to the numbers of the hereditary bondsmen, but before they reach such a prodigious developement, it is to be hoped there will be a better answer to the old Scotch riddle of “Why is Ireland the richest country in the world?” than the present one, which is—(—d’ye give it up?) Because “its *capital* is *aye dublin.*”

But Rome! Rome! let us back to Rome! The population, then, of the imperial city, in the days of the Cæsars—when she was the “Mighty Heart,” not of one kingdom only, but of the whole earth—was four hundred thousand less than the present population of London! What a proud thought for every one of the almost innumerable individuals who can claim equality with the illustrious John Gilpin, and boast of being a citizen of famous London town! As to ourselves, we feel as if in our single person we could make up for the loss of Gog and Magog, so heroic has the very recollection of our citizenship made us. We hear people talk of Coke of Norfolk—Forbes of Callender—Ramsay of Barnton—Fergusson of Raith,—and these names certainly suggest to us ideas of some slight degree of wealth and consideration;—but *we*—we are of *London*!—What are Callender, Raith, and Barnton, to the addition we put to our name? Why, we could buy them altogether by a mortgage on the India Docks! London is the most peopled city that ever was inhabited by men;—for as to considering the animals in Pekin, who put iron shoes on their females’ feet, and eat rice with chopsticks, as belonging to the human race, we never thought of it;—and should

as soon talk of the population of a forest of Pongos as of the brick warrens of the Celestial Empire. Thebes, — Nineveh, — Babylon, what were they?—Let us apply to our ancient friend, Quintus Curtius, and hear what he says of the real magnitude of these cities of the East. Their very names have taken such a hold on our imaginations that we associate with them only ideas of immeasurable size, and the most gorgeous magnificence. Thebes, with her hundred gates, sending forth from each an army of horsemen, and a multitude of chariots, appears to us an empire in itself. Nineveh, invested with a higher interest by the wailings and lamentations of the Prophets, shines forth in the glory of its unequalled splendour, even through the “veil of sorrow” spread over it by the inspired. The waters of Babylon, by which the exiles sat and wept, recall to us visions of the “great city and the strong”—“that was a golden cup in the Lord’s hand that made all the earth drunken”—and people giving into wild fancies as to the magnitude of these cities—and arguing from the prodigious extent of the walls which we know to have surrounded them, have not scrupled to assign them each a population of eight or nine millions. The circuit of the walls was, indeed, so vast—those of Babylon being many days’ journey in circumference—that the city, if built and inhabited like those of Europe, would have contained even a greater population than any that has been attributed to it. What Miss Martineau’s opinion would be of the discretion of the ladies of a single city with twelve million of inhabitants, it is not for us to say. To such a state of things it was impossible to put a check. But let her heart rejoice; for we are told, by our friend Quintus Curtius, as we have mentioned above, that the walls were no criterion of the populousness of the city, but that their enormous circumference was accountable for on other grounds. “The houses,” he says, in speaking of Babylon, “are not brought close to the walls, but have an acre between them. Nor are they joined together, as it was thought safer to leave several places unoccupied. The rest they sow and cultivate, that, if they are attacked from without, there may be provision

enough for the besieged from the soil of the city itself.”

But this is entirely proved from a source more indisputable than even Quintus Curtius. In the splendid denunciations of the Prophet Jeremiah we find the following:—“Put yourselves in array against Babylon round about; all ye that bend the bow, shoot at her; spare no arrows, for she hath sinned against the Lord. Take vengeance upon her! As she hath done, do unto her. *Cut off the sower from Babylon, and him that handleth the sickle in the time of harvest.*” What would be the extent of London, if it included within its walls a sufficient quantity of land to supply food to all its inhabitants? We should have to alter our maps, and say Middlesex in the town of London; for we will venture to say, that we of this “wonderful metropolis” would eat with great ease all the harvests, and beeves, and muttons of the metropolitan county. And if London went on increasing, where would be the country? In more senses than one we should swallow it up. It would be a repetition of Argyle and Rutland;—but you don’t know the story, perhaps, so here it is.

Long ago a certain proprietor, in the county of Rutland, became very intimate with the Maccallum-More of that time. One day, in the plenitude of his friendship, he said to him, “How I wish your estate were in my county!” Upon which the M’Diarmid replied, “I’m thinking if it were, there would be no room for yours.”

We shall say no more of the populations of the gorgeous East, except that we may remind the reader that Pliny, of course, was acquainted with the history and greatness of Nineveh, Babylon, and all the other celebrated capitals of the ancient world; and still declares, as we have seen, that there could have been no city equal to Rome. Poor Pliny! what would he say now, if he ascended in Mr Green’s balloon from Vauxhall? But leaving Pliny with his mouth wide open, gazing down on the interminable Atlantic of chimney-tops, let us jump into an omnibus and rattle down to the Bank.

We take the Bank not merely as a chartered company carrying on trade with a certain capital, but as the representative of all the public wealth which finds its way to London. In the word

Bank, we include the taxes and the debt; and the debt itself we take as positive property, and by no means in its usual signification, which considers debt as a sign of poverty. If by any means we got possession of the national debt we should view ourselves as having got a very considerable addition to our fortune; whereas if any one made us a present of the debts he had incurred (perhaps far more honestly than the other), we should beg to decline the obligation, on the plea of having quite enough of our own. "That man is rich who hath a sufficiency and desireth no more."

Now, what have the Romans, at any time of their history, to show in opposition to the enormous sums poured every year in the shape of taxes into our public exchequer? Were such "soverran waves" ever rolled into the temple of Saturn, filling the whole Capitoline with their music of a golden sound? Let us see. For nearly two hundred years of the republic, no direct taxes at all were paid by the Roman people, the spoils of Perseus of Macedon being deposited in the public treasury by Æmilius Paulus, in the year of the city five hundred and eighty-six, and found sufficient to supply the place of the former assessment. These spoils amounted to one million seven hundred and eighty-nine thousand, eight hundred and sixty-five pounds six shillings and tenpence sterling. This does not seem a very great capital, though, with judicious management, with a Spring Rice at the head of the Finance, and five or six boards of Commissioners to assist him in the distribution of the patronage, we doubt not that it yielded a very good annual return. But in addition to this income, whatever it might be, there were the tributes from foreign states, amounting (up to the time of Pompey, who more than doubled them by his conquests in Asia,) to the very moderate sum of one million five hundred and fifty-six thousand four hundred and two pounds. Another and great increase, however, of the revenue, took place on the conquest of the Gauls, for Julius made them pay nearly two millions a-year. Augustus followed this good example, and squeezed an equal sum out of Egypt. But Egypt, besides this direct tribute, yielded an immense sum by its commerce, so that the annual tribute and

dues together may fairly be taken at four millions. Without following the ingenious calculations of the clarissimus Brotierus, or ransacking Strabo and Pliny to support our assertions, we state the grand result, namely, that the yearly revenue of the Roman State, when the utmost strictness was exercised in the exaction, was sixty millions sterling; but even this was not the result of the regular finance operation, but derived from arbitrary impositions upon the refractory tributaries. However, taking the revenue at sixty millions, we beg to compare with that, certain years in which we raised with perfect ease a hundred and ten million pounds; whereas, when Vespasian declared that nothing could save the country but a contribution (that is, a National Debt) of five hundred and eleven million two hundred and eighty thousand four hundred pounds, "exigi minime potuit,"—"they could not raise it at no price." Now, we can look with a complacent smile upon the Bank, and feel conscious of our vast superiority, knowing that, in spite of some temporary grumbings and a periodic growling about national distress, we stand as proudly and unburdened under the weight of nearly eight hundred millions of debt, as could broad-shouldered Atlas under one of Mr Arrow-smith's terrestrial globes. If this rambling sort of paper meets with the applause it so justly deserves, we shall treat you some fine day to an account of all the ancient nations just before their decay, and prove to a demonstration that there is no symptom of decadence in the glorious crown of England. We shall describe to you the downward progress of Tyre, and Nineveh, and Babylon, and Rome, and Byzantium, and show you how

—"nought can make us rue,
"If England to herself do stand but true."

We may also favour you with an *improvisation*, *brillante à la Mouscheles*, on "the Downfall of Paris;" and institute a little enquiry into the dismal deterioration of house-property in Edinburgh. We have a house "to sell or let, apply to Mr Trotter," which used to bring a rent of —, but wait till our next paper, and perhaps we may make you a present of the domicile; for what with rascally agents and perpetual demands for re-

pairs, the hereditament is not worth keeping.

The *Erarium* was worth nothing after the establishment of the Empire. In the time of the Republic, we know within a pound or two how much it contained. In the year of the City four hundred and fifty-nine, the Consul *Papirius* triumphed over the Samnites, and placed in the treasury a sum of brass and silver equal to (in figures) £56,470, 5s. 10d.; *Æmilius Paulus*, as formerly stated, £1,789,862, 6s. 10d. In the year five hundred and ninety-seven, before the destruction of Carthage was resolved on, there were in the treasury £60,480,016, 4s. 2d. And in the year seven hundred and five, on the first entrance of *Cæsar* into the city, in the civil war, the ready money amounted to £80,000,000. This is nothing to our *Scrip*! How all this money had been amassed, and how bitterly the behaviour of *Julius*, in passing a bill of appropriation which placed the whole sum in his own pocket, was resented, may be seen in the noble lines of *Lacan*, iii. 154 :—

"Tunc rapas *Tarpeia* sonat, magnæque
reclinas
Testatur stridore fores; tunc conditus imo
Eruiat templo multis intactus ab annis
Romani caesus populi, quem *Punica* bella,
Quem dederat *Persæ*, quem victi præda
Philippi;
Quod tibi, *Roma*, fugâ *Pyrrhus* trepidante
reliquit,
Quo te *Fabricius* regi non vendidit auro.
Quicquid parcorum mores servastis avo-
rum,
Quod dices *Asia* populi misere tributum,
Victoriæ dedit *Minota* *Creta* *Metello*,
Quod Cæto longinquâ vexit super æquora
Cypri.
Tunc *Oriens* opes, captorumque ultima
regum
Que *Pompeianis* prædæ est gæna tri-
umphis,
Egeritur; tristi spoliantur templa rapinâ;
Pæperique fuit tunc primum. *Censere*
Roma."

A *Julius* in one day getting possession of the ready money in the *Exchequer* would not find quite so much as his prototype in *Rome*; but if he went more quietly to work, and contented himself with seizing the shipping on the *Thames*, we believe he would raise double the sum by a per centage on their value. Give us again some stormy years, when the now

separated cords of Tory, Whig, and Radical shall be twisted into one glorious cable to keep the *Britannia* in her moorings, and do not speak of eighty, or even of eight hundred millions,—we shall lay on fresh taxes, and exclaim, like the magnanimous gentleman who ordered a glass of water and a tooth-pick, "d— the expense." But far distant be the time when jarring interests again wake the world to arms. We are ready to show fight, come war when it may. The lion's paw is as powerful as ever, though his voice has latterly roared you somewhat too much like a nightingale—but though ready for battle, we are amorous of peace. We also, though richer than all the Romans, Syrians, and Medes and Persians recorded by *M. Rollin*, have a great objection to draw our purses,—unless the necessity for it be very evident. Therefore, let our money go on fructifying in our pockets; and in the mean-time, let us proceed with our dissertation on the magnificence of *Cockaigne*.

There is a certain hostelry, inn, pothouse, tavern, or hotel,—for we are not certain which is its proper designation,—about a mile beyond *Westminster Bridge*, called the *Elephant and Castle*, at which fifteen hundred coaches and other vehicles "pull up" every day. There is one brewery in *London* to which a rise or fall on the price of beer of one halfpenny a-pot makes a difference of forty thousand a-year.

These two circumstances give as good an idea of the vastness of "our village" as any half-dozen others we could pick out. Now, we can find nothing in the histories of ancient *Rome* to persuade us that large fortunes like the thousands made every year in *London*, were the produce of what is technically called "small profits and quick returns." A favourite freedman, or a powerful general, got a grant of the spoils of a nation, and though his individual fortune was in this way prodigious, it furnishes no argument of any thing like what we contend for in our own city, namely, the general diffusion of wealth—nay, the *Congiaris* and all the other charitable feedings furnished from time to time to the mass of the people, show that those vast possessions were only exceptions to the almost universal

poverty. There were no Ellises and Morrisons clearing their fifty thousand a-year by selling gowns and shawls, no sugar-bakers with a million in hard cash, no grocers with a couple of plums in each hand. The way those monied men of the olden time increased their fortunes is the surest proof that can be given of the general distress. A common enough interest for a loan was forty per cent. The cash must have been in very few hands to allow this to last for an hour, and all the capitalists, from Cneius Lentulus, "*homo ingenii tam sterilis, quam pusilli animi*," up to Seneca the philosopher, betook themselves to usury as to a regular trade. This latter gentleman, indeed, is famous in history for having driven the Britons (the inhabitants of Londinium included) into open rebellion by his horrible usury on a loan advanced to them of L.311,280, 8s. 4d. This whole sum, on which our ancestors could not pay even the interest, is now poured into the Exchequer every second day; the grease of our carriage-wheels would pay it all; the blacking of our shoes would pay it; the snuff used in one week would pay it: so, if the philosophical extortioner attempted any of his usury in the present day, we should infallibly chuck him into the Thames without being able to excuse our non-payment on the plea of "*miserrima egestas*." And as to the corruption of our manners, do you really believe that we Cockneys, from the denizens of Grosvenor Square, to the inhabitants of St Giles's, are corrupt? We are as pure as a field of snow, with a speck or two of city-smoke on it here and there; but take us for all in all, we are not only the greatest, the richest, and the most numerous population that ever composed one town, but beyond all question the most liberal, most charitable, and most humane. We feel that it is a proud thing to belong to such an assemblage of earth's demigods, and are diligently practising the aspiration of the vowels, that there may be no mistake as to our citizenship even by any one who meets us on the outside of a coach. We have no time to go through a comparison of the vaunted charities of Rome, or rather of the Roman Emperors, and those of our noble city. But in fact the gifts bestowed on the Roman populace were not charities but bribes.

Julius Cæsar gave to each of the snobs (the nearest translation we can hit upon of plebs) a present of three pounds one shilling and eightpence, besides ten bushels of corn and ten quarts of oil. As only the poor claimed this, and boys below sixteen were excluded, we may calculate that somewhere about a hundred and twenty thousand men came in for the donation. The sum, accordingly, taking the gift to each at five pounds, comes to six hundred thousand pounds. We believe there is a calculation, that every year—not once in a lifetime—there is appropriated to charitable purposes in London considerably upwards of a million. Look at our hospitals with incomes of fifty thousand a-year—our assessments for the poor—our subscriptions in all instances of distress—why, the old negro that used to sweep the crossing at Charing-Cross left a fortune of eight thousand pounds. It was all found in his hovel, so it could not have been accumulated by interest; and supposing he held the post for thirty years, his annual savings must have been two hundred and sixty-six pounds, thirteen and fourpence, which, allowing for his support (with an occasional spree in the Back Slums), thirty-three pounds six and eightpence, raises the gross value of the broom at that one thoroughfare to three hundred a-year. O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom! more admirable than all the celebrated brooms of Scottish song. The Broom of Cowdenknowes is poor in comparison. The bush o' broom beneath which the Chevalier slept—oh wae's me for Prince Charlie! is not to be named in the same day—and even the "*Lang yellow Broom*," so sweetly sung by Burns, which some people, by the by, have considered as a personal allusion to the late Chancellor, is a worthless weed beside the producer of such valuable fruit. We thought of applying for the situation ourselves, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his usual disinterested patriotism, had claimed it as a Government appointment, and offered it to the honourable member for Liskeard as something—so he expressed himself in the note conveying the offer—which might clear the way to Downing Street, a fact which is not to be disputed by any one who is acquainted with Whitehall.

We think we have now proved that

we excel old Rome in every thing that makes a city illustrious. We must leave for some future paper an enquiry into certain other branches of the comparison here instituted, for which we have left ourselves no room. Among these one will be the respective rates of remuneration for the services of barristers and physicians; whether, for instance, Cicero cleared as much in the forum as Sir James Scarlett did at the bar;—and whether Sir Henry Halford does not look down with contempt on the amount of fees received by Dr Celsus. In the meantime, having raised the envy of our country readers by this account of the immeasurable superiority of our town to their lifeless fields, we may admi-

nister a drop of consolation to them by making the confession, that though we are great and magnificent, taken as a whole, there is no place where a man feels personally so insignificant as in our crowded streets. Holborn is like death, and puts an end to all distinctions. A brewer's dray bespatters a duke with the same quantity of mud that it would a beggar. In London there is no such thing as individual importance. Every thing is swallowed up in the vastness of the whole.

"Magna tamen fama est cujusdam rure paterno
Viventis"—

"A gemman's fame is werry great
Wot lives upon his own hestate."

THE BRITISH LEGION.

FROM every view of policy and humanity, we have been hostile to the employment of the British Legion. In point of policy, we have deprecated the folly of virtually making war on Spain, while we professed to be at peace. In point of humanity, we protested against the cruelty of sending Englishmen to shoot Spaniards for money. Our Government professed the principle of neutrality, the Legion violated that principle, for neutrality obviously implies the giving assistance to either side. Even the strictest letter of the Quadruple Treaty declared no more than that England should assist the Queen of Spain with stores, and a fleet to repel the invasion of Don Carlos by sea. The treaty was the work of Lord Grey, who had begun his ministry by professing the principle of non-intervention. Its first execution fell into the hands of the Wellington Cabinet, which reluctantly, but exactly, performed all the stipulations. From their hands it devolved into those of our present rulers, who have exhibited their neutrality by sending half-a-million of money, in stores which will never be repaid; by sending also about twelve thousand English adventurers, under an English adventurer, to fight in a cause of which they knew nothing, but that they were to be paid, and for which they cared nothing but that they should be paid; and, finally, of sending British

ships of war, corps of marines, artillery, and staff-officers and officers, not to repel the invasion of Don Carlos by sea, but to invade his territory, to direct the Spanish troops, to garrison the Spanish towns, and to cover the defeats of the Buccaneersing Legion, and his Buccaneersing Commander. This policy has turned out as contemptible in its results as it was foolish in its principles. After three years of bloodshed, the Legion is known by nothing but by being beaten. Three-fourths of its number have found their graves in Spanish hospitals and ditches; the remainder are melted down into a band of fugitives, ridiculous in the eyes of the enemy, contemptible even to their Spanish allies, and pitiable in the eyes of their countrymen. The name of England has been tarnished in the fields, once the scene of the most brilliant triumphs of the British arms. The honour of England has been disgraced by hostility under the mask of good faith, and if Don Carlos has a human heart within him, the indignation of a legitimate Spanish monarchy must be kindled for a warfare which has been as inveterate as it was unprovoked, unprincipled, and unaccountable.

But in the details of those campaigns there must have been much that was curious, from their variety and from the fierce novelty of a civil war. Spain is, of all countries, the most singular;

its commonest scenes naturally assume the shape of romance; the Spanish character is rich in eccentricity, and a Spanish campaign is essentially a succession of adventures. Major Richardson's *Journal*, following the precept of Aristotle, begins at the beginning. In July, 1835, he sailed for St Sebastian with a part of the Legion, and reached the Spanish coast in a short voyage of four days. The view of St Sebastian, so well known for the exploits of the British troops, is remarkably fine. On the right of the bay rises a bold headland; on the left the fortress. Between those extremities stretch a succession of lofty hills, clothed with luxuriant crops, and studded with a multitude of antique houses, capital outposts for the Carlists. In the extreme distance arise still loftier ranges of mountains, along whose sides and summits roll immense volumes of clouds.

The first announcement to the corps on its arrival, painfully let them into the nature of the service on which they had come. Lord John Hay had just come from Bilboa, and reported that two marines belonging to his ship had been taken by the Carlists, and shot. A soldier of the Legion, too, had been captured, and his fate was looked upon as decided. A few days after, the first regiment gave a dinner to the newly arrived, which Major Richardson says, oddly enough, was a sight to call up Tory spleen, "especially of those most honourable gentlemen" who were pleased to designate him and his fellow-hirelings "as mercenary adventurers." The Major solemnly protests that at the mess they all looked like gentlemen. We take it for granted that the dinner was the best they could get. A Spanish band played several overtures during the feast. "God save the King" was played by the Spaniards in good style; the President's health was drunk; the "Queen of Spain, our Royal mistress" — "the officers" — were toasted; short speeches were made in answer; the wine flowed pleasantly; and the evening closed with a promenade near the convent, in which, as the Mayor says, with becoming gallantry, "flirting commenced with the dark-eyed signoras in due order." After a month of drilling, the Legion began to move. With the accustomed generalship, they had waited until the enemy had

thrown up breastworks on a lofty hill covering the village of Hernani. It was now determined to attack them. Accordingly, about four thousand Spanish and English were moved against the heights. This was an unlucky affair. The Carlists stoutly held their central position, disputing every step to it through a country of corn-fields and hedges. As evening advanced, the Christinos grew tired of the affair; and the Carlists came down from the hills, and fell furiously upon them in return. Matters now became critical; for the Carlists were moving rapidly round the flank, and the Legion and their General found that it was high time to make their retreat. They at length got into St Sebastian, with the loss of 35 killed and wounded, that of the Christinos being 87. This loss was extraordinarily slight for an engagement which lasted from noon until seven in the evening. But the Spaniards are fond of long shots. General Evans says that he brought his troops into the field on this occasion merely to accustom them to see the enemy. He gained his point, if it was to accustom them to being beaten.

In September the Major and the right wing of his regiment were ordered to Portugalette, Bilboa being at this time pressed by the Carlists. They were soon present at a slight contest between Lord John Hay's men and the enemy. Two boats of the squadron sailing from Portugalette to Bilboa had been hailed, and desired not to pass. One obeyed the order, and the commander was made prisoner; the other pushed on, was hunted by musketry, and out of twelve men had nine killed and wounded. Lord John was prodigiously indignant at this violation of the "neutrality" in which he was so busily employed in aiding the Christinos, and sent a vessel home to complain that the Carlists seemed to consider him as an enemy, merely for doing his best against them. At Portugalette the quarters were miserable; but the men had rations of bread, wine, and meat, which they contrived to eat in rooms without chairs or tables.

The next movement was to Bilboa. More discomfort awaited them there, and they had scarcely arrived within the walls, when their quarters were beat up by the Carlists. Espallete, at

the head of the Christinos, had marched out to brush away what he conceived to be a swarm of light troops; but by some extraordinary chance it seems that, throughout the war, the discipline and the information of the Carlists have been superior to those of their adversaries. Espallete had no sooner got upon the Durango road than, instead of a handful of skirmishers, he found himself in front of the Carlist army. He had now nothing for it but to run, which they did so much in the manner of a rout, that a whole crowd threw themselves into the river, in which two hundred were drowned. Espallete, destined to be always unlucky, was just in time to see the defeat. He tore his hair like a true foreigner, and attempted to play the hero, by exposing himself, and saying that he courted danger and did not wish to survive the day. The Carlists next fell on the troops stationed on the bridge, and beat them like the rest. But they were now coming near the town. A regiment of the Legion were ordered up to retake the bridge; the Carlists were kept in check, gave up the bridge to the light company, and the British had thus the honour of saving what remained of the Christinos. The loss of those unfortunate fellows was about five hundred.

Next day a Carlist prisoner was brought in wounded. Several officers of the Legion went to see him. Their visit had a favourable effect on the prisoner's bearing. They found him lying on the ground, with his head on his hand, and every look of a man who expected to be shot, but in their presence he assumed a bold front, and stood before them like a soldier. He might have sat for the picture of a Guerilla; his countenance was fierce, his brow lowering, his visage excessively dark, his hair black and matted, and his beard was some days unshaven; a picture not at all improved, by an incrustation of blood on the forehead, where he had received his wound. He was dressed in a coarse saff-coloured coat with a red collar, and his nether garments told of the maddy passage through which he had been toiling. He told them the Carlist force consisted of fifteen battalions, or nine thousand men, and that they had taken six musicians belonging to the Legion, who had not yet been shot. In a few days after, the whole

Carlist force retired, and left the Legion to amuse themselves in discovering the merits of Bilboa. Bilboa is essentially mercantile, the inhabitants give evening parties, with ices and a guitar; they have a little Opera-House, and with an opera once or twice a-week. The operas were pretty and popular, the comedies neither the one nor the other. One of the exhibitions was a ballet, representing a madhouse, the dancers figuring as the lunatics; but this performance was hissed exorbitantly, as it deserved to be, and the ballet was strangled in its birth.

The society did not meet the Major's taste, who pronounces that, between the indolence of the men, and the dowdiness of the women, there was no society at all. But in justice to the Bilboans, it must be remembered that they had been in a state of siege for two years; that their traffic had been stopped, their provisions eaten, their houses turned into barracks, and their souls tired out with the sight of both Christinos and Carlists. That they were even commonly civil to the Major and his compatriots, appears to us a remarkable evidence of the kindness of the Spanish character, which, in fact, is one of the kindest in the world. One horrible habit, however, they have, which we hide under its native name, *crachada*. Men, women, and children expectorate on all occasions, in all places, and on every thing. The Major complains bitterly, that it is no unusual thing, perhaps, in passing through the streets in full-dress uniform, to find one's self assaulted by a descending tribute of this order; and on looking up furiously, to find the offender some pretty woman, whom one would as soon have suspected of murder. But the lady looks down with perfect indifference, as a matter quite *en regle*. The Major exclaims truly and spiritedly enough—"Thank heaven, this is not one of our customs. O England! what do not your daughters gain in the estimation of your sons, when chance or change lead us to other climes? The dark and bright eye, the luxuriant hair, and the voluptuous form may be found, it is true, but where is that which gives lustre to the whole, and without which those attributes are nothing? Delicacy! fair word, exclusively English in thine origin, however thou mayest have been

adopted by the stranger, thou art indeed that characteristic which elevates the Englishwoman so much above the sex of other lands, as to give the homage we yield her almost the character of deification."

As to religion, the civil war has gone far to extinguish the little sincerity in the matter that reigned in Spain. The principal churches may be held sacred, and mass be performed in the old style, but even these are now attended chiefly by old women. In nine instances out of ten the troops have taken possession of those barracks, at least in the north of Spain, and the strong stone walls of the convents have made them capital subjects for converting into fortifications. The monks themselves have taken warning from those broad hints; many of them have taken arms for Don Carlos, and many more have taken to the high-road as pilgrims, mendicants, and perhaps as banditti. But the spirit of piety still existed in high quarters. Don Carlos had just appointed the Virgin Mary generalissimo of his army. In Cæsar's time his Pagan gallantry made it "*Venus Victrix*." But Venus was an acknowledged belligerent, and had seen good service since the Trojan war. At the close of October the Legion moved for Vittoria. As the Carlists were in possession on the high road, it was resolved to move round by roads which took the troops as far as possible from this formidable obstruction. All this was of rather bad omen, General Evans's first battle ending in a flight, and his first march being only a long evasion. The road by which he passed, however, had the advantage of amusing the troops, if they had any eye for the picturesque, for it led through some of the finest mountain scenery of Spain. The whole of the provinces of Biscay and Alava are studded with mountains, the mountains forest-crowned, and the valleys rich with the irrigation of the vapours that continually rise from the Atlantic. Every step of this march was full of the sublime, which, however, did not prevent the road being covered with stragglers. The commissariat seems to have been deplorably managed, and all was squabbling and confusion. All the interior was the Carlist country. From the summit of Lostornos, a magnificent hill, was seen an amphitheatre of moun-

tains; a vast valley coloured like a Turkey carpet lay at its base; and this horizon of mountains had an additional interest by being the fortresses of the Carlist bands. On the summit of Lostornos, Major Richardson found Jauregui, formerly the Guerilla chief, known as *El Pastor*, the shepherd, but now transformed into a general in the service of Queen Isabella. Jauregui and his staff were leaning over the parapet, and gazing with evident admiration at the scenery below. The Legion had now passed the most difficult part of the route, and descended through the mountain gorges to the banks of the Ebro. The scene here was still of majestic grandeur; the Ebro, a melancholy river, blocked by masses of marble; the gorges steep, wild, and solemn; the genius of the place, deepened by the strong probability that Guerillas were behind the rocks, which involved the equally strong probability of a shot through the brains of the spectator. The principal pass itself, that of Ona, supplied formidable recollections, for it was the grave of a French column, massacred by the Guerillas during the war of 1808.

In the village of Ona, however, the officers met with an unexpected regale. The village itself is a collection of huts; but in the centre stands a superb monastery, covering a couple of acres of ground, and with its multitude of rooms, corridors, and courts, fit to receive the whole Legion, cannon, cavalry, and all. But superb as the dwelling was, the convent had lost all its luxuries. The monks, reduced to about forty, had been served with a notice of ejection from Madrid, and were about to take their departure next day. Lenten fare was the natural consequence; it certainly could not have been expected that they would receive the Christinos with any exuberant hospitality. The first course was the Spanish dish of soup, which means little more than hot water, with bread floating in it; then followed bouilli in a tin platter, surrounded with beans: this was followed by boiled mutton, and fish with very bad oil. They had wine, but of a meagre order; and for dessert, apples and walnuts—the whole served in dishes certainly of a very different kind from the dinner-service at the Clarendon or Albion.

But it was now November, and on arriving in the neighbourhood of Vittoria, the winter overtook them. All was desolation; the officers' billets exhibited nothing but empty rooms, brick floors, and naked walls, without a fireplace—the people, shaking with cold, dragging their limbs through the streets, or hanging over the stove in some coffeehouse. The British did their best to keep their fingers and toes upon them. Horse-cloths were spread for carpets; greatcoats were hung against doors; wood that refused to burn, though it could smoke, was tried, and the whole comforts of life in this region of snow were confined to sleep.

But we are sorry to find that the Major, who, whatever he may have learned in the ranks of the Christinos, is a Briton, and had once served as a British officer, should equally disgrace his book, himself, and his cause, by advocating the principle of extermination. He strongly objects to the *system of lenity*, which, he says, was pursued by the Queen's generals. We were at first at a loss to comprehend what this system of lenity meant, where it was the established custom to put every prisoner to death. This, we thought, was going atrociously far, and was enough of itself to bring a curse upon any cause. But no! "the true system would have been to carry fire and sword into the country of their enemies;" in other words, to burn every cottage, village, and city in the frontier provinces, giving the men to the mercy of the bullet and the bayonet, and the women to the same, or worse,—and, in fact, turning the three or four finest provinces of Spain into ashes and blood. And why? Because, forsooth, the Legion, in their various excursions round Bilbao, were "oftener fired on by the Carlist peasants than by the Carlist troops." But what might the Carlist peasant say upon the subject? Would he not be entitled to ask, What had brought the Legion there? There was no war between England and Spain; the Legion could have no personal interest in the quarrels of the country; they were simply strangers who sold the use of their bayonets for Spanish coin, and earned their hire in Spanish battle! What difference was there between them and the highwayman, except that they wore red coats

and the highwayman brown or blue; that they were twelve thousand instead of one; that they were commanded by a chief mercenary, who called himself a general; and that they did, in one month, twelve thousand times more mischief than had been done by all the highwaymen of Spain in the last hundred years? And for resisting the slayers in the red coats was the Spaniard to be put to death rather than for resisting the robber in the brown?

The arguments of the Grecian generals for stopping short of this summary process of destroying the very finest portion of the Peninsula, have no weight with the gallant Major. They say, "if we burn all the cities, we must burn the houses of as many Christinos as Carlists; for they are mixed every where. And if we burn crops, the enemy will burn crops too; and if we burn Carlist houses, Carlists will burn Christino houses. Thus one-half of Spain would be burned by one party, and the other half by the other." A fine prospect for the possessor of the throne, whether Don Carlos, or Isabella! Still this does not satisfy the gallant Major. "No man," replies he, "can coolly advocate a war of *extermination*, under ordinary circumstances. But what mercy have those people a right to expect from us, to whom they will show no other mercy than that of the bullet and the cord?" Again we say, what business had the Major and his comrades there? their going was wholly voluntary. They were not sent by their King—they were as little connected with Spain as with the antipodes. And why should not the Spaniard shoot and hang men who volunteered his death, the destruction of his property, and the ravage of his country? The laws of war refer only to those who make war by the legitimate means of nations. The foundation of those laws is chiefly the principle, that the individual combatants on both sides have but little personal feeling in the matter; that they came merely as subjects of their several masters, and came by the compulsion exercised by military obedience to those masters. But the case is altogether different where there is an individual traffic in war, where the mercenary comes forward in his own person to make money on his own account, and where his earnings are to be cal-

culated by the number of native lives which he has sacrificed. Or, to settle the question at once, what would be the feeling of England, in case of invasion, if she found among the ravagers of her country a body of men who came to make money of her devastation—a legion of the rabble of some country in profound peace with her, a refuse legion, recruited from the lowest population, and led by adventurers whose only object was to make the most money in the shortest way? England would unquestionably hang every man of them on the first tree.

The Legion at last reached Vittoria, and were reviewed by General Cordova, whose staff was remarkably showy. All was now a holiday. In the evening a ball was given at the theatre to the officers of the Legion, but without a supper, which was regarded by those warriors as a sad failure. Cordova, Espartero, and Evans were of the party. Cordova exhibited the courtier—a character for which he had been famous in Madrid, and which his subsequent military career showed to be the only character he was fit for.

But as some curiosity adheres to his recollection, and he was then the hero of a month, we may as well say what he appeared to the Major. His figure was thin and spare, his shoulders were narrow, and yet there was a lightness about his movements, and a quickness in his eye, which evidently deceived the Major into a belief that he had found in him a man prompt to conceive, and as prompt to act. Never was physiognomist more deceived. Among all the triflers who successively assumed the command of the Christino armies, Cordova on the first occasion, and on all, showed himself the most trifling; promising every thing, he executed nothing; pledging himself to his English allies, he never led them to the field without leading them into disaster; and after a couple of campaigns, in which he exhibited more than the caprice of a courtier, and more than the irresolution of a Spaniard, saw the command of the army taken from him from mere national disgust at his inactivity. Espartero was equally a deception; he had the look of a warrior, and though partly made up of whisker, a pair of heavy brows, and a skin the

colour of the cigar in his mouth, yet he had a bold and steady look, which has been wofully belied by the timidity, weakness, and wavering of every campaign since that time.

The Major has evidently two objects of vengeance in this world—English Tories and Spanish insurgents. He thus begins his journal of Christmas day, December 25: "This is the day the Tories prophesied that what few of us should be left would be in London, half-starved, and crippled, and eagerly looking into the plumpudding shops. They were wrong—the day has been kept by us with all the festivity of our ancestors; and we have wine and charity in abundance, thank Heaven, to drink to a better feeling on the part of the Tories themselves. To crown those festivities, we have had the pleasure of witnessing the arrival of a number of deserters, who came in early in the evening." He then gives a good joke on the Carlist part. The peasantry, who had heard of the English taste for turkeys at Christmas, had fattened numbers for the Vittoria market. As this was in the Carlist villages, the preparation was seen, but suffered to go on. Two days before Christmas the turkeys were collected together in troops, and were about to move on Vittoria, but the Carlists' soldiery now interposed. "The English," said they, "may be fond of turkeys, but so are we, and with your leave we will dine on them." The command was irresistible, and the turkeys died in the cause of loyalty.

An anecdote is related of the gallantry of Zumalacarragui. The day before his bombardment of Bilboa he sent into the town to say, that if there were any English ladies that wished to go away, he would allow them till eight o'clock on the following morning. An application was made to him to know whether Spanish ladies would be allowed to come out? He asked how many required the permission? and on being told twenty, gave his consent, only stipulating that they should come out under the British flag. The ladies came, and thus escaped the perils of the siege.

In January, a part of the African Legion, of which we have heard so much, marched into Vittoria; they were three thousand five hundred strong, a fine body of men, principally Poles, Germans, and Belgians, scarcely

one hundred French. Their uniform was that of the Chapelgoris, red caps, red trousers, and a bluish-grey great-coat; but with white cross-belts, instead of the black pouch-belt round the waist. The sight of this reinforcement puts the Major into such good humour, that, with a spirit of prediction as unlucky as his spirit of physiognomy, his only fear is, that the war, in consequence of their arrival, will be finished too soon. In his opinion the game was wholly up with Don Carlos; that the cordon was established, which shut him up hermetically amongst the mountains; and that the Legion and the Christinos had nothing further to do than drive him on from post to post, until they did not leave him a single roof to shelter his fugitive head, nor a blade of grass for the bivouac of his fallen royalty.

But now the plot began to thicken; the Carlists were evidently determined to spoil the prophecy. Within two or three days the allies marched out to take possession of the country; but Cordova had scarcely left the walls when he found himself hotly engaged, and kept at bay from morning till midnight. The only fruits of this engagement were a number of unfortunate fellows wounded, who were brought into Vittoria. It became evident, however, that this was not the proper time for sealing up Don Carlos; for, within two days, the whole of the Spanish and English divisions fell back upon Vittoria. Those hostilities disclosed some other secrets; one of which was, that General Evans was very little in the confidence of the Spanish General; and the other was, that if he did not look very carefully to himself, the Legion would be left as a *bonne bouche* to the Carlists. A grand movement, as it is called, had been constructed, which was to take place on the 16th of January, and extinguish the war in the north. The Legion advanced to the point directed; while Cordova, with his main body, was to move and make the grand attack. The first night concluded nothing; the next day, though firing was constantly heard in the direction taken by the Spanish general, no orders came from him. On the third, General Evans rode with his staff and a party of dragoons to know how things were going on. On their arrival at the heights of Artaban, they

found, to their utter astonishment, the whole Spanish army, with Cordova at its head, in full retreat for Vittoria. This extraordinary performance must have thrown the Legion into the very jaws of ruin. No intimation of the retreat had been given; and the immediate result of driving the Spaniards within the walls of the city, must have been to envelope the unlucky English in the very centre of the Carlist battalions. But why had not intelligence of the retreat been communicated? No question could be more natural, yet the Spaniard found an extreme difficulty in answering it. His only apology was, that he had sent several of his aides-de-camp in the course of the action, but that they had all *lost their way*!—that way being but a league and a-half, and the Legion being posted on a range of hills! The conjecture of the time, however, was, that the Spaniard in leaving the Englishman in a scrape, had no objection to seeing him in a scrape. Nothing can be more singular than the contradictions of the Spanish character. By nature they are generous, hospitable, and remarkable for their civility to strangers; but by their military habits they are the most jealous, arrogant, and suspicious people of the earth. This arises from their pride, which is peculiarly touched on all occasions of their martial prowess; they would rather be beaten by an enemy than triumph through the assistance of a friend; this was the case throughout the whole Peninsular war. Though they were driven like dust before the French, they would never suffer their battalions to be commanded by British officers; the example of the Portuguese was lost on them; they saw the feeble levies of Portugal organized by British officers, fighting with the discipline of veterans, and driving the French before them. Yet all would not teach the incorrigible Spaniard that there was greater disgrace in running away before an enemy than in beating him by the help of English brains. The consequence was, that they were always beaten; and still the more they were beaten the prouder they were;—such is the measureless absurdity of popular wisdom.

The impression among the Legion at this period unquestionably was one of infinite disgust at their desertion; and whether this was a matter of ne-

glect or of necessity, the feeling clearly unhinged the whole campaign.

On Evans's ascertaining that Cordova had gone to the right about, there was no resource for him but to follow the example; he instantly galloped back, and as the evening fortunately happened to close in a dense fog, the Legion were moved down, exactly at midnight, from the heights, in no small fear of the enemy's being upon them. In this condition they passed Zadord; and of such escapes as these was made up the campaign, which, according to General Evans's declarations, was to have been a march to Madrid.

But deplorable scenes at this period were going on in Vittoria; fatigue, disappointment, bad provisions, and worse accommodation, had brought a virulent typhus into the town. It fell heavily on the Legion; it speedily lost eight officers, and a great number of men. The Major himself, who was now appointed, *pro tempore*, commandant, was at length taken ill, and on his recovery in March, on a day which he dates as February the thirtieth—a date the creation of which exclusively belongs to the gallant Major's calendar, and would do honour to the invention of any Milesian alive—he tells us that the Legion had buried upwards of seven hundred men and forty officers, since Christmas. Twelve of their medical men had already died; a great portion of this calamity had resulted from billeting the men in convents, damp, unfurnished, and impure. Those who confiscate convents and churches are seldom much the better for their bargain. Idle as the superstitions of Spain may be, they are infinitely better than the rapacity and profligacy which have come in their place; and we can scarcely conceive a more natural result than that those who pollute and plunder edifices devoted to the service of Heaven, should suffer for the profanation. Two regiments, the second and fifth, were sent to find what rest they could on the cold stones of the churches; in consequence, the hospitals were soon filled, and in a short time the second regiment, but lately regarded as the finest of the Legion, could not muster a hundred and fifty men on parade. The miserable Spanish authorities would furnish neither bed nor blankets, and the men died in heaps; two of the regiments were utterly broken up, and

the whole force reduced to a state of inefficiency.

In April, a new destination for the Legion occurred. The Major had already reached Santando, with which he was delighted: it was the prettiest town he had seen in northern Spain,—much superior to Vittoria, and better than Bilbao. The removal of the Legion filled every one with new hopes; they were thoroughly sick of the mountain fighting, and with good reason; they were rejoiced to get out of the way of Cordova, who tricked them where he did not thwart them; and in high spirits they planned a campaign which was to raise the sieges of St Sebastian in Bilbao, and sweep the Carlists off the face of the land. Of this stuff are the dreams of soldiership made. We have here an acknowledgment by the Major of that summary process which his General is now so vigorously denying in Westminster. Flogging was the order of the day; the formalities which patriots in England find so perfectly absurd, were evidently found equally absurd by the General; the one grand difference, however, subsisting between the representatives and the constituents, that he flogged without any formality at all. The Major tells us “it is and has been for some length of time the practice to punish delinquents on the spot when caught in the fact; a system which spares the trouble of assembling a court-martial.” We leave the General and Major to settle this matter together.

On the 5th of May, the Legion marched out from St Sebastian to attack the enemy's lines; the men were assembled soon after midnight without sound of drum or bugle. At the first dawn they were all put in motion; the Carlist lines were formidable, three in number, and planted with some heavy guns—which soon began to pour grape and canister-shot along the road. In a quarter of an hour, the light brigade came in front of the batteries, and under a heavy fire of musketry, through which they forced their way, gallantly took possession of the Carlist outposts, consisting of some houses at the foot of the batteries. But on the first attempt to move beyond the cover of those houses, such a storm of fire poured upon them as drove them back immediately to seek for shelter where they could. Evans, in this instance, behaved with a bravery which

no man denies him; he mounted a parapet exposed to the fire, and called on the troops to advance, and, if necessary, "to die" like Englishmen. But, alluring as the topic was, the General's eloquence was thrown away, and the men would not come forward "to die." The second division had been equally beaten already. It is not for us to mend the General's tactics, but it seems the most unaccountable thing in the world that he should have thus suffered his troops to run their heads against the wall. We believe that no officer on earth but himself would have brought up a column directly in the face of intrenchments with nothing but musketry against grape; he does not seem to have had a single gun to clear his way, a single fascine to fill the ditch, or a single ladder to help him up against the works. The consequence was, that if he was not totally beaten, he had nothing but accident to thank for his escape. By the rarest of all accidents two English steamers had come into the harbour of St Sebastian while the action was going on, bringing with them the reserve of the Legion. One of them immediately began to throw shells into the Carlist lines. By a shell, the second in command, Sagastibelza, was killed. The colonel of the Chapelgorries, or Carlist light troops, was killed about the same time, and the Carlists were evidently thrown into disorder by this unexpected fire. The mortar practice was capital. Every shell dropped into the intrenchments; a breach was effected, and the reserve coming up, the left of the position was gained. The other brigades now advanced, and the Carlists retreating, the remaining batteries were carried without much difficulty.

But the loss was formidable; seventy-eight officers, and nearly 800 men, were put *hors de combat*. The Carlists were calculated to have lost nearly as many. But from their protected state, their being the defenders, and their speedy retreat when the fire from the ships had turned the day, the number must have been greatly exaggerated. One of the characters of General Evans's military genius, according to this narrative, is, that if he gains battles by accident, he contrives to lose their advantage by his own volition. Hernani was opened to him by the retreat of the Carlists, yet he stayed where he was, and stayed until

the Carlists came back, attacked him on the 6th of June, surprised some of his posts, and were not driven back till after a long struggle of fourteen hours. His next exploit was against Fontarabia, where he was defeated, lost many men, and was glad to retire to St Sebastian. In the various attacks several extraordinary personal escapes occurred. In one instance, in a recognisance by Jauregui, a Captain Atkins of the rifles had been taken prisoner by the Carlists; a Captain Brown of the same corps, conceiving the enemy to be Christinos, from seeing his friend amongst them, was on the point of running into the midst of them with some soldiers, when Atkins gallantly cried out to warn him of his danger; Brown instantly went to the right-about with his men, followed by a volley from the Carlists; Atkins, taking advantage of the confusion, instantly dashed forward, and wisely taking a direction different from that of the fugitives, got within cover of a hedge before the enemy could take aim with precision. Both escaped, though Brown with three wounds. The conduct of the two officers showed great smartness and presence of mind.

At this period, great dissatisfaction occurred in the Legion, in consequence of the failure of pay, alleged partialities in the distribution of decorations (absurd, as such things generally are, and still more absurd from their being lavished on a force which had done nothing), and quarrels about the termination of the contract under which the troops had enlisted. In consequence, the Legion became comparatively inefficient, its principal officers retiring, and its men daily demanding their discharge. Among the retired was the Major, who, as it has been remarked, writes the latter half of his book in as much wrath with Evans as the former in laudation. Evans has since that period settled the question of his military fame. So long as his blunders were covered by the cannon of the British ships, he was not altogether undone; but the claim even of those dubious and worthless victories was no longer within his reach when he himself had gone beyond the range of shot and shell from his Majesty's steamers Phoenix and Salamander. The action at Hernani was fought under his own auspices, and, unluckily for himself and the Legion,

a mile and a-half beyond the protection of the ships. All voices charge him with three grand blunders; any one of the three being enough to make defeat a matter of calculation. The newspapers, which are still an uncontested authority on the subject, tell us that the troops were left for three days on the ground by some extraordinary neglect of the Commissariat, in a state approaching to famine; that the General left his flank completely uncovered, which was in consequence turned by the Carlists; and that he had neglected to form a reserve, which of course made the turning of his flanks a matter of certain ruin. Every evil that could be predicted from this unhappy arrangement regularly followed; the men were insubordinate, and glad to exhibit their wrath by flying from the field; the Carlists turned the flank, with the whole army looking on, and as they rushed to the rear found neither redoubt nor reserve to check their progress. The Christinos had been blamed for the loss of the day in other actions; but here it was the work of the Isle of Dogs men, the regiments of the Legion were the first to run. The hurried retreat soon broke into a disorderly flight; the road was choked up with fugitives, consisting alike of the troops and the rabble of St Sebastian. Even then the presence of a battalion of British marines alone seems to have saved the Legion and the rabble alike from massacre.

This, with the exception of some marches to take possession of some of the little fortresses, all but abandoned by the Carlists on their grand movement into Catalonia, closed the day of General Evans's hopes of Spanish glory. He has now returned to this country to recommence his Parliamentary exploits, and combat those terrible personages the Tories, who scoff at all the charlatany of political adventurers, attempt to preserve the constitution as it was delivered to them, and prefer monarchy and peace to a Jacobin usurpation and a civil war. He comes now covered with all the glory that is to be found in a succession of defeats—with all the personal respect

that can survive perpetual charges by all kinds of persons, in all kinds of ways, Parliament, the newspapers, and volumes like Major Richardson's; and with the patriotic renown of having shown that the man who deprecates the cat-o'-nine-tails on this side of the Bay of Biscay, may apply it without any ceremony whatever on the opposite shore,—he having two views of the affair, one for England, and another for every other part of the globe, Englishmen still being the subjects of the application. Before this paper meets the public eye his claims on Westminster will be settled. But whatever may be the result, the baseness of the Radical faction in Westminster is fully shown by the fact, that they have not made the slightest remonstrance against the conduct alleged to have been pursued by their Peninsular Radical. We have not heard of a syllable of enquiry, on their patriotic part, into the charges which, for the last year, miserable men, thronging our streets in every variety of wretchedness, have openly brought against the managers of the Legion in Spain. We have heard as little of any demand as to the alleged breach of contract in the time of the dismissal of the men; nothing as to their being imprisoned and flogged—charges with which the public journals echoed from end to end of England. The time was, when the very words military flogging, would have raised the voice of all Westminster in righteous indignation. On this ground Sir J. Hobhouse was turned out. But the supreme Radicalism of General Evans covers, like charity, every thing; under its ample envelope a man may be, or do, any thing he pleases. The patriotic doctrine of merit entitles him to the indulgence of every favourite vice, folly, or atrocity of his nature. The Westminster confessional sells the absolution to the sinner; and on the fact being ascertained that he is "for ballot, rabble suffrage, the fall of the Peers," and the other essential principles of rabble government, he is, like the regenerated Papist, incapable of sin, personal or political, civil or military, English or Peninsular.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF ISAAC TOMKINS, GENT.

COMMUNICATED BY PETER JENKINS, HIS LITERARY EXECUTOR.

Our readers, we hope, have not altogether forgotten Isaac Tomkins, gent., whose dashing pamphlet on the Aristocracy of England, the public, by some unaccountable hallucination, persisted in ascribing, for a time, to no less a personage than Lord Brougham and Vaux. We take some credit to ourselves as having been the humble instruments of vindicating the paternal claims of the Bagman, and restoring the child of his imagination to its "truly begotten father;" and we have reason to believe that Tomkins felt duly grateful for the exertions of this Magazine on his behalf. On his very next visit to Edinburgh he left his card for us (accompanied by a list of hardware articles, all warranted of the best manufacture), with an intimation that he would be happy to execute any orders for us, either in the literary or the iron line, as might be agreeable. For reasons into which it is at present unnecessary, and might be painful to the friends of the deceased to enter, we declined his offer of literary contributions, but were happy to have it in our power to show our sense of his polite attention by a liberal order for that handsome stove and patent fender, which adorn the premises in George Street, and which have really no other fault, except that both were overcharged in the invoice about twenty per cent, and that the stove smokes consumedly.

We have continued to feel an interest in Tomkins ever since, and though we certainly felt him to be one of those whose intercourse is "by distance made more sweet"—particularly when he indulges that penchant for cheese, to which we alluded in our former notice—still we looked upon him as a very fine and vigorous specimen of the genus Bagman; we trusted he might long be spared to be the ornament of that peculiar people which forms the fifth estate in modern society (the press, as every one knows, constituting the fourth), and were quite unprepared for the sad catastrophe of his travels, which was disclosed in the following letter, bearing the Birmingham post-mark, from

his friend, Mr Peter Jenkins. We were, in fact, for a moment quite overcome. Our hearts seemed to die within us at the announcement.

"And now and then a sigh we stole,
And tears began to flow."

The edge of our emotion, however, was somewhat blunted on observing that the letter, which was a triple one, was not franked, and that no less than three shillings was charged for the postage.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S
MAGAZINE.

It is with no ordinary feelings of grief that I sit down to communicate to you some particulars of the death of my late lamented friend Mr Isaac Tomkins, and, in compliance with his testamentary injunctions, to transmit to you some portions of his numerous and most interesting manuscripts. His will appears to have been made very lately—in fact, just before starting on his north journey; and whether it were that he had felt a presentiment of his fate or not, it contains a clause directing that such of his compositions as should appear to myself (whom he has very handsomely appointed his literary executor) to be worthy of seeing the light, should be transmitted as soon as possible for publication in Blackwood's Magazine, to which he considered himself deeply indebted for former favours.

The event has but too well justified the presentiment, if it existed, and the precaution which he then took as to the disposal of his literary remains. Within a fortnight after the date of his will, Tomkins had ceased to be! His last journey is over! He has closed accounts with this world—let us hope, with a balance in his favour.

I shall endeavour to send you such particulars as I have been able to collect, chiefly from the depositions upon the Coroner's inquest (which was held on the body at the Hen and Chickens), relative to the details of the unfortunate event.

I had arranged to meet with my old friend on the fifteenth of the present month at Wolverhampton, for the purpose of settling accounts for our respective houses; and antici-

pating, from the business habits of Tomkins, that his arrival about dinner-time might be calculated on with something approaching to certainty, I had no hesitation in desiring the landlord of the New Hotel to get us a private room, dinner for two, and brandy and water for four,—and to have his favourite dish, broiled kidneys, ready as the clock struck five. To my surprise Tomkins came not. Conceiving, however, that some unexpected business engagement might have detained him at Birmingham, I felt no particular alarm, though a little vexation, at his absence; and by the help of the brandy and water, managed to get through the evening with less tedium than I expected. Next day, however, passed, and still no appearance of Tomkins.

“Another came, nor at the new Hotel, Nor at the Lion, nor the Swan, was he!”

I was now persuaded that something was the matter, and had just ordered out my gig for Birmingham, when, happening to look into a copy of the Birmingham Journal in the coffee-room, the following paragraph met my eye, which too well accounted for the absence of my poor friend:—“We regret to state that Mr Isaac Tomkins, traveller for the great house of Steele and Co., ironmongers, Sheffield, was yesterday thrown out of his gig on the Wolverhampton Road, close to Messrs Boulton and Watt’s manufactory at Soho, and now lies dangerously ill at the Hen and Chickens of this city; indeed, very slender hopes are entertained of his recovery.”

I hurried, you may imagine, as fast as my horse, which is a good one, could carry me, to the Hen and Chickens; but it was too late. Tomkins was no more. Concussion of the brain had been the consequence of his projection from his vehicle; and the case was from the first perceived to be hopeless. From the time when he was brought back to the inn he never appears to have completely recovered his senses; but occasional expressions from time to time seemed to indicate that his active mind was even then engaged in its wonted train of ideas. “*Tête d’armée*,” I believe, were the last words of Napoleon, showing that the ruling passion was strong in death. Those of Tomkins were equally characteristic of that attention to business, com-

bined with a regard for his own personal comforts, for which he was remarkable through life. The words were—“past due”—“warming pan;” the former having reference, as it since appears, to a bill of Mr Jeremiah Diddler of Shepton Mallet, then in the circle, and which, I am sorry to say, has not been retired: the latter, as it seemed to me, pointing at some neglect or imperfection in the warming of his bed: a reflection, however, for which, as the chambermaid has since assured me with tears in her eyes, there was no foundation whatever.

As far as I can understand the details before the Coroner’s inquest, the circumstances attending the accident were these:—Tomkins had dined in the common room on the afternoon of the 15th, and had been observed by Jones (of Woolley and Fleecem’s) to be somewhat in low spirits during the earlier part of the evening. His dejection was rather increased by a remark from Jones, that the number at table formed exactly a devil’s dozen, accompanied by some conjectures as to the individual upon whom, in the event of a scramble, the infernal appropriation clause would probably operate. As the evening wore on, however, Tomkins, by following the process recommended by the landlady in France, contrived to elevate his spirits very considerably—talked longer and louder even than usual, sung several songs, one of them twice over, having encored himself; went down upon his knees, with a tumbler in his hand, in proposing the President’s health; and, in short, in plain terms, got conspicuously drunk. About eight in the evening he rang the bell and ordered his gig for Wolverhampton. Jones, who was acting as Vice, saw plainly that he was in no condition for the road; and endeavoured to persuade him, by the temptation of a hot supper, to remain at Birmingham for the night. But the remonstrances of the Vice seemed only to render him more obstinate; he maintained that the whole party were drunk, and himself the only sober individual present; and when the gig came to the door, and the hostler also attempted to join his warning voice to the rest, he seized the reins, sprang or tumbled into the gig, apostrophizing his horse “*Quid times, Cæsarem vehis*,” and giving a smack to his whip which almost picked out the hostler’s eye (he

had but one), Tomkins, like the Lady Baussiere, rode on.

As he got along at a devil of a rate, he soon overtook the Reform and Opposition coaches, both on their way from Birmingham to Wolverhampton. They were running races in a very agreeable manner, sometimes the one shooting a-head, sometimes the other, while abundance of slang and bad language were passing between the drivers and guards of the respective vehicles. The driver of the Reform accused the Opposition of having kidnapped more than one old gentleman by the promise of dinners on the road, and inside seats for outside prices: the Opposition retorted, that Reform had tried to frighten every passenger from entering his coach by threats of cutting the traces, or snapping the linchpin; and so between mutual oaths, and cracking of whips, attempts to pass each other, and screams of inside passengers who insisted on being let out, the confusion was complete. Tomkins, who had been amusing himself as he whirled along with sundry abortive attempts to pick up a duck from the road-side with the thong of his whip,—on overtaking the rival coaches fell immediately into the wake of the Reform, and at first enjoyed the scene extremely, encouraging the coachman with shouts of "go it," "stick it into him," "lay it on thick," and such other complimentary expressions; but at last, not being altogether satisfied with some of the Reform coachman's evolutions, he began to bestow his abuse pretty impartially on the officials of both coaches, offering to leave his gig, and to teach the coachman of the Reform the use of the ribbands; an offer which the coachman only acknowledged, by elevating his cheek with his tongue in a very marked and peculiar manner. Tomkins, who was in a mood "to chide the thunder if at him it roared," lost any remains of sense which he might have possessed; and tried the desperate game of dashing in between the two coaches, in the hope of shooting a-head of both. This bold manœuvre he attempted in a very gallant manner, pushing in and cutting with his whip right and left, and telling the Jehus on both sides to take their change out of that; but alas! Tomkins had miscalculated his distance: he came smack against the hind-wheel of

the Opposition, and was in an instant projected out of his gig, performing a summerset over the roof of the Reform (the guard of which was inhuman enough to call out "all right," in the moment of projection), and alighting on his head in the road,—while the gig itself lay upon the spot in the condition in which I find too many of its master's compositions are left,—a fragment. The unfortunate Bagman was conveyed back to the Hen and Chickens, which he had left only about an hour before; and notwithstanding every attention which medical skill could bestow, he shortly after closed accounts, as above stated.

So perished Tomkins, the lamented of landlords, the cherished of chambermaids, the honoured of hostlers, and not unwept of waiter and barmaid!—brilliant as the lustre of his own blacklead grates, firm as his fenders, acute as the edge of his own table-knives, and of a learning as miscellaneous as the sundries which line the shelves of his employer's ware-room!

It was my first care to look after the effects of my deceased friend, which I found to consist of a carpet-bag, containing his wearing apparel, and a Bramah writing-desk, well filled with papers, evidently of the most miscellaneous kind. Almost the first thing on which I laid my hands was "the last will and testament of Isaac Tomkins, Gent.," containing, among other particulars, which I am not at liberty to disclose, and which have reference to his private affairs only,—a direction to myself to examine his papers—both those contained in the Bramah aforesaid, and those in a chest of drawers at his lodgings, No. 21, — Street, Sheffield, and to select therefrom such compositions as I thought might, without discredit to his memory, be allowed to see the light. These he requested might be transmitted from time to time for insertion in your respected periodical, the proceeds, if any, to be applied in aid of the Unitarian Education Society; an Association founded under the auspices of my lamented friend, and in which, since its foundation, he has always taken the warmest interest.

I have not yet inspected the drawers at Sheffield, having in fact never left Birmingham since the accident happened; nor can I even venture to say

I have yet made myself master of the whole contents of the writing-desk itself, for so miscellaneous an assortment of articles I have never beheld. Though I well knew that Tomkins had, in the course of his life, dabbled in many things, I confess I was quite unprepared for the extent and variety of research which these manuscripts indicated, and—to say the truth—for the success, in particular, with which he had cultivated the poetical line, having been aware before that he had attempted an opening in that quarter. I now find that many of those songs with which he charmed the common room, alternately setting the table in a roar, or melting all hearts to tenderness as he described the joys and sorrows, the short and simple annals of the Bagman, were his own composition. But poetry seems to have been but the mere amusement of his gigantic mind. No branch of science, philosophy, philology, politics, or gastronomy, seems to have escaped him. The entries in his journal,—which he seems to have kept with much regularity,—are sufficient to bewilder the brain of any ordinary reader: Classics and cast-metal, bills, beef-steaks, botany and brass candlesticks, politics, poetry, porter and prices-current, mechanics' institutes, mathematics, mulled port, and Messogothic affinities, theology, and the three per cents, succeed each other in most admired disorder. As an instance of this ubiquity of mind which distinguished my late friend, and of the minute attention which he bestowed even upon the most passing topic which engaged the public attention, I may mention, that as he began life with a pamphlet on West India Sugars, so almost the last subject on which his pen was exercised, was an unfinished essay on the Howqua Controversy, in which he seems decidedly to lean to the side of Pidding. The line of argument taken by Tomkins, may be sufficiently conjectured from the motto which he has prefixed to his dissertation: "*Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.*"

The "frightful erudition" displayed by Tomkins, and the extent and variety of his acquirements and accomplishments, can indeed only be accounted for by the extraordinary and restless activity of his mind, and the steadiness with which he seems to

have adhered to the rules he had laid down for the division of his time. His mode of appropriating the twenty-four hours certainly differed a little from that of Sir William Jones, but not even that great scholar could have more rigidly enforced the laws which he had prescribed for himself. Sir William's division of the day, if we remember rightly, was this—

"Seven hours to law; to needful slumber seven;

Ten to the world allow, and all to Heaven."

Tomkins preferred the following arrangement:—

"Eight hours to sleep, to business eight be given;

Eight to the common-room—the rest to Heaven!"

I shall not attempt, my dear sir, to arrange the extracts which I send you in any chronological order. On the contrary, I shall on this occasion confine myself to such of his compositions as are of a political character, beginning with some which appear to have been among the latest productions of his pen; because they illustrate the rare impartiality of his political opinions, and cannot but be interesting at the present important crisis, as containing the views of a great observer, upon the general question.

I must prepare you, however, for one trait in the character of Tomkins, which might otherwise excite a feeling of surprise. Tomkins seldom entertained the same views on politics for more than a month at a time. Hence shallow observers have said he was a man of no political principles. On the contrary, he was a man of all political principles in turn; his capacious mind, by turns Conservative, Whig, or Radical, embraced alternately the views of each, as they appeared to him most calculated to promote the public good, consistently with his own private advantage. Foreseeing this tendency of his mind, he was constantly exercising his pen in writing upon all sides of a question, never being exactly sure which view of the matter it might ultimately suit his purpose to adopt; nay, having frequently, within a very short period, contrived to make use of his lucubrations on both sides, by publishing anonymously the one as a reply to the other.

Tomkins was originally a strong supporter of the close burgh system, as the medium through which the influence of the Upper House might be most calmly and safely exercised upon the popular branch of the Legislature. He had written an article to prove, that upon the principles of the composition of forces, the Commons pulling one way and the Lords another, the true line to be pursued was a diagonal differing from either. When the Reform Bill was first introduced, Tomkins, as I have occasion to know, was extremely alarmed at the ten-pound qualification; nay, had framed a scheme of his own on a quite different principle; but having just at that time obtained an agency for a new house, he saw cause to change his opinions, and to become for the time being a zealous supporter of the Bill. Being acquainted with several of the under clerks about the Government offices, and well known as an uncommonly clever fellow, who would stick at nothing, he appears not unfrequently to have been intrusted with state secrets of a somewhat important nature, and to have been employed as an active agent in promoting the Reform interests on the North Road. I find him in close correspondence during 1832 and 1833 with the Secretary of the Birmingham Union, and more lately with Mr M'Tape, a Scotch acquaintance, in the Home-office, who seems to have formed the channel through which occasional communications passed between him and higher quarters. His success in the character of a Reform agent was evidently very great. I find, from the entries in his journal, that, like Mr Peter Bell,

"He had been to Aberdeen,

And far as Inverness,"

where he distinguished himself by se-

veral public appearances, of a very remarkable character. With that candour, however, which distinguished him, he at times takes notice in his journal of occasions where his eloquence had failed to produce its usual effects—and where the parties whom he addressed obstinately persisted in not seeing the full extent of their own misery and degradation. Under the date of October, 1834, for instance, is the following entry:—

"There is certainly nothing more provoking than to see the stupid contentment with their condition displayed by some of the lower classes. Instead of cherishing a proud indignation against the inequalities of the social condition (which of course are wholly owing to Tory misrule), instead of struggling, whether successfully or not, to overturn the order of society, and either raise themselves to power and station, or involve all alike in ruin and misery—to observe them learning resignation to their lot, and endeavouring to extract some sweets out of its worst bitterness, is positively mortifying to those who are doing their best to dispel this blindness, and to inculcate the duties of discontent and discord. 'Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance,' as the poet says. I met with an annoying occurrence of this kind the other day in the west of Scotland, where, after I had lectured a weaver and his family (at whose cottage I had stopt during a shower of rain), for an hour upon the advantages of useful knowledge, and the beneficial effects of political animosity against the upper classes, I saw that I had produced not the slightest impression, and heard, as I was retiring, the voice of his wife (which was a sweet one) giving utterance to the following verses:—

THE SONG OF THE WEAVER'S WIFE.

AIR—"The Boatie rows."

1.

'O weel befa' the busy loom
That plies the hale day lang,
And, clicking briskly, fills the room
Wi' sic a cheerie sang.
O weel befa' the eident han'
That cleeds us, great and sma',
And blessings on the kind gudeman,
That dearly lo'es us a.'

2.

' Our purse is low, our lot is mean,
 But waur it weel might be :
 Our house is canty aye and clean,
 Our hearts frae canker free.
 We fash wi' nae ambitious scheme,
 Nor heed affairs o' state :
 We dinna strive against the stream,
 Or murmur at our fate.

3.

' O ! mickle is the wealth that springs
 Frae industry and peace,
 Where nae reproach o' conscience stings,
 And a' repinins cease.
 The heart will loathe the richest meat,
 If nae kind blessin's sent :
 The coarsest morsel will be sweet
 When kitchen'd wi' content.

4.

' O wad the Power, that rules o'er life,
 Impart some gracious charm,
 To keep me still a happy wife
 And shield the house frae harm.
 Instead of wealth and growing care,
 I ask but health and love :
 Instead of warldly wit and lair,
 Some wisdom from above.

5.

' Our bairns ! the comforts o' our heart,
 O may they lang be spared :
 We'll try by them to do our part,
 And hope a sure reward.
 What better tocher can we gie
 Than just a taste for hame ;
 What better heirship when we die
 Than just an honest name ?'

" I remember something of the same kind happening to me at Leeds in 1830. I had been expatiating on the rapid decline of antiquated prejudices, the spread of knowledge and newspapers among the lower classes, the advantages of co-operation among mechanics, and the very sober attachment now entertained towards Church and King. Though the party was in general decidedly liberal, there was an old fellow, a stranger to me, who seemed to be of a different way of thinking. He was a little, dapper, timorous, respectable, and somewhat apoplectic looking wight, wearing hair-powder, a snuff-coloured brown coat, a handsome ring on his finger, and something which might have passed for the Great Seal itself at his watch. I observed him fidget extremely du-

ring my observations, now and then taking a large pinch of snuff, as if to keep down his rising temper. Apparently, however, he was conscious he had no turn for controversy, for he made no remark in reply, though once, when I made some allusion to the Three Glorious Days of Paris,—the blessings which enlightened France was likely to enjoy under the paternal sway of the Citizen King, and the prospect of cheap duties on claret,—he looked so uncomfortable, and plied his snuff-box with such assiduity, that I did think he was preparing for a retort. When called on by the Preses for a song, he observed, with a sort of quiet sneer, that he was almost ashamed to offer to the notice of the company any thing so antiquated and prejudiced as the song which he was about to attempt,

but that, as it happened to be his only one, he had no choice. I have a strong notion, however, that the silent old gentleman had composed it for the nonce, taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the long speeches

which had preceded the call on him for a vocal contribution. Be that as it may, however, he sung his stave with good emphasis and discretion, somewhat in this wise—

FARMER'S SONG.

AIR—"The Tankard of Ale."

1.

'O! blithe were the days, when good old-fashioned ways,
Without folly or phrase, in the land did prevail;
When in hall or in cot, each was pleased with his lot,
And all cares were forgot o'er a tankard of ale.
Then cheerful, I ween, in the midsummer e'en,
On the smooth village green were the dance and the tale,
And the long winter night never lagged in its flight,
By the fire blazing bright, with the tankard of ale.

2.

'Then no democrat crews, from the gin-shops or stews,
Met in clubs to abuse Church and State by wholesale;
But each true-hearted man sallied home to his can,
Kissed his wife, and began his stout tankard of ale.
Few books we possessed—only one 'tis confessed—
But that Book was the best—for it taught, without fail,
Life's balm to ensure, its mishaps to endure,
And to comfort the poor from our tankard of ale.

3.

'Each week in their pew, squire and dame you might view,
He in English true-blue, she in broad farthingale;
And they walked home to dine, not on frogs and French wine,
But an ample sirloin and a tankard of ale.
Sound doctrine to each, then our parsons would preach,
Though to some now their speech may seem musty and stale;
Love your king, they would say—read your Bible each day—
And at night, wet your clay with *one* tankard of ale.'

Tomkins appears to have continued a Liberal, but of the Grey school of Liberalism, till after the return of the present Administration to power. He was clear, that the Reform Bill was a "final measure;" talked of the "pressure from without;" thought Government was going too fast; and spoke of O'Connell in very contemptuous terms. At times, though this was generally after dinner, and when he had exceeded his usual allowance, he would even wax melancholy on the state of the country, and express his apprehension that the Radicals were getting the upper hand in a very alarming way. I find among his papers, one entitled the Progress of Reform, which indicates not a little apprehen-

sion at the rapidity with which the head of the present Government was driving along the path of revolution. The parallel which it contains was suggested by the premature fate of his old Beef-steak Club acquaintance, Tims, whose death he had just seen recorded in the *Leeds Intelligencer*, and who had fallen a victim to forenoon drinking. Tomkins was observed to be very deeply affected by the news: he rang for the chambermaid and his slippers, and retired to bed, leaving the toasted cheese and heavy-wet which he had ordered untasted. The result of his musings in bed was the following composition, the stately Miltonic movement of which I very much admire:—

TIMS, OR THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

Who would not weep for Tims, by Bacchus doom'd,
 Meridian Bacchus, to an early grave?
 I knew him well, for often, side by side,
 We drove together while we travelled north,
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn.
 Not louder laughed, nor richer story told,
 Bagman gig-borne, nor way-worn traveller,
 Or at the Boar Cerulean, or the Swan
 Twin-necked, or Hog erect, horrid in arms.
 At first, to expel the heat, or winter's flaw,
 Or haply vapours from the heart to drive
 Æolian,—he quaffed, perdue, a glass
 Of Xeres, Lisbon, or Oporto old:
 And as the draught shot vigour through his frame,
 Pleased with the glow, the future toper smiled,
 And filled and drank again. What first was rare,
 More frequent grew; what frequent, soon became
 His daily want and noontide habitude.

But soon the generous life-blood of the grape,
 Cheering erewhile, 'gan pall upon the tongue,
 And to the torpid nerve seemed thin and tame,
 Spiritless essence: Then to rich liqueurs
 He turned, whose poisoned edge is blandly hid
 In velvet sheath; the nutty, quaint Neyau,
 Pale Maraschino from Dalmatia's shore,
 By Zara; cordial which Italia's sons
 Call Rosa Solis:—Ratafia, drunk
 By Bailey, hapless maid, ere in the noose
 From her fair limbs withdrawn, self-poised she hung,
 What time in Halifax the Captain bold
 Abode in country quarters:—Curacao,
 And liquor loved of Dames, Parfait Amour.

These satisfied a while, yet these in turn
 Grew tasteless, and the downward step was short
 To that fierce spirit which Charente distile,
 Nantes or Cognac, beside the flowery Rhone;—
 The fiery draught, dilute perchance at first
 With show of lymph, was swallowed soon sincere,
 With not a tincture of allaying Thames.
 Now, bolder grown, no more apart he quaffed
 His cup meridian, but, beside the bar,
 He from the rising to the setting sun,
 A summer's day, tossed off the needful fire,
 Which Hebe (barmaid, now by mortals called)
 Intent supplied. The cheeks incarnadined
 With hues of health, too soon their glow transferred
 To that bad eminence that blazed between,
 Carbuncled, pimple-studded, tipt with fire.
 The wholesome food that once upheld the heart
 Was loathed and left, the soul and body raged
 With thirst of fierce excitement, till, all care
 Of order,* virtue, decency, forgot,
 Confessed in Tims the finished drunkard stood.

* Query, orders? We remember a trial at the Lancaster Assizes arising out of an order that Tims neglected.

So fares the wretch, who, in ill-omened hour,
Commits foul Whiggery ; at first he deems
A gentle agitation through the frame
To rouse the nerves, and speed the social pulse,
Were safe and healthful ; nor would rashly drain
The draught of revolution deep and strong.
But, step by step, the lip accustomed drinks
Fearless the gilded bane that lurks beneath,
And craves increased excitement. Then, like one,
Who, from the giddy top of some tall tower,
Of Pisa, or Bologna, or the spire
Of Strasburg's minster, even from fear to fall,
Leaps down vertiginous ; so at the sight
Of that wild agitation he has raised,
The scared Reformer backward shrinks, then leaps
With reeling brain into the roaring sea.
Slow Reformation ceases to attract,
And to her sister Revolution yields ;
Her swifter sister, who alone can quench
The fiery thirst that all the heart consumes.
What follows last the Muse forbids to sing,
Nor may her startled eyes the sight sustain ;
Alike in each intoxication reigns,
And such as Tims became, may Melbourne be !

By what means Tomkins had been induced to change the views which he evidently entertained of the Melbourne policy at the time when he drew this flattering parallel between the aberrations of Tims and those of the head of the present Government, I have no means of ascertaining. Perhaps the Sheffield papers, when examined, may throw some light upon it ; but nothing contained in the writing-desk affords the least key to the sudden transformation under which I find him exhibited in the letter which I am about to quote. It seems to have been the very last composition on which his versatile pen was employed, for the copy which he retained bears date the 12th of July—just three days before the unfortunate accident which so prematurely terminated his active and brilliant career. The letter is addressed to the Mr M'Tape to whom I already alluded, as the channel of communication between Tomkins and the members of Administration. I con-

ture, from the strain of the composition itself, that Tomkins, whose talents for intrigue, and great acquaintance with all classes, were well known, had been requested, with a view to the coming elections, to make observations on the state of public feeling along the north road, and fairly to state to headquarters his views as to the chances of success. Whether the tone of zeal for the interests of the present Government, which Tomkins assumes in his letter to M'Tape, be genuine or not, may be a matter of some doubt, as you will by and by perceive, from some other documents which accompany this ; but the candour of the confessions which it contains, as to the altered position and declining prospects of the Melbourne Administration, is admirable, and highly characteristic of that striking feature of Tomkins's character, a resolution to face the worst, and never to shrink from telling the truth at the expense of other people's feelings.

TOMKINS TO M'TAPE (UNDER COVER, TO THE HON. F. M., HOME OFFICE.)

12TH JULY, 1837.

In answer to yours of the 30th ult.,
Dear M'Tape, I now send you my journey's result.
I'd have written from Leeds, but was really dejected
To find things were not what I wish'd or expected.
I had hoped, on the whole, to be able to show
A balance in favour of Melbourne and Co. ;

But, on settling, the balance, I'm sorry to say,
Looks (errors excepted) the opposite way.
In fact, since their Irish connexion got vent,
They are down in the market full fifty per cent.
At their very best paper folks turn up the nose,
As a banker might do at a bill at six mo.'s ;
And unless they can muster some new indorsations,
I suspect it's all up with their accommodations.

But these mercantile metaphors, Mac, let me drop,
Which, you'll say, smell a little too much of the shop ;
So, to speak in plain English, I must say, at present,
The signs of the times are extremely unpleasant.
Our prospects down here look as black as they can,
Like my own patent fenders, or Warren's Japan ;
And unless some new tub to the whale can be thrown,
'Pon my soul I don't see how the thing can go on.

Don't suppose that I started with much expectation
Of finding our credit stood high with the nation :
Our ledger, I knew, could not boast of an entry
Of one new consignment from clergy or gentry ;
And I hadn't for years, if my memory don't fail,
Met with one Ministerialist *inside* the mail :
In that quarter, I knew, we had long since closed dealings ;
But it really is *rather* too much for the feelings
To hear even the gents, that are book'd for the roof,
When they're told I'm a Whig, talk of " keeping aloof !"
Yet perhaps the remark which annoy'd me the most—
(Though this is between you and me and the Post)—
Was one from Dick Strapper, so friendly of yore—
Tom Tickle-tail's horsekeeper at the Blue Boar.
" Why," says he, as on Sunday I stopt in my gig,
" I've been all my born days a Reformer and Whig ;
" But really I find every gemman I know,
" As is really a gemman, thinks Ministers *low*.
" The cham maid declares"—(only think what a Jezebel !)—
" No Whig leaves a shilling for her when he pays a bill ;
" And she vows"—(I'm asham'd even to pen such impiety)—
" If I don't cut *them* Whigs, she must cut my society."

But to come to particulars,—for I confess
I've a tendency rather at times to digress—
I was struck, from the first, with one change on the way—
How the sign of the " Duke" had replaced the " Lord Grey"—
The " Brougham Tap," once so frequent, had grown a phenomenon ;
And as for a " Melbourne," in fact they could show me none.
At the inns a Whig landlord was something uncommon,
And the barmaids—Conservative all to a woman :
This carries the hostlers, of course ; and even Boots
Has his doubts about plucking things up by the roots.

But what o'er my hopes most of all throws a gloom
Is the change that's come over the traveller's room.
Ah ! how changed since those days I shall never forget,
When amidst " goes" of brandy, and tankards of " wet,"
I first gave " Reform, and success to its cause ;"
While each high-sounding sentence was drown'd in applause—
From the sideboard the waiter re-echoed the cheer,
And the pot-boys stood peeping, enchanted to hear !
Now, the toast of " The Premier" no sympathy wakes ;
Poor Lord John, at the Tap, is pronounced " no great shakes."

At the name of Reform folks sit stupid and still,
And none but the waiter e'en mentions "the Bill!"

Just to give you an instance :—At Leeds, t'other day,
I was making a speech in my fine classic way—
A remarkable speech, though I say it myself—
When up got Sam Spriggs, that impertinent elf,
And suggested, instead of Reform and all that,
I should favour the party with "All round my Hat!"
I rallied, of course (in a little confusion),
And came, you'll believe, to a speedy conclusion.
But when, at the close, I proposed, with three cheers,
"A clean sweep with the Church, and short work with the Peers,"
Just conceive how I felt, when, instead of a cheer,
A whisper from Jones of "*No go!*" met my ear.
Even Higgins—you know Higgins, don't you?—the vender
Of Blacklead and Company's (bad) patent fender—
The same old gin-drinking, unprincipled dog,
Who, in days of Lord Grey, used to go the whole hog—
Even Higgins got up, and said he, "Blow me tight,
If I drink any toast such as this here to-night!
Not a stiver care I, as it touches myself,
How or when they may shovel the Church on the shelf.
I'd as soon spend the Sunday in drinking strong waters;
But then what becomes of our wives and our daughters?
What bagman with comfort could start on his journey,
Leaving Satan at home with a power of attorney!
No! for keeping a wife or a girl in the string,
Religion," cries Higgins, "religion's the thing!"

I laugh'd, you'll believe, at the thought of this panic
Felt by Higgins, forsooth! at our union Satanic;
But I fear there *are* persons, though otherwise sensible,
Who *do* think, like Higgins, a Church indispensable,
And believe, were it only for keeping the peace,
A clergy's the surest and cheapest police.

I might write in this strain for an hour by the clock,
But am really reluctant your feelings to shock:
So I'll give the sum total in one little sentence—
A "*dictum*" of Jones, our old City acquaintance :—
Says he, "Tomkins, my tulip, I see how it is;
Whigs is fast going down, sir, and Tories is *riz*."

Judging from the free and easy composition just quoted, you would imagine Tomkins to be a warm and hearty supporter of the present Government; and I should certainly have set him down as such, had I not, in the course of my examination of the papers, stumbled upon a small parcel, marked *private*, I. T. What was my surprise, on opening it, to find that it contained various satirical compositions, some absolutely Conservative, some thoroughly Radical, but all unrelentingly directed against the present Ministry, and most of them dated within the last month! Verily, Tomkins is a mystery; not only every thing by turns, but every thing at once! My own impression, I confess, though I offer the sug-

gestion with doubt, is this, that Tomkins, who at least was a genuine admirer of Lord Grey, has all along thoroughly despised the present Ministers, and their insincere shuffling and miserable policy; and though, as a matter of business, he was ready to travel for them, as he would have done for any other employer who paid a proper commission, and to affect all needful zeal for their interests, so far as correspondence went, he seems to have revenged himself for the constraint thus put upon his real feelings, by venting his discontent with their proceedings, and his contempt for them individually and collectively, in secret effusions, which he carefully consigned to the privacy of his writing-desk. Ho

far his perceptions as to the discreditable nature of the Ministerial proceedings may have been sharpened by their having failed to reward his services by a pension or a place in the Poor Law Commission, it may be difficult to say. That some promise had been made, and that its fulfilment had been unduly delayed, I think is evident from the postscript of one of his letters to M'Tape:—

"Dear Mac, do tell Maule that he really must mention

To Melbourne that little affair of my pension,"

—and so on. It is very possible some such feeling may have mingled with Tomkins's views as to the Ministerial policy generally, and may have given a little additional bitterness to the tone of his satires. I must do him the justice to say, however, that they are all good-humoured, and extremely free from personality. Thus, for instance, under a copy of Lord John Russell's address to his slender constituency of Stroud, I find, in Tomkins's handwriting, a fable, entitled, "*Phædrus Redivivus*," or,

THE FROG AND THE BULL.

There dwelt within a marshy bog
A petty, pert, conceited Frog,
Who saw one day with envious eye
A stately Bull that pastured nigh.
Scorning in size to be excelled,
Our Frog with wind her body swelled,
And asked her little tadpole crew
Which was the bigger of the two?
The Bull, said they: she tries again,
A second judgment asks in vain:
A third time strives to stretch her leather,
And bursts her bellows altogether.

'Tis thus, alas! Lord Johnny tries
To emulate Sir Robert's size:
Stretches his neck, and strains his nature,
To add a cubit to his stature:
Inflates his style with trope and figure,
And thinks he makes his meaning bigger.
He spouts some speech; he sends to press
Some turgid, trashy, trite address:
Then, longing his success to feel,
Says, "Rice, my boy, was that like Peel?"
As Rice his empty noddle shakes,
A mightier effort Johnny makes:
"'Tis near the thing, but yet not quite—
Perhaps the next time 'twill be right."
No, Johnny, no! it will not do,
No more the dangerous strife renew:
This foolish flatulence abate,
Shun the Frog's folly—and her fate.

Tomkins adds the great original from which he drew—

RANA RUPTA ET BOS.

Inops potentem dum vult imitari perit.
In prato quondam Rana conspexit Bovem,
Et tacta invidia tantæ magnitudinis
Rugosam inflavit pellem: tum natos suos
Interrogavit an Bove esset latior:
Illi negarunt. Rursus intendit cutem
Majore nisu; simili interrogavit modo,
Quis major esset? Illi dixerunt Bovem.
Novissime indignata, dum vult validius
Inflare sese, rupto jacuit corpore.

Tomkins was evidently much amused at the pretensions so pompously put forward by the present Government, that they possess the unlimited confidence of their Royal Mistress; and at the ludicrous absurdity of representing loyalty to the

Queen as identified with the support of the Ministerial candidates at the approaching election. He disposes of this "*cheval de bataille*" of the Whigs very quietly in the two following pieces:—

EPIGRAM,

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS IN THE INN WINDOW AT HUDDERSFIELD.

"The Queen is with us," Whigs exulting say,
 "For, *when she found us in*, she let us stay."
 It may be so; but give me leave to doubt
 How long she'll keep you *when she finds you out*?

"The Queen's name is a tower of strength
 Which they upon the adverse faction want."

THE LOYAL WHIG ELECTION GARLAND.

AIR—"Nottingham Ale."

1.

Our standard's erected! Electors arise,
 See the flag of Whig loyalty floats on the breeze!
 With shouts for your Queen rend asunder the skies,
 And in courtesy couple the Church, if you please.
 While words so inspiring
 Your bosoms are firing,
 Lo! two other names on our banner are seen,
 How fitly they mingle,
 How sweet is the jingle
 Of Hume and O'Connell, the Church and the Queen.

2.

O joyous announcement, the Queen is our own,
 She has ended at once all our crosses and cares:
 For, finding us here, when she mounted the throne,
 She was graciously pleased not to push us down stairs.
 It follows most clearly
 That soon and sincerely
 To be our mere slave she must certainly mean;
 Then sound the Whig rally,
 Let mountain and valley
 Cry Hume and O'Connell, the Church and the Queen!

3.

That the Tories are loyal is plainly a lie,
 Our feelings convince us it can't be the case:
 Why should they support what they get nothing by,
 How can one be loyal that isn't in place?
 Even we and our fellows,
 At present so zealous,
 Might prove, out of office, not nearly so keen:
 'Tis but on condition
 We keep our position
 That ever we shout for the Church or the Queen.

4.

That Wellington wishes to crush in the dust
 The Empire whose throne he exalted so high:
 That Peel of the Crown has a deadly distrust,
 Are facts which no simpleton well can deny.

Such manifest traitors
 And royalty-haters
 From Majesty's sight should be swept away clean :
 For others are ready
 More trusty and steady,
 Crying Hume and O'Connell, the Church and the Queen.

5.

Though "Hume and the Monarchy" sounds rather queer,
 Let us fancy his zeal by economy hid :
 Though "the Church and O'Connell" may grate on the ear,
 Yet he loves her, I'm sure—as the Lion the Kid.
 What fear, then, of danger
 From native or stranger,
 While leagued with these friends as we lately have been :
 How can we surrender
 To mercies more tender
 Than Hume's and O'Connell's,—our Church and our Queen !

My packet, however, is swelling
 to a size which I had not anticipated.
 I shall therefore terminate this first
 monthly issue of the Tomkins papers
 with one other specimen of his poetical
 composition in a more serious
 vein. He here identifies himself with

the Radical party, and under the
 guise of an address by the Member for
 Bath to his constituents, embodies the
 sentiments which the men of the Movement
 may be supposed to entertain at
 the present crisis :—

ROEBUCK TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.

People of England !—ye whose toil
 Not for yourselves subdues the soil—
 Not for yourselves, at wheel or loom,
 Creates the wealth the rich consume,—
 Grown wise at last, attention lend
 To the calm counsels of a friend,
 Who will not vouch that day is night,
 Who cannot vote that black is white,
 Who midst a false or faltering crew,
 Has still been firm to truth and you.

Recall the time when hopes beat high,
 And told that golden days were nigh :
 When one great measure's powerful name
 Each friend could arm, each foe could tame,
 And jarring atoms could compose,
 Till concord out of chaos rose.
 A bright mirage above the sand,
 It wavered o'er a thirsty land :
 It shone with vague and dazzling beam
 That realized each gazer's dream :
 Already had the poor man wealth,
 Already had the sick man health,
 Once more Astræa sought the plain,
 And Saturn reassumed his reign.

Roused by the spell, *your* dormant power
 Awoke, and hailed the auspicious hour.
 United, every nerve was strained,
 Favour and fear alike disdained.
 In all its streams the torrent roared,
 O'er every bar resistless poured :
 Old landmarks ceased to part the ground,
 The land was level all around,

And equal Justice seemed to say,
Who won the fight should share the prey.

Where now the spell that then could charm ?
Where is the hope that nerved our arm ?
Fled, as if ne'er their power we knew,
With winter's snow, with morning's dew.
Brittle as bright, the bubble's burst,
And leaves us poorer than at first.
Still on our necks with galling weight
Sits the hard yoke of iron fate :
Still Misery's icy hand congeals
Each genial pulse our bosom feels :
While, sharpening all our former wo,
A new and fiercer pang we know,
The thought how fondly we believed,
How deeply we have been deceived.

Some yet unskilled the past to view,
Spin the self-pleasing web anew,
With greedy ear drink in once more
The syren's song that charmed before :
But you, of firmer soul, beware,
Nor trust again the slippery snare.

To those who, honest and sincere,
With step that knows not doubt or fear,
Will tread the bold and onward track,
Nor cast one look reluctant back ;
Will place within your sovereign hand
The reins of uncontroll'd command ;
Will free you from the civil ties,
From which, like love, Religion flies,—
To those be true ; let no delay,
No softer thought obstruct your way :
But boldly following Freedom's call,
Rush on ; be nothing, or be all.

If any seek your zeal to warm
With general phrase of Whig reform,—
If the old cant is said or sung,
That slips so smooth from Whiggish tongue,
Ambiguous words too well designed
To cheat the ear and chain the mind,—
Scorn all the hypocrites can say,
And spurn them from your door away.

Tell them, their labour now is lost ;
Tell them, it is not worth the cost,
For all that *they* can give or do,
To raise convulsion's flag anew.
Still left a prey to fortune's curse,
Your lot no better, haply worse,
You will not risk a master's frown
To win them riches or renown ;
You will not lose a neighbour's aid
To court a name and grasp a shade.
Tell them, that calm and quiet days
Have much of profit as of praise ;
That mild contentment's ray has power
To cheer misfortune's darkest hour :
And sure the worst of plunderers they,
Who steal the poor man's peace away,

And tempt him for a gilded cheat
To barter all that makes life sweet.

If yet they will persist to sue,
Tell them this tale I tell to you:—

An old man on a common fed
An ass that helped him to his bread ;
Sudden the sound of foes they hear
In warlike force advancing near.
“ Run, Dobbin ! ” is the old man’s cry,
“ Our freedom’s gone unless we fly.”
Lazy and loath to understand,
Dobbin retorts this shrewd demand :
“ Pray will the other party pack
More than two panniers on my back ?
Will they assign still *coarser food* ? ”
The senior could not say they would.
“ Then,” said the ass, “ what is’t to me
Whose property my toil may be ?
I hold your feuds not worth a whistle,
And mean in peace to chew my thistle.”

So now the Whigs, with hideous din,
Cry out “ The Tories will be in ! ”
Your answer’s ready, “ Let it be,
What difference will it make to me ?
Why should that vex my quiet life ?
In all the turns of party strife,
THE POOR, let Whig or Tory fool them,
Change but the *name* of those who rule them.” *

Hoping to have this pleasure again soon, and that the articles now sent will
give satisfaction,—I am,

Yours, with esteem,

PETER JENKINS.

*Hen and Chickens, Birmingham,
July 18, 1837.*

* In principatu commutando civium,
Nil præter domini nomen mutant pauperes.
Asellum in prato timidus pascebat senex ;
Is, hostium clamore subito territus,
Suadebat asino fugere ne possent capi.
At ille lentus : “ Quæro num binas mihi
Clitellas impositurum victorem putas ? ”
Senex negavit. “ Ergo quid refert mea
Cui serviam, clitellas dum portem mea ? ”

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. X.

THIS is the Melbourne day of exaltation. All is lofty protest against the possibility of their being unpopular. They ask, what have they done to be turned out? The country asks, what have they done to be kept in? Lord Lyndhurst, in one of those scorching speeches which he drives like a spear into their vitals at the end of every session, to leave it clinging there, and torturing them till the next demands, which of all their promised measures they have brought into existence? Just two routine affairs, which might have been accomplished by their own clerks, and for which nobody is the better or the worse. But all the leading measures, the boasted principles, "which they were to carry or perish,"—their pledges, their great guns, have all amounted to nothing. The guns have missed fire, and all the excuse that they can make is the beggarly promise to do something "next session." The Imprisonment for Debt Bill, the favourite of the Attorney-General—would-be evidence that the would-be Chancellor, though a Whig Attorney-General, knew something of law—has dropt into the gulf like the rest. Lord Lyndhurst found it lying on their Lordships' table night after night, as unowned as a pauper foundling; and moved with pity for the offspring, and contempt for the parent, asked what was to become of this creature of decrepitude? The Chancellor drove it from his door in the style of a parish constable; would not let it into his workhouse, but sent it to look for a settlement. The consequence is, that the bill is extinguished for this session, and we cordially hope never to see its face again. The fact is, that it was a foolish bill, utterly contrary to common sense, altogether injurious to public interests; hostile to the law, and pleasing only to the parentage of the Attorney-General, and to the men by whom such Attorney-Generals are made. It was neither a ministerial, a judicial, nor a national measure. It was the original work of Radicalism. The Radicals in every land have a prodigious hatred of all that maintains the vigour of the law; they look upon

justice as the task held over their own heads, and therefore are anxious to get rid of it as soon as possible. They abhor the sight of the dungeon, in which their apartments are so likely to be prepared; and death by the law is naturally regarded as a thing to be extinguished by all means, where the rope so naturally fits their own necks. All those men harangue loftily on humanity; the harangue costs them nothing, and gains them popularity;—yet those are the men who in Spain recommend the slaughter of prisoners in cold blood; plunge France into faction; organize the use of burning and the bullet in Ireland, and applaud the priests who applaud agitation, and give absolution for massacre. Such patriots never feel themselves in their element but when they are dabbling in blood. Of course, all Radicals are great worshippers of the humanity that shuts up the dungeon for debtors of all kinds. Now, there are two kinds of humanity; one for the innocent, and one for the guilty. The fellow-feeling of the Radicals is always excessively sensitive to the sufferings of crime; it grieves over the chains of the incendiary, while it never drops a tear for the unfortunate family whom he has turned out of house and home; it worships some giddy functionary for letting loose, in a theatrical burst of rhapsodical generosity, a gang of imprisoned patriots, who, within the next twenty-four hours, will be at their old work of the knife and the torch; but it says not a syllable of the unfortunate persons on whom that knife and torch are meant to operate. The creed of all Radicals is revolution; they know as well as we do, that revolution is not to be accomplished without ferocious violence on one side, and desperate resistance on the other. Their constitution is always baptized in blood; or rather, revolution is but a name for a succession of dreadful conflicts,—a succession of changes, each of which produces a new convulsion,—a continued march of constitutions, like the children of the heathen to the shrine of Moloch, first walking through the flames, and then perishing in honour of the idol. A

hundred thousand heads must fall, was the cry of Murat. National liberty cannot be purchased at too high a price, says the Radical; and the only liberty which we should purchase after all, by the massacre of our Peerage, the extinction of our Church, the ruin of public credit, and the destruction of public property, would be the supremacy of some faction from the mire, headed by some hypocrite and murderer, possessing himself of the highest rank, only by being more hypocritical and more murderous than the villains around him. We pronounce the extinction of imprisonment for debt, to be fallacious in theory, and dangerous in practice. The theory is, that it does not make men pay their debts; we contend that it does; that the great majority of those who are put in jail for debt are actually fraudulent debtors, whom nothing but personal suffering will ever compel to pay their debts, or keep out of them, where they have no hope of paying. That there may be individual cases of misfortune we have no doubt; and in those cases we have as little doubt, that British humanity administers a speedy remedy. The Society for the relief of persons imprisoned for small debts, is an invaluable institution, to which the honest debtor never applies in vain; and even where the sum is beyond the power of the charity, such statements are made, and assistances given, that the debtor in general is eventually relieved. It must be observed that the majority of debtors, and especially of innocent debtors, are imprisoned for small sums; but the true question is, not how many are imprisoned, but what multitudes are induced to pay their debts from fear of being imprisoned? We have no hesitation in saying, that for one man in jail, there are ten thousand who pay their debts solely through fear of sharing his condition; and we ask, what other remedy can be adopted? Men will contract debts so long as tradesmen will give credit, and tradesmen struggling for business, which is their usual condition, will give credit almost to any amount. If the debt is not paid, they have the person; and this constitutes the only security which thousands have to give. We may weep if we will over the affected stories of prison miseries, but in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred,

those miseries consist in defying a list of tradesmen, after having swindled them; in eating and drinking at the expense of the creditors, and at the end of six weeks, by the Insolvent Act, walking out with impunity to swindle them again. No man who has visited a jail, whether for business or humanity, but will be ready to acknowledge, that the pictures, drawn by the pencil of Radicalism, are knavish and absurd; that the majority of the incarcerated were generally impudent and fraudulent fellows, laughing at their creditors, indulging themselves with low debauchery, and even in their cells contriving schemes of living on the world again at the first opportunity. As to the practical part, we must ask, supposing the security of the honest tradesman be worth the consideration of the Legislature, what is to be his protection against fraud? It is altogether ridiculous to say that he must not trust. If the whole of trade were reduced to ready-money transactions, nine-tenths of the lower shopkeepers must shut up their houses at once. Coin is not to be had from day to day; credit is absolutely essential to the progress of the lowest order of business, and yet credit would in that case have no security but character. And what is the security of character among the lower orders of any population? Thus the tradesman is circumstanced: if he refuse to give credit, he must shut up his shop; if he give credit, he must be content to be paid when the idle choose to work, the drunkard to be sober, and the rogue to pay. Another result would be, unquestionably, the increased dearness of materials to all the honest part of the community; the little tradesman would inevitably add his loss to the bill of the honest man; thus one part of the community would be kept living in idleness and profligacy at the expense of the other. And what would be gained? the liberation of a set of people, who will neither work, nor suffer others to work,—a class of habitual drunkards and cheats, living by swindling, and laughing at the law.

Yet we are no friends to unnecessary imprisonment, and where property of any kind can be offered as security, we say let imprisonment be out of the question; but the law of all lands, which is the common sense of mankind, says, that when a man can-

not pay in his purse, he must pay in his person. In the wisest, most perfect, and most humane law of earth, the law of Israel, emanating from the highest authority, and expressly devised for the happiness of the people, —the debtor, unable to pay in his property, was compelled to pay in his person. He might surrender himself and his services for seven years to his creditor, and thus make retribution as far as lay in his power. Our law prohibits anything in the shape of slavery; but it retains the only true alternative, the chain. The object now is, to extinguish every tie on the hopes or fears of those whom even dungeons can scarcely compel to keep their engagements. The measure, of course, is meant to prop up the popularity of the Reform Cabinet. It is a very showy, suitable, and profligate contrivance, to add the profligate to the ignorant; and however unconscious the Attorney-General and the Cabinet may be of its natural operation, it will entitle them to the whole heart of every swindler in the empire.

The London illuminations on the Queen's arriving at her eighteenth year produced some squibs as well as illuminations. But they were squibs of which the London police could not be cognizant, though in general they would have been liable to very severe penalties, if the police of Parnassus were on duty. One of the best was on the lamps in front of the Reform Club, which exhibited the letters, P. V. It is to be remembered that the Ministerial majority on the Church Bill was but five.

P. V.

"The folks in amaze, at the streets in a blaze,

Were squeezing and rushing to see,

When, said Middlesex Josey, half awake and half prosy,

'I can't understand their P. V.'

"Then, quoth my Lord Brougham, 'why, my dear Mr Hume,

The Club have a meaning, no doubt;

P. V.'s passed by *five*, but the King's yet alive,

And the Whigs, like their lamp, must go out.'

"Dan came down Pall Mall,—'Och,' says he, 'mighty well,

Though it's dark, that's Lord Brougham, I'll be bail;

Faith now but that's droll, pray what's the long scroll?'

'The scroll? why,' said Brougham, 'that's the tail!'

All our philanthropists and philosophers in their own conceit—all those human moulds that love to dig for their food in the roots of society, but would rather kick than move, and rather be sulky than pleased—go to look for human nature in its simplicity in America. Of course they make themselves disgusting there, and ridiculous at home. To America, as far as the natural-born American is the object, we can have no hostility. On the contrary, we give credit to all their good qualities; we admire their perseverance, energy, and love of country. We regard them as providentially placed in a great fertile country, which they are appointed to bring into civilisation. This could be done by none but Englishmen, or the descendants of Englishmen. The French, the most intelligent and active people of the European continent, have never been successful colonists. The familiarity and pleasantry of their manners; the extraordinary ease with which they adapt themselves to every kind of life; their dexterity in contriving to live, and even live pleasantly, under the most repulsive circumstances; and, above all, the singular facility with which they coalesce with the habits of savage life, which seem at first sight to render them the fittest of all men to colonize a remote and wild country,—in a hundred years of their possession of Canada they had but imperfectly settled one small province; in the vast countries on the Mississippi they were mere rambling traders; and on the Gulf of Florida, the keys of Mexico and the South, a position that of itself would tempt man to empire, they had but one city, buried in swamps, and more deserving the name of a lazaret-house than a colony. But the Anglo-American, taking those things into his hands, has projected the shoots of his power north, west, and south, with a vigorous vegetation which already swells into empire.

But it is not with those that our blockheads of travellers can associate, or are permitted to associate. The more educated orders of America, those on whom the national character in every country are constructed,

know nothing, and will know nothing of those ramblers. They naturally fall into the society of quacks like themselves,—expatriated Irish, coxcomb French, English adventurers, travelling lecturers, rabid Reformers, who have gone to America to evade their debts, under pretence of establishing justice all over the world, and ruin their creditors as a preparative to the renovation of mankind. From this class what can they learn but nonsense? and nonsense they learn, and this nonsense they put into print, and call philosophical travels in America; and the result of all is, British ignorance on American topics, and American indignation at being misrepresented; the whole issuing in bitterness between two nations, all whose political interests are in union, whose mutual advantage depends on their mutual forbearance, who are precluded by nature from having any direct interference with each other, and whose empires cannot touch until they meet at the Antipodes.

Miss Martineau has just published a book on America. Exactly the book which we might expect from Miss Martineau. Giddy, self-willed, well-intentioned, and ill-informed. The poor woman is, of course, all for "liberty and my country," without knowing how to preserve the one, or do justice to the other. In America she went about, like a blind man listening to lectures on light and colours, asking every body every thing, and being unfortunately deaf, and unable to hear any answer perfectly, left to her own sagacity to make out its meaning in any way she could. She went on a book-making speculation, and has in consequence come back laden with a book, and that book laden with absurdity, and philosophy, and "every thing else in the world," as Matthews, the comedian, used to say. And, except that nothing can rectify the natural obliquity of a "Reformer's" vision, and no conviction of inadequacy prevent any of the class from lecturing all mankind, we should say that her book is one of the least injurious and tiresome of the kind.

Another prodigious female illuminator had heralded the way, and the Western world was to be gleaned for the rebuke of the Northern by this profound philosopher in petticoats, Miss

Wright. What has extinguished this lamp of the wilderness, we cannot venture to say. A lady's secret is not to be divulged for the profaner ear. But the horizon of political regeneration has certainly lost one of its pleiads, and the brilliancy of Miss Wright's beams has disappeared from western and eastern eyes at once and for ever.

The Americans are charged with being thin-skinned. If they are, we undoubtedly have not the more title to hurt their skins. But if they suppose that the mob of tourists who yearly load our press with what they term "Accounts of America," make the slightest impression on the public mind of England, they do England the greatest injustice possible. What! with the palpable silliness, trifling ignorance, and vulgarity of those works; with the inanity for substantial remark, the railroad speed for deliberate observation, the flippancy for wit, and the attempt to be abusive without the talent to be sarcastic; how can it be conceived by any intelligent class in America, or in any other spot of civilisation acquainted with the intellectual force of Britain, that we should stoop to such muddy streams to slake our thirst for knowledge? The intelligent American should feel that it was utterly out of the question that any Englishman whose opinion was ever worth a farthing could be biased by the crude stuff gathered by those itinerants; that, in fact, their volumes scarcely survive the moment of publication, never would be heard of at all but for the chance of their being mentioned in a review, and, above all things, never would mould, stamp, or influence the national opinion of this country on the character of any thing above a horde of Tartars. We will allow that there are exceptions, and that we have some "Tours in America" written by gentlemen. But it is a rare performance, even among those, which is not tinged with a spirit of bitterness. The desire to be critical at the expense of being correct, is a strong but poor temptation. And the renown of saying smart things, is palpably more valued than the honest reputation of seeing things as they are, speaking of them with that fairness which is so essential to true knowledge, and forgetting, from the moment when the pen is first dipped in ink,

that there is such a thing as an *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly Review* in the circumference of the globe.

On this ground we make our treaty. We call on the intelligent portion of America to despise the abuse of scribblers, whom we cannot recognise as either authors or Englishmen. In turn, we agree to disregard the abuse of the American newspapers, of the returned tourists, and of that tribe—pretty numerous here at present—who, coming with large pretensions, in their own idea, to be received with flying colours, and finding that no trumpets are blown on the occasion, vent their wrath in ponderous volumes on the apathy of the mutton-eating men of Britain to the representative geniuses of the Western world. We acknowledge the depth of this calamity. But we must bear it.

England has now the misfortune to displease Mr Cooper. Mr Cooper is a vulgar man, who having, from being bred to the sea, been enabled to give some striking descriptions of sea affairs, has unluckily imagined himself an universal genius. His American novels are, we presume, sufficiently descriptive of American life; and we cannot have the slightest objection to give him all the credit his efforts deserve. On the strength of this trifling reputation he came to Europe, and has since been partly travelling on the Continent, to pick up materials for novels, and partly residing in England, actively employed in introducing himself into society. That he may have made some way by this system is perfectly possible; for the English are a yielding people, and are even too fond of their ease to take much trouble in resisting any attempt of the kind. But the manners of the midshipman are not likely to be congenial to the habits of nobility in any land; and though Mr Cooper may have succeeded in getting occasionally into their drawing-rooms, yet he has evidently suffered the mortification of not being received quite as one of themselves. One of the anecdotes of his very trifling and angry book shows the keen sense of injury which he sustained on such occasions. He tells us that he was invited to the table of some noble lord; dukes and earls figured at this reunion; Lord Charleses and Lady Emilies were in abundance. Mr Cooper, irradiated by the light of

his own genius, stood in his corner of the drawing-room. Dinner was announced; a duke gave his arm to the lady of the house, an earl took the daughter; the Lord Charleses and the Lady Emilies paired off without delay, and the whole party moved gaily to the dining-room. As Mr Cooper had unluckily not provided himself with a Lady Emily, he was naturally left to follow; as in this country, the ladies, and of course the gentlemen who attend them, take the precedence. The result was, that Mr Cooper was near the foot of the table: this he looks upon as a prodigious grievance. How he would have remedied it, he does not say. Whether the master of the house should have requested the dukes and earls to stand back till Mr Cooper, the celebrated author of the "*Last of the Mohicans*," or some such thing, had condescended to say where he would be pleased to sit; or whether the lady of the house should have urged him with gentle violence to take his seat beside her, and acknowledged the superiority of his genius to marshals, knights of the garter, peers of Parliament, and all the Old World honours, gilded with hundreds of thousands a-year.

We have no doubt that the event of this day will have unfortunately provided a desperate enemy to England in Mr Cooper for life; that our institutions, laws, customs, and persons will pay the penalty of this unfortunate dinner,—that the mere mention of English nobility will give him the nightmare to the last of his existence; and that, worn down as his pen is by his luckless experiment in European authorship, he will employ its last stump in proving that England is something between a workhouse and a jail; and that her people are as incapable of paying respect to taste and talent, as they are of relishing the "*Heidenmaur*," or the "*Bravo*."

One of our purposes in this article is to make it a slight record of all that is passing at the moment. "*Quicquid agunt homines*," was the motto of the ablest of Roman satirists; and we cannot go wrong in following the track of Junius Juvenatis. But for this purpose, which we maintain to be a perfectly pleasant and legitimate one, we must adopt the natural means; and as the *jeux d'esprit*, which appear

from time to time in the public papers and then drop from sight like shooting stars, are among those means, we seize on them by public right, and fix them in a sphere where their lustre is to be as imperishable as this Magazine; a promise which, for the honour of Old England, new literature, and sound principles, we regard as the best promise of immortality at present to be found under the sun. In this proceeding we beg to observe, that our not mentioning either the sources from which they may have been derived, or the names of the writers, is not to be conceived any idea of our arrogating them as our own. In the multitude of instances, we cannot ascertain the names of the writers. In general we give them where we can ascertain them; but in no instance do we desire to raise the paternal ire of any author, anonymous or otherwise, by claiming the fruits of their commerce with the ladies of Helicon. With this understanding we shall give the following elucidation of the superiority of modern diplomacy to ancient contrivance:—

" Aliusque et idem."

- " By two horns and a tail, and by one cloven foot,
The world all knew Old Scratch, when of yore he reclined,
Among monks at midnight, or at some oak's root,
To give witches instruction for plaguing mankind.
- " Of yore, we could all see the fiend in his face,
But of late, things have taken a different turn :
In imps, as in men, new refinements we trace,
Nor is Satan himself grown too old yet to learn.
- " If he touches on politics, ' patriot's his name ;
On religion, ' 'tis all for the rights of the soul ;'
On morals, a ' factory bill' lights his flame ;
If he murders or robs, 'tis ' for good of the whole.'
- " His business by deputy now he transacts ;
Teaches Avarice his cunning, and Meanness his spite ;
Inculcates incog. what a peasantry acts,
And keeps horn, tail, and foot all the while out of sight.

" Then he dips pen in ink, and indites a Review,
Where three knaves in the mask of three fools we can see,
And though hoof, horns, and tail are hid from our view,
All can tell by the work who the AUTHORS must be."

The Quakers pretend to be men of sense, and yet many of their observances are supremely ridiculous. For example, the Quaker prides himself on his dress, on his linen, and the shape of his hat and coat; all these being made of the finest materials. The Quaker women are as proud of their hideous bonnets as if they were badges of honour; yet the pretence for all those things is, that they extinguish all pride! How humility can be connected with the peculiar cut of a coat, colour of a bonnet, or shape of a hat, is utterly inconceivable; yet this the Quakers pretend to conceive. It is true, that if a peculiar dress were exclusively worn by beggars or criminals, or forced upon any abject portion of the people, as a peculiar dress is forced upon the Jews in Rome, it might be proof of humility to wear that dress, but there is none in wearing a bonnet of the best silk, a coat of the best cloth, or a hat of the best beaver. But, with all their humility, the Quakers are the proudest of men in other things; they will acknowledge none of the distinctions of society as established by the laws, the convenience, and the common sense of all rational mankind. For instance, they will not call any man my lord, though it is a title awarded by the State, and a peerage is absolutely important to the constitution under which they live. They talk nonsense on such subjects. A Quaker will not take off his hat to any man, because he says it is an acknowledgment of that man's superiority, while every man of common sense knows that it is nothing of the kind, but merely an act of that civility which it is the professed principle of the Quaker to keep up among all mankind. The Quaker will not change the cut of his own clothes for any reason of time or circumstance. This, too, is nonsense, for though there may be vanity in dressing in what is termed the height of the fashion, there is absurdity in refusing to adapt new convenience or beauty in dress, or the general habit of the age and country,

and in stalking through the streets in foolish formality, a sallow emblem of the clownishness of the last century, laughed at by the young, pitied by the old, and wondered at by every body. It is curious, too, that though the Quaker pretends to keep himself pure on this point, he has no objection whatever to administer to the vanity of others, provided they will pay him for it. Some of the most fashionable hat-makers in London are Quakers; and though there is not one of them but would declaim against wearing any thing but a broad brim, the whole sanctity being in the breadth of the beaver, yet there is not one of them that would hesitate a moment to heap danger on the head of the unfortunate sinner who wears a hat with a leaf as shallow as the top of his snuff-box. A Quaker female would regard wearing a rose-coloured ribbon as an abomination before Heaven, but she has no objection to sell every colour of earth or sky to those giddy ones, who think that Nature never gave even her colours for nothing, and that the rainbow has not entirely been composed of drab. Tom Paine, speaking of the Quakers, once said shrewdly enough,—"If a Quaker had been consulted in the creation, what a drab-coloured world he would have made of it!" The Quaker refuses to address any man by the word *sir*, because, he says, this acknowledges the man as a master, which hurts his feeling of truth; and yet he calls every man friend, though he may never have seen him before, which ought to hurt his feelings a great deal more if truth were at all concerned in the matter, which it is not. We have been led to revive our recollections of this clay-coloured race, by the Duke of Sussex's bringing a petition from them to the House of Lords a few nights since, which, if their absurdity prompted them to send in, their common experience ought to have told them was only labour in vain. His Royal Highness had the innocence or the ignorance to present a petition, directed not to the Lords Temporal and Spiritual, but to "the Peers;" the Quaker petitioners being too proud to acknowledge any men as lords. The result was, that it would not be received. Now, if the petitioners were not consummate asses, worthy of their leader on the occasion, they must have known that

they were throwing away their time and paper.

It would be a nice question to determine what they are good for on the face of the earth except for eating and drinking, selling tape and tobacco, and refusing to pay the King's taxes. If by any ill luck Quakers were ever to have the supreme direction of things in this country, a French privateer might scour the coast, burn every ship in the Channel, and throw red-hot shot into every warehouse; because the Quaker Prime Minister, would have sent all our Nelsons adrift, and cut up our fleets into fagots. Half-a-dozen French regiments might walk from Dover to London, blow up the Tower, sack the Bank, and carry off the Judges, the Bishops, the Royal Family, and the Queen, to exhibit in the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes; for the Quaker would abolish the army, sell the muskets, and confine the defence of the country to the policeman, whom he would not even arm with a bludgeon.

If England were all Quakers, she would have no paintings, no sculpture, no architecture; for Quakerism abhors them all; it has never produced any man of capacity in any art whatever, except the art of amassing money. We should have no books, for who ever heard of a Quaker author whose lucubrations were worth a penny? We should have no invention in science, for of science the Quakers know nothing, and have never attempted to know any thing. We should have no oratory, no divinity, no history, no poetry; for some of those the Quakers utterly eschew, and in all the rest, Nature seems to have denied them any proficiency whatever. If Quakers had been our masters for the last three hundred years, what a dismal blank our history would have been; we should have stood still, scarcely escaped from barbarism, for the Quaker never makes any advance. We should have been either extinguished by France, Spain, or Germany, and lived in the dismal slavery of men who had neither arms to use, nor manliness to use them if they had; or we should have stagnated into a great moral swamp, a weedy marsh, covered with drab at top, and filled with mire at bottom. Our Nelsons and Wellingtons, our Drydens and Popes, our Reynoldses and Lawrences, our Fuselis and Flaxmans, our

Pitts and Foxes, would all have been little pale-faced boys, sharp in the first four rules of arithmetic—growing into fat, pale-faced men—cunning in the art of selling tape and tobacco—and finally withering down into meagre automations, alive to no feeling but the price of stocks, and namelessly drying up into the dust of which they were made.

But if all this be true—and true it is—why should the absurdity continue any longer? Notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, we adhere to the prejudice that Quakers are human beings after all; that they have hearts in their bosoms, brains in their heads, and that some of them are thoroughly ashamed of the ridiculous figure that they cut in the face of the world. Nature distributes her gifts impartially, and there must be some of them with talent of some kind or other. Why do not such men declare themselves at once; throw off the follies of a sect, which makes the noblest opportunities of life worthless, the highest wealth a vulgar burden, and the most active faculties a mere temptation to transgress the rules which inanity has made against the temporal or spiritual progress of the species? Why have we not some Quaker manly enough to make the effort, at least, to redeem his tribe; to prove to them that every man living under the constitution of England owes a tribute to the national strength, greatness, and glory; that it is measureless folly to go on theeing and thowing to the end of the creation; that the State rightly demands a portion of service from all its members; that money-dealing, and the wearing of puce-coloured silk, are neither public virtue in the one sex, nor private in the other;—in short, at once be baptized into Christianity, adopt the habits of Christendom, make themselves useful in their generation, and attempt to discharge some small portion of that debt which every man owes to Heaven for his abilities, and to his country for her protection?

The naïveté of the lower Irish is proverbial. But English blunders are sometimes equally rich. As Mrs M'Gibbon, a popular actress at Liverpool, was about to dress for Jane Shore, her attendant came to inform her that a woman had called to ask for two box-orders, as "she and her

daughters had walked four miles to see the play."

"Does she know me?" said the actress.

"Not a bit," was the reply.

"Very odd; has the woman got her faculties about her?" said Mrs M'Gibbon.

"I think she has, ma'am," said the dresser, "for I see she has got something tied up in a red handkerchief."

Still the Irish blunderer sometimes mixes a degree of dexterity with his apparent mistake, which rises to wit. A story of this order has been lately current in Ireland, and has raised many a laugh against a noble person, celebrated for questioning his servants on their notions, religious and political. In some parts of Ireland this would be an important enquiry, if the truth could be extracted by a cross-examination. A groom came to be hired:

"What are your opinions?" was the first usual and general requisition.

"None at all, your honour," was Pat's diplomatic reply.

"Pah! nonsense," said the noble Lord; "you all have your opinions, and some of them bad enough. I insist on knowing them before you can come into this house."

"Why then, your Lordship," says Pat, with a bow to the ground, "I fancy they are the very same as your Lordship's."

"State them then," said the Peer; "and let me see if you are of my way of thinking."

"I humbly beg your honour's pardon," said the man; "but I could not be so bold as to think like your Lordship, but I'm of Pat O'Sullivan, the gardener's way of thinking."

"Then, fellow, out with it at once," said his Lordship, growing impatient.

"Why, then, your honour," said Pat, with the indescribable look of craft and humour indigenous to the native droll, "says Mr O'Sullivan to me, 'I'm thinking, Pat Brady, that you owe me fifteen shillings, which you have not a notion of paying?' And that's the plain truth, your honour; and that's what I call being of Pat O'Sullivan's way of thinking."

The history of Irish Insurrection runs perpetually in a circle. The same pretended grievances, the same pretended patriotism, the same sullen bi-

gotry, and the same atrocious ambition, have been the characteristics of party in that country since the Conquest under Henry II. In every instance religious faction has ripened into conspiracy, and popular remonstrance has shown its true object, in rebellion. In every instance the conspirators have declared their horror of foreign interference, and have yet allied themselves with France or Spain. And in every instance they have brought civil war into the land; have compelled England to inflict heavy punishments on their unfortunate dupes; and have left the evidence of their treason and its punishment in the blood and burning of their country. Yet, to the reader of history, this strange fatality has some good; it makes even the wretched and melancholy annals of Ireland of some value. The history of Ireland is old, but it is not the old almanac of Lord Plunket. It is a faithful record from age to age of the origin, the progress, and the penalty of treason under the name of patriotism. Ireland is now passing through the same process once more. It must be idle to point out to any man of common discernment the infinite shallowness of the pretences which are now adopted by her pseudo-patriots, the profitable trade which they drive in disaffection, the league which they are forming in all quarters against the religion and Government of England, the utter absence of any charge of tyranny against England, and the furious violence with which these traitors are hurrying the ignorant and headstrong population into rebellion and ruin.

From the middle of the last century, the period began which has a peculiar reference to the proceedings of *agitation* at the present time. The Revolution under William, in 1688, had broken down the power of Popery in Ireland. Fifty years of tranquillity followed. The established policy of the Government was to refuse all alliance with Popery, and that policy was proved to be the true one, by its palpable results. During the two attempts of the Pretender, in 1715 and 1745, Popery in Ireland never raised a murmur; and thus, in the only part of the British dominions which had exhibited an organized and powerful force in favour of the Stewarts, which had been, in fact, for a time the separate

kingdom of James II. and which had fought long and fiercely for his cause—was now exhibited the only example of perfect quiet under the Brunswick line.

But when all political hazard had been extinguished in the overthrow at Culloden, a domestic evil arose, on which has been engrafted the continual disturbance of Ireland to this hour. About seventy years ago the Parliament of Ireland began to encroach on the property of the Church. The topic is well known, and can be merely alluded to here. The chief representatives were landlords, their chief property was in pasture, tillage being at this time but little attended to in Ireland. By an act of spoliation, of which they had speedy and bitter cause to repent, they confiscated the property of the Protestant church in those lands, by declaring that grazing-grounds should be exempted from tithe. The immediate operation of this guilty and shortsighted act was to compel the clergyman to find his subsistence, in whatever way he might, out of the little that was left to him in the shape of tithe from the meagre tillage of the peasantry. The peasantry resented at once the pressure and the injustice. The measure had thus the double effect of throwing the Church into misery, and the populace into tumult. It had the further and the still more calamitous effect of putting an immediate stop to the progress of the Protestant religion. The clergy, struggling for existence, were, of course, cut off from the natural means of conciliation; from the exercise of the little hospitalities, charities, the loans of money, the sustenance of charitable institutions and schools, and the numberless acts of kindness which ease of circumstances puts in the power of a Christian minister. They were now compelled to make their demand more strictly; for on that strictness depended their existence, and that of their wives and children. The clergyman thus placed in a position of hostility with respect to the population round him, must be singularly disqualified for the successes of a teacher of the words of peace. The effect of the Charter-schools and other costly public endowments for national instruction was also totally paralysed. Three-fourths of Ireland were in a state nearly approaching to open rebellion. Thou-

sands of the Popish peasantry waited only for nightfall to sally out, pillage, burn, and murder. The clergy lived in a state of the most formidable persecution. They were *marked men*. They lived in a species of rustic outlawry, and were the perpetual object of the bloodiest conspiracies. All their agents and collectors of tithe were equally objects of vengeance, and were constantly tortured with the most barbarian cruelty, or murdered in cold blood. The cutting down of plantations, the digging up of meadows, the houghing of cattle, the girdling of trees, the trampling down of crops, were the minor annoyances, but they tended, like the burning and the bloodshed, to fill up the picture of public desolation.

While this fatal disorder was vitiating the land, the American war came to give it a new stimulant. The province of Ulster, the northern portion of Ireland, was chiefly inhabited by Dissenters, the descendants of the Scotch colonists. But the principle of the original Dissenter, the Scotch Presbyterian, had been gradually divested of the wholesome restraints which in its native land preserved the due discipline. After a few generations, dissent in Ireland had branched out into the nameless ramification to which the principle is so proverbially liable; and from priding itself on its scorn of authority in religious government, it equally extended its scorn to the Government of the empire. The province of Ulster, by its activity and intelligence in commerce and manufactures, had grown opulent. But its wisdom had certainly not grown with its wealth—for the favourite theme of its population was a republic on the American model. If ever a preposterous idea entered into the brain of a mad politician, this was the most preposterous. Overlooking all the palpable distinctions between America and Ireland—between a vast country three thousand miles from Europe, and a small island within sight of the English shores—between a continent in which population might extend without limit through an unappropriated wilderness, and a spot scarcely discernible on the map of Europe, where every acre was already in possession, and one of the great terrors was a population already pressing its boundaries between a powerful people beyond

the sphere of European politics, almost unassailable by European hostilities, and who, in their worst extremity, could fly from their sea-shore and waste all the armies of Europe on the march after them into their morasses and forests, and a people within twelve hours' sail of England, on whom, in the first instance, the fleets and armies of England would pour, and whose soil, in the first European war, would be the field of battle to every enemy of the empire, until the struggle closed either in conquest by England, which must change Ireland from an equal into a captive, and leave the once sharer in all the privileges of freedom a sufferer in the chains of an irritated conqueror; or, with the discomfiture of England, would lay open both countries, in their enfeebled and disunited state, to the ambition of the Continental powers, always jealous of our strength, and always eager to form a party in Ireland;—both must be slaves and undone for ever.

These consequences are such matters of demonstration, that unless the people of Ulster were the most arrant simpletons, they must have foreseen them; yet such was the passion for the poor notoriety that belongs to change, the contemptible ambition of being prominent in railing at Government, and the ridiculous hope of figuring as the presidents, vice-presidents, and secretaries of an Irish republic, on the model of the Transatlantic commonwealth, that every tinker and cobbler of the north of Ireland proclaimed himself a republican. And all this was at the moment when the prosperity of Ireland was growing hour by hour, when the manufacturers and traders were rapidly becoming wealthy, and when every session of Parliament was giving privilege on privilege to the general body of the people.

The French Revolution, that, like a thunder-cloud sweeping across the horizon, was made to gather in its sweep every floating remnant of storm above and below, next came to stimulate the follies of these bustling and inexperienced provincials. The north instantly teemed with Secret Societies and Jacobin Clubs; petty ambition of all kinds was brought into play; and low shopkeepers, workmen in the manufactories, struggling solicitors, and obscure schismatics, plumed themselves on being public characters,

correspondents of conspiracy in France and England, and subverters of all states, including their own. That unfortunate abuse of religious liberty, which mistakes the mere vulgar power of expressing an opinion for the rare wisdom of forming a rational one—the folly which thinks that the true way of exhibiting independence is to despise authority—the scorn of all that was manly, learned, venerable, or sincere—had already spread from religion, which it disgraced and defiled, into politics, which it perverted and made perilous. Every little knot of the vulgar and the ignorant, who conceived that they had a right to make a religion for themselves, extended the conception to the manufacture of a government. The “pigeon-hole constitutions” of the Abbe Sièyes were in full favour with the street Ranters and Shakers of the north, as much as with the thriving and ungrateful boobies, who, in the midst of their opulent manufactories and crowded ports, clamoured that the English Government was a nuisance, and that they were cut short of all their glories, if they were not suffered to have a little republic of their own.

Thus the bonfire was lighted. The national folly of the Irish, who are all struggling to put their sons into what they term “gentlemen’s professions,” and who thus overload every profession with struggling and unhappy candidates for bread, supplied the hands which were to keep the bonfire blazing. To be a barrister was the grand object of every man who aspired to be called a gentleman. No man recollected, that of the eight hundred names on the list, not one-tenth could obtain a decent subsistence, the whole business of the Four Courts of Dublin scarcely amounting to more than the briefs of a Lancashire assize. Ireland thus swarmed with unemployed barristers, some very able, all sufficiently clever for the common purposes of disturbance, and all driven by actual necessity to take up any side that promised the means of life. Some of these men made their way into the House of Commons, and there harangued, of course, on the popular side, until they were fit for purchase by the Ministerial. Some rendered themselves so obnoxious, that their purchase would have brought ridicule on the Ministry,

and those, of course, became daily more furiously patriotic. But whether bought or rejected, whether the willing tools of Government for their hire, or the disconcerted and inflamed haters of the Government which refused their purchase, the evil was already done. The harangues of the candidate for place in his caterpillar state, were remembered when his harangues in place fell dead on the ear. The excluded were still stung to deeper hostility, and political violence, continually pouring out streams of treason, more consuming and intoxicating than the fiery liquors of the land, prepared the people for the most deadly outrages against law, government, and religion. Even the great leaders of the House of Commons rapidly gave way to this guilty courtship of the rabble. They had lived on the breath of popularity, until it became essential to their enjoyment. But they now saw younger men starting in the race, and they gradually threw off all the old encumbrances to their speed, plucked away their honest vestures, and stripped for the prizes of Jacobinism.

But their base traffic soon turned into bankruptcy. Willing as the principles of Whiggism, in every age, are to stoop to the lowest depths of political subserviency, there were those speedily found whose business was so much more effective, whose faculties of villany were so much fresher, and the beggary of whose fortunes was so much more notorious, that Jacobinism instantly adopted them for her own. The Grattans, Ponsonbys, Fitzgeralds, and other men of their aristocratic class, were humiliated, but not trusted,—suffered to prop up the cause in the House, but not admitted of their Council,—made drudges of for the time, but unquestionably marked for ruin in the day of vengeance. Jacobinism is singularly suspicious. This is but the natural course of things. “The thief sees in every bush an officer.” The swindler, as well political as private, lives in perpetual distrust of every finger that he sees in motion round him. The science of treason, plunder, and blood, naturally moulds the mind into a belief of villany in every man. No servility of the Whigs could reconcile the Jacobins to their copartnership in power. They sought out for new men; and while the Opposition

were, night after night, exhausting their lungs in rapid patriotism, their masters had chosen agents as much below them in rank, as above them in the essential qualities of desperate resolution and sanguinary sincerity. One of those agents was Wolfe Tone, a name which has made itself conspicuous by being branded on the register of Irish treason. Tone was a giddy creature, who would probably have died manager of a barn, if it had not been his destiny to die as a rebel. The refusal to adopt in his youth any profession pointed out by his parents, threw him finally into the most precarious and difficult of them all. His absurd ambition was to be a barrister—a barrister! and without money, friends, or interest; or, to supply their places, learning, diligence, or strength of understanding. Tone threw himself into the profession. His failure was inevitable;—want stared him in the face. It is in these hours of bitterness that temptation comes with fatal force.

For the bar he had neither industry nor inclination. He adopted it merely as giving him the rank of a gentleman,—the broadest though the vaguest chance of rising in life,—and giving some remote hopes of bustling his way into political existence, which in Ireland was then equivalent to a regular course of purchase and sale. He was disappointed in all points of this giddy and corrupt speculation. He had married early, and in the usual rash and obstinate style of all his other proceedings. He found himself a beggar, with a fellow-beggar to support;—found the Bar utterly fail him; retired in a great measure from it; and, in an obscure lodging in a suburb of Dublin, ranted to the few idlers, who were glad to make a resource even of his scanty means, on the mighty things that might be done in their particular cases by public overthrow.

This man's history deserves to be written. It would be an incomparable lesson to the weak generation who imagine that notoriety is fame, or that a headlong plunge into political villainess,—the "all-work" of rapine and bloodshed,—is connected by the slightest link with either strength of feeling or lustre of genius. Tone now figures as a martyr, only because he was on the point of being hanged as a rebel; and remains in the memory,

even of kindred conspirators, only because, to avoid being hanged, he cut his own throat. But his works are extant, and they are conviction. It is impossible to have drawn the picture of a more fickle, frivolous, and empty mind than the writer of his Letters has drawn with, however, an unconscious pencil. The Letters are stuffed with quotations from farces, which, from their perpetual mixture with his whole phraseology, seem to have formed the active *matériel* of his knowledge. There is a total want of vigorous view, even in the few instances where he touches on public subjects. The play, the farce, the fiddler, and the opera-dancer, are the only images that float before his brain. His only exhibition of mind, such as it is, is his malignity. Where the name of England occurs, he talks venom. Yet even then the native trifler breaks out—he *chatters* like a Frenchman; and the silliest phrase of some obsolete farce rounds the declamation which threatens to burn the ports of England, and carry the Court of St James's to be laid up in the Tuileries. But the more important point of history is, to exhibit the ready connexion between the embryo rebel and the religious depository of revolt in Ireland; and, denied as it has been, the early connexion of the Romish question with Republicanism.

In the year 1790, on Tone's discovery that money was not to be made by him in the line of his profession, he wrote a pamphlet, offering himself for sale to the best purchaser. Its motto was, "I am no occasional Whig, I am no constitutional Tory. I am addicted to no party, but *the party of the nation*." Having thus advertised himself as a disengaged man, this advertisement was left unanswered by either Whig or Tory. But the Jacobins saw in his recklessness the character fit for their purpose. His pamphlet was republished by the "Northern Whig Club," a little fragment of faction, which had no more relation to the acknowledged Whigs, weak and theoretical as *they* were, than the Marats and Robespierres had to the National Assembly; and Tone was chosen a member of their body. Some personal intercourse subsequently took place between Ponsonby, the leader of the Irish Opposition, and Tone; but his evident rashness and

ignorance made them afraid to employ him, and he never gained the prime object of his ambition, a seat in Parliament. Tone, defeated in this instance, renewed his efforts with the Jacobins. In the same year, he wrote another pamphlet, advocating the separation of Ireland. So much for the rationality of his politics, and the sincerity of the pretenders to moderation. Revolt, not Reform, was now his avowed principle; and notwithstanding this open avowal, if not in consequence of it, he was adopted by the Romish Committee, who professed themselves only desirous of a share in the Constitution, and gave the evidence of their honesty by appointing this declared rebel their secretary, with a salary of L.200 a-year. They went further; they directed this acknowledged *Separatist*, and therefore traitor, to draw up their Parliamentary petition, for which they gave him a gold medal, and, as his circumstances were still of the narrowest order, the more important donation of L.1500!

Tone was thus completely enlisted in the service of the Popish Committee; he taught the high qualifications of the avowed *Atheist*, *Republican*, and *Rebel*, under his own hand, and was employed to combine the Romanism of the south with the Sectarianism of the north.

In a religious point of view, no connexion could be more abominable to either;—the Roman Catholic, in his general hatred of Protestantism, always assigning the deepest point of punishment to the Dissenter, and the Dissenter fixing on the superstition of the Roman Catholic the bitterest sneer of his acrid nature. But they had a reconciling principle; this was, a mutual frenzy against all that bore the name of British Government. The Sectarian and the Papist, scoffing at each other with the keenest contempt on all other grounds, fully agreed in their theory of subversion; and an union was formed, memorable in the history of their country, for treachery, perjury, and murder. Of course it will be readily allowed, that neither the religious Roman Catholic nor the religious Dissenter had any share in this foul conspiracy. The whole was a matter of name. Popery and Puritanism were alike watchwords. The men who joined in these bonds of blood

were infidels and assassins, as destitute of religion as of loyalty; and the success of their treason would have been the only forerunner of as open a proclamation that "There was no God, and that death was an eternal sleep," as ever emanated from the hideous pollutions of French democracy.

The singular leniency with which the English Government has been always disposed to look upon the ebullitions of Irish politics, suffered this gross and profligate scheme to go on to a length which alarmed every friend to the liberties and property of Ireland. At length Tone found that he had become an object of such direct criminality, that his only resource was to fly the country, which he did in 1795, after the failure of a plan for putting the power of Ireland into the hands of his party, by hoodwinking that simplest of all simple Viceroys, the late Lord Fitzwilliam. Tone went to that common *refugium peccatorum*, America, receiving at the moment of his departure as a self-sentenced rebel, and fugitive traitor, the sum of three hundred pounds as a *douceur* from the Committee. Tone, once beyond the grasp of the law, threw off the mask; he had already worn it of the thinnest kind; he now cast off all disguise totally, and acted in the declared capacity of agent for Irish rebellion. In this capacity his total unsuitness for business exhibited itself in his total failure; he lost every occasion of obtaining any one of the criminal objects for which he was commissioned. In his letters he makes the usual complaint of foolish diplomatists, that of being thwarted by every body. At length the French Government, for the evident purpose of getting rid of his complaints, by a bribe to his vanity, gave him a place in the staff of one of their armies. His soldiership was like his diplomacy; he did nothing. The expedition under Hoche sailed; its open object was the conquest of Ireland. Tone had demanded a small body of troops in aid of Irish revolt; and had remonstrated against sending any force which might wrest the country out of the hands of the native rebels. Here his diplomacy had its usual fate. The French Government laughed at him, and sent the most powerful force that they could collect; and with the declared intention of seizing Ireland as

a French possession. Tone, patriot as he was, succumbed, and sailed to Ireland in this armament against the independence of all parties alike. The expedition was finally blown off the coast, and failed. Tone again returned as French invader in a squadron which was captured by Sir J. B. Warren; he was taken prisoner on board, and sent to Dublin to be tried as the traitor that he was. He committed suicide in his prison.

It has been the absurd fashion of the narrators of this period to describe this miserable man as possessing high qualities. This career shows nothing but the recklessness of a vulgar mind, determined on gaining its own temporary objects, in contempt of every feeling of honour; at once boasting and timid, arrogant and mean, abjuring allegiance where it was due, and offering subserviency where it was not, willing to suffer nothing for principle, and do any thing for pay. A patriot invading his country, a philanthropist urging to massacre, a philosopher unable to endure the common difficulties of life with fortitude, and a hero pusillanimously shrinking from the death that he so often boasted of defying, and perishing by his own knife,

through fear of being hanged! Ireland has since produced a counterpart of this man. And pusillanimous as he is, we hope his poltroonery will not deprive us of his public example. There is but one way in which a felon of this order can benefit his country, and we say the sooner the better.

The young Queen is "winning golden opinions of all sorts of men" by her affability, the grace of her manners, and her prettiness. She is excessively like the Brunswicks, and not at all like the Duchess of Kent, or the Cobourgs. So much the more in her favour. The memory of George III. is not yet forgotten; and the people are glad to see his calm, honest, and English physiognomy renewed in his granddaughter. She is low of stature, but well formed; her hair the darkest shade of flaxen; and her eyes large and light-blue. She reads her answers to the addresses well and emphatically; her voice is clear, yet soft and sweet. Surrounded by all the formalities of state, and the formidable sages of law, the Universities and Church, she yet exhibits remarkable ease, and looks the Queen.

The following is versified from an anecdote of George III. inserted, from a publication of the Rev. Mr Crabbe's, in the *Church of England Magazine*:—

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

Outstretched beneath the leafy shade
Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade
A dying woman lay;
Three little children round her stood,
And there went up from the greenwood
A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,
"O mother, mother! do not die
And leave us all alone."—
"My blessed babes!" she tried to say,
But the faint accents died away
In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggled hard with death,
And fast and strong she drew her breath,
And up she raised her head;

And peering through the deep wood
maze
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
"Will he not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,
A little maid's light form was seen,
All breathless with her speed;
And following close, a man came on
(A portly man to look upon),
Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,
Or e'er she reached the woman's side,
And kissed her clay-cold cheek;
"I have not idled in the town,
But long went wandering up and down,
The minister to seek.

"They told me here—they told me there—
I think they mocked me every where ;
And when I found his home,
And begg'd him on my bended knee
To bring his book, and come with me ;
Mother ! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,
And could not go in peace away
Without the Minister ;
I begg'd him, for dear Christ, his sake,
But oh !—my heart was fit to break—
Mother ! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding
me,
I ran back, fast as fast could be,
To come again to you ;
And here—close by—this Squire I met,
Who asked (so mild!) what made me
fret ;
And when I told him true,

" 'I will go with you, child,' he said,
'God sends me to this dying bed.'
Mother, he's here, hard by."
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Look'd on with glistening eye.

The bridle, on his neck flung free,
With quivering flank and trembling
knee,
Pressed close his bonny bay ;
A statelier man,—a statelier steed,
Never on greensward paced, I rede,
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms ; and in his look,
Something that, like a sermon book,
Preached—"All is Vanity."

But when the dying woman's face
Turned toward him with a wishful
gaze,
He stepp'd to where she lay ;
And kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying,— "I am a minister—
My sister ! let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole,
(God's words were printed on his soul)
Into the dying ear
He breathed, as 'twere, an angel's
strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed—regenerate—
Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant, with the cry
"Be merciful to me!"

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,
Endured but for a little while
In patience—faith—and love—
Sure, in God's own good time, to be
Exchanged for an eternity
Of happiness above.

Then—as the spirit ebb'd away—
He raised his hands and eyes, to pray
That peaceful it might pass ;
And then—the orphans' sobs alone
Were heard, as they knelt every one
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wond'ring
eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,
Who rein'd their coursers back,
Just as they found the long astray,
Who, in the heat of chase that day,
Had wander'd from their track.

Back each man rein'd his pawing
steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side :
And there, uncovered all, they stood—
It was a wholesome sight and good
That day for mortal pride—

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hush'd, bare-headed
band ;
And central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
Knelt their anointed King.

C.

THE LATE COMMERCIAL CRISIS—THE WORK OF THE TYRANT MAJORITY.

For the last nine months distress and suffering in their worst, most protracted, and aggravated form have been passing over the commercial world, both of this country and America. Inferior to the great catastrophe of December 1825 in the pressure on the banks, and consequent general panic through the community, the crisis of 1837 has been infinitely superior to it in the lengthened suffering which it has diffused through the manufacturing interests, and the unparalleled distress in which it has involved the working classes. The greatest mercantile houses of Britain have been brought to the edge of perdition; some, whose credit a year ago stood as high as any in Europe, have sunk in the struggle; the prudent conduct and well-timed liberality of the Bank of England alone has averted a still greater convulsion, and possibly saved the nation from the horrors of a general bankruptcy. While manufactured articles of every sort have fallen a half in value; while the produce of the British customs has sunk L.900,000 in a single quarter; while nearly one-half of the cotton mills of the island have been shut up, either from inability to find a market for their produce, distrust of the solvency of their purchasers, or the insane attempts of their workmen to keep up their wages by combination and outrage, in a period of adversity, at the high level to which they had risen in the preceding unparalleled prosperity,—the distress universally diffused throughout the working classes has been unprecedented. For nearly six months fifty thousand hands have been unemployed in Manchester and its vicinity; the destitution of the silk weavers of Spitalfields and Macclesfield has been relieved for a time only by an united effort of royal bounty and fashionable expenditure: twenty thousand workmen are idle at Paisley and its vicinity, of whom nine thousand are daily maintained solely by the bounty of the higher classes, themselves labouring under unprecedented difficulties; and at Glasgow, what between the long-continued pressure on

the masters, and the monstrous conduct of the workmen, who have chosen this season of universal suffering to strike to prevent any reduction of wages, nearly one-half of the labouring classes have for several months been in a state of idleness; and thousands have been kept alive solely by the munificent bounty which, in periods of real distress, is never wanting among the opulent classes in that great centre of manufacturing industry.

What renders this crisis the more distressing, and inspires the more gloomy presentiments in regard to its effects in future, is the gradual way in which it has come on, the length of time it has already lasted, and the *universal application* of the pressure which it has occasioned. Other commercial crises, as that of 1825, have come on at once; raged for a season with extraordinary severity, but when the panic subsided, speedily disappeared; or, as those of 1810 and 1816, been principally confined to the persons engaged in particular branches of manufacture or commerce. But on this occasion all classes are suffering alike. — The cotton-spinners, the cotton-holders, the iron-masters, the shawl-manufacturers, the silk-weavers, the fancy dressmakers, the handloom-weavers, the clothiers, the engineers, the machine-makers, are all involved in equal suffering. Orders have ceased or declined to one-half; credit is shaken over the whole world. In no direction are the symptoms of a decided reaction on the part of the *purchasers* yet to be seen. That the commercial and manufacturing classes have hitherto stood the storm so well; that so few failures have occurred as yet amongst them, is the strongest proof of the solidity of their establishments, the general prudence of their speculations, and the immense wealth which ten continued years of peace and prosperity have diffused throughout the British mercantile world. The tempest of 1837 has completely tried their strength, and demonstrated, that if it began in most cases with paper credit, it has rapidly grown into solid opulence. Had it occurred when they

were no better prepared for it than they were in 1825, it is not going too far to say that at least *one-half* of the whole manufacturing and commercial establishments of the country would have been destroyed. As it is, nearly two millions of operatives, or their dependents, are at this moment out of employment in this island; and thousands of houses have stood the shock only by yielding up the whole profits of the last ten years, and beginning the world anew, after they flattered themselves they had nearly realized the object of their fondest wishes.

But if these have been the effects of the storm in the British islands, how incomparably more disastrous have been its effects on the other side of the Atlantic! In America, a convulsion has been experienced unprecedented perhaps in the civilized world. It may truly be said that an universal bankruptcy has there taken place. In the State of New Orleans, the great emporium of the Southern States of the Union, the debts for which the inhabitants of the city and province have failed, amount to the enormous and unexampled sum of **FORTY-FIVE MILLIONS STERLING**. In fact, every human being, with one or two exceptions, has become bankrupt. In New York, after the bankruptcies had amounted to five millions sterling, and two of the principal banks in the city had failed, and it was every where understood that a general bankruptcy of them all was at hand, the extraordinary step of universally suspending cash payments was adopted, which has since been generally followed in all the cities of the Union. What the effect of such a portentous state of things as this simultaneous suspension of cash payments, without any authority from the Legislature, may ultimately be, it is not for us to say; and many years, perhaps half a century, will elapse before they are all exhausted. At this time, forty years after the suspension of cash payments forced on Mr Pitt by overbearing necessity in 1797, we are far from having exhausted all the effects of that momentous change. But this much at least is certain, that the misery and ruin diffused through all classes, but especially the working ones, by this general public and private bankruptcy in America, far exceeds that arising from any catastrophe, civil or military,

which has occurred in modern times. The devastation produced by the Peninsular invasion, the burning of Moscow, or the overthrow of Napoleon, were trifling in comparison.

What is it, then, which has occasioned this general and overwhelming calamity; which has suddenly nipt the prosperity which amidst peace and abundance was stealing over the civilized earth, and converted the joy and opulence of the whole commercial world into anxiety and mourning? It is of the more importance to acquire accurate ideas upon this subject, because it is evident that there is no ostensible and apparent cause to which, as on occasions of former commercial panics, the general distress can be ascribed. In 1793, the breaking out of a general war, the sudden fall of the public funds, and stoppage of so many pacific channels of commerce, sufficiently explained the crisis. In 1797, the unparalleled drain upon the Bank, arising from the general practice of hoarding, consequent on the dread of invasion; the great loans, all requiring to be paid in specie to foreign powers; and the unexampled demand for the precious metals for the use of the belligerent powers in Italy and Germany, sufficiently explained the crisis which compelled Mr Pitt to suspend cash payments, and induced that series of causes and effects which, thirty years afterwards, brought about the general ill-humour which terminated in the Reform Bill, and in its ultimate results is destined to dissolve the British empire. In 1810 and 1811, the severe embarrassment was plainly owing to the stoppage of continental commerce by the operation of the Berlin and Milan Decrees; the interruption of American commerce, by the effect of the Orders in Council, and consequent non-intercourse act; and the great confiscation of British merchandise in the Baltic in the close of the former years. In 1816 and 1817, the sudden cessation of the war expenditure, the closing of warlike branches of industry, and the contraction of the Treasury issue from a hundred and twenty to fifty millions, sufficiently explained the universal suffering. In 1825, the crisis was obviously brought about by the vast impulse given to commerce by the bill of 1822, which practically suspended the

withering influence of the famous resumption of cash payments in 1819; followed by the enormous absorption and loss of capital in the insane mining speculations of South America, and still more insane loans, amounting to £50,000,000 sterling, to the "healthy young republics," which at that period began their career of selfishness, rapacity, and insolvency. But in 1836 and 1837, none of these causes were in operation; none corresponding or similar to them had begun to come into action. The world, with the exception of a desperate civil contest in the Peninsular mountains, was undisturbed; continued tranquillity for two-and-twenty years had sufficiently healed the wounds consequent on the transition from war to peace; human industry and intelligence had worked out and explored the durable and safe channels of pacific enterprise. The delusion of the South American republics, like all other democratic phantasmagorias, had passed away; the extravagance of the Rio del Monte shares was forgotten; the mines of Peru and Mexico, ruined by the revolutionary convulsions of twenty years, were set at rest for a half century to come; the currency of England was established on a comparatively safe foundation; and after a world of anxiety and suffering, which, by the long-continued distress it occasioned, had brought on organic reforms, and led the nation to the edge of perdition, the perilous change from a paper to a metallic currency had been gone through, prices had been accommodated to the lowered standard of value; the debts which had thereby acquired an overwhelming magnitude, had crushed the debtors, and hosts of insolvent traders, after passing through the Gazette, had sunk in the struggle, or were quietly laid in their graves. The recent bill, declaring Bank of England notes a legal tender every where but at the Bank of England, had, in a great degree, obviated the effects, in internal transactions at least, of that prodigious change. Political contention had lost much of its vehemence, and consequent dangerous character; the long depression springing from the general insecurity which followed the passing of the Reform Bill, had passed away; commerce and manufactures had revived to an

extraordinary degree; the constitution, however violently agitated by preceding changes, had acquired a sort of temporary equilibrium between the increased power of the Commons, on the one hand, and the increased vigour and importance of the Peers, on the other; and Britain exhibited the extraordinary and unparalleled spectacle to the world, of a vast revolutionary change having been effected, and yet, within a few years, every branch of industry reviving and flourishing as under the shelter of the firmest and most durable constitutional bulwarks.

In truth, the revival of industry and commercial enterprise had been so gradual; it was based on so much solid capital; extended into so many and such safe channels; spread so equally over the world; and was so generally free of the dangerous element of rash speculation, that it was impossible to persuade the great bulk of the mercantile world that it was coming on; and thence, in a great degree, the wide extent and durable character of the catastrophe. The author of this article repeatedly warned some of the greatest merchants in Britain, during the winter of 1835-6, and the spring of 1836, when prosperity was so universal, orders so pressing, and prices so high, that a great commercial crisis was approaching, which would equal that of 1825 in severity, and exceed it in duration; but he found hardly any one who could give credit to the gloomy forebodings. It was constantly answered, that the circumstances were essentially different; that the dangerous features of 1825 were happily wanting; that vast sums were no longer sent out of the country in visionary speculations or absurd loans; that prices were not forced up by extravagant speculation; but the orders were at once solid and rational, various and satisfactory—coming in from all different quarters for ready money, or bills at short dates, and evidently based on the firm foundation of increased opulence among the consumers in every part of the world. Inspired with confidence by these flattering appearances, the great bulk of the mercantile and manufacturing world went on, through the whole course of 1835 and the first six months of 1836, purchasing, manufacturing, and specula-

ting with extraordinary activity ; and such was the continued and rapid rise of prices during all that period, that almost all these undertakings proved advantageous, and the amount of profits made in every department of business for the whole time was probably unparalleled in the whole annals of the world.

To those, however, who consider the inevitable effect of considerable and rapid monetary changes upon the course of the precious metals throughout the world, it must appear evident that any such rise of prices, consequent on an extraordinary and unnatural amount of mercantile activity, is fraught with inevitable danger ; and that if it continues for a certain time, and varies prices to a certain height, it must terminate in disaster. Nothing preserves its equilibrium so completely as gold and silver ; by no human means can their value be kept different for any length of time in one country from what they are in others. When prices have risen to any considerable degree in any commercial state, from general confidence and prosperity, the precious metals naturally find their way into other States, where they can be exchanged for a greater quantity of commodities—that is, find a more profitable investment. There is, therefore, a foundation laid in every considerable and sudden rise of prices in one commercial state for a certain and probably rapid reaction ; because the precious metals will rapidly find their way out of it, and exchanges in consequence becoming unfavourable, the banks, which are the great emporiums of metallic wealth, will feel themselves under the necessity, in their own defence, of contracting their issues ; and a stoppage will in consequence be given to credit, at the very time when, from the magnitude and universality of speculating, mercantile men, even of the greatest resources, have the most need, in anticipation of their returns, of its assistance.

This effect accordingly took place in this country. Sagacious observers, amidst the general whirl and rise of prices, remarked, through all the spring of 1836, that the exchanges were constantly becoming more unfavourable to this country ; and at length they became so to such a degree, and the drain which set in upon the Bank was

so violent, that it was evident to every observer, that if measures of defence were not speedily adopted, that great parent establishment, and with it every lesser bank in the empire, must speedily become insolvent. At the same time, it became apparent, from the character and course of mercantile transactions of the parties by whom chiefly this great drain was kept up, and the extraordinary magnitude of their operations, that some new cause had suddenly come into activity on the other side of the Atlantic, far more powerful in its operation than the mere tendency of the precious metals to flow abroad, in consequence of the change of prices, in quest of a more profitable market than they could find at home. This was especially evident from the quarter to which all the shipments of gold were destined ; America was the great centre to which they converged ; it seemed as if a vast magnet had suddenly been discovered in that country, invested with the quality of attracting the precious metals from every other part of the world. Now, the ordinary course of mercantile transactions could never account for this direction of the precious metals ; for if speculation was rife, and the fever of enterprise ran high in the States of the Union, it ran at least as high in the British Islands ; and if prices had risen to an extraordinary degree there, they had followed with equal steps on this side of the Atlantic.

Whatever the cause may have been, however, it was evident that the root of the evil lay in this drain of the precious metals to the United States ; and to such a length had it gone, and so gigantic were the transactions of the great houses engaged in this traffic, that the affair assumed a national aspect ; it was a struggle for life or death between the two countries. The ruling party in America openly gave out that they had got the gold, and they would hold it ; that the Bank of England would be brought down to its marrow-bones ; and that in the commercial confusion and ruin which must ensue in the British Islands, a revolution was inevitable, and the greatness of England would be at once destroyed. The drain upon the Bank, and the exportation of the precious metals to the United States, had assumed a systematic, gigantic form, to which there is

nothing to be found comparable in the whole previous history of mercantile enterprise. For obvious reasons, we do not give the names of the parties engaged in these enormous transactions; to the mercantile world they are well known; to ordinary readers they could serve only to gratify an idle, perhaps hurtful, curiosity. Suffice it to say, that four or five houses of almost boundless resources, and first-rate respectability, were engaged in transactions to the amount of above twenty millions sterling; the general result of which, amidst a variety of complicated bill transactions, was to import cotton to an enormous extent into this country; and export gold, both in the form of bullion and sovereigns, to a similar amount to the United States. The bills of one of these houses, which fell due in June last, are understood to have amounted to L.1,200,000. The bills of these great commercial establishments were almost all discounted or made payable at the Bank of England; and when payment of their contents was received, gold or sovereigns were invariably demanded, and could not, of course, be refused; the moment they were drawn out of the Bank, they were shipped for New Orleans or New York. Thus the drain upon that great fountain of wealth became unparalleled, and in the highest degree alarming; and now that the danger has in a great measure passed, and this perilous traffic has entirely ceased, it is not going too far to assert, that nothing but the most consummate prudence, wisdom, and liberality on the part of its directors could have averted a recurrence to the fatal step of suspending cash payments, and saved the nation from the calamity which America has undergone, — a general public and private bankruptcy.

In these circumstances of danger and difficulty, the Bank had but one course to adopt, and to the early adoption and steady perseverance in that course the salvation of the mercantile world, from even greater calamities than have actually fallen upon it, is entirely to be ascribed. This was, in mercantile phrase, to *put on the screw*; to limit their own issues; to contract the currency of the country; and bring prices and speculation back to that healthful state when the present alarming drain might no longer endanger

the existence of every mercantile establishment in the country. They began to close in June, 1836, and resolutely threw out the paper of the greatest and most respectable mercantile firms of the Island; from no distrust of the solidity of these establishments, but a determination to put an end to the withering traffic which was gradually sucking out of the country the whole metallic currency which it contained. The houses engaged in the North American trade were, of course, the first to suffer, because they were those directly engaged in this perilous course of dealing; but the check thus given to speculation, credit, and confidence, soon communicated itself to all other branches of industry, and produced that severe and long-continued agony and suspense in which they have all been involved since that time. Superficial observers ascribed the whole evil to the Bank, and were loud in their complaints of any body of men having thus the power of arresting the march of national prosperity, and reducing to a-half the value of every mercantile man's property; but all well-informed persons are now agreed that the conduct of the Directors of that establishment has been at once judicious and liberal; and that, but for the early check which they gave to the progress of extravagant speculation in this country, and the effectual way in which they stopped the drain to America, a catastrophe, similar to that which has prostrated America, must have ensued, with tenfold its suffering and anguish, among the crowded millions of this narrow and peopled realm.

What was the hidden cause, then, which in America brought about this terrible convulsion; and produced a pressure for gold, so eminently threatening to this country, that the Bank of England was driven, as a means of self-preservation, into defensive measures, which were obviously the immediate cause of the disaster? We shall find the cause in the insanity of the American democracy, in the violent struggle between the Conservative and levelling principles of which, for four years, that country has been the theatre; in the monstrous absurdity of the masses, who, by long-continued clamour and violence, in opposition to

the united opinion of all the wealth, respectability, and intelligence of the country, engaged the executive in a struggle for life and death with the commercial and intellectual aristocracy, and at length carried their democratic jealousy so far as, during a period of unexampled commercial enterprise, to attempt to force upon the country an exclusively metallic currency. That is, to pass a far stronger measure than the English bill of 1819, during the fever of 1824. This is what the American masses have done; it is in this result that the grand experiments of democratic institutions—self-government, and universal education—have terminated. This is what the sober, rational, well-matured opinion of the majority has unanimously sanctioned. They have perpetrated not merely an act of injustice to others, but of insanity towards themselves, to which no parallel is to be found in the whole annals of legal or aristocratic oppression. No example more eminently instructive to the people of this country ever was afforded; none could be conceived so wonderfully calculated to evince, even to demonstration, the truth of the opinions which we have never ceased to inculcate, that the proceedings and principles of the democratic multitude are utterly ruinous even to themselves; and that, in the blindness of party zeal, or the worship of republican ambition, they urge measures fitted, not merely in their ultimate, but even their immediate results, to send themselves to perdition.

Every body knows the political constitution of America; that it is a country of republican institutions, universal suffrage, vote by ballot; that the multitude are the ruling power; that pledges are exacted from their representatives, and that the opinion and wishes of the majority are directly brought to bear upon the direction of public affairs. There is no indirect influence or hidden authority; corruption cannot reach, at least in its grosser form, the millions invested with power; the naked, undiluted, undisguised opinion of the majority, governs every thing. It is on this very account that it is ever held up

by the Radical party in this country, as the perfection of social institutions; and they are unanimous in their opinion, that the sovereign multitude can—not merely by a fiction of law, like the King of England—but really and truly, *do no wrong*. To show that we do not exaggerate their tenets in this particular, we quote the words of one of their ablest and most candid writers:—"The theory of the Government of the United States," says Miss Martineau, "has grasped and embodied the mighty principle, that politics are morals;—that is, a matter of universal and equal concern. Connected with this is the theory that *the majority will be in the right*, both as to the choice of principles which are to govern particular laws, and the agents who are to work them. This theory, *obviously just* as it appears, as long as it is applied to objects of universal and equal concern, cannot be set aside, without overturning all with which it is involved. Nothing can be more striking to a stranger, than the experience gained, after some residence in the United States, of the ultimate ascendancy of the will of the majority; that is, of the right, in defiance of all appearance to the contrary."*

It is only of late years, however, that this principle has appeared in its unrestrained form, or the unvarying correctness of the judgment of the majority has been fairly put to the test. Previous to this, from the weight of the Federalists, the remains of English habits and ideas, the influence of English literature, and the natural ascendancy of intelligence and property over mere numbers, the more opulent and educated classes, the aristocracy of wealth and talent, maintained a superiority both in the Legislature and the Government. It is well known, however, that for thirty years past—in fact, ever since the death of General Washington, who was the pillar of the Federalist or Conservative party—the Democratic interest has been constantly and rapidly gaining strength, gradually acquiring a decided majority in the Lower Chamber of Congress, and in the person of General Jackson, for the first time seized the reins of the Executive.

* Martineau's America, I., 8, 58.

This important progress, little attended to amidst the pressure of similar or greater domestic dangers in this country, is thus summed up by a recent and able French traveller in the United States, M. Chevalier, a decided Liberal and devoted worshipper of the Reform Bill, from whose valuable work we shall have many extracts to make in the sequel of this paper.

"Previous to the election of General Jackson, the Federalists had always exerted a certain influence over all the Presidents, who were always scholars, and who had all, whatever their party might be, connexions of family, friendship, or early habits with the Conservative ranks. Up to his accession to power, that party had always a sort of control over both Chambers. Now, however, this is entirely at an end; the Executive is wholly at the disposal of the Democratic party. The Federalists have no influence whatever, except in one of the Chambers, and that is the Senate, where their preponderance is still maintained, from the superiority in its ranks of intelligence, education, and fortune. The democrats, in consequence, have not failed to designate the Senate with the title of Aristocratic Body, and to call it the House of Lords. The mass, which in Europe is accustomed to bear the burden, and receive the law, has succeeded in imposing it on the shoulders of the elevated and polished classes, which in Europe constitute the superior stratum of society, and form the laws. The farmer and the mechanic are the rulers of the New World: public opinion is *their* opinion; public will is *their* will: the President is the man of *their* choice, *their* mandatory, *their* servant. If it is true that in Europe the classes which are the depositaries of power are too often disposed to use

it for their own advantage, without consulting the advantage or interest of the classes beneath themselves, it must be admitted, that in America the classes which hold the sceptre are not exempted from their own egotism, and that they take even less pains to disguise it. In a word, North America is Europe with the head down and the feet uppermost. In every part of Europe, even the freest Republics, the principle of society is at bottom aristocratic; but society in America is essentially and radically a Democracy. The spirit of equality has filtered through all the national usages, customs, and habits; it astonishes the European traveller, who was not previously aware, how radically soever disposed, how much his system was impregnated with the aristocratic principles: in a word, it has levelled all distinctions, except that founded on the colour of the skin, which subsists unchanged."*

While these are the well-known political institutions of North America, the physical situation of the country is equally peculiar. Every body knows that the States of the Union embrace a territory, most of it of the highest fertility, equal to the surface of all Europe, including Russia, on this side of the Ural Mountains, about eighteen times the whole area of France, and *thirty times that of the British Islands*.† In this immense territory there is a population of about twelve millions of men, almost all active, industrious, and energetic, doubling every thirty years, and capable, if sustained at the same rate of increase, of producing, in two centuries, two hundred millions of human beings, in comfort and happiness. What then is wanting to sustain the fortunes of a state in such unparalleled circumstances of abundance? Nothing but CAPITAL. This, however, is in-

* Chevalier, *Amerique du Nord*, i., 307, 308.

	Square Leagues
† Europe, as far as the Ural Mountains,	2,742,000
United States, on this side of the Alleghany,	1,528,000
Coast of the Pacific,	225,000
Valley of the Mississippi,	1,015,000
Total,	2,768,000
France,	154,000
United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,	91,000

—Maltebrun and Chevalier, i. 387.

dispensable ; and it is obviously impossible, even with the most industrious, saving, and active population in the world, that the existing wealth can be proportioned either to the boundless extent of waste land capable of cultivation, or the constantly increasing wants of a growing and indefatigable people. It is in such a state that the utility of Banks and paper credit is most strongly felt, and that a paper circulation, based on sound principles, becomes an indispensable element in the progress of social improvement.

Banks are the great instrument by which integrity and talent supply the want of capital ; by which prudence and industry, setting out on the basis of paper credit, attain at length to the solid advantage of substantial capital. Such a system quadruples at once the active capital of the country, by producing a paper capital based on credit, which, as long as that credit remains unshaken, answers all the purposes of encouraging industry just as well as the metallic treasures of Mexico and Peru. It prevents a large portion of the national wealth from being absorbed in the unprofitable and unproductive form of a metallic currency, and provides for the necessary circulation at a fifth part of its cost. Old states in which capital is redundant, and all home employment nearly filled up, may dispense with a paper currency, just as the finished scholar may discard the rudiments, or the accomplished equestrian forget the lessons of the *manège* ; but till that last stage has arrived, it is the greatest act of national insanity to destroy or restrain, except within those limits which the public safety requires, the invaluable ally of a paper circulation. It has quadrupled in the last half century the wealth of Scotland, and multiplied tenfold that of America. But for the powerful impulse given by the advances of bankers, and the enlarged capital which they put in motion, the industry of the United States, instead of having long ago crossed the Alleghany Mountains, and given birth to four millions of men in the valley of the Mississippi, would have been still slowly advancing along the shores of the Atlantic, and not yet have pierced the profound solitudes of the Ohio or the Missouri.

Accordingly, from a very early

period banking establishments, as will be the case in all free, intelligent, and advancing communities, have been established with extraordinary benefit in the United States. The advantages, however, with which they are attended, have not been unmixed with evil ; there, as elsewhere, fraudulent insolvency too often usurped the King's prerogative, and issued its own worthless paper as the current coin of the realm. Miss Martineau gives the following account of the cause which led to the establishment of the United States Bank, the grand object of Democratic jealousy at this time :—

“ Occasional disorders happened from the misconduct of country banks, prior to 1811. The renewal of the charter of the United States Bank was then refused. The Government was pressed by the evils of war ; and the check of the superintendence of the Bank being withdrawn, the local banks, out of New England, came to the agreement (too senseless to be ever repeated) to suspend specie payments. All issued what kind and quantity of paper pleased themselves, till above twice the amount of money needed was abroad ; and the notes were in some States five, in others ten, in others twenty, below par. The New England people, mean-time, used convertible paper only ; and under the law which provides that all duties, imposts, and excises should be uniform throughout the States, were thus compelled to pay one-tenth more to the revenue officers than the people of New York, who used the depreciated currency ; and one-fifth more than the Baltimore merchants.

“ This state of things could not last. A national bank was again established, in 1816, for the purpose of controlling the local banks. Its charter was for twenty years, with a capital of 35,000,000 dollars, to which the federal government subscribed one-fifth. Its notes were made receivable for any debt due to the United States.

“ Its purpose was presently answered. The local banks had, in three years, resumed cash payments. The management of the United States Bank, during the rest of its term, has been, upon the whole, prudent and moderate. That a power has not been abused, is not, however, a reason for its continued exercise, if it be really unconstitutional. President Jackson thinks, and the majority thinks with him, that it is contrary to the spirit of the constitution (as it is certainly unauthorised by its letter), that any institution should have the power, unchecked for a long

term of years, of affecting the affairs of individuals, from the further corners of Maine or Missouri, down to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico; of influencing elections; of biasing the press; and of acting strongly either with or against the Administration. The majority considers, that if the United States Bank has great power for good, it has also great power for harm; and that the general government cannot be secure of working naturally in its limited functions, while this great power subsists, to be either its enemy or its ally."

Since the establishment of the United States Bank, and the great influence which, from its vast capital, prudent conduct, and well-timed liberality it has acquired all over the Union, the paper currency of the country has been on a much more solid foundation than formerly. The official returns of the Banks of the Union on 1st January, 1835, give their number, capital, and notes in circulation, as follows:—

Total number of Banks,		557	
Nominal.		Dollars.	
Their capital,	.	231,250,000,	or £57,000,000
Notes in circulation,	.	103,692,000,	or 25,800,000
Specie in their coffers,	.	43,937,000,	or 10,800,000
Commercial paper under discount,	.	365,000,000,	or 91,200,000

But the vast importance of the Bank is to be judged of by the amount of			
Its capital,	.	35,000,000,	or £8,750,000
Notes in circulation,	.	17,300,000,	or 4,400,000
Commercial paper under discount,	.	51,941,000,	or 12,800,000 *

Nothing more is requisite than these figures to show the vast importance of the banking system to the United States, as to every other rising and enterprising people. And it is apparent that such establishments, if rightly understood, are eminently favourable to the progress of freedom, and the real interests of the working classes. Capital—solid wealth—is ever essentially aristocratic. It never can be very generally or widely diffused, at least in large masses; and, therefore, banks which lend a helping hand to enterprise and activity in the earlier and more eventful periods of their career, and enable them to maintain the struggle with older establishments, having the advantage of long-tried connexions and realized wealth, are eminently favourable to the popular classes, and the best support to the cause of liberty. Without banks, a commercial state must ever speedily fall, and ever has fallen, under the dominion of a few overgrown mercantile establishments; industry and activity can never maintain their ground in the competition from want of capital. The banker with his notes has done as much for the cause of freedom,

as either the printer with his printing-press, or the schoolmaster with his grammar.

But it appeared otherwise to the judicious, prudent, and far-seeing masses in the United States. These enlightened men, every one with his Encyclopædia by his side and his newspaper in his pocket, have conceived the most inveterate and universal *jealousy of Banks*; and especially of the great parent establishment, the Bank of the United States at New York. They have carried this animosity so far as, for five years past, to have made it a *sine qua non* with all their representatives that they should do all in their power to overturn and extirpate the banks, and reduce the country to the restricted circulation of a metallic currency. These sagacious, well-informed, and reflecting masses, who, according to the true theory of government, *are always in the right*, have discovered that their territory, thirty times the area of the British Islands, can be just as well cultivated with a metallic capital in currency of £11,000,000, as a specie and metallic circulation of £36,000,000; that the discount of £90,000,000 of commercial paper

* See Chevalier, i. 378.

every three months, is perfectly needless; that prices of all sorts of commodities, and above all, of labour, will remain just as high when the circulation is reduced to a fourth of its present amount, as when paper to the amount of a hundred and twenty millions is continually in circulation; and that *their* interests—the interests of the working classes—will be best secured by sweeping away all banking establishments together. On this principle they have acted for a course of years, from one end of the Union to the other, in direct opposition, as may well be believed, to the opinions and efforts of all the intelligent sensible men in the country. But, as Livy long ago observed, “*Major pars ut plerumque sit meliorem vicit*,” and the intelligent, far-seeing masses, strong in the support of the multitude, strong in the powers of universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and the exaction of pledges, have returned representatives, and placed a President at the helm, who have carried through, amidst the unanimous shouts of the whole Republican party in America, the following decisive measures against the United States Bank, intended as a prelude to the war against all Banks whatever:—

I. The President, of his own authority, and directly in the face of the law passed by Congress on that subject, withdrew from the Bank of the United States, in the close of 1833, the whole deposits of Government, although it had paid 1,500,000 dollars for that privilege, secured to it by an act of the whole Legislature. The Secretary of State for the Home Department hesitated to adopt a step so manifestly illegal; but General Jackson overcame his scruples by taking the whole responsibility upon himself; and the masses unanimously approved the great act of democratic injustice.

II. To paralyse the strength of the Bank by an apprehension of approaching dissolution, General Jackson opposed his sovereign *veto* to the act which had passed both Houses of the Legislature in the session of 1832-3 for the renewal of the Bank charter at the expiration of three years, which was the period when its existing charter expired. This too was loudly ap-

plauded by the democratic party all over the Union.

III. More lately, in 1835, he took the still more violent step of issuing an order from the Treasury, requiring the whole duties and taxes to Government, and the whole price of public lands sold for the behoof of the state, to be paid *in specie only*; which cash, when received, was, so far as possible, kept locked up in the coffers of Government. This decisive act, which amounted to a complete injunction of cash payments and proscription of paper, so far as the Government could effect it, was attended, as might naturally be expected, with the most momentous effects, and was the direct and obvious cause of the extravagant demand for money all over the United States, and the alarming drain which soon after set in upon this country. It, too, excited the most extravagant joy and exultation, as the first step towards the destruction of the Bank, among the intelligent masses all over the United States.

To understand the real nature and judicious character of the universal clamour thus got up in the United States among the working classes, upon democratic principles, and for democratic objects, against the Bank of the United States and a paper currency in general, it is necessary to attend to two things:—The universal use and incalculable practical importance, in an under-peopled rising country like America, of those banking establishments, which quadruple the active capital of the inhabitants, and furnish funds to those who have none, for the prosecution of the most useful undertakings; and the unprecedented state of activity in speculation of every kind, both in land and merchandise, which was going forward when the masses forced upon the Government, and unanimously approved, these decisive measures against banking credit, and for the introduction of an exclusively metallic circulation.

We cannot illustrate the first position better than in the words of the liberal democratic French traveller, M. Chevalier:—

“Credit is the primary element of life in the United States; they literally live on it. Without credit, those populous towns which arise on all sides, as if by enchantment—those rich states which fringe the

margin of the Atlantic, which stretch to the west of the Alleghany, and extend along the course of the Ohio and the Mississippi, would have been still savage forests and bottomless morasses. New York alone possesses twenty banks: the mean of its annual discounts is L.25,000,000; whereas at Paris the total discounts of the Bank were, in 1831, L.9,000,000; in 1832, only L.6,000,000. At Philadelphia, in 1831, the discounts rose to L.32,000,000. A general shake to credit, even for the shortest time, is here more terrible than the most frightful earthquake. The banks have acted as the lever which has enabled the Americans to establish among themselves, to their own great profit, the agriculture and industry of Europe, and which has covered their territory with cities, canals, railroads, manufactories, and fertile fields; in a word, every thing which constitutes civilisation. Without the banks, the cultivator would have been destitute of capital for his most necessary advance; he would have had no instruments for the clearing of his farm; and if the system has led in many cases to absurd and gambling speculations, it is the same system which has enabled the farmer to purchase land for two dollars the acre, which he afterwards sold for ten or a hundred. The mechanics, who are now so loud in their condemnation of the banking system, forget, that it is to it that they owe the industrial activity which has enabled them to earn from five to eight shillings a-day of wages. They forget that it is it which has furnished them with the means, of which so many have availed themselves, of rising to opulence and comfort; for, in America, every enterprising man who can give the guarantee of a tolerable character, is sure of obtaining credit, and thus has the means of making his fortune.

"The excessive multiplication of banks, however, has been attended here, as elsewhere, with dangerous consequences. Credit was in some instances unduly extended, and banking establishments which pushed their notes into general circulation, afterwards, by their failure, diffused general distress. The evil, however, has been cured from the day when the Bank of the United States was finally established. That great institution, which in its very commencement committed some faults for which it paid dear, has for ten years past acted invariably with the most consummate prudence. The greater part of the leading men of the country are connected with it in the capacity of directors. The correspondents abroad are the greatest

houses,—those of Baring at London, and Hottingein at Amsterdam. It exercises over all the local banks, an indispensable control; it obliges them to observe some moderation in their issues, by demanding payment in cash, or refusing their notes in exchange, whenever it conceives they are transgressing the bounds of prudence. It is by means of it that the currency of the country has been so largely extended, that in 1831 the banks of the country could, without difficulty, sustain a mass of discounts, which, over the whole Union, amounted to the enormous sum of L.240,000,000 sterling." — CHEVALIER, *Amerique du Nord*, i. 40, 41, 49.

The other position necessary to be appreciated in considering the wisdom and necessary effects of the war of extermination waged by the American masses against the Bank of the United States, viz., the enormous extent and unparalleled activity of the speculations in land and cotton, at the period which they selected for the commencement of hostilities, is thus described by the same liberal author:—

"The public lands sold by the Government of the United States in the last five years have been as follows:—

	Hectares of land.	Price paid.
1830	782,000	L.485,000
1831	1,125,000	700,000
1832	997,000	620,000
1833	1,562,000	1,040,000
1834	1,887,000	1,480,000
1835	3,645,000	2,600,000

This extraordinary increase indicates the almost boundless extent of the speculations in land which were going on during the latter part of this period in the United States. The progressive growth of the export of cotton is equally remarkable.

	Kilograms.	Value.
1832	145,000,000	L.6,400,000
1833	146,000,000	7,400,000
1834	173,600,000	10,500,000
1835	286,000,000	12,400,000

"This prodigious activity in speculation of every sort, both in land and merchandise, rose to a perfect fever in the course of 1836. Purchasers of lots keenly competed in the north for forests containing trees fit for the construction of dwellings,—in the south, for the marshes of the Mississippi,—and in the west, the far distant pasturages of the Ohio and the Missouri. The extraordinary rise of several towns in these

remote quarters has turned every head,—and they speculate on the probable value of such and such localities for future cities, as if three or four Londons, as many Parises, and at least a dozen Liverpools, were speedily to spread in these desert abodes their streets, their houses, their wealth, their forests of masts. At New York alone, the Government has disposed of lots for 2,000,000 of inhabitants; at Orleans, for 1,000,000. They have assigned as localities for houses, cities, and streets, arid rocks or moving quagmires. In Louisiana, impassable morasses, the eternal abode of alligators; the swamps and bogs of New Orleans, which are covered with water to the depth of ten or twelve feet; and in the north, the bed of the Hudson, submerged to the depth of thirty feet, have found numerous purchasers.”—CHEVALIER I. 416, 417, and II. 163.

Such being the fever of speculation in land and merchandise in the United States for the last three years,—such the indisputable necessity for banking establishments to aid the efforts of industry over its boundless surface,—and such the benefits which the Bank of the United States had conferred upon the community, by placing on a more solid and secure foundation than heretofore the mighty agent of a paper currency; let us next attend to the measures which Government, *simul et semel*, was adopting, under the dictation and with the unanimous applause of the masses all over the Union, for the destruction of the Bank, and the eradication of a paper currency from the whole country. The views and wishes of a party there or elsewhere generally go beyond the actual measures which they are capable of carrying into execution; and what these wishes are, and what ultimate objects the masses in America have in view, may best be learned from the conduct of their great apostle, General Jackson:—

“The party of Administration,” says Chevalier, “knowing that the Bank is unpopular with the masses, because they have felt its influence in thwarting their designs, roar out incessantly ‘The Bank! The Bank!’ The Opposition are mocking you, say they, when they call on you to support the Constitution and the laws; what do they care for the Constitution or the laws?—it is the Bank which they wish to save. War then, eternal war to the Bank! General Jackson, the hero of a double war, who cleared the country of English bayonets, wishes now to purify

it from that great centre of tyranny and corruption. The Bank is still English influence under another form, which is striving to enslave you; the real question is, whether you shall be freemen or slaves of the golden calf. Despite all the hypocritical professions of the slaver of the Bank, never forget an instant when going to the poll, that the sole question, the question of questions, is, ‘Bank, or no Bank.’ In truth, the real question which is about to be decided at the elections, is the question of the Bank—nevertheless, whose fault is it that the Opposition, in struggling for its support, is now obliged to invoke the shade of the Constitution?”

“In truth, the chiefs of the democratic party have already become sensible that their first policy, which consisted in opposing the Local and Joint Stock Banks to the Bank of the United States, must in the end necessarily fail, and that they would all rally round that great establishment. It was evident that their reproaches, if well-founded, were much more applicable to the Provincial Banks, because they have, in many cases, been the occasion of very serious losses; whereas the Bank of the United States has never occasioned to any person the loss of a farthing. After having hesitated a long while, the leaders of that party have adopted the bold resolution of declaring war against all Banks. Bank notes, say they, are nothing but miserable rags; the precious metals are the only solid foundation of real wealth. Gold is called Jackson-money. The national mint has been set to work with extraordinary activity to strike off gold pieces, half-eagles, and quarter-eagles. The chief journals, in the interest of General Jackson’s party, pay all their workmen with gold; the warm friends of administration keep nothing but gold in their pockets; and whenever you see a man with coin in his pocket, you may be sure he is a Jackson man. Lately the President went to his country-house of Hermitage, in Tennessee; all along the road he expended nothing but gold; the Globe, his acknowledged organ, took especial care to let it be known to the public; and, at a great banquet which the inhabitants of Nashville gave to him, he drank as a toast, ‘Gold and silver, the only representatives of wealth recognised by the constitution.’”—CHEVALIER, I. 240–242.

This extraordinary and otherwise inexplicable jealousy of the Bank, which, by combining solidity with prudence in its measures, has done so much to remove the inherent danger of a paper currency, when issuing

from a multitude of independent sources, is in truth nothing but the form which democratic ambition takes in that country—all other distinctions are abolished; there is no aristocracy, no landed interest, no church, no national debt, no nobility, no sovereign; the majority, according to universal suffrage, and giving its votes by the ballot, decides every thing. But the banks remain, and in them the masses see the germ of a future commercial aristocracy, in the power of giving or withholding discounts—a source of influence which may sometimes counteract and interfere with their despotic propensities. Thence their universal exasperation at the banks, and their resolution to lay the axe to the root of this noble and beneficent establishment, even though in its fall it should involve all themselves in ruin.

"The Bank is accused," says Chevalier, "of having intrigued for its own purposes, in order to get the question of the renewal of its charter brought on in the session of 1831-2; of having mingled in politics, in order to influence the election of President in 1832, and for that end augmented, by seven millions sterling, the amount of its discounts; finally, of having made use of its wealth to corrupt the press, and gain over the pamphlets and journals to its side.

"Assuredly, if it should happen that an European Government, on the strength of such reasons as these, without either investigation or proof, should overturn and ruin an institution which experience had proved to be essential to the existence of the country, a loud cry would, with reason, be raised against its injustice. If, in addition to this, it was interested in the establishment to the extent of L. 1,700,000, many persons would tax such attacks not only with violence but absolute fatuity. But, in America, the numerical majority, which determines the elections, loudly applauds General Jackson's campaign against the Bank, with almost as much fervour as they did his glorious defence of New Orleans against the English. His military success, his probity, his firmness, amounting almost to obstinacy, have acquired for him an immense reputation. The Bank, on the contrary, notwithstanding the service it is daily doing to the country, is in the highest degree unpopular. It is so, on account of the general animosity which exists among the masses to the banking system; on account of the inherent jealousy which, in a country of absolute equality and democratic jealousy, necessarily springs up at

the institutions of opulence. In the United States, notwithstanding the customs and laws, there is still a sort of aristocracy founded on superior intelligence and wealth. That aristocracy, possibly a little supercilious to the multitude, has awakened the most violent hatred; and as the Bank naturally supports it, nothing more is requisite to explain the general antipathy which it has excited. Though the Bank has still the majority of the Senate on its side, the chances are accumulating against it. The masses in 1834 unanimously exclaimed, hurrah for Jackson, without ever considering that in March, 1836, the Bank would die a natural death by the expiry of its charter, and that the object of their jealousy will disappear until experience has proved the impossibility of doing without it."—CHEVALIER, I. 67, 68.

The tirades of the press, intended to inflame the masses against the Bank, reminded M. Chevalier of the general delusions propagated at the commencement of the French Revolution:—

"I have been much struck," says this staunch supporter of the democratic principle, "with the striking resemblance which the greater part of these articles and Journals directed against the Bank, bore to the revolutionary tirades of 1791 and 1792. There was the same declamatory style, the same appeal to popular passions, with this difference, that the charges against the Bank here are hollow, superficial, and unfounded, while our subjects of complaint, fifty years ago, were too substantial. In general, the phantoms conjured up were a sort of fantastic pictures, which represented the monied aristocracy invading the kingdom, with an escort of seduction, corruption, and slavery. What do I say? Mr Biddle was to be King. Amidst that deluge of writings and articles which decided the question with the numerical majority, there was hardly one which indicated serious study or a practical acquaintance with the subject." *Ibid.*, I. 80.

This question of questions, the Bank and cash payments, was the incessant subject of strife at the elections, and debate at Congress during the sessions of 1832, 1833, and 1834. The democratic party, however, acquired a decided preponderance by the general election in the close of 1834.

"The fate of the Bank," says Chevalier, "was determined by the elections of 1834. In fifteen months, its charter will expire,—and it will expire, to be renewed how

ever, shortly after, under another form, when a new series of commercial embarrassments shall have demonstrated that its assistance cannot be dispensed with. It is worthy of particular attention, that it will perish by the votes of the representatives of the very places which owe it most, New York and Pennsylvania. The blindness of Pennsylvania in particular is inexplicable. How is it possible to conceive the insanity with which the citizens of that state strive to dry up the source of all their greatness; for without the capitals of Philadelphia its fields would be desert wastes. Neither would there be the four hundred leagues of canals and railways, nor its roads, more numerous still, nor its innumerable wooden bridges, nor its manufactures, nor its mines. In truth, the same spirit of resistance to the monied aristocracy on both sides of the Atlantic—"No Bank! Down with the Bank! No rag-money!"—is the cry in America which rules both the legislature and the executive; while at Paris, the bankers are held up to execration as the real aristocracy under the rule of the Citizen King."—CHEVALIER, i. 269, 271.

The Bank question caused the legislature of the United States to be divided precisely as the Reform Bill did that of Great Britain. On the one side, the Senate, or Upper-House, supported by all the wealth, education, and respectability of the country; on the other, the Executive, resting on the support of the masses, which have acquired a preponderance in the Lower-House.

"The two Chambers of Congress," says Chevalier, "came to an open rupture on the great question of the withdrawal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States. The Senate declared, by a majority of 28 to 8, that the reasons assigned by the Finance Minister for that step were not sufficient; and by a majority of 26 to 20, that the conduct of the President in that affair was unconstitutional and illegal. Since the origin of the constitution, this is the first occasion on which the conduct of the first magistrate of the republic has been censured by the Senate. The Chamber of Representatives, on the other hand, has decided that the Bank of the United States should not have its charter renewed; that the public deposits should not be restored to it; and that they should be

divided among the provincial banks. The first resolution passed by a majority of 132 to 82; the second by 118 to 103; the third by 117 to 106.—*Ibid.*, i. 125, 126.

To these copious extracts, so singularly illustrative of the causes of that terrible commercial crisis under which both America and Great Britain are now so grievously suffering, we shall add only one other—but it is a precious one—highly characteristic of the tendency of a blind, demagogue-led urban constituency, with universal suffrage, and vote by ballot, to rush headlong, and amidst transports, on measures calculated not merely remotely to injure their country, but *instantly to send themselves to destruction*. Ten thousand of the respectable educated and wealthy citizens of New York, embracing nineteen-twentieths of the capital of that great city, had petitioned General Jackson in favour of the Bank.

"General Jackson answered to the deputies, that they 'expressed the grievances of the capitalists, merchants, and courtiers of Wall Street and Pearl Street,' but that Wall Street and Pearl Street were not the people.' Nevertheless, it may be asked, what would New York have been without Pearl Street and Wall Street? In the last fifty years, its population has increased ten, its riches an hundred fold. Assuredly this almost miraculous increase was not the work either of its soldiers or its advocates; the source of it is to be found in the boundless industrial establishments which have been brought into existence, nourished and sustained by the bankers of Wall Street and Pearl Street. It is very easy to declaim against the monied aristocracy; where would America, and New York especially, have been without them? If there is a country in the world where such a declamation against the aristocracy of guineas is absurd, it is the United States."—*Ibid.*, i. 109.

We have seen how strongly the opinion of all the wealth, education, and property of New York was expressed in favour of the Bank, to which they were well aware they were indebted for most of the blessings which they enjoyed; let us see what was the opinion of the masses, invested by universal suffrage and vote by ballot

* The Threadneedle Street and the Lombard Street of New York.

with a preponderating voice in the legislature, on the same subject. In the municipal elections of 1835, a prodigious effort was made by both parties; thirty-six thousand persons voted in New York, and by a majority of 2,700 the Jackson party carried the victory! A system evidently calculated to bring destruction on all, and especially on the humblest class of voters in that very city, which, in two years afterwards, involved all the voters in bankruptcy, destitution, and beggary, was carried amidst boundless shouts of applause by a majority of 2,700, despite all the efforts of ten thousand of the most enlightened and opulent citizens! Such is republican government.

The brawling patriots of America, however, do not trust to democratic passion alone to uphold their ascendancy; corruption has already become their weapon; centralisation their system of permanent warfare.

"Under the moderate and beneficent rule of former Presidents, the public functionaries were not changed on the change of Government, and they were not allowed to take any part in the public elections. Since the election of General Jackson, however, a systematic system of exclusion has been adopted, public employment of all kind has become the spoil of victory. President Jackson has overspread, with his creatures, every portion of the Union; all the Custom-house officers, all holding office under Government, have become his creatures. This system has gained cities and counties; the magistrates, secretaries, printers, judges, inspectors of markets, police, watchmen, in a word, public functionaries of every description, are aware that the bread of themselves and their families depends on upholding the ruling dominant powers. The President has now under his command an army of SIXTY THOUSAND civil servants; they are his *ames damnées*."—CHEVALIER, i. 328.

Here is the beginning of the end—centralisation is advancing, *aux pas de géant*, on the shoulders of democratic ascendancy. It requires not the gift of prophecy to say in what that will terminate.

No subjects of contemplation more momentous and important ever were brought before the British people, especially at this crisis, than those contained in these extracts. Here is a public calamity which has extended

over the whole world, which has wrapped America in conflagration, and diffused distress to an unheard-of extent over the British Islands; which is clearly and indisputably owing to the insane conduct of the American democracy. For can any one doubt, from the course which the strain has taken—the violent drain on the Bank of England, in which it commenced—the dreadful pressure in America, to which it led—or the unparalleled catastrophe there of public and private bankruptcy in which it terminated, that the seat of the evil was to be found in the United States? And when we see at the very same time an absurd and destructive cry got up in all parts of the Union against banks and paper credit, which led to a proscription of all but gold and silver by the Executive, at the very moment when the fever of speculation, both in land and goods, was at its height; can there be the slightest doubt that they were cause and effect? It is as clear now as the sun at noonday what occasioned the drain on the Bank of England, and forced that great establishment so early into those measures of defence which, by contracting the currency of this country, led to all the subsequent distress. It was to pay the duties in *specie* to the American Government, and to liquidate their enormous debts for the purchase of public lands, for which nothing but cash would be taken, that the money was wanted. It was that which gave rise to the ruinous traffic which grew up so quickly to so enormous a height, and consisted in drawing specie from Great Britain, and forcing up the price of cotton here to pay for it from the United States. The great American houses, since involved in so much difficulty, were great pumps to extract the metallic currency from England, and send it to America, where gold and silver only would be taken by the Government in payment of their immense claims on the people, and interest had in consequence risen to 36 per cent a-year at all the chief towns of the Union. Suppose a similar resolution to take nothing from the people but gold and silver, in payment of taxes, were to be adopted by the British Government, would it not render every man engaged in trade in the three kingdoms

bankrupt in three months? And what other result would have been expected in the United States, whose solid capital is so much less abundant, new undertakings are so much more extensive, and paper credit is so much more widely diffused.

Are you suffering, then, you operatives in Manchester, Salford, Glasgow, and Paisley?—Blame neither the House of Lords nor Commons—neither the Crown nor the bishops—neither the landowners nor the clergy. Your own order—the madness of your own compeers has occasioned all the distress; it is the tyrant majority in America, the deluded impassioned masses who were maddened by an untaxed press, and empowered by universal suffrage and vote by ballot, which has occasioned all your suffering. If the opinion of the respectable and educated classes in that country had prevailed, you would still have enjoyed your former prosperity. Here, then, you see what it is to allow such classes an unrestrained authority. Here you have an example of the awful ruin, which, amidst universal democratic transports, their insane proceedings may bring even in a few months on themselves and you.

That the rapid rise of prices, and general fears of speculation, which prevailed in these islands in 1835 and 1836, must of itself, sooner or later, have led to a commercial crisis, is indeed certain; but there can be no doubt that the mad proceedings of the American mob-led Executive both accelerated its approach, and enormously increased its severity. A rise of prices in one country must always lead in the end to the precious metals flowing abroad, and consequently, by checking credit, give a temporary blow to industry; but, in the present instance, this alarming drain began far sooner and more suddenly, and became early

infinitely more violent, than could be accounted for by any such natural causes. It was the great act of democratic despotism by the American masses which has thrown the whole world into convulsion, and induced an extent of ruin and suffering, for a parallel to which we shall search the annals of regal or aristocratic oppression in vain.

Here, too, we see portrayed in vivid colours the utter futility of those barriers against popular delusion and insanity which we have so often been told arise from the practical exercise of power by the people, and the unrestrained influence of universal education, public journals, and a free press; or of the natural tendency of the Saxon race to keep free from those acts of public insanity to which their Celtic neighbours both in France and Ireland, are so much inclined. Here is the whole Anglo-American masses, even in the great cities, and the centres of light and civilisation, all educated and habituated from their infancy to the exercise of the most unbounded political rights, combining in an act of insanity! Here, in the land where the majority, *which is ever right*, is installed in supreme power, and the minority of property, character, and education, is cast into the dust—has been perpetrated, amidst shouts of democratic transport, which resounded from the Atlantic to the Ohio, and from the St Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, a gigantic deed of injustice, wickedness, and folly; beside which, in its ultimate and fatal consequences upon themselves and mankind, the greatest excesses of regal and military powers, the tyranny of Nero, the pride of Louis XIV., the ambition of Napoleon, the invasion of Russia, the war in Spain, are but as slight and transient evils.

NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

Sept. 10th.—Found, in a damp shady nook, so many snails congregated together, that I have come to the conclusion that the snail is gregarious, and of a social turn of disposition. Hence, whenever I find a solitary of this genus, I now search out a comrade for him, and place the two together in a degree of propinquity favourable unto companionship.

How beneficial is the knowledge of a naturalist, and how does his intimate acquaintance with the habits of animals enable him to swell the sum of mundane felicity!

Sept. 13th.—In the high banks of a hollow sandy road, observed some extraordinary—and (indeed I may say) unaccountable cellular substances, which at first I took for fossil shells; but the more I examined, the more I was lost in the wilderness of conjecture. I spent some hours in the investigation of these mysteries of nature (to the surprise of some ignorant rustics, who know not to what perseverance the ardour of science will lead), but without coming to any decided conclusion: resolved to bring some home with me for further investigation. With a difficulty proportioned to the friable nature of the soil, at length succeeded in detaching a whole cluster of the cells; showed them to John on my return home. The good, but simple domestic exclaimed in his artless phraseology—"La! sir, them be bees' nests; and it's lucky you wasn't stung in tapping at that ere rock, for them hanimals be mighty sharp when they be offended."

John! John! thy conjecture is ingenious, and, when thy want of learning is considered, deserveth commendation. But bees' nests they are not.

Sept. 15th.—Walked into the woods—saw a large green toad. How he did hop! Remarked very many excrescences on the leaves of the oak-trees—vulgarly called oak-apples—culled some of the largest, and brought them home, with a determination to watch them thoroughly.

Sept. 16th.—Saw some mistletoe growing upon an aged apple-tree. There is something very extraordinary about this species of parasite; and the manner of its propagation, by means of the seeds passing through the entrails of birds, is interesting in no ordinary degree.

Sept. 23d.—A memorable day, *creti notanda albâ*. Found upon a broom-shaped vegetable, a large fair caterpillar, with white and pink spots on his sides, and a vast horn upon his cauda, or tail. Brought him home upon his plant, he continuing to eat all the way, wisely and tamely, making the most of his time.

Spent the evening in devising an abode for the great caterpillar;—at length succeeded in the enterprise, and constructed for him a commodious dwellinghouse out of an old lozenge-box, with six holes bored in the lid with a pin, to keep up a healthy circulation of air, and a contrivance of two pins to fasten down the top firmly, lest my worm should escape; for the muscular power of these creatures is amazing.

Sept. 24th.—Opened two of my oak-apples—found in one of them a small white maggot, or pupa, like that which Shakspeare says is pricked from "the lazy finger of a maid;" in the other, a sort of larva, or chrysalis, wherein the winged rudiments of some species of fly might not unclearly be discerned by the skillful eye of a naturalist. Mercifully closed them up again in their circular tenements, and, in order to keep the disjointed parts together, stuck them into an old hat-brush.

Sept. 25th.—Much grieved to find that John—my faithful old servant—having taken an unwonted fit of tidiness, and for the first time these many weeks having bethought himself to brush my hat, had unwittingly shaken out both larva and pupa from their snug receptacles. The good old man wept to think what damage he had done. He hath an excellent heart. I must remember him in my will.

Sept. 26th.—Went to the spot, where I had found the big caterpillar, to procure for him some fresh pabulum—the old stock, which I brought home with him, being well-nigh exhausted. Of a truth he hath a goodly appetite, and in one day will strip clean six twigs of that same broom-shaped plant, which is milky, nutritious, and succulent, so that he visibly waxeth in corpulency. By night, as is proper, he sleepeth and digesteth.

Sept. 30th.—Much distressed. My big caterpillar hath an alarming di-

arrhea, and in vain have I sought for some balsamic herb to astringe and corroborate his bowels. I wish I could contrive an injection.

Oct. 1st, 2d, and 3d.—My worm's indisposition is overpast, but he refuses food, and all the goings-on of life seem to be in him suspended. Yet to spin he showeth no inclination. Thinking he might be of the kind which goeth beneath the earth in winter, I have got John to make him a larger box of wood-work, capable of containing earth. John has shown much ingenuity in the construction of this box, which, indeed, for magnificence, may compete with the habitation which the people of Brobdignag made for Gulliver. It hath hinges, and two pegs to fasten down the roof (or lid), and a window of real glass, through which I may conveniently watch my caterpillar's movements, for hours together, if I feel thereunto disposed; and there is moreover a tuft of grass in the middle of the earth for the delectation of the caterpillar.

4th and 5th.—Matters remain in the same pauseful state—caterpillar (or Sir Catapult, as one of our household has facetiously christened him) eateth not, though tempted daily with fresh food—neither will he go beneath the earth. I fear he is a little wilful. Sometimes he remaineth for hours museful and motionless; yet this day, when I set open his box-lid to recreate him, and had withdrawn quietly—suspecting no harm—to write my journal, chancing to shift mine eyes, I beheld Sir Catapult crawling along the carpet, with an agility of which I believed him no longer capable. Should some unwary foot,—the idea is too horrible for contemplation,—I must set open his lid no more.

6th.—Seeing that my worm remained refractory, in regard to his inhumation, I, yesterday evening, about eight of the clock, restored him to his paper dwelling, in order once more to afford him all conveniences for spinning—inasmuch as a web of glutinous nature adhereth more pleasantly to paper than to wood. A naturalist ought not to be easily discouraged, but patient in investigation—unwearied in experiment. Throughout the late trying circumstances, and uncomfortable appearances, I trust that I have preserved a becoming degree of fortitude and composure. Yet a naturalist is but man, and my soul hath been anxious for my caterpillar. Last night,

I slept not with my wonted serenity, and, to add to my perturbation, I heard at intervals a singular sound proceeding from the box of Sir Catapult, resembling, as nearly as possible, that which my pen now maketh, as it scratcheth against the paper. With morning's dawn, I rose to examination, and found the eccentric insect with his head in one corner of the paper-box, busily gnawing a small detached slip of paper which projected from the seams thereof, and which he had bitten till the smooth edges of the paper had become serrated. This is to me a mystery. Doth he gnaw, thinking to gnaw his way out, and once more to journey over the carpet? Or hath he some idiosyncratic attachment for paper? Or laboureth he under that sort of unnatural appetite which prevaileth in some disorders? It is all an enigma.

10th.—Returned from a voyage, or peregrination, of some days' continuance, during which I saw nothing but rocks, valleys, rivers, lakes, old castles, and such other uninteresting objects—came back with joy to my caterpillar. Alas, he seemeth now quite comatose, or lethargic, and a most distressing thought hath occurred to me—that he hath been pierced by an ichneumon fly—that bane of the naturalist—which (as every one knows) lays its eggs in caterpillars' backs, and paralyses without killing them. There is a small black spot—by many degrees smaller than the eye of a gnat—upon one of his white marks, which seems to support the hypothesis; though I own it is possible that, in the insertion of the pins which fasten down the lid of the box, I may have given him an unlucky touch. Some malignants in our family affirm positively that it is so, and accuse me of having left Sir Catapult without food during the four days of my peregrination. But I can smile at this calumny, for I left a plentiful supply of vegetables in his box, which, at my return, I found untasted. Moreover, he had ceased to take nutrition some days before. No, no,—he is certainly pierced by an ichneumon.

12th Oct.—Opened several of my oak-apples. Some—strange to say—produced nothing but a small quantity of very fine dirt; but in three of them—one to each—were found small black well-grown flies, with protuberant stomachs. Their wings, as they lay in the centre of the oak-apple, were fold-

ed round their bodies, garment-wise, in the manner of the winged women discovered by the celebrated navigator, Peter Wilkins, at the South Pole. They did not seem greatly discomposed by their premature birth, but unfolded their wings, and when placed under a tumbler upon the mantel-piece, appeared to be quite joyous, and to find existence pleasing.

13th.—Performed upon one more oak-apple the Cæsarean operation, delicately and successfully (it requires a practised hand), chiefly with the view of recreating the old inhabitants of the tumbler by the addition of a new companion. I could not, however, after the strictest scrutiny, positively affirm that they testified any peculiar emotion on the occasion. My dear eldest nephew, who has a pretty taste for natural history, and who, I predict, will one day be an honour to his country, had—with a praiseworthy view to experimental philosophy, yet at the same time, perhaps, with somewhat of the speculative rashness of a neophyte,—had, I say, last night placed some comminuted sugar within the tumbler, in order to explore the long-agitated question—*videlicet*—whether flies of this genus have, or have not, that tooth, called, in common parlance, a sweet tooth, which giveth a propensity for saccharine aliment. My less daring and more cautious era of life had led me solely to attempt their nutrition by means of their native oak-apples—at once their womb, their cradle, and their food.

The results of my nephew's bold experiment were, as Shakspeare says, "of a mingled yarn." The fact that these flies *have* a sweet tooth was set beyond the reach of controversy; for one of them did partake of the produce of the western cane in a manner the most voracious. But, on the other hand, much damage did accrue to the liquorish insect, whose wings and other members were so agglutinated together by the adhesive particles of the triturated sugar (which, moreover, was in a state of liquefaction, through the operation of a fire that had been kindled by reason of the chillness of the evening), as to be well-nigh incapable of motion.

My nephew is not, however, to be discomfited. By the most delicate management of a silk handkerchief, from Eastern Ind, dipped in water not *too* warm, he succeeded in de-

terging, or cleansing the poor insect's wings—a process for which he deserves the gold medal of the Royal Society, and for which, as a reward, I gave him a very remarkable oak-leaf, with no less than five oak-apples upon it.

Oct. 14th.—A groan, or cry, proceeding from my nephew's apartment, caused me to rush hastily thither. Speechless, he pointed to the tumbler, which held my oak-insects, and which he (with my permission) had taken into his own chamber, in order to expose the inhabitants to the cheering beams of a bright October sun. The results had been as calamitous as they were extraordinary—as agitating as unforeseen. The heat of the sun—whose power at this declining season could never have been supposed so energetic, had drawn up from the moist divided oak-apples (the triturated sugar had been withdrawn) an abundant exhalation, which, being condensed by the coldness of the glass, hung in thick drops about the top and sides of the tumbler. This was the first phenomenon that struck me. But on my nephew faintly saying—"Look at the flies!" I examined farther, and (melancholy to relate) beheld my once joyous, brisk, lively flies all lying motionless at the bottom of their vitreous dwelling, overcome, as I conjecture, by the mephitic vapour of the oak-apples, or drowned, perchance, in the ascending moisture. In vain we used every means for their resuscitation—sprinkled salt on them—held them over a hot fire—tried fomentations of hot water (but of that, alas! they had had too much already!)—they revived not. One only betrayed any, the least symptom of life—but it merely gave a slight kick and expired. All that was left for us to do was to give them a decent burial. The little black corpses, laid out upon a sheet of white paper, looked abundantly affecting. We enclosed them in it, by way of shroud; and tossed them out of the window.

The great caterpillar remaineth lethargic.

Oct. 17th.—My nephew has left us, to pursue the course of his education at Cambridge. Else, how would he exult at the magnificent prize, which I have this day brought home, *videlicet*, two very long, lean caterpillars of a hairy kind. I have enclosed them in the old lozenge-box—removing Sir

Catapult, who, in his present state, can have no predilections, once more to the house of wood. Thus are they conveniently lodged, but with respect to aliment, matters prosper not so well;—for, of this tribe, after a long life of research, I have never been able to discover the pabulum. Their mode of sustentation is a mystery, for I have never caught them feeding, and have generally found them in the act of crawling over a dry dusty road, where herbs commonly grow not. I have given those, whereon I am now concerned, a variety of grasses. But I am not sanguine of success.

Oct. 18th.—My hairy caterpillars—(or woolly grubs, as my second nephew—a lively child—facetiously denominateth them)—have, as I foreboded, eaten not. I would not starve the poor innocent creatures—for my heart is as tender as that of any naturalist—so I have turned down the box upon the grass-plot in front of the house, securing it and its inhabitants by a stone placed upon the top;—in the hope that they may at least be refreshed by the smell of the sweet damp earth.

Oct. 19th.—Examined my box upon the grass-plot, and though (as my second nephew Richard made me accurately remark) the stone was still upon the top, just where I had placed it,—yet my caterpillars were gone!—Strange! and apt subject for much meditation! Richard, I omitted to mention, brought home yesterday, a Robin, which he had taken in a springe, or peradventure trap. I hail the dawn, though in its first glimmering twilight, of an inclination for the great pursuit of life.

Oct. 21st.—Joy treadeth on the heels of Sorrow. A naturalist's life is one of excitement and vicissitude. Sometimes his spirit fainteth—all goeth amiss. Hairy caterpillars eat not—smooth caterpillars spin not—oak-apples wither—flies perish miserably—(of all and every one of which calamities my soul hath tasted)—but sometimes will one glorious moment repay the vexations of years. It is then that the naturalist feels his high destiny—his sublime calling. It is then that his sensibility becomes a blessing; and often as he may have prayed for indifference, when sorrow hath too strongly pressed upon his delicate organization, he would now scorn to barter his sensitive and agitated frame of being for the

“Heart to dulness wed—

The waveless calm—the slumber of the dead.”

—But, without further preamble—this is the proudest, the happiest day of my existence.

My big caterpillar is become a chrysalis!

I have given my servants a holiday, and sumpence to treat themselves to a bowl of punch.

But it is fitting that I relate at length the particulars of the blessed change.

For some days Sir Catapult had shown scarce any signs of life, inasmuch that many times I believed him dead, and was minded to give him caterpillar burial. Still, as he did not betray the ordinary symptom of dissolution—namely—an ill odour, or stinking—I was loath to cast him away. There was yet one other hopeful symptom. When turned upon his back, he would make a convulsive motion, whereby he regained his feet; a circumstance which strongly indicated volition, and consequently life. But then, his colours had become dingy, and the black spot where I feared that the ichneumon had inserted her tail, had both enlarged and grown darker, so as to resemble an incipient mortification.

On this auspicious morning, at seven o'clock, A. M., I, as is my wont, inspected all the living objects of my care. The room was yet dim, and when I came to the mansion of Sir Catapult, I at first distinguished only a black shrivelled husk, which I took for my poor caterpillar, now truly dead, and miraculously withered away in the course of a single night. The tear stood in my eye; when, lo! upon a more particular examination, I beheld, just beneath the shrivelled skin (which bent over its old occupant, as if regarding it in wonder) a fine, fat, yellow, thriving chrysalis!

He could not have been five minutes disengaged from his ancient exuvie.

My disappointment at not witnessing the actual transformation (for a sight of which I have watched near other creatures of the same species, day and night), was swallowed up in delight at beholding such a plump larva.

I hastened down in my dressing robe to show him to my sister, the widow; but she, I regret to say, bestowed on him epithets too opprobrious to

mention, and bid me take the nasty thing away, lest I should make her sick.

Surprising it is how insensible are some persons to the beauties and wonders of nature!

At this moment, in particular, my chrysalis was a lovely and interesting object. His outer coat not being yet hardened by the air, was perfectly transparent, and displayed the rudiments of the future moth, while at the same time it preserved the traces of the late caterpillar. Incipient wings might be seen curdling up within the sheath, while the stumps, whence the old feet had dropped off, were yet visible. The very workings of the transformation might be discerned within the transpicuous animal,—yea, the very coagulating of his lymphatic juices—and the rich, unctuous, gelatinous matter wherewith his outer integument was filled was forming momentarily into “something rich or strange” (as the divine Shakspeare saith). I could have past my life in observing these wonders. But all pleasures come to an end, and my caterpillar became every hour less transparent. A cloud gathered over his beauty, and shut up his internal structure from view.

But a profitable theme for mental contemplation was left behind. It was this:

What must be the sensations of an organized being during such sudden, utter, and rapid alterations in the fluids and very substance of its physical nature? One striking proof of the complete revolution of being which my caterpillar hath undergone, must by no means be omitted. Formerly, he would not lie on his back: now, nothing can persuade him to repose upon his face, and if turned downwards, he, with an energy and alertness quite miraculous, gives his tail a twist and recovers his supine position.

Oh, the miracles of nature!

Oct. 22d.—I have given my big chrysalis a soft bed of bran, fearing lest any one, in moving his box, might give him too rude a concussion,—especially as, in his present state, he is remarkably sensitive, and seems, with his new mode of being, to have recovered his old alertness, albeit he cannot use progressive motion for want of propelling organs. Like all other chrysales which I have ever seen, he hath no feet; but he can yet agreeably waggle his tail, and

in his bran-new or new-bran bed, he maketh for himself a soft place of repose by various ingenious movements; for he loveth not to be touched or tickled by the bran, neither to be covered with it; and so removeth it away from him, let one sprinkle him over ever so often,—a pleasing experiment, which I have oft-times tried. Also, I have ascertained that he loveth not too strong a light, and winceth at the near approach of a taper,—and it is the light wherewith he winceth, and not the heat (for I have never brought a candle nearer to him than half a quarter of an inch), as my sister the widow doth maliciously suggest.

How can one rejoice sufficiently over so admirable and rare an occasion of observing the ways of caterpillars during so interesting a period of their existence, when, for the most part, they are concealed behind the webs of their own spinning, or beneath the ground. And this reflection leads naturally to the enquiry, how it came to pass that my caterpillar did not spin, seeing that he is of the spinning tribe, as I have myself ascertained by my former observations upon the same genus? Here we must admire the wonderful sagacity wherewith nature hath endowed this interesting portion of her creatures. I cannot doubt that the big caterpillar spun not, because, being already provided with sufficient warmth and shelter, he feared, should he put on any additional clothing, to become too warm. Nature's children never engage in any unnecessary enterprise.

O man! what a lesson unto thee!

23d.—*Eigena—sigena!* The great discovery is made! I know what the hairy caterpillars eat! Blessings as well as misfortunes may be said

“Never to come as single spies,
But in battalions.”

At this era there is a spring-tide of prosperity; but a naturalist must lay to heart the advice of the philosophical Roman poet,

“*Æquam memento,
Servare mentem.*”

He must neither be elated by joy nor depressed by sorrow. I will be calm, and proceed to orderly and scientific narration. On this auspicious morning I was rambling on the hill, when (*accidentally*, must I say?) I cast down my eyes, and behold! a fine large woolly-grub (as my nephew not unaptly terms this species), hard at it,

devouring a singular vegetable that grows so mingled with the grass, that it had hitherto escaped my observation. It is a sort of knot-grass, a congeries of blades, the one proceeding from the other in successive joints. I pounced upon the prizes—grass and caterpillar both; and, moreover, had the good fortune to find three others of the same family, all of which, together with a plentiful supply of their provender, I brought home in a handkerchief. They are now installed in the superb wooden mansion which the big caterpillar once occupied, but which, since he lay in bran, he hath abdicated; but the new-comers can never rival Sir Catapult in my affections. They are by no means so engaging in their manners, neither possess they that sweet trustful familiarity which characterised that amiable grub. On being touched, or even looked at, they curl up their bodies into unseemly rings, and by the protusion of their long bristly hairs, say, as plainly as caterpillars can speak, "*Noli me tangere*." This touchy temper liketh me not. Still I shall observe them with interest, as I do all grubs, worms, flies, slugs, and the other great works of nature,—caterpillars more especially; and in honour of these, I have named the spot where their food was first discovered, Woolly-grub End. I have also christened some other spots according to my discoveries:—that where the great caterpillar, now a chrysalis, was found, I have named Larva Bank; and the height where I culled the oak-apples, Pupa Point.

24th.—The first cloud on my so recently bright horizon. Carefully inspecting my big chrysalis this morning, I perceived a something which caused me some alarm and much dubitation. It was a very minute brown scale, which lay so close to his cauda (or tail), that I could not doubt he had shed it therefrom. What can this signify or portend? I am lost in conjecture; I must write an account of it to the C.P.S.

The colour of my chrysalis daily deepens, and he becometh more opaque, and colder to the touch, and ever less inclined to motion, although I strive to keep up his activity by giving him a little healthy exercise now and then, tickling his tail till he wiggles and jumpeth.

25th.—Uncomfortableness in our

family. Last night, as I was detailing aloud the various opinions of the naturalists with whom I have consulted on the subject of the mysterious disappearance of the two long lean caterpillars whom I had turned down upon our grass-plat, with a stone on the top of their box, to recreate, I was disturbed by an unseemly laugh or giggle from my nephew Richard; and insisting on an explanation of this breach of decorum, he at length, with some confusion and considerable reluctance, confessed (to do the boy justice, he honoureth truth), that it was he himself who had abstracted the two woolly grubs (as he calls them) for nutriment for his robin. I forgave him, however, in consideration of his having so accurately studied the phagology of robins.

26th.—The old canary hath been threatened for some time past with an introverted toe-nail. This morning, therefore, I performed (and with success) the operation of cutting his claws, which indeed had grown to an unseemly length. The ungrateful little animal struggled much as I held him in my hand, and bit me with all his little force. Emblem of our foolish selves, who are too often ignorant of what is for our good, and angry with our best benefactors. How instructive is Nature!

27th Oct.—My hairy caterpillars begin to show a symptom which would have alarmed me but for my previous experiences upon Sir Catapult. Happy effects of observation! My mind is now tranquil, and I can calmly await the transformation of my caterpillars, which, from this symptom, I conclude must be at hand. As these are of the inhuming kind, who resort for a tomb to the bowels of Mother Earth, rather than to their own, I have been at the trouble (a pleasing toil, I must confess) of mounting to Woollygrub-End, in order to bring them some of the identical sods which had nursed their infant being. For their native soil they will doubtless have a predilection. Having omitted to bring with me any instrument for removing the sod (a piece of culpable negligence—but "*nemo omnibus horis sapit*"), I was bethinking myself that I must return empty-handed, and was just drawing consolation from the illustrious precedent of that French monarch who, engaged in an equally fruitless expedition, and

—“ With twenty thousand men
March'd up a hill, and then march'd down
again,”

—when I spied some bits of turf lying about, which some sportive rustic had cut out, in order to form the initials of his name, or those of his Amarylhis. They were, indeed, a trifle withered, but necessity must not be too nice, so I blessed my stars and carried them off in triumph.

26th, 10 o'clock, p. m.—It is as I had anticipated. Drawn by strong instinct and passion for his native earth, one of my caterpillars hath already crept beneath the sod, which I had inserted in their box in such convenient morsels as might facilitate their access to the nether parts.

29th.—I have named one of my hairy worms, the Recurring Caterpillar, from the circumstance of his going beneath the sod, and then coming forth again, the same thing being constantly repeated, like the numbers in a recurring decimal; hence the name, on the propriety of which it is not fit that I, the author, should express an opinion. But it may perhaps be allowed me, with justifiable pride, to record the sanction of an eminent philosophical friend, renowned for his philological studies, who was pleased to say that my epithet was “felicitous in no common degree, and remarkably appropriate.” No man can value himself on these trifles less than myself, but not to be pleased when the great and the good condescend to admire, would be to slight their verdict in an inexcusable manner.

The great chrysalis continueth to get browner. He is now the colour of an ear-wig, very beautiful to behold. Yet for this my sister, the widow,

“ Though Nature gave her two, hath yet
no eye !”

31st Oct.—Much snow and frost, to which I owe a peculiarly interesting discovery. I have observed that my caterpillars, which are set out all day on the window-ledge, in the open air, invariably retire during the day, one and all of them, beneath the sod. At night, John, with justifiable care, brings them within the chamber, lest, in the closing of the window, they should haply be precipitated into the court below; and, behold! in the morning, after their nocturnal abiding in the warm room, they are all come forth again, and even perhaps nib-

bling a little at breakfast, though of late they have fallen off lamentably in their appetites. I have affirmed that all come forth—a *lapsus plumæ*. All, I should have said, with the exception of the one who first ensepulchred himself. He indeed is wise in his generation, and remaineth still and meditative. Once have I gently lifted up the sod to look at him; he was curled round into an emblem of eternity, and doubtless was pondering on suitable subjects. He possesses an elevated character, and is far above the unsteady, capricious, volatile Recurring Caterpillars, of which I have now three. But soft—let me not blame them. A naturalist should never be harsh in his judgments;

“ For what is man? When at the best.
He's but a caterpillar drest.”

And how many are of the volatile, Recurring species, ever restless, never knowing their own minds, discontented with all one can do to please them, setting up their backs upon the slightest occasions, and bristling at imaginary affronts! Such, I know; and, thank God, I am not of them.

Moreover, my caterpillars do but follow the instincts of nature;—for (and this brings me to the interesting fact which, at setting out, I had intended to elucidate, and of which I have by no means lost sight, however I may seem to have wandered from it)—for, I say, it is evident that the diurnal cold to which these creatures are exposed, makes known to them that winter cometh fast, and that they ought to bury themselves in order to shun his inclement wrath; while, on the other hand, the nocturnal warmth deludes them into a belief that the spring is at hand, and that they ought to come forth to pay their respects to that auspicious divinity. Still, after all that can be alleged in their favour, this facility of being deceived argues an inferior order of intellect. The first of the self-interred is—and let him henceforth be called—the *Solomon of Caterpillars*.

Nov. 2d.—Last night we were all disturbed at tea by a singular clattering sound in the cage of the old canary, as if, instead of roosting, he were attempting to walk about his abode in pattens. We hastened to investigate the cause of the phenomenon, but could discover no unusual appearance, save that the bird, contrary to

his habitude, was roosting on a lower perch. The morning, however, that detector of concealment, developed the mystery. From age the feet of the bird have become greatly corrugated; consequently, the extraneous substances with which they come in contact, lodge within the cracks and fissures. John having neglected lately (for which I must admonish him) to procure a fresh supply of that sabuloneous earth which preserves the cage in a state of cleanliness, an accumulation of fecal matter had taken place beneath the corrugated claws, which were thus, in truth, furnished, as it were, with pattens; nay, the foot being all jammed up, resembled more the hoof of a horse than the claw of a canary bird. Hence the clattering which had so alarmed and perplexed us. The poor winged creature could by no means grasp the perch with these hoofs, but tottered about on it like an awkward dancer upon the tight-rope. Hence, too, he did not, according to his wont (to quote a ditty wherewith that great songster Incedon hath recreated my ear in former times),

"Like a sweet little cherub perch'd up aloft,"

—wisely reflecting, that the higher he went the more tremendous would be his fall, should he altogether lose his centre of gravity. For this cause did the intelligent creature repose (though not indeed without vacillation) on the lower perch.

Under these distressing circumstances my experience told me what to do. I washed the old canary's claws in a tea-cup of warm water, filled from our own breakfast urn, but carefully cooled down, by exposure to the atmosphere, to a proper temperature for bathing. On first catching the little captive he screamed and bit as before, but no sooner were his feet immersed in the water, than, feeling the soothing relief, and comprehending the whole matter, he became tranquil, and cast up a grateful glance at his master and benefactor. I could not prevent the tender tear of sympathy from bedewing my cheek.

Nov. 3d.—Last night, or to speak more correctly, this morning, I had an awful dream.

Metbought that I was fondly gazing on my large beautiful chrysalis, when I perceived a small chink, or hiatus,

between the rings of his body. Gently taking him into my hand to investigate this alarming appearance, lo and behold! it seemed to me in my vision that he severed into three parts, as if he had cracked asunder for very dryness, and that nothing but the fragments of a perished husk remained in my hand—

"I woke in horror, and dared sleep no more."

But I am happy to say it was but a dream—for my big chrysalis is as fat and as thriving as ever. He is, however, very torpid, in consequence of the cold weather, which hath set in so early and so severely. In order to set my mind entirely at rest as to his vitality, I gave him a pretty hard pinch, which made him stir lustily.

4th.—Had a woodcock to my dinner, with a bill so preternaturally long, that I saved the skull, with the appurtenance thereof, as an additament to my museum. The claws of the bird, at the suggestion of a friend, were also preserved, as they betokened, by their length and curvature, a remarkable longevity.

5th.—Wrote a letter to my scientific friend, who dwelleth at Antwerp, with an especial enquiry after the chrysalis which I brought with me from Padua, on my return from my Italian peregrination nearly two years ago, and placed, at his particular request, in his safe keeping or custody—he fearing the perils and maladies of a sea-voyage for my chrysalis, and the humidity of our climate. The last time we exchanged letters on the subject, the chrysalis had turned round a little upon his left side. I conjecture that it must be now high time for him to have emerged into his butterfly state. After this, to Larva Bank. In my return, paused awhile near a ditch in Puddle Lane, and occupied myself agreeably for some time in poking a large family toad (whose disinclination for saltatory motion was extreme), seeing that, by reason of his excessive corpulency, he greatly needed exercise.

It is the pleasing duty of every naturalist to watch over the health of what some persons are pleased to call—the inferior orders of creation.

6th.—Calamities are again commencing. My second nephew, brushing by with the impetuosity of youth, knocked down from a pin whereby it

was attached to the wall, my best bunch of oak-apples—consisting of a cluster of no less than fifteen upon only three contiguous leaves.

Ichabod! the glory is departed!

Three out of the fifteen were divelicated from the parent stem.

I trust that I preserved my temper;—but I thought it my duty to *seem* angry, and to administer some slight colaphic castigations to the ear of the culprit.

O nephew, nephew! thou hast done a deed!

Thou knowest not my feelings—

Thou hast no oak-apples!

On this inauspicious day, moreover, I remarked that my chrysalis had, with his singularly-pointed tail, impaled a morsel of bran. What this may portend I know not; but my mind, weakened and agitated by the occurrence of the morning, trembleth at shadows, and forebodeh horrid events.

7th.—Still am I anxious. The waves subside not speedily after a terrific storm. Another incident hath deepened unhappy impressions.

This evening an unwonted agitation seemed to possess both my aged and my juvenile canary. Long after roosting-time, they were heard to flutter behind the napkin wherewith they are always carefully enveloped, lest the light of the candle should impede their slumbers, or prove prejudicial to their eyesight. I suspected a mouse;—nay it might be that a rat was greedy for their blood. Highly alarmed, yet preserving a philosophical presence of mind, I lifted up the napkin, but not the slightest cause for the perturbation was discoverable. Long and deeply did I ponder on the event; and at length inclined to the opinion that some hemp-seed, which had recently been added to their nutriment, and which they had eaten with much voracity, had induced dyspepsia and shocking dreams.

My sister—the widow—with the quickness and plausibility of women's wit, hazarded a conjecture, which I here record, more on account of its ingenuity than of any credit that I attach to it; for what indeed should women be expected to know on such scientific subjects? Her conjecture was, that certain saucers of water, which had been placed beneath the perches of the birds to tempt them to blution, had aroused in them a terror of drowning, and that they could not

rest in peace, lest in slumber they might haply fall into the little ocean below their feet. Now this is ingenious. But the hypothesis is at once annihilated by a consideration of the fact, that neither canary-birds, nor any birds whatsoever, or wheresoever, do fall from their perching-places in slumber—consequently they cannot fear to do so. My sister's idea, however, conjured up in my own mind a more alarming and more probable conjecture. May not my birds have been bitten by a rabid mouse, and labour under incipient hydrophobia? Quiet prevailed, however, during the remainder of the evening, and to-day my birds drink their water as usual.

8th.—The great chrysalis hath shaken off the morsel of bran from his cauda.

10th.—To the woods about Pupa Point. Bisected some oak-apples, that looked yet fresh and flourishing upon withered leaves that had fallen to the ground. Found, to my great astonishment (considering the lateness of the season), pupæ in certain of them, while others contained flies similar to the unhappy ones of whom I love not to discourse.

“Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.” Pursued my investigations. Discovered at length a maggot and a dead fly tabernacled together in the centre of a single oak-apple. The fly was dead, and half-eaten. The mystery is now cleared up. Another species of fly evidently deposited her ova in the already tenanted oak-apples, and her progeny—like to the offspring of the treacherous ichneumon; or of the ill-requiting cuckoo, subsist upon the ruin of the rightful heirs of the tenement. Thus, throughout universal nature, one being thrives by the destruction of another! 'Tis a right curious speculation. Oak-apples altogether move me to wonder. When cometh the time for their inhabitants to be disincarcerated? In those which I have examined for some time past, the flies (where flies there be) have eaten their way even into the very outermost integument, as if prepared to emerge into daylight—yet emerge they do not. What delayeth them? If extracted from their abode, they appear weak, faint, and torpid. Then why take the trouble to move upward from their inner sanctuaries—their secure penetralia—at a season when warmth and shelter are peculiarly de-

sirable? Moreover, at this present period, seventy out of a hundred are manifestly devoured by birds. Doth nature only beguile them from their comparative security, in order to render them a more easy prey to their predestined enemies? Truly, they appear to be the very outcasts of her dominion, and my pity for them is proportioned to the misery of their condition.

11th.—Received a letter from Sir Levenhoeck Crabnell, announcing to me a change in the wording of the question now under debate in the Naturalist's Society at Marshford (whereof I have the honour to be a member). The question as first proposed was—"Whether caterpillars are or are not subject to the toothache?" The amendment is in the substitution of the word "jaw-ache" for "toothache;" inasmuch as it may be rationally doubted whether the implements for mastication possessed by caterpillars can properly be called teeth—they being merely a serrated prolongation of the maxillary process, not arranged in separate osseous masses, but unigenous, like unto the structure of a saw.

Wrote my decided approval of the emendation.

12th.—Opened an oak-apple in honour of my niece Harriet's birthday. Apparently alight causes lead to great results. This incidental circumstance has led me to modify my theory of oak-apples: in what manner, I will circumstantially narrate. My niece, having so recently returned from school, naturally heard with interest the detail of events that had taken place in her absence from Caterpillar Hall, and betrayed a laudable impatience to behold the birth of a fly. But the first two oak-apples that I opened (not my best, I own, for these I am reserving for exhibition—with hopes of a prize—at the Naturalists' great oak-apple show next month) contained nothing but extremely minute pupæ. This, like Sir Isaac Newton's apple, set me thinking, and, on reflection, I animadverted that *all* the oldest looking, shrivelled oak-apples which I had lately opened, had contained pupæ, or a dead fly and a pupa together. These pupæ I had erroneously conceived to be the supposititious young of another species of insect; but I am now convinced that they are the identical offspring of the self-same fly that had always inhabited the oak-

apple, and that this genus of fly quit-teth not its domicile at all, but is born—liveth a grub life—chrysaliseth—attaineth its winged state—layeth its egg (not eggs, for it is monoviparous)—and dieth within its old aboriginal mansion;—and these things may have been going on from the beginning of the world. If this be truly so—then, happy, home-loving fly, I retract my lament for thy supposed forlorn condition! Forlorn, said I?—Thou art beyond description blest! Thy exemption from the turmoils of the external world remindeth me of certain verses of that sweetest of modern poets, Cowper:—
"Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat

To peep at such a world—to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the
crowd;—

To hear the roar she sends through all her
gates

At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls, a faint murmur on the uninjured
ear."

Once more I say, happy fly! How dimly, through the soft curtain of thy half-transparent dwelling, dost thou behold the sorrows that beset creation! How uninjured is thine ear by the uproar of turmoiling multitudes! Still there are difficulties as to the primal origin, impregnation, and final destruction of oak-apples—grave topics, and haply unfitted for drawing-room discussion.

I return to my niece Harriet and the birthday festivities.

At length I brought myself to open one of my (almost) finest oak-apples, and, to the joy of the whole family, yea, to the transport of those who had never before witnessed the process, I detached therefrom a large handsome fly, with peculiarly shining wings. If I may give vent to a little allowable jocosity on so hilarious an occasion, I should say that he had put on his birthday suit, in order to appear with appropriate and becoming splendour before my niece, Harriet, and the rest of the distinguished assembly. After a little natural astonishment at finding himself before so much good company, our fly became brisk and familiar, and began to mount the tall silver candlestick at a prodigious rate of celerity, with a manifest attraction towards the light of the taper. I am surprised at the cruelty that existeth in some female hearts. It savoureth of the feline genus. The elder ladies were unani-

mous for permitting the act of self-immolation whereupon the insect seemed bent; but my niece, Harriet, with a sensibility that did her honour, declined to accept so cruel a sacrifice for the celebration of her natalitia; and, for my own part, disapproving, as I do entirely, of heathenish rites and offerings to Moloch of living and intelligent creatures, I persisted (though even held back by my sister, the widow) in carrying off the fly on the point of the snuffers, and dropping it into the cage of one of the canary-birds, that the wires thereof might be a barrier from evil hands.

After this, at the particular request of my niece, I brought down into the family chamber my big chrysalis, in his box. The dear girl was both gratified and surprised at the sight, for, from the repugnance which my sister, the widow, her lawful mother (to whom she doubtless oweth a dutiful respect), had thereunto testified, she had, as she confessed to me, a dread that she was about to see somewhat very shocking to behold, or (as she expressed it) a great, fat, squashy, yellow-looking thing; but, instead thereof, she saw (to use her own language on the occasion) a pretty brown creature that looked as hard as if cut out of stone, and resembled, in its form, an elegant shell. "And indeed," uncle, added the dear child, looking up at me with a very sweet smile, "I find your chrysalis quite fascinating, and, with your permission, I should like to make a drawing of it, in the style I have lately learnt of Mrs Smudge, at Elysium-House Academy."

Down in my will for five thousand pounds.

Nov. 13th.—Through the woods again—saw a forsaken bird's-nest. My third nephew, Pliny (so christened at my request), who is just returned to us from school, and who is really anxious to distinguish himself in our family circle by some notable discovery in the realms of Natural History—whereunto he hath no despicable ingenuity—brought the said bird's-nest unto me, climbing the tree whereon it was constructed with the dexterity of an American sloth.

Much surprised to find a slug therein—creatures of this genus mount not ordinarily so high—on my return home, dissected the slug, and, according to my anticipations, discovered in his head, largely developed, the newly-as-

certainated organ of Ascendativeness, common to the chamois, the eagle—all celebrated aeronauts—and the ascenders of Mont Blanc.

Nov. 15th.—Picked up a rare specimen—the maxilla, or jaw-bone of an antediluvian ass, which I have deemed no unfitting addition to my cabinet. The *dentes incisores* were of remarkable size.

Query—May not this be the identical jaw-bone wherewith Samson put to rout the Philistines? The supposition is extremely credible, since, by accurate calculation, according to my theory of the successive vibrations and progressive motion of the earth's surface, this celebrated maxilla (or jaw-bone) would just now be moving up our way.

Nov. 16th.—A slight disappointment and trial of temper. My nephew, Pliny, who (as aforementioned) hath a watchful and enquiring eye, and looketh diligently about him during our peripatetic exercises, exclaimed this day, as we were walking, "What a fine caterpillar!" I looked, and verily seemed to behold a marvellous creature of this species, preternaturally large, and of a beautiful pink colour. With joy and eager expectation I stooped to pick him up,—and, lo! a potato-paring!

Nov. 17th.—My mind is pained. My very conscience is perturbed. The forebodings of evil, which have hung over me for some days past, are all too fatally verified. The very finest of my hairy caterpillars hath deceased, and I fear me that I am his murderer. It chanced on this wise:—For some days, I had seen him restless—food he declined; yet beneath the sod he went not. I solemnly aver that I meant no evil, but thinking to expedite matters, and desirous of instructing him after what manner he should ensepulchre himself, I lightly—*most* lightly, as I imagined—placed a piece of sod upon his head, as a gentle hint or admonishment of that which he ought to do. Methought he not ungratefully acknowledged my tender care for him, and was pleased with the delicacy of my attention, for, after this, he was no more restless. Day after day I beheld a portion of his tail protruding peacefully from beneath the sod; this morning, however, I was minded to indulge myself by a full view of him, when, lifting up the turf, I saw too surely that my caterpillar was dead.

It was an awful sight. His head was turned up towards heaven, as if supplicating for assistance ;—his body was contorted after the usual manner of those who die by suffocation ; and there had evidently been some preliminary convulsive movements—a species of spasmodic affection, resulting from compression of the epiglottis. This was too big for tears. I gazed in silent horror upon the cold stiff corpse. There was somewhat inexpressibly affecting in the thought that he had been crushed by his *native* sod ; and the incident brought to my mind some pleasing lines, which one of my nephews read to me out of a miscellany of poetry, which he brought from school. They appear to me better than most of the modern poetry, which hath fallen under my notice. But I seldom read any but ancient authors, such as Pope and Dryden. The lines were as follows :—

“ So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion that impell'd the steel ;
While the same feather, that had warm'd his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.”

Such, or similar to these, must have been the last reflections of my caterpillar. But a comfortable thought has just occurred to me :—may not my caterpillar's singular condition and attitude be some new mode of passing through the intermediate state between grub and butterfly ? How truly does the immortal Pope observe,

“ Hope springs eternal in the human breast ! ”

—I shall at least preserve the corpse while it remaineth sweet.

Another reflection hath, however, arisen to trouble this new-born hope. If this be so, what becometh of the second clause of my great discovery—my developement of the arcanum arcanorum—my lemma : that the hairy

caterpillar chrysaliseth not, but possesseth a degree of torpidity, dependent on atmospheric variation ?—a secret which, till this moment, I have not even intrusted unto writing, and which, even now, had not escaped my pen, but through emotion : for there are plagiarists in the land who watch and wait to rob a man of his immortality—and who knoweth what spies may be suborned ?

Yet either the one hypothesis or the other must be rejected ; for, though there is no probability whatever that the contorted caterpillar will chrysalise, yet, at the same time, one may plainly perceive that his torpor is beyond the influence of atmospheric variation.

As to his brethren, they favour my theory prodigiously ; even the first of the ensepulchred—the Solomon of his tribe—hath taken to recurring ; though indeed, this restlessness may be caused, in a degree, by my having so frequently lifted the sod to display my torpid treasures to scientific friends who, the fame of my caterpillars having gone abroad, would not be denied the privilege of beholding them ; *in a degree*, I say, for the circumstance that their fit of recurring was nearly coincident with the breaking up of the frost, proves incontestably, that the state of the atmosphere influenceeth their motions.

Methinks, too, I have almost established the fact that their ingress and egress somewhat *precedeth* the changes of the weather. Could my discovery be brought to perfection and certainty, we should have a new and most delicate species of barometer, more certain and sensitive than mercury, more prescient than a toad in a bottle ; then would my happiness be complete ; I should stand forth a benefactor to mankind. Every husbandman who seasonably housed his corn, or cut his grass at the right moment ; every father of a family who escaped catarrhal affection by a prudent provision of the umbrella, would name my name with blessings. My Recurring Caterpillar would become as famous as the old tortoise of that admirable naturalist, Gilbert White of Selborne ; I should live beloved, honoured, and celebrated, and when I died, perhaps a statue would be erected to my memory.

THE ELECTIONS.

It is scarcely possible to estimate too highly the importance of the General Election now in progress. No man on whose attention the subject is pressed can fail to see that the destinies of the Empire, for good or for evil, are deeply involved in the result. But many, we fear, do not act upon this principle, either from not being fully alive to its force, or from listening to the siren Indolence at the moment when every nerve should be strained to save the vessel from shipwreck. We hardly expect to reach the hearts of any, who have not already been summoned to their duty on this occasion by other admonitions and exhortations: nor is it likely that we can urge any topics of persuasion that have not been already exhausted, or that do not occur to every reflecting mind. But as we have it yet in our power, before the final completion of the Elections, to address some words of advice to our readers, and as we believe that the very iteration of the same views and remonstrances is highly serviceable, we should feel that we were wanting to our duty if we did not avail ourselves of the opportunity thus presented.

Let us, then, for a moment consider the nature and value of the great principles which compose the creed of the Conservative party. These may be said to be—1st, The maintenance of the Monarchy and of the privileges of both Houses of Parliament. 2d, The security of the Protestant Religion, as established in the three kingdoms.

We need not ask if these institutions are of a slender or trivial nature. We need not ask if they are blessings which we ought calmly and indifferently to hazard or throw away. We need not say that the advantages which they yield are not confined to one class, or rank, or section of the community; but are, when rightly viewed, of equal benefit to every peaceable, industrious, and honest citizen, whether high or low, rich or poor. The principles of Conservative policy should never have found favour in our eyes, if they were in any way exclusive in their tendency or operation. We are no worshippers of nobility; we are no parasites of wealth; we have no sympathy with any one interest in the commonwealth

more than with another. We revere and rally round the institutions of our country because we believe every man to be alike interested in their stability, who desires either to live and rise by his own exertions, to enjoy the fruits of his past labours, or to inherit the acquisitions of those who have laboured before him for his sake. We call upon all the sober and religious and orderly of every station and denomination to reflect earnestly upon the blessings which they now possess, and to take heed that they do nothing at this time which shall expose them to the slightest hurt or jeopardy.

Why is it that we love the Monarchy? Why is it that we prize the institutions of an hereditary peerage and a representative House of Commons? Because we believe and *know* that this constitution contains the most admirable mixture of the elements of society, the most perfect reconciliation of opposite excellences, that wisdom has ever planned or accident brought together. It has afforded scope for the greatest and most diffusive liberty that has ever been found compatible with mutual restraint and general protection; it has allowed the amplest freedom of discussion consistent with order and tranquillity; it presents the most liberal encouragement to enterprise and exertion that can co-exist with the security of acquired rights; it exhibits the utmost latitude of popular influence that can be combined with an effective defence against foreign aggression, or a vigorous administration of executive government. Under this constitution we have realized all the opposing virtues that schoolboys have dreamed or sages have devised. We have nursed among us all the patriotism, the eloquence, the courage, the independence that have adorned the freest republics of the world; while we have been exempt from the anarchy and dissensions, the fierce struggles and bloody triumphs by which those forms of government have been defaced. We possess all the refinement, the literary cultivation, the scientific attainments that have ever been fostered by the most splendid and powerful monarchies, without the vile effeminacy, or the

gross vices which courtly ease and luxury have too often produced. The Monarchy gives firmness and unity to the national strength, and annihilates the wild excesses of ambition. The Aristocracy gives stability to existing rights and institutions, and diffuses refinement and generous feeling among all classes. The Democratic principle, working in its proper place and under its proper trammels, gives life and activity to the whole, and excites in all ranks a spirit of mutual sympathy and competition productive of the best results.

No better test can be afforded of these excellences than the able and upright administration of justice, for which Britain has been long so pre-eminently distinguished. The judicial ermine is confessed by all to have been unstained by the slightest speck of personal partiality or party bias. No man has hitherto feared to trust his dearest rights and interests to his political opponent acting under the solemn sanction of a judge's oath. That venerable old man, now enjoying a dignified retirement after the labours of more than a quarter-century, had many bitter and jealous political enemies, but never one who breathed a whisper against his spotless integrity; and let us say, that if this had been his only excellence, Lord Eldon would not have earned among English judges that distinction which he has acquired by those transcendent talents, and that strength of mind, which have fallen and can again fall to the lot of few. The character, of which Horace merely fabled in the days of Augustus, has nowhere been realized so nobly as on the British Bench.

*"Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatinus solidâ."*

What greater blessing can we possess than this: what nobler end can government attain than the pure and equal administration of the laws. There can be no bad government where this object is effectually consulted: there can be no good government where it is not. But nothing is more connected with our mixed constitution than the purity of judicial procedure. The independence of the judges, which is so essential a feature in the system, is the direct result of a due adjustment of the Crown's prerogative and the privileges of both Houses of Parliament.

All these our social advantages depend upon the principle of *mutual balance*. Liberty itself consists in restraint. It arises from that degree of restraint upon all, which gives the greatest security to each from the encroachments of others. If pushed too far in one direction it must leave some other quarter unprotected; like "vaulting ambition it o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other side." If history has any value, if observation has any use, if experience is the source of wisdom, we must cling with immoveable firmness to the great principles of our political constitution, and not suffer any interference with that systematic equilibrium, which, if destroyed or sensibly disturbed, must endanger all that we possess, and embark us in all the fears and perils of an untried existence.

Why is it that we maintain the inviolability of our Protestant Religious Establishments? First, because we hold it a *religious duty* to do so. It is every man's duty to assume religion as the guide and safeguard of his own life. It is the duty of every father of a family to provide for his children and his domestics the protections and privileges of religious exercises and instruction. It is the parallel duty of every government to make a similar provision for the eternal welfare of its subjects. Kings and rulers and magistrates are solemnly called upon, in all their acts, to recognise the supremacy of that Power by whom alone they reign, or rule, or wield the sword of justice.

But, secondly, it is not only the duty of governors to make public acknowledgment of their dependence on Almighty God, by supporting and maintaining his ministers and ordinances; but it is the temporal interest of those governors, and of all their subjects, that every means should be adopted to diffuse religious principles throughout the whole community. In a world where bad passions of every kind must naturally abound, how can order and justice be better maintained? how can the laws be more effectually reinforced than by religious instruction? In a country where the extremes of success and adversity, of wealth and poverty must ever exist, where is there to be found, except in religion, an effectual means of curbing the licentiousness of the rich, of sustaining the dejection of the poor, of teaching all to bear

their respective fortunes with moderation or with contentment? It is not merely as a restraint upon crime, as an instrument of coercive government, that religion operates in a civil point of view. It is the means of softening and subduing a thousand passions and vices that the laws could never reach by any degree of rigour, of diffusing innumerable sympathies and charities which the laws could never inculcate as obligations. It is the interest of the wealthy that the poor should be made religious, that they may submit patiently and cheerfully to their many severe wants, and resist the many temptations that beset them. It is still more, if possible, the interest of the poor that the rich should be made religious, and that the public recognition of religious institutions, and the public appointment of religious ministers, should diffuse over all ranks of society a tone and temper of Christian kindness and benevolence. Is it nothing to the poor man whether his rich neighbour shall be a practical heathen, an irreligious churl, a merciless asserter of his extreme rights, a litigious perverter of justice and of law, a seducer of innocence and virtue,—or a pious and humane member of the Christian church, not captiously seeking to take offence, but using meekly what is his due, not grudging to give from his superfluity, but charitable, merciful, and zealous in all Christian virtues? Is it nothing to the wretched debtor whether his creditor is a cruel or a humane man? Is it nothing to those who so often are visited with hunger, and sickness, and distress, whether those who are able to relieve them shall have the will to do so, or shall be insensible to their sorrows and deaf to their supplications? If any, indeed, have an interest in the general diffusion of religious feelings, it is the poor and needy, who are most dependent on the charity and liberality of others. But surely it is the interest of all of every rank and station, and of every sect and persuasion, that their fellow-citizens should, as far as possible, be rendered religious, that they may be faithful and honest in their dealings, liberal and moderate in the exercise of their rights, ready to give mutual aid and assistance to each other in their wants and afflictions. It has been well said, that the revelation of Christianity has enlightened even the natural religion of the Deist. So is it true

that the establishment of Christianity has influenced not only those who believe its doctrines, but even those whose minds are unconverted. Even the bad and careless pay homage to its precepts and examples, and the passions and vices of all are confined by public opinion and a sense of decency within limits which in an irreligious community would be altogether unknown.

Few men dispute the propriety and duty of diffusing education among all classes by means of public or national institutions. On the same, or a far higher principle, is the establishment of religion indispensable. There may be mere education without proportional improvement. The tree of knowledge may bear no fruit but death. The intellect may be cultivated, and yet the heart may remain hard, the feelings cold, the habits vicious. Knowledge imparted to the poor man may but open his eyes to the nakedness of his lot, without bringing the balm of consolation to reconcile him to his sufferings. Religion alone can reform the mind, or sustain the spirit. Religion alone can make knowledge useful and safe. Religion, even with little knowledge, is wisdom. Knowledge without religion is worse than ignorance.

If religion is to be established, it must be established according to a creed. A creedless religion is Deism or Paganism; and no other creed can be recognised in this country but that which is professed by the Protestant Churches of the empire.

Of the benefits and necessity of religious institutions we have obvious examples, both in the evidence of their operation and in the effects which result where their operation is obstructed. To our national religion we owe to an extent which we cannot sufficiently estimate, the correctness of our manners, the purity of our domestic morals, the general diffusion of charity and philanthropy, the absence of open profligacy or licentiousness. It is the salt which preserves us from corruption in the midst of wealth and luxuries which the Roman Empire never surpassed. It is the golden chain which gently binds together by mutual affinities the widest extremes of social condition. On the other hand, the two great exceptions to our national character for happiness and virtue

are explained by the exclusion of those very blessings, as diffused over the rest of the community. We refer to the misery and lawlessness of the Catholic peasantry of Ireland, and to the vice and almost Irish degradation of the urban poor throughout the empire. To these classes, from different causes, the light of true religion can at present but imperfectly reach. They are left to the dominion of their own bad passions, uncontrolled by religious restraints—to the sense of their own wretchedness, unmitigated by religious resignation. And until, by lawful means, the blessings and influences of scriptural faith can be efficiently conveyed to these portions of our countrymen, they will remain, as now, a moral wilderness amid a smiling garden; a piercing thorn in our sides in the midst of our own comforts; a punishment upon us for every hour that passes by without an effort to place within their reach, what alone can lighten their burden, or reclaim them to social usefulness and worth.

But omitting these exceptions, which but confirm the general rule, we ask again, what nobler prospect has ever been afforded than the moral and political state of Great Britain for a long time past? Where has there been so much virtue—so much liberty—so much happiness? Is there any man who does not share in these blessings, or who would not suffer if their sources were dried up? No one, from the youthful Sovereign whom Heaven has placed on the throne of her ancestors under such happy auspices, down to the humblest labourer; no one, from the richest landholder or capitalist, down to the meanest mendicant who owes his support to public or individual charity, is without a part and an interest in the national prosperity and the national character, and in the stability of those institutions from which that prosperity and character have arisen. Every man who loves peace and brotherly amity, and hates discord and civil tumult—who looks to the steady recurrence of his daily labour and daily bread—who hopes to live on what his fathers have left him, or to transmit to his children what he is earning himself—all that prefer regular industry and lawful subordination to the wild lottery of anarchy and confusion—all, in short, but the desperate and depraved, who

— “love to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefer to Virtue's land,”
—all the sober and quiet and honest, of whatever degree, are interested, to the extent of their whole means and prospects, in the unshaken stability of our noble institutions, whether of Church or State. Looking at their glorious and happy effects, we must cry with Fitz-Eustace—

“Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?”

Where is the man, rich or poor, mean or exalted, with one feeling of patriotism, or one pulse of virtue, that would not struggle in civil contest, as in warlike strife, to baffle the enemies, open or concealed, who would deprive us of this our best birthright—our social and religious privileges.

We shall no doubt be asked, whether there is cause for any alarm on this subject; whether our institutions are in danger, either in Church or State? Why this defence of what is not attacked? Why this panegyric of what is not disparaged?

We say, and we say it with deep regret, that our institutions, both in Church and State, *are* in danger; that they are attacked—that they are vituperated; and that at no time was it more necessary than now to remember their excellences, and to fly to their assistance. It is notorious that there is a party, of growing numbers and importance, who openly seek to destroy the National Church, to annihilate the House of Lords, and to crush the monarchy, or to cripple it by the fetters of republican institutions. The men who profess these principles wear no disguise; they are open and frank; they are not merely suspected of such doctrines; they avow and glory in them. Destruction of the Church, and of our mixed form of Government, is their watchword, their party-distinction.

In what political position, then, are these dangerous and desperate men? Are they shunned and despised as they ought to be? Are their doctrines earnestly denounced and disclaimed, and every effort made to prevent their increase and diminish their influence? This is the course which we might expect to be pursued. This is the conduct which the honest and sincere lovers of the Church and Constitution would adopt towards such enemies. There would be no wish to identify themselves with them or their doctrines; no anxiety

to find out some common term, some equivocal nickname, under which the lovers and the haters of our institutions should be indistinguishably blended. A clear line of separation would be drawn, and every exertion made that there should be no misapprehension, not even a suspicion, that a community existed between them. If this course were boldly and fearlessly pursued by all whose duty it is to defend the Constitution, and who profess to discharge that duty, the country would indeed be safe. The destructive party would be greatly outnumbered. Their doctrines would become, as they should be, a badge of disqualification for public favour or political encouragement, and would soon sink into general and merited contempt.

But this is not the course of all who profess attachment to the Constitution. It is not the course of the *ministry* towards those men. They do not indeed profess to agree with them in opinion; but do they act as if they seriously and solemnly differed from them? They commend their doctrines by the faintness and chariness of their condemnation, and they court them personally as their most efficient partisans. The dullest and most unwilling observer must see that they have virtually coalesced with them. It is in vain to say that they merely take their support, and that they cannot be expected to refuse it. The connexion is of a deeper and more intimate kind than a mere coincidence of individual votes. The Ministry receive as much support from the Conservatives as from the Radicals; nay, they receive more. In their outward professions the Ministry differ infinitely less from the Conservatives than from the Radicals. But do they stand in a corresponding relation to each of these parties? Very far from it. The Hume and O'Connell party have all their sympathies, all their confidence, all their praise, and all their support. The Whigs and Radicals are in alliance for common purposes, and for general government and patronage. If a Conservative, who seeks to support the Throne, the Peerage, and the Church, is opposed at an election by one who seeks to destroy or undermine all three, which of them has the vote and interest of the Whig Ministers and the Whig party? Westminster and Glasgow afford a ready reply; and in every place where the same contest of principles has taken place, the weight of Whig influence, not

content with remaining even neutral, has been thrown into the Destructive scale. It will not be said by the Ministerialists that this arises from selfishness or from personal pique. Either motive would prove their want of principle, and their unfitness for government. It must proceed, then, from this fact, that the Ministerial Whigs do not cordially disapprove of destructive doctrines; that they do not sincerely admire and appreciate the institutions of the country. They would rather, it appears, have the Throne, the Peerage, and the Church destroyed, than see them preserved in any way that should not infer their political ascendancy. They are prepared to assist the spread of destructive principles, and hazard the welfare of the nation, rather than renounce the votes which destructive politicians are willing to give for their support. They would rather be in office, and destroy the constitution, with Hume and O'Connell, than leave it to be preserved by Peel and Stanley.

The tone of their daily organs, the uncontradicted language of their ordinary auxiliaries, proves the base league into which they have entered with the enemies of their country. The great point at which they have been long labouring is to be classed with the Radicals under the common denomination of *Reformers*; their great principle has been to effect a compact upon the sacrifice of minor differences and slight shades of opinion. What, then! is a Reformer the same thing with a Destroyer? Is the physician of the same fraternity with the professed poisoner? Is there any affinity between the surgeon and the assassin? Is it a minor difference whether arsenic or arrow-root is administered? whether the lancet or the stiletto is employed? Is it a trifling distinction that one man wishes to repair and enlarge the sacred edifice, and another to pull it down, without rebuilding it? Surely there is either the vilest hypocrisy or the most wretched infatuation in such conduct. Reform must either mean with the Ministers *destruction*, or destruction and reform are irreconcilable things. The defender of his country will not hold communion with an invading foe. The lover of his country's institutions will not league with those who seek openly to destroy them. On this subject, be it observed, the Ministerial party have long had no pretence for being deceived. Their

Radical allies do not pretend merely to Reform. They seek to *destroy*, and they say so. In one remarkable case, indeed, as to the proposed bills for giving increased efficacy to the Church of England, they put their negative on the measure, on the professed ground that it was one of reformation, and not of destruction; and strange to say, a Whig Reforming Ministry acquiesced in the pernicious course thus insolently dictated to them.

The danger and guilt of this alliance with the enemies of the Church and the Constitution, are not diminished or palliated by any pretence for alleging a decrease of strength, or of animosity in those who are thus countenanced and encouraged. The Radical party has grown in numbers, on the ruin of the Constitutional Whigs. The dwellers on the isthmus, the professed patrons of the *juste milieu*, but secret abettors of the *extrême gauche*, are unable to keep in check even the auxiliaries they have taken into their pay. Their allies *already greatly outnumber them*, and will soon be in a condition to dictate their own terms, and to compel some compromise of the vital principles which ought for ever to keep them asunder. There is the further danger, in this state of things, that men's minds may gradually be reconciled to violent measures which might at present revolt them; as no one can long commune or coquet with sin or error, without losing some of the salutary abhorrence with which it ought to be viewed.

There can be no stronger proof of these facts than the estimation in which Lord Grey's Government is now held by the adherents of the present Ministry. Formerly, Lord Grey was all that could be desired in a Minister—the just medium between the extremes of party—the father of Reform—the friend of his country. Now, a proposition for recalling Lord Grey to the Government would be received by the Ministerial Benches with indignation and scorn. Lord Grey is now little better than a mere Tory, an illiberal, aristocratic bigot, far behind the age, and totally unsuited to the times. This change has occurred in three or four short years. The present Ministry once held office with Lord Grey, and are now the idols of the men who execrate Lord Grey's name. Lord Melbourne himself, since his own Premiership, has under-

gone a mighty change. When formerly in power, his Ministry were the “base and bloody” Whigs, who were undeserving of support from any portion of the community. Now, they are the first Ministry that have done justice to Ireland, and they possess the confidence and favour of Hume and Bowring.

That there has been a change somewhere, is certain. Is it in the Radical party? Have *they* become more attached to the Constitution, less inveterate against the Church? That will hardly be said. Then it is plain, that the Ministry themselves are giving way, it may be reluctantly, but still rapidly, to the demands and doctrines of the Destructive party. To them, therefore, we cannot look for any firm or faithful defence of our institutions; they are leagued with the enemies of the country, and are willing, for aught that is seen, to make just as much concession to them, *ad infinitum*, as is necessary to keep themselves in power. They are even now on the edge of the revolutionary vortex, circling nearer and nearer every moment to the centre; and if not arrested, destined by degrees, and with giddy and deceitful whirl, to be sucked down ere long into the destructive gulf.

One thing is manifest in the present Ministry, that they are not the sincere friends and supporters of *the Church*, and that Protestant principles will not receive justice from them in any part of the empire. In Ireland they have committed themselves to the principle of spoliation. In England they are striking at the root of all Establishments, by altering the law which throws the support of the ecclesiastical fabrics upon the property or funds of the nation. In Scotland they may soon be led to a similar principle, and in the mean-time they are discouraging as much as they can the noble object of Church Extension, which a growing population has rendered necessary, as the only means of maintaining the national character on its ancient basis. That glorious scheme has no sympathy in their breasts: if it is accomplished at all, it must be done by other hands, or extorted from these men by their prudence and their fears, by the loud voice of a religious people, declaring that the spiritual wants and necessities of our destitute countrymen must be supplied; that shelter and food must be provided for that unhappy portion of the flock, who can no longer be contained

within the present precincts of the fold.

But supposing that the fears of danger to our institutions which we have now expressed, were remote or unreal, still there is the strongest call upon us to stand forward upon Conservative principles, in order that the enemies of the Constitution, or those who traffic with them, may be reduced to so insignificant a number as to leave no room even for apprehension on such a subject. Apprehension itself is one of the greatest evils, and that evil must be removed before we can again enjoy the blessings of our situation.

For a period now of more than eight years, the country has been agitated by a constant fever of political excitement. Measures have been carried in Parliament, materially changing the constitution of the empire as previously established, and which, by no inconsiderable portion of the community, were regarded as violations of principle and prolific sources of future mischief. Other measures have been proposed, tending still further and more palpably to innovate upon our form of government, and viewed by a still greater proportion of the nation as fraught with the most fatal consequences. As we have already said, scarcely any of our most hallowed institutions have escaped the threatenings of organic revolution: the Church has been vigorously and formidably assailed; the Peerage has been unsparingly and incessantly denounced; the House of Commons itself is menaced with a repetition of the fiery ordeal to which it was so lately subjected, and an extension of those changes which are only now coming to be fairly tried; and from the spirit that is abroad, there is every reason to believe, that if the Monarchy has not been equally attacked, it owes its exemption, not to any sincere attachment for this part of our institutions in the promoters of other innovations, but to accident or prudence, and to the opinion that the last and final blow should neither be attempted nor spoken of, till every shield and bulwark be removed that could ward off or deaden its effect.

The existence of such designs is on all hands admitted, and we have already pointed at circumstances in the conduct of the Ministerial party sufficient to give probable grounds for apprehensions as to their success. It is not necessary in this view to say,

that we think those designs will succeed. It is enough for our argument, that there is such reasonable cause of apprehension regarding them, as to engross the minds of serious and cautious men with considerations how to avert the danger. Surely such apprehensions are not groundless or absurd in men who see the very servants intrusted with the protection of their house, handling in fondness or in sport the firebrands prepared for the destruction of the edifice,—nay, fanning with their breath the rising and spreading flames that are longing to consume it.

In a tyrannous government, the fear of change may perplex monarchs alone. But in a country like Great Britain—where, with the universal diffusion of freedom, there is a deep and wide-spread interest throughout all ranks and classes in the stability of its institutions—the fear of change, when once it becomes prevalent, must have effects as wide and general as they are pernicious. Men of property cannot view without the greatest alarm the growing power and threatened ascendancy of those fluctuating masses who, acting so often on the principle that they have nothing to lose and little to fear, would have every temptation to exert their legislative influence, as a means of plundering the wealthy. Men of high-minded and liberal spirits, cannot, without indignation, look forward to the subversion of all that is chivalrous and polished and cultivated in society—and the substitution of mean, coarse, and selfish vulgarities, that would undo the civilisation of centuries, and strip political and private intercourse of all its humanities, and half of its virtues. Men who love genuine and equal freedom, cannot sit still when those safeguards are sought to be removed, which, by controlling all, give liberty to all, and without which the caprices and violences of democracy would bear unresisted dominion, and the shifting mob-majority of the day would receive unbounded license for endless tyranny, and reciprocal retaliation. Above all, men who honour religion, and prize morality as the dearest distinctions of their race, and as the most essential elements of human happiness and social order, cannot without horror contemplate repeated and increasing attempts to undermine or batter down the religious establishments of the

country, with all the train of evils consequent on such a result, the loss to their children of religious education and ordinances, the diminution of spiritual instruction to the poor and heedless, the dishonour of the ministers of God and the friends of piety; the triumph of the profane and licentious, and the surrender of society, in all its ranks, to the unchecked and unmitigated sway of the worst passions of human nature—sensuality and hard-heartedness, envy and malignity, cruelty and violence. Men, such as we have described, cannot possibly remain unaffected by apprehensions, when they see destructive principles abroad, and not only not denounced and discouraged, but connived at and countenanced by men in office.

That such apprehensions are extensively entertained, is undoubted; and so long as this is the case, society will be in an unnatural state, and the full and free interchange of good offices, and the fair and legitimate exercise of the faculties and feelings, will be paralysed. The hand of the generous will be closed—the mind of the friendly will be tainted with suspicion—the intercourse of society will be obstructed by party bias—and the souls of men, fitted for better things, will breathe only political warfare and controversial debate. Political knowledge and discussion are weapons of indispensable necessity in a free nation, but they ought not to be perpetually unsheathed, they ought not to form the business of our lives. Yet such is the tendency of permanent political agitation. Every thing else seems frivolous where we believe that our liberties and property are in danger. Every thing appears insipid when we have been accustomed to the pungency of such acrimonious topics. The young themselves are educated as politicians only, and acquire a taste in early life which is not easily unlearned. The Arts languish—the Muses are silent. Or, if literature makes an effort to rise, it partakes in some degree of the excited and morbid character of the times, far removed from the sober wisdom and calm beauty of serener days.

To the poorer classes, political agitation is fraught with corresponding mischief. Besides drying up the sources from which their labour draws employment, they are robbed of their domestic habits. They are taught to build castles in the air, and to seek

after riches by impracticable roads. They are reduced to the state of the Irish crones who waste the time that might be usefully spent, in searching for lost treasure about some old castle. Whatever leads the poor man to believe that poverty is oppression, or that great inequality of condition can ever be banished from the earth—whatever induces him to rely upon any resources but those of industry, temperance, and frugality, is the worst attack that can be made upon his peace and prospects.

But political agitation—we mean the agitation of radical and fundamental changes—is productive of another mischief which recent experience has clearly demonstrated. Such a state of things is an absolute obstruction to all practical amelioration of our laws. Because we advocate Conservative principles, are we therefore opposed to all improvement? Far from it. It is because we desire every possible improvement in practical legislation, that we deprecate and resist fundamental changes. There never were greater practical reformers than Mr Pitt, in former times—than the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, in our own days. The spirit of Conservative policy is embodied in these words,—“Every practical reform, but no organic change.” The laws of every country are susceptible of indefinite and boundless improvement. Every statute that is passed is, or ought to be, a practical reform. But while the utmost latitude is afforded in this direction, all nations have seen the expediency of adhering tenaciously to the organic principles of the constitution which they have once chosen. Some of them have made it penal to propose a change. Even the American constitution has declared that no such innovation shall be accomplished without an overwhelming proportion of votes in its favour. Look now at the last session of Parliament, in illustration of this principle. Almost every measure of practical amelioration has been sacrificed to the fruitless discussion of theoretical questions which it was clear can never be carried at all, or cannot be carried without a revolution.

When agitation of this abortive and endless description is fostered by the Government, the evil is infinitely worse. Individuals may agitate with comparatively little mischief. But an agitating government is a monster in

political nature There never till now has been an example of a Ministry that adopted certain vital questions as Ministerial, and yet session after session have continued unable to carry them. Such a course of policy is calculated to degrade the Crown and its Ministers, to keep up continual excitement, to exasperate dissension, and to obstruct every deliberation directed to objects of an attainable nature and useful tendency.

To this state of things an end may now be put, and if we value our peace and prosperity, *must* be put, by the sober and independent electors of this great country. They must now make a great and united effort to return men who will for ever exclude the questions, Whether or not the Monarchy and the Constitution are to remain? Whether or not Protestant Christianity is still to be the religion of the State? They must return a Parliament who will compel the Ministry to renounce all confederacy with the foes of our constitution, or will drive them from their places if they refuse to do so. They must recall a state of things in which, all apprehension of revolution being at an end, men shall be free to follow their natural business and bent, and shall not always live "with harness on their backs," in perpetual alarm and terror—in which the resources of the nation shall be freely developed in every channel and direction, whether of agriculture or merchandise, literature, art, or science.

The energy now wasted on wild innovations, may then be devoted to those practical questions of legislation which may be discussed without fear or excitement, and from which more benefit may be derived than from the dreams of a thousand visionaries, were they capable of being realized.

To preserve at once our civil and religious institutions from danger, and to terminate by security a state of trepidation, alarm, and distrust, these are the great objects which the orderly and right-minded part of the nation may now accomplish if they heartily engage in the task. We have no fear of the result, if we are not wanting to ourselves; if we duly estimate the importance of the end to be attained, and duly use the means which are within our power. The wealth of the country is with us—the intelligence and talent are with us—the Landed interest, the Commercial interest is on

our side—the Church is with us, and the friends of the Church; and if the truth is placed before them in its native colours, few of the decent, industrious, and honest of any class can be against us.

All these things are cheering omens; and what is there on the other side to discourage us? Has the name of Whig a spell in it that will deprive us of our strength, or give popularity to promise-breakers and trimmers? Is the Ministry so high in talent, in energy, in sincerity, as to have the cordial support, the calm respect, or the enthusiastic admiration of any one considerable class of men? On these heads we have nothing to apprehend. The great mass of the nation is loyal and not revolutionary. A still greater proportion look on the Ministry as despicable and useless.

But an attempt has been made to influence the elections by the use of the Queen's name. We shall say nothing of the constitutional regularity of such a course, or of its consistency with what used to be Whig principles. We take up the matter on higher grounds. We hesitate not to say, that the Queen is, and must be, Conservative. We care not whether her Majesty entertains any, or what opinions on some questions of detail. But we have her own solemn assurance that she will maintain THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AS BY LAW ESTABLISHED. We are assured that she cannot be hostile to the Monarchy, or to the privileges of the Peerage, and we have no reason to doubt that she will support unaltered the present constitution of the House of Commons. Without enquiring to what party in the state the Queen's predilections may lean (though on this point also we have no reason to be distrustful), it is manifest that her Majesty will countenance her present Ministers only in so far as they are faithful to the Constitution. She has now retained them in office because it would have been an unprecedented stretch of authority to dismiss them, or because her unsuspecting mind gives them credit for the Conservative views which they profess. And it is a most encouraging augury for our cause, that even the most liberal of those who hope for her favour are now compelled to hold more Conservative language to which they were formerly strangers.

The Ministry then, may, if they please, make use of the Queen's name

against their own adherents—against the Radicals and Destructives, whom they have hitherto vainly sought to keep in subjection, or confine within due bounds. They may say to those men, and they ought to say to them, "Our connexion with you is at an end: our Royal Mistress will no longer suffer us to give our countenance to those who openly seek to destroy the Church and Constitution which she is sworn to uphold, and to undermine the throne on which she sits." In this sense, and to this effect, the Whig Ministerialists may use the Queen's name, and we earnestly hope that they will do so. Let them see whether they can make it available to obtain even a majority for themselves among their own sect of *soi-disant* Reformers. But to use the name or sentiments of our Protestant Monarch against the supporters of Monarchy, and the friends of the established Protestant faith, is as ludicrous as it is unprincipled. Above all, to denounce the Conservatives as opposing the Queen, while the Ministerialists are still entangled in a league with the open enemies of all our institutions, requires an amount of effrontery which scarcely any thing but desperation could bestow. "The Queen, the Church, and the Constitution," are watchwords which the Conservatives have a right to use, and which may well and gracefully be joined together. The mottoes of the "Queen and Democracy"—"The Queen and the Voluntary system"—"The Queen and Popish ascendancy," would neither be pleasing to the Sovereign, whose name was thus employed, nor successful with the multitude, to whom they were addressed. Those are the Queen's enemies who are the enemies of the Constitution; those cannot be her friends who consort with her enemies.

Let us not, therefore, be deterred by the foolish and idle attempts that have been made to give the Whigs a factitious aid by this means, which their own destitution and unpopularity rendered necessary. Let us rather be encouraged by the circumstances of the new reign; convinced that we have nothing to fear from our Sovereign's sentiments, and that it is our duty to meet her in Parliament by Representatives of sound constitutional doctrines, whose

loyalty is based, not upon interest, but upon principle, and who will neither themselves seek the ruin of our institutions, nor connive with those who do. Let us be satisfied, that the great body of the nation know that in the hands of Conservatives the Queen is infinitely safer than in those of mere lip-loyalists, who profess indeed to respect the Monarchy and its safeguards, but have hitherto been, and if the past speaks for the future, are still ready for any selfish purpose to betray them to the advocates of uncontrolled Democracy.

Justice, however, cannot be done to the Sovereign, or to ourselves, without strenuous exertion. If that is omitted, we have much to fear. If it is duly employed, every thing is safe. Let all, therefore, bestir themselves. Before these pages are in the hands of our readers, much will have been done. But more will remain to do, and till the last the struggle must be manfully maintained. The succeeding elections will even influence those that are over, by indicating the growing spirit of the nation, and modifying the views and votes of the Members already returned. Let those, therefore, engaged in contests yet to come, put forth their whole strength, encouraged by whatever good may have hitherto arisen, undismayed by any unexpected disappointments. Let this one thought and purpose engross their whole minds for the brief interval that yet remains. Let every one give to the common cause according to his ability; let the rich man contribute his wealth, the active man his energy, the man of talent his eloquence and argument. Let no fair or legitimate means be omitted to place in their true light the principles and objects of our opponents, and of ourselves. The sacrifices now made will be richly rewarded. As we would pay a petty sum to insure our house from conflagration; as we would cast away part of our goods in a storm, to save the rest,—so now, by surrendering a portion of what we have, we shall preserve what remains, and secure the commencement of a new order of events, in which we shall rest in safety and tranquillity, in secure enjoyment of the benefits of our free institutions, and in the steadfast hope of transmitting them uninjured to our children.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

THE LAST CHAPTER.

THE DESTROYER.

FAIR and innocent readers ! how many, many thousands of you will read this narrative with beating and indignant hearts ! Shrink not from its sad—its faithful details ; consider them, if it be not presumptuously spoken, in somewhat of that spirit in which you ponder the mournful history of Eve and Eden—of her, our first mother, who, weakly listening to the serpent tempter, was ignominiously thrust out of her bright abode, degraded from her blessed estate, and entailed innumerable ills upon her hapless progeny !

With kindly and fervent feeling, my conscience bearing testimony to the purity of my intentions, have I drawn up, and now thus commend to you,—to readers, indeed, of both sexes, and of all classes of society, but those especially who move amidst the scenes from which its incidents have been taken,—this narrative, the last *Passage from the Diary of a late Physician* ; of him who, having been long acquainted with you, now bids you farewell ; and could his eye detect among you one whose trembling foot was uplifted to deviate from the path of honour and of virtue, he would whisper, amidst his reluctant adieu—BEWARE !

Mrs St Helen, a young, a fond, and beautiful mother, having, one morning in June 18—, observed a faint flush on the forehead of her infant son,—her first-born and only child, and ascertained from the nursery-maid that he had been rather restless during the night, persuaded herself and her husband that matters were serious enough to require immediate medical assistance from London. The worthy Colonel, therefore, ordered his phaeton to be at the door by ten o'clock ; and, having been scarcely allowed by his anxious wife to swallow a cup of coffee and finish his egg, presently jumped into his vehicle and dashed off almost as rapidly as Mrs St Helen, who remained standing on the steps, could have wished. Though the distance was nearly nine miles, he

reached my house by a little after eleven, and was at once shown into my room, where I was arranging my list of daily visits. It seemed clear, from his hurried statement, that his little son—and heir was about to encounter the perils of scarlet fever or measles, at the very least ; and such were his importunities, that though I had several special engagements for the early part of the day, I was induced, at his suggestion, to put two hacks to my carriage, and drive down to Densleigh Grange, accompanied by the Colonel, who ordered his servant to remain in town till the horses had been rested.

This was the first time that my professional services had been required in Colonel St Helen's family—in fact, I had never been at Densleigh, though, previous to their marriage, I had been rather intimately acquainted with Mrs St Helen. We had never once met even since the day of her marriage, three years ago. When I last saw her—upon that happy occasion—I thought her certainly one of the loveliest young women the eye could look upon. I really think her person and manners were the most fascinating I ever witnessed. When I first saw her she was only seventeen, and dressed in the deepest mourning ; for her father, the Honourable Mr Annesley, a beneficed clergyman in the West of England, had recently died, leaving her to the care of his brother the Earl of Hetheringham, whose family I was then attending. Her mother had died about a year after giving birth to this her first and only child ; and her father left nothing behind him but his daughter—and his debts. The former he bequeathed, as I have already intimated, to his brother, who accepted the charge with a very ungracious air. He was a cold, proud man—qualities, however, in which his Countess excelled him—by no means rich, except in children ; of whom he had three sons and five daughters, who instantly recognised in their beautiful cousin a most formidable competitor

for the notice of society. And they were right. The form of her features was worthy of the rich commingled expression of sweetness, spirit, and intellect that beamed in them. What passion shone out of her dark blue eyes! Her figure, too, was well-proportioned and graceful, just budding out into womanhood. She was sitting, when I first saw her, at a little rose-wood table, near the Countess, in her boudoir—one hand hung down with a pen in it, while the other supported her forehead, from which her fingers were pressing aside her auburn hair—evidently in a musing mood, which my sudden entrance through the door already standing wide open, put an end to. “You need not go,” said the Countess, coldly, seeing her hastily preparing to shut up her little desk—“my niece—Miss Annesley, Doctor!” I knew the Countess—her character and circumstances well; this exquisite girl, her niece, and she with five daughters to dispose of!—Miss Annesley, after slightly acknowledging my salutation, resumed her seat and pen I could hardly keep my eyes away from her. If she looks so lovely now, in spite of this gloomy dress, thought I, what must she be, when she resumes the garb of youthful gaiety and elegance! Ah, Countess, you may well tremble for your daughters, if this girl is to appear among them. “You see, Doctor,” continued the Countess, in a matter-of-fact manner, while these thoughts glanced across my mind—“we are all thrown into sables through the death of the Earl’s brother, Mr Annesley.”

“Indeed!” I interrupted, with a look of sympathy towards her niece, who spread her hand over her eyes, while the pen that was in the other slightly quivered. “This young lady is, in fact, all my poor brother-in-law left behind him; and” (adding in a lower tone) “she now forms one of our *little* family!” I felt infinitely hurt at the scarce-concealed sneer with which she uttered the word “little.” Poor Miss Annesley, I feared, had perceived it; for, after evidently struggling ineffectually to conceal her emotions, she rose and stepped abruptly towards the door.

“You’ll find your cousins in the drawing-room, love! go and sit with them,” said the Countess, endeavouring to speak affectionately. “Poor thing!” she continued, as soon as Miss Annesley had closed the door, after

which I fancied I heard her run rapidly up stairs—doubtless to weep alone in her own room—“her father hasn’t been dead more than a fortnight, and she feels it acutely!—shockingly involved, my dear Doctor—over head and ears in debt! You’ve no idea how it annoys the Earl! My niece is perfectly penniless! Literally, we were obliged to provide the poor thing with mourning! I insisted on the Earl’s making her one of our family;”—a great falsehood, as I subsequently discovered, for she had suggested and urged sending her abroad to a nunnery, which, however inclined to do, he dared not for appearances’ sake. “She’ll be a companion for my younger daughters, though she’s quite countryfied at present—don’t you think so?”

“Pardon me, my dear Countess—she struck me as extremely elegant and beautiful,” I answered, with sufficient want of tact.

“Rather pretty, certainly—she’s only seventeen, poor thing,” drawled the Countess, immediately changing the subject.

I could not help feeling much interest in the poor girl, thrust thus, in the first agonies of her grievous bereavement, into a soil and atmosphere ungenial and even noxious—into a family that at once disliked and dreaded her. What a life seemed before her! But, I reflected, the conflict may be painful, it cannot be long. Lady Hetheringham cannot utterly exclude her niece from society; and *there*, once seen, she must triumph. And so, indeed, it happened; for in less than six months after the period of her arrival at her uncle’s, she began to go out freely into society with his family; it having been considered by her prudent and affectionate relatives, that the sooner this young creature could be got off their hands the better. The Earl and his Countess, indeed, began to feel some apprehension now and then lest one of her niece’s *male* cousins—the eldest possibly, might feel rather more attachment towards her than mere relationship required. She was directed, therefore, to apply herself diligently to the completion of her education, in which she had already made rapid progress, which, together with her natural talents, soon rendered her independent of the fashionable instructors who taught her cousins. Miss Annesley was, in truth, a creature of

much enthusiasm of character ; of a generous and confiding nature, a sanguine temperament—fond withal of admiration, as who is not, of either sex? She felt in her element in the glittering society in which she now incessantly appeared, or rather into which she was forced. She breathed freely, for glorious was the contrast it afforded to the chilling, withering restraint and coldness that ever awaited her at her uncle's. There she but too sorrowfully felt herself an intruder—that her aunt and uncle were stirring heaven and earth to get rid of her. Many a bitter hour did she pass alone when she reflected upon this, and saw no course open to her but to second the exertions of her heartless relatives, and be emancipated from her bitter thralldom by almost any one who chose to make the attempt. Her anxieties on this score laid her open to the imputation of being little more than a brilliant flirt or coquette—than which certainly nothing could be more distant from the wishes or repugnant to the feelings of poor Miss Annesley. She saw that her uncle and aunt could have encouraged the advances of any one that seemed likely to propose for a beautiful but penniless orphan, and was almost disposed to gratify them. What sort of life would not be preferable to that of her present bitter dependence? Alas, how generous, how noble a heart was thus trifled with—was thus endangered, if not even directly betrayed, by those whose sacred duty it was, whose pride and delight it should have been, to regard and cherish it! However pure, however high-minded, a girl of Miss Annesley's youth and inexperience, of her eager and fervent temper and character, could not but be exposed to imminent danger when thrust thus into such scenes as are afforded by the fashionable society of the metropolis. Poor Emma! No eye of zealous and vigilant affection followed thee when wandering through these dazzling mazes of dissipation and of danger! Anxious, however, as were Lord and Lady Hetheringham to get rid of their lovely charge, their efforts were unsuccessful. Two seasons passed over, and their niece, though the admired of all beholders, utterly eclipsing her impatient and envious cousins, seemed unlikely to form an alliance, whether owing to the incessant and widely-propagated

sneers and injurious falsehoods of her five rivals, the ill-disguised coldness and dislike of the Earl and Countess, or, above all, to her want of fortune. Many who admired her, and felt disposed to pay her decisive attentions, were deterred by the fear that a young woman, of her family, station, beauty, and accomplishments, was an object placed far beyond their reach ; while others sighed—

“ Sighed and looked, sighed and looked, and sighed again ; ”

and feared that if she brought her husband no fortune, she nevertheless was perfectly able and disposed to spend *his*. Conquests, in the ordinary phrase, she made innumerable, and was several times mentioned in the newspapers as “ likely to be led to the hymeneal altar ” by Lord —, Sir —, the Honourable Mr —, and so forth. As far, indeed, as appearances went, there was some ground for each of these rumours. Miss Annealey had many followers, most of whom were sufficiently gratified by having their names associated in fashionable rumour with that of so distinguished a beauty. The only one, however, of all these triflers who ever established any thing like an interest in her heart, was the elegant and well-known Alverley ; a man whose fascinating appearance and manners soon distanced the pretensions of all those who aimed at an object he had selected. Alverley was, when he chose, irresistible. He could inspire the woman he sought with a conviction that he loved her passionately, throwing a fervour and devotion into his manner which few, very few women, and no young woman, could resist. Poor Miss Annesley fancied that this envied prize was hers ; that he was destined to be led a “ graceful captive at her chariot-wheels ; ” that he was the gallant knight who was to deliver her from her bondage. Here, too, however, she was destined to meet with disappointment ; the distinguished Alverley disappeared from among the throng of her admirers quite suddenly ; the fact being, that in a confidential conversation with one of her cousins, in a quadrille, he had become satisfied that it was undesirable for him to prosecute any farther his disinterested attentions in *that* quarter. Miss Annealey felt his defection more keenly than that of any other of her transient admirers. Her eager feelings, her inex-

permeated heart, would not permit her to see how utterly unworthy was one who could act thus, of even a moment's regret. Alas! her high spirit had not fair play! His graceful person, his handsome and expressive features, his fascinating manners, could not so easily be banished from her young heart; and her grief and mortification were but little assuaged, however perhaps her wounded *pride* might be soothed, by the intimation Alverley contrived to have conveyed to her, from several quarters, that her regrets fell infinitely short of the poignancy of his own, in being compelled by others, on whom his all depended, to abandon the dearest hopes he had ever cherished.

Thus it was that Miss Annesley and her heartless and selfish relatives beheld two seasons pass away without any prospect of their being permanently released from one another's presence and society; an infinite gratification did the poor girl experience in being invited to spend the autumn of 18— with a distant relative of Lady Hetheringham's, in a remote part of England. This lady was the widow of a General officer, and during her stay in town that season had formed an attachment towards Miss Annesley, whose painful position in the Earl's family she soon perceived and compassionated; therefore it was that her invitation had been given, and she felt delighted at securing the society of her young and brilliant guest during the tedious autumn and winter months.

Miss Annesley proved herself to be possessed of a warm and affectionate heart in addition to beauty and accomplishments, and every day increased the attachment between them. These six months were the happiest Miss Annesley had ever known. Before returning to town, an event she dreaded, a very eligible offer of marriage was made to her by a relative of her hostess, who happened to be quartered with his regiment in her immediate neighbourhood, Major St Helen. He was an amiable, high-spirited man, of excellent family, in easy circumstances, and with considerable expectations. His features, though not handsome, were manly and expressive; his figure was tall and commanding; his manners frank, his disposition affectionate; his suit was supported by Miss Annesley's kind hostess, and before her returning to town he gained the promise of her

hand. The more, indeed, she knew of him, and learnt of his character, the more confidently she committed herself to him; she became sincerely and affectionately attached to him, who loved her so evidently with fervour and enthusiasm. In about a twelve-month's time she was married to him—in her twentieth year, he being about ten years her senior—from the Earl of Hetheringham's. I was present, and never saw a lovelier bride; how distinctly, even at this distance of time, is her figure before my mind's eye! As her uncle, who felt as if a thorn had been at length plucked out of his side, led her down to the travelling carriage that was in readiness to convey them away, I was one of the last to whisper a hasty benison into the ear of the trembling blushing girl. Gracious Heaven! could either of us at that moment have lifted the veil of futurity, and foreseen her becoming the subject of this last and dreadful passage from my Diary!

About three years afterwards was born the little patient I was now on my way to visit. During this considerable interval I had almost lost sight of them; for Major, since become Colonel St Helen, after a year's travel on the Continent, purchased the delightful residence to which we were so hastily driving, and where their little son and heir was born. Here they lived in delightful retirement—only occasionally, and for very short periods, visiting the metropolis; the chief reason being Mrs St Helen's reluctance to renew her intercourse with Lord and Lady Hetheringham, or any member of their family. It was evident, from our conversation as we drove down, that their attachment towards each other continued unabated. The only drawback upon their happiness was a fear that he might be, ere long, summoned upon foreign service. When within about a mile of Densleigh, our conversation, as if by common consent, dropped—and we leaned back in the corners of the carriage in silence; he, doubtless, occupied with anxieties about his little son, and the probable state of matters he should meet on reaching home; I sinking into a reverie upon past times. I was anxious to see again one in whom I had formerly felt such interest—and felt happy at her good fortune, not only in escaping the dangers to

which she had been exposed, but in making so happy a marriage.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the Colonel, suddenly, who had been for the last few minutes incessantly putting his head out of the window—look—they are"—his keen eye had discovered two female figures standing at the outer gate opening upon the high-road—"Drive on, coachman, for God's sake!"

"Don't alarm yourself, Colonel"—said I; adding, as we drew near enough to distinguish one of the figures pushing open the gate, and stepping into the road towards us—"for one of them can be no other than Mrs St Helen; and the other is her maid, with my little patient in her arms—positively! Ha, ha, Colonel! That looks very much like scarlet fever or measles!"

"Certainly you are right," replied the Colonel, with a sigh that seemed to let off all his anxiety. "That is my wife, indeed—and the child: there can be no mistake—but how can they think of venturing out till, at all events, they are"——

Though I was at the moment rather vexed at having come so far, at such inconvenience, too, I soon made up my mind to it, and felt glad at the opportunity of seeing how the beautiful Miss Annesley would show in the character of Mrs St Helen—a mother.

"You must give these poor beasts a little refreshment, Colonel, before I can take them back, and me a little luncheon," said I, with a smile, looking at my watch.

"Certainly—oh, of course! Forgive me, dear Doctor, for having been so nervous and precipitate! But you are a father yourself. 'Tis all my wife's fault, I can assure you, and I shall tell her she must make the apology due for bringing you down from London for nothing! The fact is, that I never thought there was any thing the matter with the child;"—which was, I thought, a very great mistake of the Colonel's.

"I assure you I am infinitely better pleased to have the opportunity of seeing Mrs St Helen again, and in health and spirits, than to see her plunged into distress by the illness of her child—so pray say no more about it!"

As we approached, Mrs St Helen astily gave her parasol into the hands the maid, from whose arms she

snatched the child, and walked quickly up to the carriage door, as we drew up. For a moment I quite forgot the errand on which I had come, as close before me stood the Emma Annesley of a former day, a thousand times more lovely, to my eye, than I had ever seen her. She wore a light loose bonnet, of transparent white crape, and her shawl, which had been displaced in the hurry of seizing the child, hung with graceful negligence over her shoulders, to infinite advantage displaying a figure of ripening womanhood—the young mother, proud of the beautiful infant she bore in her arms—her expressive features full of animation; altogether she struck me as a fit subject for one of those airy and exquisite sketches with which Sir Thomas Lawrence was then occasionally delighting the world.

"Oh, Doctor——," she commenced, in the same rich voice I so well remembered, holding out one of her hands to me as I descended the carriage steps—"I am so delighted to see you again—but really," looking at her husband, "Arthur did so frighten me about the child, and I am not a very experienced mother—but I suppose it's the same with all fathers—alarmed at such trifles?"——

"Really Emma, this is capital," interrupted the Colonel, half-piqued and half-pleased, while I could not help laughing at them both—"so it was I—but who was it, Emma, that came rushing into my dressing-room this morning—her hair half *en papillote*?"——

"Arthur, don't be absurd—there's no need."

"Well—I forgive you! It was all my fault; but, thank God! here's the young hero, seemingly as well as ever he was in his life—many, many happy returns."

"'Tis his birth-day, Doctor"—interrupted Mrs St Helen, eagerly, with a sweet smile.

The Colonel took the child out of his mother's arms, and kissed him heartily. "But what apology can we make, Emma, to Doctor——?"

"Oh, don't say a syllable! I am sincerely glad that I have come, and more so, that there was not the necessity for it you supposed. My dear Mrs St Helen, how glad I am to see you." I continued, as she took my arm, the Colonel proceeding on with the child

in his arms, who seemed, however, anxious to get back to his nurse. "I have often thought of you, and wondered where you had hid yourselves! But before we talk of past times, let me hear what it was that so alarmed you about that sweet little child?"

"Oh—why, I suspect it's all my fault, Doctor—I was very foolish; but we do so love him, that we are afraid of the least thing. He's so beautiful, that I fear we shall lose him—he's too good—we should be too happy."

"All mothers, Mrs St Helen, say that; but I want to hear whether we are right in dismissing all anxiety about the appearances that so alarmed you this morning."

"I'm quite ashamed of it! It was evidently nothing but a little redness on his forehead, which was occasioned, no doubt, by the pressure of the pillow—and it quite disappeared before the Colonel had been gone half-an-hour—and the nurse did not tell me till afterwards—and we had no man here at the time to ride after the Colonel—and so"—pushing about the end of her parasol upon the grass, and looking down, as we slowly followed the Colonel towards the house. I laughed heartily at the kind of sheepish air with which she confessed the slight occasion there had been for her alarm. She began again to apologize—

"Pho, pho, my dear Mrs St Helen, this has happened to me more than a hundred times! but never when I less regretted it than I do now. I have had a delightful drive, and I have seen you looking so well and happy—you cannot think how rejoiced I am on your account! What a contrast is your present life to that you led at the Earl of Hetheringham's!—you must be as happy as the day is long!"

"And so indeed I am! I never, never knew what real happiness was till I knew Colonel St Helen! We have never had a difference yet! He worships the very ground"—She paused, hung her head, and her eyes filled with tears.

"He looks quite the soldier," said I, glancing at his tall and erect figure.

"Oh yes, and he is! He has the noblest disposition in the world! so generous, and as simple as the little

creature that he carries. You would hardly think him the same man when he is at home, that at the head of his regiment looks so cold, and stern, and formal. And he is as brave as"—her beautiful features were turned towards me, flushed with excitement—

"Do you know he's been in three engagements, and I have heard from several officers that he is one of the most desperate and fearless"—

"Ah, you recollect these beautiful lines, Mrs St Helen," said I—

"The warrior's heart when touched by me,
Can as downy, soft, and yielding be,
As his own white plume that high amid
death

Through the field has shone, yet moves
with a breath!"

Her eyes were fixed intently upon me while I repeated these lines, filled with tears as I concluded, and she spoke not. "Where are these lines?" she began at length; but ashamed of her yet unsubdued emotion, she quickly turned aside her head, and left the sentence unfinished. Her little dog that came scampering down towards us, happily turned her thoughts.

"How very, very ridiculous!" she exclaimed, half-laughing, half-crying, pointing to a light blue ribbon tied round the dog's neck, in a large knot or bow, the little animal now frisking merrily about her, and then rolling about on the grass, evidently not knowing what to make of his gay collar. "The fact is, Doctor, that this being our little boy's first birth-day, my maid has determined that even the dog—Down, Fan! down! you little impudent creature—go and run after your young master;" and away bounded Fan, leaving us once more alone.

"When did you hear of the Hetheringhams last?"

"Oh, by the way," she answered eagerly, "only a day or two ago. And what do you think! Did you read that account of the elopement in the papers with such numbers of stars and initials?"

"Certainly, I recollect; but whom do they mean?"

"My fair proud cousin, Anne Sedley, and the youngest officer in Arthur's regiment: Who would have thought it! She was always the most unkind

of any of them towards me ; but I am not the less sorry for her. Nothing but misery can come of an elopement ; and how they are to live I do not know, for neither of them has any thing."

" You see very little of the Earl and Countess, or your cousins, I suppose now ?"

" We have scarcely met since we were married, and we don't regret it. Arthur does not like any of them, for I could not help telling him how they had treated me ; and, besides, we see no body, nor do we wish, for we are not yet tired of each other, and have plenty to do at home of one kind or another. In fact, we have only one thing that distresses us, a fear lest the Colonel may be ordered to join his regiment and go abroad. Oh ! we tremble at the thought, at least I am sure that I do ; especially if it should happen before November," she added suddenly, faintly colouring. I understood her delicate intimation that she bade fair to become again a mother, and told her so. " What should I do, in my situation, all alone here—my husband gone, perhaps never to return. I assure you, it often makes me very sad indeed—but here he comes."

" Why, Emma ! How serious ! Positively in tears ! What ! have you been *regretting* to Doctor — that you have not got a patient for him ?"

" No, dearest Arthur—the fact is we have been talking over past times !—I was telling him how happy we were in our solitude here"—

" But, I dare say, Doctor —, with myself," said the Colonel, quickly, observing Mrs St Helen not yet to have entirely recovered from her emotion—" will not think the worse of Densleigh when we've had a little lunch."

" Well—I'll rejoice you in a few minutes," interrupted Mrs St Helen, turning from us.

" Aha," said the Colonel, as he led me into the room where lunch was spread—" she's gone to look after Master St Helen's dinner, I suppose ; we shan't see her this quarter of an hour !—He must never eat a mouthful without her seeing it !—We won't wait, Doctor —," and we sat down—for I had really not much time to lose. Densleigh certainly was a delightful residence—happily situated, and laid out with much taste and elegance. The room in which we

were sitting at lunch opened upon a soft green, sloping down to the banks of a pleasant stream, and commanded an extensive prospect,—of which Mrs St Helen had recently completed a very beautiful water-colour sketch, which was suspended near where I sat.

" You must come some day, Doctor, and see Emma's port-feuille—for she really draws very beautifully. I'll try to get a sight of the picture she has nearly finished of our little Arthur—by Heaven, 'tis perfection !"

Here Mrs St Helen made her appearance ; Master St Helen had made a very hearty dinner, and Emma was again in high spirits, and I persuaded her to take a glass of wine with me—but not to give me a sight of the mysteries which the Colonel had spoken of. She would not for the world let me see her half-finished daubs—and so forth ; and as for the others, she would show them all to me the next time I came, &c. &c. All lady-artists are alike, so I did not press the matter. A pleasant hour I passed at Densleigh—thinking, where was happiness to be found if not *there* ! I was not allowed to leave before I had promised, never to come within a mile or two without calling upon them. They attended me to the door, where were drawn up my carriage and the pony phaeton of Mrs St Helen, with two beautiful little greys, which also were bedight with the light-blue ribbons. Master St Helen and his maid were already seated in it, and I saw that Mrs St Helen longed to join them. Ah, you *are* a happy woman, thought I, as I drove off—you ought indeed to feel grateful to Heaven for having cast your lot in pleasant places,—long may you live the pride of your husband—mother, it may be, of a race of heroes !

About six months afterwards, my eye lit upon the following announcement in one of the newspapers :—" On the 2d instant, at Densleigh Grange, the lady of Colonel St Helen, of a son." I discovered, upon enquiry, that both mother and child were doing well—although the event so dreaded by Mrs St Helen had come to pass, and very greatly affected her spirits—the Colonel was ordered, with his regiment, upon foreign service. She had nearly succeeded in persuading him to quit the army ; and it required

all the influence of his most experienced personal friends, as well as a tolerably distinct intimation of opinion from the Royal Commander-in-Chief at the Horse-Guards to prevent him from yielding to her entreaties. His destination was India; and with a very heavy heart, six weeks before her *acouchement* took place, he bade her adieu—feeling that too probably it was for ever! He could not, however, tear himself away; twice did he return suddenly and unexpectedly to Densleigh, after having taken, as he had thought, a final farewell. She insisted on returning with him to London, and witnessing his departure. When it had taken place, she returned to Densleigh, and for a while gave herself up to the most violent emotions of grief. Dreading the consequences to her, in her critical circumstances, Mrs Ogilvie, the sister of Colonel St Helen, came down to Densleigh, and succeeded in bringing Mrs St Helen up to town with her, hoping that change of scene and the gaieties of the metropolis might aid in recruiting her agitated spirits and thereby prepare her for the trial she had so soon to undergo. She had not been long in London before she prevailed upon Mrs Ogilvie to drive with her to the Horse-Guards, and endeavour, if possible, to gain some intelligence as to the probable duration of her husband's absence, and of the nature of the service in which he was to be employed. Her heart almost failed her when the carriage drew up at the Horse-Guards. With some trepidation she gave the servant a card bearing her name, on which she had written a few lines stating the enquiry she had called to make, and desired him to take and wait with it for an answer. "His Royal Highness will send to you, Ma'am, in a few moments," said the servant on his return. Presently an officer in splendid uniform was seen approaching the carriage—he was an *aide-de-camp* of the Commander-in-Chief, and Mrs St Helen, with some additional agitation, recognised in him, as he stood before her, Captain Alverley. To her it was indeed a most unexpected meeting; and he seemed not free from embarrassment.

"His Royal Highness has directed me to inform you," said he, bowing politely, "that he regrets being unable to receive you, as he is now engaged with important business. He also directs me to say, in answer to your enquiry, that Colonel St Helen's stay will probably not exceed three years." While he was yet speaking Mrs St Helen, overcome with agitation, hastily bowed to him, ordered the coachman to drive on, and sunk back on her seat exhausted.

"Emma! Emma! what can you mean?" exclaimed Mrs Ogilvie, with much displeasure; "I never saw such rudeness! Yes," looking back towards the Horse-Guards, "he may well be astonished! I declare he is still standing thunderstruck at your most extraordinary behaviour!"

"I—I cannot help it," murmured Mrs St Helen, faintly, "I thought I should have fainted. He so reminded me of Arthur—and—did you observe," she continued, sobbing, "nothing was said about the nature of the service! Oh, I am sure, I shall never see him again! I wish, I wish, I had not called at the odious place—I *might* have then hoped!" A long drive, however, through a cheerful part of the suburbs at length somewhat relieved her oppression; but it was evident, from her silence and her absent manner, that her thoughts continued occupied with what she had seen and heard at the Horse-Guards.

Captain Alverley *did* stand thunderstruck, and continued so standing for some moments after the carriage had driven out of sight. Had I then seen him, and known that of his character which I now know, I should have been reminded of the poet's description of the deadly serpent—

"Terribly beautiful the serpent lay,
Wreathed like a coronet of gold and
jewels
Fit for a tyrant's brow; anon he flew,
Straight like an arrow, shot from his
own wings!"

—or rather it might have appeared as though the rattle-snake were stunned for an instant by the suddenness of the appearance of his beautiful victim. No; the fatal spring had not yet been made, nor had as yet the fascination

of that death-dooming eye *been felt* by the victim!

Almost immediately upon Colonel St Helen's arrival in India, he was hurried into action; and in little more than a year after his departure from England, the Gazette made most honourable mention of his name, as connected with a very important action in the Mahratta war. I could easily contrive, I thought, to call to-day upon Mrs St Helen, and so be, perhaps, the first to show her the Gazette; and I made my arrangements accordingly. Putting the important document in my pocket, I drove in the direction of Densleigh, having a patient in the neighbourhood. I left my carriage in the road, and walked up the avenue to the house. I trode so noiselessly upon the "soft smooth-shaven green," that my approach was not perceived by the occupants of the room in which we had lunched on the occasion already mentioned. They were Mrs St Helen and her little son Arthur. The latter was evidently acting the soldier, having a feather stuck in his cap, and a broad red ribbon round his waist, to which was attached a sword; and, in order to complete his resemblance to the figure of an officer, he had a drum fastened in front of him, to the harmonious sound of which he was marching fiercely round the room; while his mother—her beautiful countenance turned fully and fondly towards him—was playing upon the piano, "See the conquering hero comes!" She perceived me approach, and started for a moment; but hastily motioning me not to appear and disturb what was going on, I stepped aside.

"And what does brave papa do, Arthur?" said she, ceasing to play. He stopped, dropped his drum-sticks, drew his little sword with some difficulty from its sheath, and after appearing to aim one or two blows at some imaginary enemy, returned it to its scabbard, and was marching with a very dignified air past his mother, when she rose from her seat, and suddenly clasping the young warrior in her arms, smothered him with kisses.

"Pray walk in, dear Doctor," said she, approaching me, after setting down the child, "forgive a poor lonely mother's weakness."

"So, then, you have heard of it?"

"Heard of what?" she enquired hurriedly, slightly changing colour. I took out the Gazette. "Oh, come in, come in, and we'll sit down—I—I begin to feel—rather faint;" her eyes fastened upon the paper I held in my hands. We sat down together upon the sofa. As soon as, with the aid of a vinaigrette, she had recovered a little from her agitation, I read to her—who listened breathless—the very flattering terms in which Colonel St Helen's conduct in a most sanguinary action, was mentioned in the despatch, with the gratifying addition, that his name was not included in the list of either killed or wounded. "Oh, my noble, gallant Arthur!" she murmured, bursting into tears, "I knew he would acquit himself well! I wonder, Arthur, if he thought of us when he was in the field!" snatching up her son—who, with his little hands resting on her lap, stood beside her, looking up concernedly in her face—and folding him to her bosom. A flood of tears relieved her excitement. She kissed the Gazette, and thanked me warmly for having brought it to her. She presently rung the bell, and desired the butler to be sent for, who soon made his appearance.

"Are they at dinner?" she enquired. He bowed. "Then give them two bottles of wine, and let them drink their master's health; for"—

She could not finish the sentence, and I added, for her—"Colonel St Helen has been engaged in a glorious action, and has gained great distinction"—

"I'll give it, ma'am—sir—I will," interrupted the impatient butler; "we'll be sure to drink my master's health, ma'am—his best health—and yours, ma'am—and the young gentleman; Lord, sir, it couldn't be otherwise! Is master hurt, sir?"

"Not a hair, I believe," I answered.

"Lord Almighty!" he exclaimed, unconsciously snapping his fingers, as his hands hung down, "only to think of it, ma'am—how glad you must be, ma'am—and young master there, ma'am; but how could it be otherwise, ma'am?"

"Thank you, Bennet, thank you! make yourselves happy, for I am sure I am," replied Mrs St Helen, as well as her agitation would allow her—and

the butler withdrew. Poor Mrs St Helen asked me a hundred questions, which I had no more means of answering than herself; and, in short, was evidently greatly excited. As I stood at the open window, which opened on the lawn, admiring for a moment the prospect it commanded, my eye caught the figure of a cavalry officer, in undress uniform, followed by his groom, cantering easily towards Densleigh.

"Who can this be, Mrs St Helen?" said I, pointing him out to her, as she rose from the sofa.

"Who, Doctor? where?" she enquired, hastily.

"It is an officer, in undress uniform, evidently coming hither,—I suppose he brings you official information." At that moment the approaching figures were again, for an instant, visible at a sudden turn of the road; and Mrs St Helen, slightly changing colour, exclaimed, with, as I thought, a certain tremour easily accounted for—"Oh, yes—I know who it is—Captain Alverley, aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-chief—no doubt he comes to tell me what I know already, through your kindness—and—he may also bring me letters."

"Very possibly!—Well, dear Mrs St Helen, I most cordially congratulate you on this good news; but, pray, don't suffer yourself to be excited," said I, taking up my hat and stick.

"Don't—don't hurry away, Doctor," she replied. I took her hand in mine. It was cold, and trembled. I hastily repeated my advice, having already staid longer than my engagements allowed, and took my leave. As I reached my carriage, Captain Alverley—if such was the officer's name—was just entering the gate, which his groom was holding open for him.

"Well," thought I, as I drove off, "if I were Colonel St Helen, and six or seven thousand miles off, I should not exactly prefer a *l'état-fête*, even on the subject of my own magnificent exploits, between my beautiful wife and that handsome officer,"—for certainly, as far as my hurried scrutiny went, I never had seen a man with a finer person and air, or a more prepossessing countenance. That was the first time that I had ever seen or heard of, Captain Alverley.

Some little time after this occurrence, the death of an elder brother

entitled Colonel St Helen to an income of several thousands a-year, and a house in the immediate neighbourhood of Berkeley Square. This was an event the Colonel had anticipated before leaving England, as his brother had long been in a declining state of health: and he had arranged with his solicitor and man of business, that should the event take place before the expiration of the term for which he held Densleigh, efforts were to be made to continue the lease, and the house in ——— Street was to be let, but not for longer than three years. If, however, Densleigh could not be secured for a further lease, then Mrs St Helen was to occupy ——— Street, till the Colonel's return to England. Colonel St Helen's brother died shortly before the lease of Densleigh expired, and its proprietor, wishing to live in it himself, declined to renew the lease. The necessary arrangements therefore were made for removing Mrs St Helen, with her establishment, to ——— Street—a noble residence, which the Colonel had left orders should, in the contingency which had happened, be furnished entirely according to Mrs St Helen's wishes. He had also made the proper arrangements for putting her in possession of an additional allowance of L.2000 a-year; and under the judicious superintendence of his solicitor, all these arrangements were speedily and satisfactorily carried into effect; and Mrs St Helen was duly installed the mistress of her new and elegant residence, with a handsome equipage, a full retinue of servants, and a clear income of L.3,500 a-year, including her former allowance. Oh, unhappy, infatuated husband, to have made such an arrangement! Would that you had never permitted your lovely wife to enter such scenes of dazzling danger—that you had rather placed her in secret retirement till your return—far from this "garish eye" of the world—even in some lone sequestered spot

"Where glide the sunbeams through the latticed boughs,
And fell like dew-drops on the spangled ground,"

To fight the diamond-beetle on his way,
Where cheerful openings let the sky look down

Into the very heart of solitude,
On little garden-plots of social flowers,
That crowded from the shades to peep a daylight;

Or where impermeable foliage made

Midnight at noon, and chill damp horror
reign'd
O'er dead fallen leaves and shining
funguses ;"

—any where but in London. It was done, however, at the impulse of a generous confiding nature—though in fatal error—for the best !

I was driving home down ——— Street one evening alone, on my return from a dinner party, where I was stopped for a moment by a crowd of carriages opposite Lady ——'s ; and recollected that I had promised to look in, if possible. I therefore got out, and made my way as soon as I could into the crowded mansion. Can any thing be absurder than such a scene ? I always disliked balls and routs ; but such as *these* must be perfectly intolerable, I fancy, to any sober, rational person. It was full five minutes before I could force my way up stairs and along the spacious landing, to the door of the principal room, into which "all the" unhappy "world" had squeezed itself, and was undergoing purgatory. How many hundreds of ladies' maids and valets would have gone distracted to see their mistresses and masters so unable to display their handiwork—standing jammed together !—but this is enjoyment and fashion—why should I find fault with those who experience pleasure in such scenes ? After gazing on the glistening confused scene for a moment, admiring the fortitude of those who were enduring the heat and pressure without a murmur, perceiving no one that I knew, at least within speaking distance, I passed on towards another room, in search of Lady ——, whom I wished to show that I had kept my promise. The second room was much less crowded, and real, not make-believe, dancing was going forward.

"She's very beautiful, is she not ?" said a gentleman just before me, to one of the two ladies who leaned upon his arm, and who seemed looking critically at the dancers—"Y—e—s, rather," was the answer, in a languid, drawling tone.

"Waltzes well enough," said the other lady, "but for my part I quite dislike to see it."

"Dislike to see it ? You joke," interrupted the gentleman ; "why do you dislike it ? Upon my honour, I

think it's quite a treat to see such waltzing as theirs."

"Oh, I dare say its all correct enough, if one comes to *that*. I must own, I should not waltz myself, if I were married," said the glistening skeleton on his right arm, dropping its elaborately-dressed head with a would-be *nonchalant* air. The ladies were two of the daughters of the Earl of Hetheringham—I knew not who the gentleman was.

"Really, I must say it's too bad, under circumstances," said one of the ladies, disdainfully eyeing a couple who were floating gracefully round the room, and who presently stopped in front of where I was standing—the lady apparently exhausted for the moment with her exertion. The reader may guess my feelings on recognising in these waltzers—Captain Alverley and Mrs St Helen ! Fearful of encountering her eye, I slipped away from where I had been standing—but not before I heard one of the fair critics, immediately before whom the pair of waltzers were standing, address her with a sweet air, and compliment her on her performance ! At a little distance I continued to observe her movements. She was dressed magnificently, and became her dress magnificently. She was certainly the most beautiful woman in the room ; and, with her companion, who was in full regimentals, one of the most conspicuous couples present. After a few minutes' pause, spent in conversing with her two affectionate cousins, she suffered her partner gently to lead her off again among the waltzers. I could not help following her motions with mingled feelings of pity and indignation. I resolved to throw myself in her way before quitting the room ; and for that purpose stepped in front of the circle of bystanders. I knew a little of Captain Alverley's character, at least, by his reputation ; and recollected the agitation his approach had occasioned her, on my pointing out his figure to her at Densleigh. There were four or five couples waltzing ; and those whom I was so eagerly observing, a second time stopped immediately in front of where I now stood—he apologizing for the force with which he had come against me. She, too, observed it, and turned her head to see to whom her partner had apologized. The instant she recognised me, her features became suffused with crimson. Her companion observed it, and looked at

me with a surprised and haughty air, as if designing to discourage me from speaking to her. I was not, however, to be deterred by such a trifle.

"How are you, Doctor?"—said, or rather stammered Mrs St Helen, giving me her hand, which I thought trembled a little.

"When did you hear from the Colonel last?" I enquired presently, disregarding the insulting air of impatience manifested by Captain Alverley, who could not avoid observing the slight agitation and surprise my presence had occasioned his beautiful partner.

"Oh—I heard from India—not for several months—oh, yes, I did, about six weeks ago—He was very well when he wrote." Partly with the fatigue of waltzing, and partly through mental discomposure, she was evidently agitated. She would have continued her conversation with me, but Captain Alverley insisted on taking her in quest of a seat, and of refreshment. I soon after quitted the house, without any further attempt to see Lady —; and my thoughts were so much occupied with the casual rencontre I have just described, that I walked several paces down the street, on my way home, before I recollected that my carriage was waiting for me. I had seen nothing whatever that was directly improper—and yet I felt, or grieved, as though I had. Good God! was this the way in which Mrs St Helen testified her love for her generous, confiding husband—for him who had so affectionately secured her, by anticipation, the means of enjoying his expected accession of fortune—for him who was at that moment, possibly, gallantly charging in action with the enemies of his country—or who might have already received the wound which rendered her a widow and her children fatherless? What accursed influence had deadened her keen sensibilities—had impaired her delicate perception of propriety? I began to feel heavy misgivings about this Captain Alverley—in short, I reached home full of vexing thoughts—for Mrs St Helen had suddenly sunk many, many degrees in my estimation. She did not appear to me to be the same woman that I had seen some twelve months before at Densleigh—the tender mother, the enthusiastic wife,—*what* had come to her?

I thought it not improbable that I should, in the morning, receive a message from her, requesting a visit during the day; and I was not mistaken—for while sitting at breakfast, her servant brought me a note to that effect—requesting me to call, if convenient, before one o'clock. I foresaw that our interview would be of a different description to any former one. However uneasy I felt on her account, I did not desire to be placed in the disagreeable position of receiving explanations and excuses which nothing had called forth but her own consciousness of impropriety, and my involuntary air of astonishment on the preceding evening. I had so many engagements that day, that it was nearly two o'clock before I could reach Mrs St Helen's. She sat in the drawing-room, with her sister-in-law, Mrs Ogilvie, who had called about an hour before,—a very elegant, sweet woman, some ten or twelve years her senior. I had evidently interrupted an unpleasant interview between them; for the former was in tears, and the latter looked agitated,—while, consequently, all of us looked rather embarrassed.

"Doctor —" said Mrs St Helen, quickly, after a few ordinary enquiries, "now, do pray tell me, did you see any thing objectionable in my?"—

"Emma! how can you be so foolish," interrupted Mrs Ogilvie, rising, with much displeasure. "I am really extremely vexed with you!" and she quitted the room without regarding Mrs St Helen's entreaties that she would stay. I should have liked to follow her, or that she had remained during my brief visit. I proceeded immediately, with a matter-of-fact air, to make a few professional enquiries.

"But, my dear Doctor —," said she, earnestly, without answering my questions—"do tell me candidly, what *did* you see so very particular—and amiss—in my conduct last night?"

"What did I see amiss? Dear Mrs St Helen, you amaze me! I had not been at Lady —'s above a minute or two before we met, and I left almost directly after!"—

"Then what *did* your look mean? Do, dear Doctor, tell me what that look meant—I really could not help observing it—and I can't forget it."

"Mrs St Helen! you really quite

—you must have strangely mistaken my locks."

"Perhaps you don't—I suppose—that is—I know what you meant—was it that you didn't admire married women waltzing? Now, *do* tell me, for I feel quite unhappy."

"Well, since you are so *very* anxious to know my opinion, I have no hesitation in saying a"——

"Oh, pray go on, Doctor!"—interrupted Mrs St Helen, impatiently.

"Why, all I was going to say is, that I certainly do not feel *particularly* pleased—but I may be quite absurd—at seeing married women waltzing, especially *mothers*."

"Dear Doctor, and why not? You can't think how much I respect your opinion; but surely, good heavens! what can there be indelicate?"——

"Mrs St Helen! I did not use the word"——

"Well, but I know you meant it; why won't you be candid now, Doctor? But had you no other reason?"—Her eyes filled with tears.

"My dear Mrs St Helen! what *reason* could I possibly have?" I interrupted, gravely—wishing to put an end to what threatened to become a very unpleasant discussion. "I have given you an answer to the strange question you asked; and now suppose"——

"Oh, Doctor, it is useless to attempt putting me off in this way—I can read a look as well as any one. I must have been blind not to see yours. The fact is—I suppose"—she raised her handkerchief to her eyes, which were again beginning to glisten with tears—"if you would but be honest—did you not think I was wrong in waltzing when my husband—is abroad—and—and—in danger?" She sobbed.

"Really, Mrs St Helen, you will persist in making my position here so unpleasant, that I must indeed take my leave." At that moment I heard the sound of a horse's feet approaching in the street. Mrs St Helen heard it, too; and hurrying to the bell, pulled it with undisguised trepidation. As soon as the servant entered she said, in a vehement tone, "Not at home! Not at home!" In spite of her efforts to conceal it, she trembled violently, and her face became paler than before. Determined to ascertain whether or

not my sudden suspicions were correct, I rose, intending to walk to the window, when I expected to see Captain Alverley; but she prevented me, doubtless purposely,—extending her arm towards me, and begging me to feel her pulse. So I was kept engaged till I heard the hall-door closed, after an evident parley, and the retreating of the equestrian visitor. I had been requested to call before *one* o'clock—it was now past two: had she engaged to ride out with Captain Alverley?

"Well, what do you think of my pulse, Doctor?" enquired Mrs St Helen, breathing more freely, but still by no means calm.

"Why, it shows a high degree of nervous irritability and excitement, Mrs St Helen."

"Very probably; and no wonder! People are so cruel, and so scandalous."—She burst into tears. "Here's my sister been lecturing me this hour—half killing me! She insists!"——

"Pray restrain your feelings, Mrs St Helen! Why all this agitation? I am not your father confessor," said I, endeavouring to assume a gay air. Mrs St Helen paused, and sobbed heavily.

"She tells me that my behaviour is so—so light, that I am getting myself talked about."—She seemed exceedingly distressed. "Now, dear Doctor, if you really love me, as a very, very old friend—I'm sure I love *you*!—do tell me, candidly, have *you* ever heard any thing?"

"Never, Mrs St Helen, I solemnly assure you, have I heard your name mentioned, to my knowledge, till last night, when I happened to overhear two ladies, who seemed to be wondering at your waltzing"——

"Oh," she interrupted me with great vivacity, "I know who they were! My cousins! My sweet, good-natured cousins—Oh, the vipers! Wherever I go they hiss at me! But I'll endure it no longer! I'll drive to—— Square this very day, and insist"——

"If you *do*, Mrs St Helen, and mention one syllable of what I have perhaps unguardedly told you, and what I could not help overhearing, we never meet again."

"Then what *am* I to do?" she exclaimed, passionately. "Am I to

endure all this? Must I suffer myself to be slandered with impunity?"

"God forbid, Mrs St Helen, that you should be slandered."

"Then what am I to do?"

"Give no occasion," I answered, more drily perhaps than I had intended.

"Give no occasion, indeed!" echoed Mrs St Helen, with an indignant air, rising at the same time, and walking rapidly to and fro. "And who says that I ever *have* given occasion?" fixing her bright eye upon me with a kind of defiance.

"Mrs St Helen, you greatly grieve and surprise me by all this. You ask me again and again for an answer to a very strange question, and when at length you get one, you are affronted with me for giving it. I declare that I know nothing whatever about your conduct, one way or the other. But since you have forced me to speak, very reluctantly—for I have no business to enter into any such matters—I can but repeat what I have said, that if the tongue of scandal and envy is busy with you, you must be extraordinarily on your guard to let your conduct give them the lie!"

"My dear Doctor," said she, suddenly resuming her seat, and speaking in the sweetest and most sorrowful tone of voice, "I—I *will* be more guarded; I—I will not waltz again." Sots prevented her going on. I took her hand cordially.

"I am delighted to hear you say so, Mrs St Helen. I know well your high honour, your purity of principle; but, believe me, your innocent unsuspecting frankness may yet expose you often to danger. Why may I not tell you the feelings of my heart, dear Mrs St Helen? they are towards you more those of a father than a friend or physician. You are young, why should I not tell you what you know—you are very beautiful;" she buried her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed almost convulsively. "The men of the world—of fashion—into whose way you have been lately so much thrown, are often very unprincipled and base; they may, with subtle wickedness, contrive snares for you that your innocent inexperience cannot detect till perhaps too late." She involuntarily squeezed my hand, for I still held hers, but attempted no reply.

"Now, may I tell you what was really

passing through my mind last night at Lady ——'s?" She spoke not, but continued her face in her handkerchief. "I was thinking that, perhaps at the moment you were being whirled round the room by that Captain Alverley, your gallant husband, charging at the head of his regiment, might be tumbling dead from his horse."

"Ah! and so did I the moment I saw you!" almost shrieked Mrs St Helen, suddenly raising her pallid face from the handkerchief in which it had been buried. I had the greatest difficulty in preventing her going off into violent hysterics. After a long struggle with her tumultuous feelings, "O Arthur, Arthur!" she exclaimed, in such a tone as brought the tears suddenly into my eyes—"if I have ever wronged you in thought, in word, or in deed!"—

"Impossible!—perfectly impossible!" I exclaimed with energy, in a cheerful exulting tone.

"No!" she exclaimed, sitting suddenly upright, while a noble expression beamed in her excited features, which were blanched with her vehement emotions. "No! I am his wife! I am the mother of his children! I have not betrayed them; I will not!"

I looked at her with astonishment; the wild smile passed quickly from her pallid, beautiful countenance, and she sunk back on the sofa in a swoon. I instantly summoned assistance, and her maid, with one or two other female servants, presently entered hastily with water and smelling-salts.

"I knew she was ill, sir," said her maid Joyce: "she's not been quite herself I may say this several weeks. This constant going out at nights doesn't do for her, and I've often told her so, sir!"

"I suppose she goes out a great deal in the evenings?"

"Oh yes, sir; three or four times a-week, and oftener, sir."

"Is it generally late before she comes back?"

"Never hardly before three or four o'clock in the morning, sir; and so tired and knocked up, as one may say"—Here Mrs St Helen began to revive. She seemed very much annoyed when she had thoroughly recovered her consciousness, at being surrounded by the servants. After giving her a few directions—for she

was suffering slightly from a cold, I left, promising to call upon her again in a day or two.

Three or four times a-week and oftener! The words rung in my ears long after Mrs St Helen was out of my sight. Was this the same woman that had once enquired with such a passionate air whether Colonel St Helen ever thought of *her* and her children, when he was going to the field, and surrounded by death? How would that gallant heart of his have been wrung, at such a moment, had he known in what manner she conducted herself during his absence! Despite what had recently passed between us, I trembled for Mrs St Helen: I knew not how far she might be already committed—to what extent her light and thoughtless behaviour might have given encouragement to those ever ready to take advantage of such conduct: her emotions had been violent, and were no doubt genuine; and yet the agonies I had been witnessing might be little else than the mere spasms of declining virtue!

Of Captain Alverley—the *Honourable* Charles Alverley—I regret that I should have to speak at any length. But I must—he is one of the main figures in this painful picture—he is the **DESTROYER**. He belonged to a high family; was a well-educated and accomplished man—of handsome person and an irresistible address; yet, nevertheless, as heartless a villain as ever existed. He was a systematic seducer. The fair sex he professed to idolize; yet he could not look upon them but with a lustful and corrupting eye. He was proverbial for his gallantries; he made every thing subservient to them. His character was well known, and yet, alas! he was every where esteemed in society, in whose parlance he was—a gentleman! Who could resist the gay, the bland, the graceful Alverley, with his coronet in expectation?

Why—asks one, in happy ignorance of the world about him—is such a wretch created and suffered to infest the fairest regions of humanity? It might as well be asked, why has the mighty created the cobra or the file!

in Alverley, as already intimated, excited a strong interest in Chesley's heart before she had even heard of Colonel St Helen. Having discovered her want

of fortune, he withdrew, on the plea already mentioned, from the competition for her hand; but he never lost sight of her. He had, in fact, determined, come what would, on effecting the ruin of Mrs St Helen; and he set to work patiently, and, as he often considered, *scientifically*. It has been supposed—though with what truth I know not—that he had something or other to do with poor Colonel St Helen's summons upon foreign service; and the moment that he had sailed, the fiend commenced his operations. They were long retarded, however, by the strictly secluded life Mrs St Helen led at Densleigh, occupied with her holy and happy maternal duties. Would to Heaven that she had never quitted the one, or been diverted, even for a moment, from the performance of the other! The accidental rencontre at the Horse-Guards I have already mentioned. The instant that he was commissioned by his Royal master to bear a kind message to Mrs St Helen, he determined upon the demeanour he should assume—one at once delicate and deferential—fraught with sympathy for her evident suffering. Observing her agitation he did not attempt, by a look or a word, to remind her that they had ever met before; confining himself, with perfect taste, to the delivery of the message with which he had been charged. When Mrs St Helen abruptly drove off, in the manner already described, his vile heart leaped for joy. His practised eye saw that her agitation was not *entirely* attributable to the errand on which she had come. He certainly had remained standing in the manner Mrs Ogilvie had described, but it was not in astonishment; he was pondering what had just happened; and in a few moments returned to the room he had quitted, with a flush on his countenance, and the consciousness that he had commenced his infernal campaign. Some six or eight months afterwards a packet arrived at the Horse-Guards from India, enclosing a letter, which the writer, Colonel St Helen, begged might be thrown into the post for Mrs St Helen. Of this, however, Captain Alverley took charge, and that very afternoon rode down to Densleigh, and delivered it with his own hands into those of the servant—"with Captain Alverley's compliments"—when he rode off. He justly considered that his delicacy in doing so could not but be appreciated.

It was so!—Had Mrs St Helen then closely and faithfully examined her heart, in order to ascertain the exact nature of her feelings on finding that Captain Alverley had himself brought her a letter with the immediate receipt of which he supposed she could be so much gratified, and that he had abstained from personally delivering it;—had she done this, her terror-stricken eye might have detected the serpent, dim-glistening in dreadful beauty, beneath the concealing foliage. The sudden shudder would have been her salvation. But she did not—she could not. Not hers was the salutary habit or the power of self-examination; not hers, alas! had been the blessed vigilance of a fond and virtuous mother, exercised over her young years!—Already, in the sight of God, had commenced the guilt of Mrs St Helen, who yet nevertheless was unconscious of the presence or approach of evil, even in thought. But why? Because of her fatal remissness in guarding the “approaches of her heart.” Had she then asked help from Heaven, she might have perceived the danger which nothing but Heaven’s light could have detected. The tempter, says an old divine, “is then ever nighest, when we think him farthest off.” Yes, a subtle poison had already been imperceptibly infused, in infinitely small quantity, it may be, into the heart of Mrs St Helen—a poison of slow but inevitable operation. O woman, this is the point of danger! I repeat it, that, harsh and unjust as it may appear, from the moment alluded to, Mrs St Helen became an accomplice in effecting her own ruin. Not that she had as yet sensibly or consciously suffered any injury; the *wife* and the *mother* were still supreme in Mrs St Helen; her quick and ardent feelings knew of no other objects, no other outlets than these. O unhappy woman! why was it that when Captain Alverley conveyed to you the intelligence of your husband’s triumphs, you trembled at hearing of it? Why was that faint flutter at your heart? Had not I already communicated all he came to tell? What feelings flitted through your bosom when, leaning against the window, you followed the retiring figure of Alverley. He had been most eloquent in praise of your husband; his winning tones entered your heart; but how failed your eye to encounter

the ardent look with which he regarded you? Ought not the conscious difference between the feelings with which you regarded him and me, or any other indifferent person, to have sounded the alarm, in your husband’s name, in every chamber of your heart? Ill-fated woman! dare you appeal to Heaven to testify, *all* the feelings with which you heard of quitting Densleigh for London? Were you even reluctant to take that step because of your dislike to encounter Alverley? Would you avow the feelings with which you found yourself becoming intimate with his distinguished family? Alas! did you not feel a secret satisfaction at finding yourself sitting at Lord ——’s dinner-table, with Captain Alverley beside you? Had not your perception of right and wrong been suddenly confused and disturbed, how could you tolerate his altered demeanour towards you? Did you not observe and tremblingly appreciate the tact with which attentions, exquisitely flattering and gratifying to *you*, were concealed from all others? Did a sense of security from observation begin to evince itself when you perceived the skill with which his movements were directed? What alteration of feeling did not all this imply? Dreadful questions—how clearly does your disinclination to answer them indicate the nature of the change you are undergoing!

Mrs St Helen had not been in London half-a-year, before Captain Alverley felt that he was triumphing—that his long-continued and deeply-laid schemes were conducting him to success. The first—the very first step, he had felt to be every thing; it had gained him an interest, however faint, in her feelings, and he cherished it with the most exquisite skill, the most watchful assiduity. He kept *himself* even in the back-ground. He would excite her feelings with his generous and eloquent eulogies of Colonel St Helen’s conduct abroad; in the middle of one of them he suddenly became confused, heaved a faint sigh, and resumed his conversation with ill-disguised embarrassment. He busied himself—he took infinite pains—at least he led her to think so—in procuring the return home of Colonel St Helen; thus, in short, and in a thousand other ways, he at length disarmed Mrs St Helen by lulling her suspicions, or rather preventing their being excited. Con-

summately skilled in the workings of the female heart, he guided his conduct according to the indications he discovered. In handing her one night to her carriage from the opera, he made a point of insulting a gentleman, who, with a lady in his arm, was hurrying on before Captain Alverley and Mrs St Helen. A hurried whisper between the two gentlemen satisfied Mrs St Helen that there was mischief in preparation. "For Heaven's sake!" she whispered, in excessive trepidation—but he gently forced her into the carriage, and permitted it to drive off without his uttering a word. He gained his end. The evening papers of the ensuing day duly announced an "affair of honour" between the "Marquis of * * * * *," attended by, &c., and Captain A. B. C., attended, &c. "The meeting arose out of an alleged affront offered by the noble Marquis to a "young and beautiful lady," &c. &c., whom the Captain was conducting to her carriage, &c. &c. Very strange to say, neither party did the other any harm!—Captain Alverley, on the next opera night, found his way to her box.

"Captain Alverley! how *could* you"—commenced Mrs St Helen, very earnestly.

"My dear Mrs St Helen!" was the only reply, with a look that none could give but Captain Alverley. He knew the amount of his gain, and was in ecstasies.

'In the progress of "the affair," Captain Alverley's next step was to accustom Mrs St Helen to hear herself called a flirt, and to have his name, on such occasions, always judiciously coupled with hers. The first time that ever she waltzed with him—which he justly regarded as an open triumph—was in consequence of a very heated altercation she had with Mrs Ogilvie, who had freely charged her with culpable lightness of conduct with reference to Captain Alverley; the consequence of which was, that Mrs St Helen went, as she had angrily threatened, to a ball, where, casting a look of defiance at her sister-in-law, she instantly accepted Captain Alverley's invitation, infinitely to his astonishment. He saw his position, and be-
¹ with prudence. After one or
 unds, he led her, with an air of
 perest deference in the world,

to a seat, and paid her no marked attentions whatever during the evening. He perceived that her lynx-eyed sister watched his every movement; and for upwards of a fortnight he suspended all but the most ordinary and casual civilities and attentions to Mrs St Helen. Why did not the infatuated woman at once break through all the meshes with which she was now conscious of being surrounded? Why did no sudden alarm of virtue—no Heaven-inspired strength—enable her to "flee like a bird from the snare of the fowler?" Alas, that I should have to write it! *She did not now wish to do so.* Not that yet even she contemplated the idea of positive guilt—vastly far from it. She was so conscious of her own strength, as to prevent all apprehensions on *that* score. It is true she was occasionally sensible, with a heart-flutter and cheek suffused, of an interest in Captain Alverley, that was inconsistent with the undivided affection due to her husband; she went not further consciously, but how far was this!—She consoled herself with the notion that it was certainly rather coquettish—and that was almost universal. The plain truth was, she began to indulge towards Captain Alverley feelings which she no longer dared to scrutinize. Her vanity, again, would not suffer her to part with so gay and dazzling a follower—"she was surely able to take care of herself!"

Once or twice I called upon Mrs St Helen, in pursuance of the promise I made, but without seeing her, as she had just gone out. This might, or it might not be true. If she was denying herself to me, it must have been on account of what had taken place on the occasion alluded to; and was it that she was ashamed of her frankness—of the extent of her admissions, or that she regretted having made them from other considerations? I was driving, one afternoon, through the Park, on my way to a patient near Cumberland Gate, when I happened to overtake the open carriage of Mrs St Helen, driving very slowly, she being in conversation with an equestrian who walked his horse alongside,—and I soon detected in him Captain Alverley. I perceived with a hurried look in passing, that she was listening intently to what he was saying—looking down, and slightly

colouring. I felt sick at heart for her ! The next time that I saw her at home, she seemed very calm, and sensibly colder in her manner towards me than I had ever seen her before. She made not—nor of course did I—the slightest allusion to our late deeply interesting conversation. In answer to my enquiries, she said that she was in very good health, except that she did not now sleep so soundly as heretofore, and her appetite had also declined—the usual consequences, I told her, of a life of London dissipation—of irregular hours, excitement, and fatigue.

"As I feel rather solitary in this large house," said she, "I have invited a Miss Churchill, a distant relation of the Colonel's, to pay me a visit. She's a very sweet good girl, and I have no doubt we shall be inseparable." While she said this, a slight colour mounted into her cheek, which set me speculating upon what she had just told me. Was then her summons to Miss Churchill a *signal of distress*? Was it that she began to feel her danger—that she wished a protector—some one who should be indeed, as she said, inseparable from her—ever by her side—whose presence might check, if not prevent the increasing ardour and attentions of Captain Alverley? Faint effort of endangered virtue!—But it *was* an effort, and I rejoiced to see it made.

"When do you purpose leaving town?" I enquired.

"Leaving town!" she exclaimed quickly—"why, dear Doctor, *should* I leave town? The season not yet at its height even? Besides, I hate the country—I never heartily liked it."

"I thought, Mrs St Helen"——

"Oh yes," she interrupted hastily, "I know what you mean. Densleigh was certainly a pleasant place enough, but we've lost it." She paused for a moment, and added—"but I suppose that about August we must go down somewhere or other"——

"The sea-air will do wonders for you, and for the children."

"Yes—I daresay it would," she replied, with rather an indifferent air—"but at present they are very well; I always have them taken to the Park—and where can there be a finer air?" Here some visitors were announced, the servant at the same time laying down six or seven notes and cards of invitation upon one of the tables.

About a month afterwards, I received the following note from Mrs St Helen:—

"Dear Doctor,—Will you call in here, in the course of the morning, to see one of the children, who, I fear, is poorly? Jones tells me she thinks it is the measles? I hope it is not any thing worse—the scarlet fever, for instance, or small-pox. But you can soon tell. I shall wait at home for you till two.

"Ever yours,

"E. ST HELEN.

"P.S.—I have never had either of these horrid complaints myself, and feel rather nervous.

— Street, 10 o'clock."

What a dismal contrast this note afforded, I thought, laying it down with a sigh, to the eager, alarmed summons she had sent on a former occasion from Densleigh! A little after two o'clock I was at — Street, and was shown up immediately into the nursery. Mrs St Helen's pony-phæton was at the door, and she was sitting, ready dressed for a drive, on the corner of the bed in which lay her younger child. Her handkerchief, saturated with Eau de Cologne, was every now and then lifted to her face, as though she dreaded infection. She looked very beautiful—her dress infinitely became her—and not particularly agitated.

"I was beginning to get fidgety, Doctor; I was afraid I should not see you," said she, rising to meet me. I assured her that I had been unexpectedly detained. "And what do you think of the little love? I was afraid he was ailing a little yesterday—his eyes looked very heavy yesterday evening, didn't they, Jones?" turning to the maid.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied eagerly, directing an affectionate and anxious look to the child. "You may recollect ma'am, I asked you yesterday afternoon if we hadn't better send for"——

"Oh yes—I dare say—I think you did, Jones," interrupted Mrs St Helen, quickly, and with rather a displeased air. "Jones is always terrified with every change in the child's face! But do you think there is any thing really the matter, Doctor?"

After a little examination, I told her that I thought the child was sickening for the measles.

"Is he indeed, sweet little lamb!"—she exclaimed, looking really kindly at the child. "You don't think it's

scarlet fever, now?" after a moment's pause, turning anxiously towards me, and gently agitating her fragrant handkerchief.

"No," I replied—"at present I think it is decidedly the measles."

"Measles are not dangerous, are they?"

"La, ma'am!" interrupted Jones, who was kneeling at the side of the bed, near the child—her eyes filling with tears—"excuse me, ma'am, but my poor sister's child died of them only a twelvemonth ago."

"Oh, nonsense, Jones—why do you try to alarm me in this way? There's no such very great danger, Doctor, is there?"—turning towards me with more interest in her manner than she had hitherto manifested.

"I sincerely hope not! At present I can assure you there is every appearance of its being a mild attack."

"Only feel how hot his little hand is, ma'am!" said Jones.

Mrs St Helen did not remove her gloves, but said to me—"Of course he is rather feverish just now!"

After giving a few directions concerning the temperature of the room, his food, and one or two other little matters, I left, and descended to the drawingroom, to write a prescription.

"I shall return home by four, Jones," said Mrs St Helen, also quitting the room, and following me—"be sure you pay him every attention—Don't remove your eyes from him for a moment!"

"I'm quite delighted to find that there's no danger, Doctor," said she, seating herself beside me, as I began to write.

"Indeed, my dear madam," determined not to let matters pass so very easily, "we must not be too sanguine. There are two forms of measles,—the one a mild, the other very malignant. At present I cannot undertake to say with certainty which of the two it is." She continued silent for a few moments.

"—I think I told you, in my note, that I believed I had never had the measles?—Are they really catching from a child to a grown-up person?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Heavens!—I—I'll have pastiles burnt all over the house all day? Dear me! it would be dreadful if I were to catch it,—because" (she added hastily) "of dear little Arthur!"

"Well, we must hope for the best," said I, quietly folding up my prescription, and requesting that it might be sent to the druggist's without delay; and hastily taking my leave, with a countenance that, had she been as sensitive as in former times, she might perceive somewhat clouded with disapprobation. Was the mother's heart, then, already so dulled towards her suffering offspring? Could I doubt the selfish nature of her anxieties? What infernal change had come over her? Why did she not instantly order back her carriage, undress, and betake herself to the only place that then became her—the bedside of her child? But it was otherwise. A few minutes after I had quitted, she stepped into her carriage, and drove into the Park. At my suggestion the elder child, Arthur, was sent off immediately to Mrs Ogilvie's, who resided somewhere in the neighbourhood of Chelsea; and I continued in daily attendance upon little George for about a week, during which time the symptoms were of the milder description, and I anticipated the speedy recovery of my little patient. Mrs St Helen, whenever I was present, evidently—at least I was uncharitable enough to admit the idea—acted the fond mother, *appearing* deeply interested in the progress of her child through his little perils. I had reason to believe, from one or two little circumstances that fell under my observation, that she did not withdraw from the world of pleasure. The constant attendants upon little George were—not his mother—but Miss Churchill and his nursery-maid Jones, both of them most anxious and affectionate nurses,—as, indeed, I heard Mrs St Helen herself, in the blandest way acknowledge. — Well, indeed, she might, having thus devolved the chiefest of her maternal duties upon the companion she had invited to partake of her pleasures only.

I think it was about ten days after I had been first called in to attend upon little St Helen, that I was suddenly summoned, about eight o'clock in the evening, to — Street, with the intelligence that he had become very suddenly worse, and that Miss Churchill was much alarmed. Thither I repaired as quickly as possible, and found that appearances justified her apprehensions. There was every symptom of the

accession of the malignant form of measles. He had just had a fit of spasms, and was now breathing hard and quickly, and scorched up with fever. The symptoms were certainly serious.

"You must not, however, be too much alarmed, Mrs St Helen," said I, hastily turning round—forgetting, at the moment, that she, the most interested, was not present. The child had been going on as well as usual,—rapidly recovering, in fact, till six o'clock that evening; about which time Mrs St Helen, after making particular enquiries about the child, went off to dinner at Lady ——'s, wheresh she had ordered the carriage to call for her about nine, and convey her to the opera. In their fright, Miss Churchill and the servants forgot all this, and instinctively sent off for me. After giving such directions as appeared proper, I quitted the room, beckoning out for a moment Miss Churchill.

"Dear, sweet little love! I'm afraid he's *very* ill," she exclaimed, much agitated, and bursting into tears, as she stepped with me for a moment into another room. I acknowledged to her that I considered the child to be in dangerous circumstances: "Have you sent after Mrs St Helen? she *ought* to be here."

"Dear! we have been all so flurried—but we'll enquire," she replied, running down stairs before me. "I really don't think she's been sent for—but I will immediately. Let me see—nine o'clock. She'll be at the opera by this time."

"Then I will drive thither immediately, as my carriage is here, and bring her back with me. It will not do to alarm her too suddenly, and in such a place. Let me see: on which side of the house is her box?"

"Number ——, on the left hand side of the stage. I think, at least, that you will find her in that box, which is the Duchess of ——'s, and she called here to-day to offer it to Mrs St Helen." I drove off immediately, and had a twofold object in doing so—to acquaint her as soon as possible with an event of such serious importance as the dangerous illness of her child, and to endeavour, in doing so, to startle her out of the infatuation into which I feared she had fallen—to remind her again of the high and holy duties she was beginning to disregard. The

sight of her dying child would rouse, I thought, the smothered feelings of the mother, and those would soon excite an agonizing recollection of her distant husband. On arriving at the opera-house, I made my way, in my hurry, to the wrong side. I went into one or two empty boxes before I discovered my mistake; and when at length I perceived it, I determined to stay for a few moments where I was, and endeavour to see what was going on in the Duchess of ——'s box. There sat, sure enough, in the corner of the box, her face directed towards the stage, Mrs St Helen, dressed with her usual elegance, and looking extremely beautiful. Her left hand slowly moved about her fan, and she was evidently occasionally conversing with some one standing far back in the box. I contemplated her with real anguish, when I thought of her husband—if, indeed, she were not now a widow—and of, perhaps, her dying child. My heart almost failed me, and I began to regret having undertaken the painful duty which had brought me where I was. I stretched myself as far forward as I could, to discover, if possible, who was in the box with her, but in vain. Whoever it was that she was talking to—her fan now and then fluttering hurriedly—he, or she, kept as far out of sight as possible. Just as I was quitting my post of observation, however, a sudden motion of a red arm, displaying the feather of an officer's cap, satisfied me that her companion was the execrable Alverley. I now felt an additional repugnance to go through with what I had undertaken; but I hurried round to the other side of the house, and soon stood knocking at the door of the Duchess's box. I knocked, and it was immediately opened by—Captain Alverley.

"Is Mrs St Helen here?" I whispered. He bowed stiffly, and admitted me. Mrs St Helen, on seeing me, reddened violently. Rising from her seat, and approaching me, she suddenly grew pale, for she could not but perceive that my features were somewhat decomposed.

"Good God! Doctor, what brings you here?" she enquired, with increasing trepidation.

"Permit me to ask, sir," said Captain Alverley, interposing with an air of haughty curiosity, "whether any

thing has happened to justify the alarm which Mrs St Helen"——

"I don't wish you to be frightened," said I, addressing her, without noticing her companion, or what he had said—I could not overcome my repugnance to him—"but I think you had better return home with me; my carriage is waiting for you."

"O my child! my child!" she exclaimed faintly, sinking into her seat again; "*what* has happened, for God's sake?"

"He is rather worse—suddenly worse—but I think he was better again before I left." She looked eagerly at me, while her countenance seemed blanched to the hue of the white dress she wore. She began to breathe shortly and hurriedly; and I was glad that the loud and merry music which was playing, would, in some measure, drown the shriek I every moment expected her to utter. I succeeded, however, with Captain Alverley's assistance, in conveying her to my carriage, which I ordered on to — Street as fast as possible, for Mrs St Helen's excitement threatened to become violent. She sobbed hysterically. "What a cruel, cruel wretch, I have been," she murmured, in broken accents, "to be at the—the opera—when my darling is—dying!"

"Come, come, Mrs St Helen, it is useless to afflict yourself with vain reproaches. You thought, as we all thought, that he was recovering fast, when you set off."

"Oh, but I should never—never have left his bedside! Oh, if I should lose him! I shall never be able to look my"—— Thus she proceeded, till, overcome with exhaustion, she leaned back, sobbing heavily. As we entered the street in which she lived, she whispered, with evidently a great effort to overcome her agitation, "Dearest Doctor—I see—I know what you must think—but I assure you—I—I—Captain Alverley had but that moment come into the box, quite unexpectedly to me, and I was extremely vexed and annoyed."

I was glad that the carriage stopping spared me the pain of replying to her. Miss Churchill came running to the carriage, as soon as the hall-door had been opened—and almost received Mrs St Helen into her arms—for she could hardly stand, her agitation became so suddenly increased.

"Emma—Emma! I do assure you he is better—much—a great deal better!" said Miss Churchill, hurrying her along the hall.

"O Jane—I shall die!—I am very ill! I cannot bear it—can you forgive me?"

"Hush! hush! what nonsense you are talking—you rave!" exclaimed Miss Churchill, as we forced Mrs St Helen into the diningroom, where it was some time before she was restored to any thing like a calmness. Mr —, the well-known apothecary, coming at length into the room, to take his departure, strenuously assured us that the child was very greatly relieved, and that he did not now apprehend danger. This I was happy in being able to corroborate, after having stepped up stairs to satisfy my own anxiety; and I left her for the night, hoping, but faintly, that a great effort had been made to snap asunder the infernal bands in which Satan, in the shape of Alverley, had bound her. It seemed, however, as though my hopes were justified; for morning, noon, and night beheld Mrs St Helen at her child's bedside—his zealous, watchful, and loving attendant—for upwards of a week. She gave him all his medicine; with her own hands rendered him all the little services his situation required; ordered a peremptory "not at home" to be answered to all comers except Mrs Ogilvie; and doubtless banished from her busied bosom all thoughts of Captain Alverley!

The morning after I had brought her home, as I have described, from the opera, on stepping into my carriage I saw some paper lying between the cushions of the seat. Supposing it to be some memorandum or other of my own, I took it up, and with unutterable feelings read the following, hastily written, in pencil:—

"Will you, angel! condemn me to a distant admiration of your solitary beauty? I am here fretting in old —'s box; for mercy's sake rescue me. Only look down and nod, when you have read this, at —'s box—I shall understand—and rely upon it, will not abuse your kindness."

I tore it with fury into a hundred fragments, and then, recollecting myself, regretted that I had not enclosed it to Mrs St Helen in an envelope, with "my compliments," so that she

might be sensible of the extent to which I was aware of her guilty secrets. Could there be now any doubt in my mind of the nature of the attentions this villain was paying Mrs St Helen, and which she permitted? On reading this infernal missive, she must have "*looked and nodded*," and so summoned the fiend to her side. And now I recollected the falsehood she had had presence of mind enough, in the midst of all her agitation, to invent, in order to explain away his being with her—that it was "unexpected" to her, and "vexed and annoyed" her. I long debated with myself whether I should communicate to her the nature of the discovery I had made; but at length, for many reasons, thought it better to take no notice of it. I looked at her with totally different feelings to those with which I had ever before regarded her. I felt as if her presence polluted the chamber of suffering innocence. Her uncommon beauty had thenceforth no attractions for my eye; I felt no gratification in her gentle and winning manners. I did not regret the arrival of the day fixed for both the children, accompanied by herself, to go to the sea-side; it would relieve me from the presence of one whose perfidious conduct daily excited my indignation and disgust. She returned from the sea-side, I understood, as soon as she had seen her children settled; I say understood, for I had no direct knowledge of the fact. She gave me no intimation either of the safe arrival of her children at the sea-side, or of her own return, or how they were going on. On our casually meeting in Oxford Street she certainly nodded, as our carriages met, but it was not the cordial recognition which I had been accustomed to receive from her. I saw that she did not look in good health—her face seemed clouded with anxiety. As, however, she had vouchsafed me no intimation of her return to town beyond the sudden and casual recognition just mentioned, of course I abstained from calling upon her. I wondered whether it had ever occurred to her as being possible that the note received from Alverley had been dropped in my carriage, and so come under my notice? She might have recollected that she did not destroy it, but rather, perhaps, determined *not* to destroy it; she might have asked

Captain Alverley if he had seen it—they might have searched the box—and then Mrs St Helen's guilty soul may have alarmed and worried her with the possibility that such a document might have found its way into my hands;—and if it had, could I then do nothing to extricate her from the perilous circumstances in which I conceived her to be placed? What right had I to interfere, however keen my suspicions, however sincere my attachment to her—as she was—and to her husband? But might I not endeavour to communicate with General or Mrs Ogilvie on the subject? Yet I knew nothing whatever of him, and her I had seen but seldom, and only at Mrs St Helen's; and besides, from the evident recrimination that I had interrupted between the sisters-in-law on a former occasion, it was plain that Mrs Ogilvie must be aware of the light conduct of Mrs St Helen—probably she knew and feared far more than I—and so my communication would not appear incredible. Still it might be taken ill—and I resolved not to attempt so dangerous an experiment. As for anonymous letters, that odious system was my abhorrence. Suppose I were to write directly to Mrs St Helen, braving all chances, and faithfully expostulating with her on the dreadful course upon which she was too evidently bent?—but with what benefit had my former attempts been attended? Suppose she should return my letter with indignation, or even, in a fever of fury, lay it before Captain Alverley? So, seeing no possible way of interfering successfully between the victim and the destroyer, I withdrew from the painful spectacle, and endeavoured to discharge it from my thoughts. Still, however, in my intercourse with society, I was from time to time pained by hearing rumours of the most distressing description concerning the degree of intimacy subsisting between Captain Alverley and Mrs St Helen. Scandal was indeed busy with their names—which at length found their way into the papers of the day. Could, for instance, the following be mistaken?—"The *eccentric* conduct of the lovely wife of a very gallant officer is beginning to attract much notice in the *beau monde*. It is rumoured to have been such as to call forth an intimation from a *very high quarter*,"

&c. &c.; while in one or two less scrupulous newspapers her name, connected with that of Captain Alverley, was mentioned in the coarsest and most disgusting terms.

Alas, poor Colonel St Helen!—if indeed, the chances of war had yet spared you,—was this the fond and lovely wife you left with such an agony of grief—the mother of your children—she to whom you had confided so much—from whom you were expecting so enthusiastic a welcome after all your brave, and dangerous, and glorious toils? Better would it be for you to fall gloriously before yon grisly array of muskets—amidst the bellowing of your country's cannon—than survive to meet the dismal scenes which seem preparing for you!

Alas, that I should have to record it!—Mrs St Helen at length grew so reckless—the consequences of her infamous conduct became so evident—that even some of the less fastidious of the circles in which she moved, found it necessary to exclude her. Public propriety could not be so outraged with impunity.

It was a lovely Sunday morning in May 18—, on which, returning from an early visit to a patient in the neighbourhood of Kensington, I ordered the coachman to walk his horses, that I might enjoy the balmy freshness of every thing around, and point out to my little son, who had accompanied me for the drive's sake, the beauty of Hyde Park, at that point leading off to Kensington Gardens. I could almost have imagined myself fifty miles off in the country. The sun shone serenely out of the blue expanse above upon the bright green shrubs and trees, yet cool and fresh with the morning dew. With the exception of one gentleman who had cantered past us a few minutes before, and a tidy old country-looking dame sitting on one of the benches to rest herself from a long walk to town, we encountered no one. My little chatterer was making some sagacious observations upon the height and number of the trees in Kensington Gardens, when a rumbling heavy noise indicated the approach of a vehicle at a rapid rate. It proved to be a chariot-and-four, coming towards us in the direction of Cumberland Gate—tearing along as

fast as the postillions could urge their horses. The side-blinds were drawn down, but those in front were up, and enabled me to see—Mrs St Helen and Captain Alverley! She was evidently violently agitated, her white dress seemed to have been put on in haste and disorder, her hair was dishevelled—she was wringing her hands, and weeping passionately. He was so absorbed with his attempts to pacify her, as not to have observed me. I drew my breath with difficulty for some moments, the shock of such a dreadful apparition had been so sudden. It seemed as though I had met Satan hurrying away with a fallen angel!

So, then, this was her ELOPEMENT that I had been fated to see! Yes, the final step had been taken which separated that miserable and guilty being for ever from all that was honourable, virtuous, precious in life; which plunged her into infamy irretrievable;—and her husband—her children!—Fiend, thou *hadst* triumphed!

My exhilaration of spirits, occasioned by the beauty and calmness of the morning, instantly disappeared. It seemed as though a cloud darkened the heavens, and filled my soul with oppressive gloom. “Papa!” exclaimed my little son, rousing me from the reverie into which I had fallen—“what are you thinking about? Are you sorry for that lady and gentleman? I wonder who they are! Why was she crying? Is she ill, do you think?” His questions at length attracted my attention; but I could not answer him, for he reminded me of little Arthur St Helen, who was just about his age! Poor children! Innocent offspring of an infamous mother, what is to become of you? What direful associations will ever hereafter hang around the name you bear!

About eleven o'clock I drove through — Street, and on approaching Mrs St Helen's house, perceived indications, even in the street, of something unusual having happened. On drawing up at the door,—for I determined to call, if only to mention what I had seen,—I saw that there were several persons in the drawingroom, evidently agitated. The servant who opened the door seemed quite bewildered. I was requested to walk up stairs as soon as he had taken up my name, and soon found myself in the drawingroom, in

the presence of Miss Churchill, General and Mrs Ogilvie, the Earl and Countess of Hetheringham, and several other relatives and connexions of Colonel and Mrs St Helen. They were all evidently labouring under great excitement. Mrs Ogilvie was perfectly frantic, walking to and fro, and wringing her hands, the picture of despair. I addressed myself first to Miss Churchill, who stood nearest me. She took my hand, but suddenly quitted it, overcame with her feelings, and turned away.

"My dear Countess," said I, approaching the Countess of Hetheringham, who was sitting on the sofa, conversing with a lady, her handkerchief now and then raised towards her eyes, but her manner being still somewhat stately and composed—"I fear I can guess what has happened!" taking a chair opposite to her.

"*Elapéd*, Doctor! she has, positively!—We are all thunderstruck," she answered in a low tone. "We were preparing to go to church when the painful news reached us. We came off hither, and have been here ever since. I have not told any of my daughters."

"Her companion, I suppose"—

"Of course that wretch Captain Alverley. It is a pity he is to succeed to the title and estates. The Earl, by the way, talks of calling him out, and so forth. I'll take care he does no such thing, however. Don't you think General Ogilvie should do so, if any one?"

"How and when did she go?" I enquired, affecting not to hear her last observations. "I called to say that I suspected what has happened, since I met them this morning early in the Park"—

"Herbert!" exclaimed the Countess, in a less drawling tone than usual, addressing the Earl of Hetheringham, who was conversing with General Ogilvie and another gentleman in a low earnest tone, at the further end of the room—"Doctor ——— says that he met the fugitives this morning in the Park."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Earl, earnestly, as they all three approached us. I told them what I had seen—and they listened in silence.

"Do you think we could mention the affair at the Horse-Guards?" enquired the Earl, turning to General

Ogilvie. "I have a great mind to call on the Commander-in-Chief to-morrow, and represent the infamous conduct of his *casa-de-camp* towards a distinguished brother officer!" The General and his companion shook their heads, and the three presently walked away again to a distant part of the drawingroom, where they appeared to resume the conversation which the Countess's summons had interrupted.

"To tell you the truth, Doctor," she continued, "I am not much surprised at her turning out in this way"—

"Heavens, Countess! you astonish me"—

"Her father, you know," continued the frigid Countess, "was a very so-so kind of character; and gave her no sort of proper education. I have had my daughters educated in the strictest possible way—quite under my own eye! Mrs St Helen I tried to train, when she was with us for a short time—but it was useless. I soon saw it was in vain; and she did my daughters no good while she was with them, I assure you."

"Why, surely, Countess, you never saw any thing improper in her conduct while she was under your care?"

"Oh, why, yes—I mean, not perhaps, exactly; but, to be sure, the girl's head was quite turned with the nonsense the men talked to her, as they do to every new girl—they thought her pretty!" She paused, but I only bowed.

"'Tis a sad thing for us, Doctor, is it not?" resumed the Countess. "The papers will take care to get hold of it, because of her relationship to us—it is really most unpleasant!"

At this moment a servant entered, and whispered to Miss Churchill—and she, followed by Mrs Ogilvie, presently quitted the room. "I dare say that is some message about the children," said the Countess, in the same passionless tone and manner she had hitherto preserved—how I pity them, by the way! Poor things, it will be always flung in their teeth; they'll feel the greatest difficulty in settling in life—I quite feel for them!"—sighing gently. "I suppose, by the way, the Colonel will find no difficulty, if he should live to return to England, in obtaining a divorce? But then the exposure is so great!"

How long the Countess would have gone on in this strain, I know not; I was heartily tired of it—it seemed, so to speak, utterly *out of tune*; so I rose and bowed, saying I wished to see Mrs Ogilvie before I left, as she and Miss Churchill seemed extremely excited and hysterical.

“You will not mention this affair more than you can help, Doctor!” said the Countess, with great dignity.

“Rely on my prudence,” I replied carelessly, and quitted the room, perfectly wearied out and disgusted with the tone and spirit in which such a dreadful matter was discussed by one who ought to have felt a most painful interest in it. I directed a servant to show me to the room whither Mrs Ogilvie and Miss Churchill had gone; and was, within a few moments, ushered into the boudoir. How my heart ached, as I hastily cast my eye over the numerous little elegancies scattered tastefully about the room; and especially when it fell upon a beautiful full-length crayon sketch of Mrs St Helen, which hung upon the wall!

“Oh, wretch!” exclaimed Mrs Ogilvie, observing my eye fixed upon it; and walking hastily up to it, she stood for a few moments with her arms stretched out towards it; and then, burying her face in her hands, wept as if her heart would break. I rose and turned the picture with its face to the wall.

“My brother! my brave and noble-hearted brother!” sobbed Mrs Ogilvie, and sunk, overpowered with her feelings, into a seat.

“Where is my mamma?” kept continually enquiring little Arthur St Helen, whom Miss Churchill was clasping affectionately in her arms, while her tears fell like rain upon his little head. He was the image of his beautiful—fallen mother.

“She’s gone, gone, my love! You will never see her again!” she murmured.

“But I’ll go and fetch her, if you will only tell me where she is.” Miss Churchill wept, but made no reply.

“Why do you turn my mamma’s picture round in that way?” he enquired, looking at me with a haughty air—one that most strongly reminded me of his guilty mother. “I love my mamma very dearly, and you shall not do so!” Miss Churchill kissed him

with passionate fervour, but made him no reply. Mrs Ogilvie rose, and beckoning me to follow her, quitted the boudoir, and stepped into the room adjoining. “Oh, Doctor! of all the dreadful scenes you have ever seen, can any thing equal this? I would rather—indeed I would—have followed both my brother and his wife to the grave than lived to see this day!—My dear—brave—fond—generous—betrayed brother—read it! read it, if you can! It has quite broken my heart!” and hastily snatching a letter from her bosom, she thrust it into my hands, telling me that Mrs St Helen had received it only late last night, and in her hurried flight, which it had perhaps occasioned, had left it upon the floor of her dressing-room. The letter was from Colonel St Helen to Mrs St Helen; and was quite damp—it might be with the tears of agony that had fallen from those who had read it. It was as follows:—

“Malta, April 10th, 18—.

“My sweet Emma! Still two thousand envious miles are between us! Oh that I had an angel’s wing to fly to you in a moment! But alas, that is what I have been wishing a thousand and a thousand times since I left you—four long years ago. My lovely Emma! idol of my heart, and shall we indeed be ere long re-united? Shall I again clasp my dear beautiful Emma in my arms—never, never again to be separated? Dearest! a thousand times the wealth of the Indies shall not tempt me again to quit you! * * * I come home a little before my regiment, being a little—mind, love! *only* a little, of an invalid. Don’t be alarmed, my sweet Emma, for I assure you upon my honour, that I am quite recovered. The fact is, that I received, in the battle of A—, an ugly wound in my left arm from a musket-ball, which confined me to a tent, and to my bed, for nearly six weeks; and Lord— in the kindest way, wrote to me to insist upon my returning to England for a year, in order to recruit. I came overland, and am rather fatigued with my journey. An important matter keeps me at Malta for a week; but in the very next ship I start for merry old England! * * And how have you been, my dearest Emma? And how are Arthur and George? Why do you say so little about them? and

about yourself? But I suppose you have got the common notion—that your letters are opened by others than those they are directed to!—How I have guessed what might be the features and expression of my little boys! I have never seen George!—is he really like me?—By the way, I have brought you some beautiful diamonds! I have almost beggared myself (till I arrive in England) to obtain them for my Emma. How I shall delight to see them upon you!

"Unless something extraordinary should happen, you will see me in about a week after you get this letter—it may be only a day or two after; and, my own Emma, I most particularly wish that you will be alone during the week immediately following your receipt of this letter—for I must have you all to myself, when we meet—as the Scripture has it, 'with our joy a stranger intermeddleth not.' God bless you, my dearest, dearest Emma! and kiss the dear boys heartily for me! Your fond—doating husband,

"ARTHUR ST HELEN."

I returned this letter to Mrs Ogilvie in silence, who, with a heavy sigh, replaced it in her bosom.

"She must have read it," said I, after a pause.

"Yes," she replied, with a shudder of disgust and horror, "and if she felt herself guilty, I wonder she survived it!"

"What arrangements have you made with respect to the children?" I enquired.

She replied, "that she had already given directions for their removal to her house, where she should keep them till her brother's return;" trembling as she uttered the last word or two.

"I suppose you have heard some of the many painful rumours as to the conduct of Mrs St Helen latterly?" said I, in a low tone.

"Yes—oh yes—infamous woman! But the General and I have been travelling on the Continent during the last six months, or he would have taken these poor children away from her contaminating presence, even by force, if necessary. I did frequently expostulate with her in the most urgent manner, but latterly she grew very haughty, and replied to me with great rudeness, even"—

"Alas, I fear her heart has been

long corrupted." She shook her head and sobbed. I mentioned the slip of paper I had picked up in my carriage.

"Oh, many, many worse things than that have come to our knowledge since we returned from the Continent! Her disgraceful conduct drove Miss Churchill from — Street several months ago. Oh, the scenes even she has been compelled to witness! Is there *no* punishment for this vile—this abominable Alverley!"

"Can it be true, Mrs Ogilvie, that the villain has even had the miserable meanness to borrow considerable sums of money from Mrs St Helen?"

"That also I have heard; that she has wasted the property of my poor betrayed brother, and their children, in order to supply his necessities at the gaming-table; but I cannot go on! I shall go distracted!"

I ascertained that very late in the preceding night, or rather at an early hour of the morning, Mrs St Helen had returned from Vauxhall, accompanied as usual by Captain Alverley; and immediately upon her entering the house, the above letter from Colonel St Helen was placed in her hands. Her guilty soul was thunderstruck at the sight of her husband's handwriting. Captain Alverley, who entered with her, opened and read the letter; and would have taken it away with him to destroy it, had she not insisted so vehemently upon reading it, that he was forced to comply. She swooned before she had read half of the letter. All I could learn of what happened subsequently was, that Captain Alverley left about three o'clock, and returned in little more than an hour's time; that a travelling carriage—and four drew up at the door about five o'clock; but such was her agitation and illness, that it was not till nearly half-past seven o'clock that Captain Alverley succeeded, after a vain attempt to induce her maid to accompany them, in carrying Mrs St Helen into the carriage, almost in a state of insensibility. He gave the sullen incredulous servants to understand that their mistress had been summoned off to meet Colonel St Helen! She had not ventured into the room where her children were asleep, in blessed unconsciousness of the fearful scenes that were going forward.

In most of the Monday morning's newspapers appeared the ordinary kind of paragraph announcing the

"Elopement in fashionable life"—some of them mentioning the names of the parties by initials. One of them alluded to Mrs St Helen's connexion with the family of the Earl of Hetheringham, whom, it stated, the "afflicting event had thrown into the deepest distress," &c.—an intimation so intolerably offensive to the pure, fastidious feelings of the Countess, that the day after] there appeared the following paragraph. I give verbatim the heartless disclaimer, the tone and style of which may perhaps serve to indicate the distinguished quarter whence it emanated.

"We have been requested, on the very highest authority, to take the earliest possible opportunity of correcting an unintentional and most injurious mistatement that appeared in our yesterday's paper concerning the truly unfortunate and most distressing affair in — Street, and one that is calculated to wound the feelings of a family of very high distinction. It is not true, but quite contrary to the fact, that the lady, Mrs * * * * *, was educated in the family of the Earl of Hetheringham. She is certainly a remote connexion of the Earl's, and when extremely young, was received on a visit into his lordship's house till some family arrangements had been completed; but we have been given to understand that the lady in question and the noble family alluded to have been long alienated, particularly the female branches." In another part of the same paper appeared the intelligence that "Mrs St — was a lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments, and had left a family of six children." Another newspaper informed its readers that "the gallant companion of a certain lovely fugitive was the heir-presumptive of a peerage and a splendid fortune." A third, "that the late elopement was likely to afford lucrative employment to the gentlemen of the long robe." A fourth, "that the husband of a lady, whose recent, &c. was an officer of distinction, had long discarded her, owing to her light conduct, and was now taking steps to procure a divorce," &c. &c. &c. With such matters was—and generally is—titillated the prurient curiosity of fashionable society for a moment only—probably, after a brief interval, its attention being again excited by intimations that "the lady whose elopement lately occasioned much stir in the fashionable circles,"

had destroyed herself, or betaken herself to most reckless and dishonourable courses, &c.; and that Captain A— "was, they understood, about to lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished Miss —," &c. &c. This, I say, is not an unfrequent case; but not such was the course of events consequent upon the enormous wickedness of Mrs St Helen.

During Monday the deserted little St Helens were removed, accompanied by Miss Churchill, to the residence of Mrs Ogilvie, the General continuing in — Street to receive Colonel St Helen when he should arrive, and—in what way he best might—break to him the disastrous intelligence of his wife's infidelity and flight. As it was uncertain when and from what quarter Colonel St Helen would reach the metropolis, it was of course impossible to anticipate or prevent his arrival at — Street, even had such a measure been desirable. Up to Thursday he had not made his dreaded appearance. On the evening of that day, however, a post-chaise-and-four, covered with dust, rattled rapidly round the corner of — Square, and in a few moments the reeking horses stood panting at the door of Colonel St Helen's. Before either of the postilions could dismount, or the servant open the hall-door, or General Ogilvie, who was sitting in the diningroom make his appearance, the chaise-door was opened from within, the steps thrust down, and forth sprang a gentleman in dusty travelling costume—his left arm in a sling—and rushed up to the door of the house. While his impatient hand was thundering with the knocker the door was opened.

"Is Mrs St Helen"—he commenced, in eager and joyful accents, which, however, suddenly ceased at sight of the servant standing, pale as death, trembling and silent.

"Why—what's the matter?" stammered Colonel St Helen—for he of course it was. "Ah, Ogilvie!" rushing towards the General, who having paused for an instant before presenting himself, now quitted the diningroom and hurried up to the startled Colonel.

"My dear St Helen!" commenced the General, his agitation apparent. A mighty sigh burst from the swelling bosom of Colonel St Helen as he suffered himself to be drawn into the diningroom.

"What's all this?" he enquired in a hoarse, hard whisper, as General Ogilvie shut the door. He was for a moment tongue-tied at sight of the long-dreaded apparition which now so suddenly stood before him. The Colonel's face became overspread with a deadly hue as he made the enquiry, and his right hand still locked that of General Ogilvie in its rigid grasp.

"St Helen, you must bear it like a man and a soldier," at length commenced the General, recovering himself. "The chances of war"——

"Is she dead?" gasped the Colonel, without moving from where he stood, or relaxing his hold of General Ogilvie's hand.

"No," replied the General, turning as pale as his companion.

"Then—what—in the name of God!—tell me"——whispered Colonel St Helen, his eyes almost starting out of their sockets, while the drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. At a word spoken in a low tone by General Ogilvie the Colonel started as if he had been stabbed, and then lay extended upon the floor. The General sprung to the bell, and shouted violently for assistance. The room was instantly almost filled with servants. One of them was despatched for me, and another for the nearest surgeon. The latter arrived in a very few minutes, and I was in attendance within little less than a quarter of an hour, for the man, knowing my carriage, stopped it as I was entering the street in which I lived. I found Colonel St Helen propped up in bed in the arms of General Ogilvie—his coat and waistcoat and neck-handkerchief only had been removed, and his shirt-collar thrown open. The heavy snorting sound that met my ears prepared me for the worst. Colonel St Helen was in a fit of apoplexy. Within a minute or two after my entrance the jugular vein was opened—that in the arm had given no relief. Oh, that his infamous wife could have been by my side as I gazed upon the lamentable object before me! Here, woman,—behold your handiwork!

He had been ever foremost in fight—he had braved death in a thousand forms—the flag of victory had often waved gloriously over him—he had quitted the field with honourable wounds—his grateful country welcomed her gallant disabled son—his affectionate wife, he thought, stretched

forth her eager arms to receive him—after months of agony, on the wings of love he had flown seven thousand long miles to be—blasted, as here he lay before me!

Sad sights have I seen in my time, but when one so sad as this? My swelling heart overpowers me! Poor Colonel, what can my art do for thee?

And thou, Alverley, come hither *thou* for a moment, slayer of the peace and honour of thy brave brother soldier! Quit for a moment the cockatrice, thy companion, to look upon this victim of your united treachery! Oh, out upon thee! thy presence corrupts the air! *Down, down to hell!* But no—I rave—society will presently welcome you again, gay Alverley! to her harlot bosom!

Though a large opening had been made in the jugular vein, through which the blood was flowing copiously, no impression whatever seemed made, or likely to be made, upon the violence of the attack. I therefore recommended opening the turgid temporal artery—which was done—and large blisters to be applied to the nape of the neck and to the extremities—the usual means resorted to in violent apoplectic seizures. I waited for upwards of an hour, and was then obliged to leave my unhappy, but perhaps happily unconscious patient, in apparently the same state as that in which I had found him. I paid him another visit early in the morning—still he lay in extreme danger, having been bled twice during the night, but without any sensible effect. I willingly acceded to the General's desire for an immediate consultation with Sir——, which accordingly took place about two o'clock. The result was that we expressed a strong opinion that, unless a decided change took place within an hour or two, the attack would prove fatal. Why should I wish it—I thought—otherwise? What hopeless anguish would be spared him were he never to awake to a consciousness of the tremendous calamity that had befallen him! What could life henceforth be to *him*? How could his grievous wounds be healed, or even stanchd? How could his wrongs be repaired, mitigated, or concealed? What bitter agony would the sight of his children even force into his heart! I thought of all this, and for a moment did not feel anxious that success should attend our strenuous efforts to save

him. They succeeded, however, and in three or four days' time it seemed probable that the unhappy sufferer would live to become acquainted with the full extent of his misery—to drain perhaps the cup of sorrow to the dregs. I was in the room when his eyes gave almost their first look of returning consciousness. Oh, dreadful contrast to the gay and happy man I last saw him before his departure for India! His hair was now somewhat of an iron-grey hue—his complexion had become deeply bronzed by his constant exposure to the rays of an Indian sun. Despite, however, his present extreme exhaustion, and the sunken sallowness of his countenance, it was impossible not to perceive its superior air—the lineaments of that bold and resolute character for which Colonel St Helen had ever been distinguished. But where was the wonted fire of those dark eyes that were now directed towards me drowsily and unconsciously? Was he then aware of the cause of his illness, or was the frightful truth breaking bitterly and slowly upon his reviving faculties? God grant that the latter might prove to be the case, or the consequences might be disastrous indeed!

For nearly a fortnight he lay in a kind of lethargy, never once speaking, or apparently taking any notice of what was passing about him. Innumerable calls were made at his house, and enquiries concerning his health by a large circle of attached and sympathizing friends. His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief sent almost daily to know how he was going on. As soon as I thought it advisable, I intimated my anxious wish that he should have the advantage of a change of scene; and as soon as he was able to be removed, travel by easy stages to Cheltenham. He simply shook his head, sorrowfully, at the same time raising his hand as if deprecating the mention of it. Of course I desisted. The next time I called his female attendant met me on the stairs, and gave me to understand that he had begged the proposal might not be renewed, as he was determined not to quit — Street. Before leaving him that day, General Ogilvie followed me, and told me that the Colonel, who had not once made any allusion to what had taken place, suddenly enquired, in the course of the morning, in a faint tone, where his children were; and on being informed, expressed a wish to see them.

After some hesitation I consented to their being brought the next day, for a few minutes only—the General having assured me that I could not overrate the fortitude of his suffering relative. “Depend upon it he will bear the sight of them,” said the General, “better than you imagine, though certainly his nerves must have been much shaken. How shall we arrange it? I should very much wish you to be present, Doctor, if you could contrive it.” I promised not only to be present, but that, as I could easily arrange it, I would myself call and bring Mrs Ogilvie and the children; and so it was decided. The next afternoon, therefore, about three o'clock, on my return from visiting a patient in the neighbourhood of General Ogilvie's residence, I called there, but found Mrs Ogilvie on the point of going out, not having received any intimation of our arrangement. She instantly, however, agreed to accompany me. “And how are your little nephews?” I enquired.

“Oh, they are very well,” she replied, with a sigh; “a child's grief is not very deep or lasting; Arthur was as merry the next morning after leaving — Street, as if nothing had happened! Now and then, however, he asks me where his mamma is, and when he shall go to see her, or when she will come here? But when he sees me sometimes suddenly turn aside my head, to hide the tears that force themselves into my eyes, the poor child thinks I am angry with him, and kisses me, throwing his arms round my neck, and saying he will never ask to see his mamma again. He soon, however, forgets his promise,” added Mrs Ogilvie with emotion. “Here they are at present, as merry as they can be,” she continued, opening the folding doors, and walking into a room that looked upon a pleasant garden. “Alas that they should ever hear of what has caused all our sorrow!”

The two little boys were romping about upon the grass-plot in high glee, running after and rolling over one another. How like the elder one was to his wretched mother! The same bright blue eye, the same beautifully-formed chin and mouth!—I dreaded the effect of his standing suddenly before his father! The younger child, George, as lively as a cricket, and as brown as a berry, bore some little general resemblance to his father.

Oh, how could your mother look upon your little faces, and listen to your prattle, and feel your tiny arms embracing her, and forget that she had borne you! That you were the fruit of her womb! That your little lips had a thousand times drawn nurture from her maternal bosom! All the myriad of delicious agonies and ecstasies of a mother! Her generous, confiding, absent husband!—How could she, knowing all this, recollecting all this, deliberately surrender herself to destruction, and prefer the blighting companionship of a fiend—an adulterer!

"Now, Arthur and George," said Mrs Ogilvie, as we approached them in the garden—"you must be good children, and go and get dressed, and I will take you both out!"

"What! a drive in the carriage? I love the ponies!" replied George, eagerly.

"Yes, my love, we are going to take you to see papa."

"No, no, I shall not go there! I don't like my papa! He has taken my mamma away!"

"No, child, do not talk such nonsense; papa has done no such thing. Poor papa is very ill," replied Mrs Ogilvie, tremulously, "and wishes to see his little boys."

"I don't know my papa," said the child, pouting, and sidling away from us. "He's a very, very great way off—but if you'll let mamma go with us, then I don't care."

"Your papa," said I, observing Mrs Ogilvie's emotion, "does not know where your mamma is!" The child seemed quite puzzled at all this. "Will you go with us, then?" he enquired, turning to Mrs Ogilvie.

"Yes, love."

"Isn't my papa a very great officer?" he enquired abruptly. "He has killed—oh, such a number of people, I am told! Do you think he will like to see us?"

"Yes, indeed, Arthur—and he will love you very dearly!" replied Mrs Ogilvie, with a faltering voice, leading her little nephews into the house. They were not long in being dressed, and we were presently on our way to town. I began to feel rather more apprehensive of the propriety of allowing the interview when I saw how his mother was running in Arthur's head. Suppose he were bluntly to ask his father what had become of her? I

whispered my apprehensions to Mrs Ogilvie, and found them shared by her. She had not seen her brother since his return from India, and declared herself perfectly incapable of bearing an interview with him at present, even were he able to receive her. As we turned into ——— Street the children became very restless; and when we reached the house Arthur looked up at it apprehensively, and refused at first to quit the carriage. We succeeded, however, in inducing him to do so, and in pacifying him, and both the children were conducted into the library, where Mrs Ogilvie undertook to occupy their attention while I repaired to the Colonel's bedside to ascertain how he was. I found him very little changed from what I had seen him on the preceding day, except that there was an evident restlessness and anxiety about the eyes. Probably he was aware that his children had arrived. General Ogilvie, who rarely quitted the chamber of his suffering brother-in-law, sat in his accustomed chair beside. I sat down in the one usually placed for me; while my finger was on his pulse, and my eye on my watch, the Colonel said, in a low tone—"They are come, are they not?" I told him that they were below.

"Let them be brought up then, if you please—but only one at a time," said he, a faint flush appearing on his cheek. General Ogilvie immediately left the room, but not without first casting an anxious glance at me.

"You are both, I can see, apprehensive on my account," he whispered; "but I am perfectly aware of my situation. He must not be long in the room, however, I may not be so strong as I think myself." In a few moments General Ogilvie returned, leading in his little companion, who entered with evident reluctance, looking with some fear towards the bed where his father lay.

"You are a very good child, Arthur," said I, in a soothing tone, holding out my hand to receive him—inwardly cursing at the moment his resemblance to Mrs St Helen, and which just then appeared to me stronger than ever. "Come and ask your papa how he is!" The child came and stood between my knees. Can I ever forget the looks with which that father and son, on this their bitter meeting, regarded one another? Neither spoke. It would be in vain to attempt de-

scribing that of the former ; as for little Arthur, his face showed a mingled expression of apprehension and wonder. "Speak to your papa," I whispered, observing him slowly moving away—"he is very poorly!" He looked at me for a moment, and then faintly exclaimed, gazing at Colonel St Helen—"Papa, I love you!" The poor Colonel turned his head away and closed his eyes. In vain he strove to compress his quivering lip ; nature would conquer, and the tears soon forced themselves through his closed eyelids. I wish Mrs St Helen could have seen the unutterable anguish visible in his features when he turned again to look upon the little countenance so much resembling *hers*! After gazing thus for some moments in silence upon the child, he whispered, "Kiss me, Arthur!" He did so.

"Do you love me?" enquired his father.

"Yes, papa!" The Colonel stretched out his arms to embrace his son, but his left arm instantly fell again powerless beside him. He shook his head, and sighed.

"Do you recollect me, Arthur?" he enquired. The child looked at me, and made no answer.

"Do you love your little brother George?" asked the Colonel, languidly.

"Yes, very much—I'll go and fetch him, papa—he will love you too—he is down stairs." Every fibre of Colonel St Helen's face quivered with emotion. His eyes overflowed with tears, and he whispered—

"I feel I cannot bear it! he had better go."

"General," said I, "will you take him down stairs? We fatigue Colonel St Helen!" But he made me no answer. He was looking away, and the tears fell. I therefore rose, and after lifting up the child again to kiss his parent, led him down stairs, thankful that he had not tortured his father by any allusion to his wretched and degraded mother. On my return, I found Colonel St Helen much exhausted, and evidently suffering acutely from the distracting feelings excited by his son's presence.

He recovered, but very slowly, during the ensuing month, from as severe an attack of apoplexy as I had ever witnessed. The grief that was preying upon his heart soon showed itself in the settled gloom with which his ema-

ciated features were laden, and which, coupled with his dangerous illness, and the very violent remedies we were compelled to adopt in order to subdue it, reduced him almost to a skeleton. He had, indeed, fallen away most surprisingly. A fine muscular man when in health, he looked now as if he had returned from India in a deep decline. He would sit alone, and speechless, for hours: and took even his ordinary nourishment with visible reluctance. When his children entered into his presence—they were brought to him daily—he received them with affection, but his manner oppressed them. Alas! he had now no smiles with which to welcome and return any of their little overtures towards cheerfulness; in the midst of any faint attempt at merriment on their part, he would rise, and suddenly clasp them to his widowed heart in silent agony.

The manner in which, at a former period of his illness, he had rejected the proposal made to him of a change of scene, prevented its being renewed. One morning, however, he suddenly asked General Ogilvie if he could give him a home for a few months; and on being assured of the affectionate welcome with which he would be received, he expressed a desire to quit — Street on the ensuing morning. He forthwith gave directions for his house, with all its furniture, of every description, to be sold; and the clothes, trinkets, and such personal ornaments of Mrs St Helen as were in the house he ordered to be destroyed. He exacted a pledge to this effect from General Ogilvie. On its being given he took his arm, and—shadow of his former self!—stepped languidly into the General's carriage, drew down the blinds, and quitted — Street for ever. The day after, in passing the house, I saw great staring bills in the window, and a board on the walls—"THIS HOUSE TO BE SOLD." To this day I never glance at such objects without being suddenly and painfully reminded of the events which are detailed in this chapter.

I could gain no intelligence whatever of the destination or movements of Mrs St Helen; it was generally supposed that she had gone, and still remained abroad, in company with Captain Alverley. I expected in each day's paper to hear of her having committed suicide; and for that reason, never omitted to cast my eye over a

paragraph headed with "Coroner's Inquest," or "Distressing Suicide." Not so, however; she was reserved for severer sufferings, a more signal punishment, a more lamentable end! Captain Alverley made his appearance in London about six weeks after the elopement; and in passing along St James's Park he came upon his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, who was returning on horseback from the Horse-Guards. He drew up, and motioning Captain Alverley, his *aide-de-camp*, to approach, rebuked him sternly and indignantly for the cruel and infamous outrage he had committed, commanding him never again to enter his presence. The Duke rode off with a haughty scowl, leaving Captain Alverley apparently thunderstruck. This incident found its way into the next day's papers; and Captain Alverley, perceiving himself in general bad odour, threw up his commission, and withdrew, it was supposed, to the Continent. The excellent Duke of York, indeed, evinced from the first the greatest sympathy with Colonel St Helen; and as soon as he thought he might safely do so, sent him a letter, by a distinguished general officer, also a friend of the Colonel's, full of the kindest and most condescending expressions, and intimating his wish to see him at the Horse-Guards at the earliest possible opportunity. He added that he was authorized to state that his Majesty had expressed a sincere sympathy for his sufferings, and the highest approbation of his gallant conduct abroad. The Colonel sighed on reading these flattering communications.

"Tell his Royal Highness," said he, "that I am very grateful for his condescension; and the moment I am able I will attend him personally to say as much."

"I was not exactly authorized," said Lord —, "to mention it to you, but you are to have the —th; I heard his Royal Highness say as much."

"Pray tell his Royal Highness," replied the Colonel, with a melancholy air, "that I cannot accept it—for I return to India by the next ship!"

"Good God! Colonel St Helen,—return to India?" echoed Lord —, with an air of infinite astonishment.

"Can I remain in England?" suddenly enquired the Colonel—with a look that silenced Lord —, hastily rising and standing for a few moments with his

back turned towards him, evidently overpowered with his feelings. Neither spoke for a few moments.

"I cannot tell this to his Royal Highness," said Lord —; "I know he will ask me about every thing that has passed at our interview."

"Then tell him, my Lord, my last words to you were, that my heart is broken, but my will is not. I shall go to India, if I live—and that as soon as possible!"

Lord — saw that he was inflexible, and abstained from further importunities.

Three months had now elapsed from the day on which Colonel St Helen arrived in England to encounter so fell a blight of his fondest hopes, his brightest prospects; and he had made his final and gloomy preparations for returning to India. Notwithstanding the sympathizing and affectionate attachment of General and Mrs Ogilvie, had it not been for the daily sight of his children—those innocent, helpless, deserted beings, whom he was himself about to desert—he would have lost almost all sympathy with mankind. His heart yearned towards his little sons—but his resolution had been taken, and was unchangeable, to return to India, and amidst the scenes of direful carnage he had there quitted, to seek, in an honourable death, release from the agonies he suffered. He arranged all his affairs evidently on the basis of his being about to take leave of England for ever. His purposes with reference to his children might have been varied, but for the fond and zealous guardians for them he found in General and Mrs Ogilvie. It was not till within a very short period of his departure, that he could bear to ask from the former a detailed account of all that had happened. He heard the name of Alverley mentioned in silence. He enquired for a while where he was supposed to be, and never again alluded to him. The name of Mrs St Helen never escaped his lips.

When he presented himself before the Commander-in-Chief, he met with a most gracious reception. His Royal Highness shook him warmly by the hand, and with a quivering lip assured him of his sympathy and personal regard.

"Is your resolution to return to India, Colonel St Helen, unalterable?" enquired the Duke. The Colonel bowed; his air and manner satisfied

the Duke of the uselessness of exaltation. No; in vain were the entreaties of royalty; in vain the passionate tears and embraces of his sister; in vain the energetic remonstrances of General Ogilvie; in vain were his children flung by his sister into his arms and upon his knees in an ecstasy of grief. His darkening countenance told how vain were all such appeals. His passage was engaged in a ship quitting the Thames in a few days' time. His servant had already packed up almost all that was to be taken aboard. The dreaded morning arrived; he tenderly embraced his sister and his children before setting off for town; finally, as he had determined, but only for a few hours as they supposed, understanding that he would return in the afternoon to bid them adieu for ever.

While he and General Ogilvie were waiting in a back room at Messrs —, the army agents, where he wished to make some final pecuniary arrangements, his eye happened to fall upon a paragraph, which he read with almost a suspension of his breath, and a face suddenly flushed with excitement.

"Ogilvie!" said he, turning to his astonished brother-in-law a countenance that had quickly become white as death, and speaking in a totally different voice from any that had been heard from him since his illness, "I have changed my mind. I shall not go to India. At all events, not at present."

"I am delighted to hear it," said the General, confounded with the suddenness of the information as much as at the manner in which it was conveyed; "but, good God, what has happened? what has agitated you?"

"I am not agitated," replied Colonel St Helen, with a violent effort to speak calmly, at the same time rising from his chair, and folding up the newspaper he had been reading. "Can you spare this?" said he to the clerk whom he had summoned into the room. He was answered in the affirmative. "Then you may tell Mr — to give himself no further trouble about the business I called upon; be so good as to tell him that I have made some change in my arrangements. Shall we walk home, Ogilvie?" They quitted Messrs —'s immediately.

"St Helen," said General Ogilvie, as they left, "I protest that I will not

return home with you till you have told me frankly what has occasioned this most extraordinary change of manner and purpose" —

"My dear Ogilvie, you shall know all. Read this," said the Colonel, taking out the newspaper, and unfolding it, he pointed out the following paragraph:—

"By the death of the Right Hon. Lord Seckington, Captain Alverley, formerly of the — Guards, succeeds to the title and estates, which are great, as well as to the splendid accumulations of landed property said to have been made by the late Lord S., who has bequeathed every thing to the present Lord Seckington. He is now abroad, but is daily expected in — Street."

"Well!" exclaimed the General, after having read the paragraph twice over, in perturbed silence, returning the paper, "of course, it is easy to guess your intentions."

"Intentions!" exclaimed Colonel St Helen, with great vivacity, "this is the first time I have breathed freely since my arrival in England?"

"Do you, then, really think of meeting this man?" enquired the General, gravely, after a pause.

"Meet him? *Do I intend to meet him?*—Ogilvie, you vex me!" replied Colonel St Helen, briskly and bitterly, at the same time insensibly quickening his pace. He dragged his companion along in silence, at such a rapid rate, that they were half through the Park before either—deeply engaged with his thoughts—had again spoken.

"Let me see—how shall I know when he arrives in London?" said the Colonel, abruptly, as if he had thought aloud.

"Oh, there cannot be much difficulty about that," replied the General, who had satisfied himself of the hopelessness of attempting to dissuade Colonel St Helen from his evident purpose.—"I will do all that you can possibly desire, since"—

"Dear Ogilvie—my dear, good brother," said the Colonel, with affectionate energy, "do not think I shall permit *you* to be at all involved in this affair. Mischief may come of it—I cannot deprive my sister and my children of your presence, even for a moment."

"You shall not meet him unless I am at your elbow," interrupted the General, with a determined air; "I

can be firm, St Helen, as well as you."

"Ogilvie, Ogilvie, how perfectly useless this is! I do assure you that my mind is fixed unalterably. It cannot be; it shall not be. May I fall at the first fire if I permit you to be on the ground. I could not aim steadily if you were there. No—I have got my man. Darnley will!"

"I hate your *professed* duellists," interrupted the General with irrepressible agitation.

"They are made for such an affair as mine!" exclaimed Colonel St Helen, with a kind of cheerfulness that was sickening.

General Ogilvie had never seen such a remarkable change so quickly effected in any one.

"Have you thought of your poor boys?" said he, as they approached home.

"Thank God that my sister is your wife; that you are my brother-in-law!" exclaimed Colonel St Helen, in a more subdued tone than that in which he had been hitherto speaking; "they cannot be better off!"

"This scoundrel has no such ties! You don't meet on equal terms."

"Perhaps not exactly, but—my bullet will spoil his pretty coronet too!"—He paused, and a grim smile passed over his features. "Poor devil," he added, with a bitter air, "I would give a trifle to be present when Major Darnley first calls upon him! It will try his mettle, rather, won't it?" almost laughing—but such a laugh.

"Really, St Helen, this has turned you into a devil!" exclaimed General Ogilvie.

"The best thing that the old Lord Seckington ever did," said Colonel St Helen to himself, but aloud—as if he had not heard his companion's remark, "was to die, exactly when he *did* die; the best thing that has happened to the new Lord Seckington was, to become Lord Seckington exactly when he *did* become Lord Seckington; and the next best thing was, that I should come to know of it just when I *did* come to know of it."

"You are certainly, my dear St Helen, the most cruelly injured man breathing," said General Ogilvie, after they had walked for some minutes in silence, "and nobody has a right to interfere with you!"

"I should think not," replied Colonel St Helen, in the same short bitter

tones in which he had been all along speaking. Ogilvie!" he added, turning suddenly, and looking him full in the face, "no treachery! By your honour as a soldier and a gentleman, no interference in any way!"

"I should have thought that such an appeal was perfectly unnecessary," replied the General, coldly.

"Oh, forgive me! forgive me, Ogilvie! Remember my sufferings; I was wrong, I know it."

"I have nothing to forgive, St Helen," replied General Ogilvie, with a quivering lip. "By my God, I will be true to you in every thing."

"And I will be true to myself, Ogilvie.—You shall see!" rejoined the Colonel, grasping his hand, and shaking it cordially.—"And now, what must we say to my sister to prevent suspicion?"

"Oh! we must say that your ship does not sail for a fortnight, or something of that kind—it will be no difficult thing to deceive *her*, poor thing!" said the General with a deep sigh.

"Hardy," said Colonel St Helen, addressing his groom, whom he had sent for as soon as he reached his own room at General Ogilvie's, and putting two guineas into his hand, "go directly and station yourself at the corner of — Street, and watch Number —, which is Lord Seckington's. Say not a word to any body, but be on the look-out night and day; and the moment that you see a travelling carriage—or any thing of the sort—go up to the door, presently enquire who it is that has come; and if you hear that it is Lord Seckington, come off to me at the top of your speed—it shall be the best half-hour's work you ever did in your life—ask quietly—quietly, mind, to see me and tell me your news. To nobody but *me*, sir."

Hardy was a keen and faithful fellow; and in about an hour's time he was to be seen lurking about — Street, in exact obedience to his master's orders.

What I subsequently learnt from several quarters I may state here, in order to keep up the course of the narrative, and the better to explain the events which remain to be described.

I was right in supposing that Captain Alverley and Mrs St Helen went direct to the Continent; but of their movements when there I scarce know any thing. Her wild and frantic agonies of

remorse at the step she had taken were scarcely calculated to increase the attachment of her heartless companion, whose satiated eye beheld the beauty which had so long fevered his soul daily disappearing. Even had it been otherwise—had she retained all the fascination and loveliness of her manners, the novelty of the affair had wore off; he had gained his object—and she perceived his altering feelings. To her guilty affrighted soul, indeed,—

“The hollow tongue of time——

—— was a perpetual knell.—Each stroke
Pealed for a hope the less: the funeral
note

Of love deep buried without resurrection,
In the grave of possession.”

When he discovered the incurable nature of her mental sufferings,—that whirling her about from one scene of amusement to another failed of its object—he began to complain that his funds were running low. He had, in truth, long been greatly embarrassed and involved,—yet had he contrived to appear possessed of all the wealth and to enjoy all the luxuries and elegancies that penniless young men of fashion so mysteriously secure for themselves. Now, however, the money he had obtained from Mrs St Helen, as well as a few hundreds that had been supplied to him by a brother reprobate in order to carry on the intrigue, had almost disappeared. He began to feel himself placed in very awkward circumstances. What is a penniless man of fashion in Paris? Captain Alverley besides was burdened with the perpetual presence of a woman who was weeping bitterly from morning to night—frequently in very violent hysterics—and who vehemently reproached him with being the author of all her misery. He soon began to sicken of all this. Was it for this that he had quitted all the pleasures of London, and lost all his hopes of advancement in the army? Paris was a very pleasant place, and he could have enjoyed himself there but for this unfortunate and—as he soon felt and expressed it—most disgusting affair. He therefore began to loathe the very sight of his miserable companion. It was unquestionably with a feeling of keen regret that he found her brought home one night dripping from the Seine, after an abortive attempt at self-destruction, to which his cold sarcastic repartees had impelled his half-maddened victim. The poor Captain was to be pitied—his bold and dashing adven-

ture had turned out most unfortunately! Instead of the brilliant beauty he had reckoned on having secured for at least a year or two in Mrs St Helen, he beheld it suddenly withered and gone, and there was ever with him a haggard woman, tearing her hair, wringing her hands, and frantically taxing him with being her destroyer. In vain he sought to escape from it—she would never leave him! He had returned to London to endeavour to raise funds; his unlucky encounter with the Commander-in-Chief sent him back in fury to Paris. He had never felt himself in such an extremity; and he determined, after much bitter reflection, that could he but once get extricated from this unfortunate adventure, he would never again undertake one on so extensive a scale.

Of a sudden, however, an express from London brought him news that electrified him with delight,—a delight which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he attempted to communicate to his gloomy companion. By the death of his aged uncle he had become Lord Seckington; the proprietor of Seckington Castle, in —— shire; one or two other houses in different parts of the country; and a splendid mansion in —— Street; with a rent-roll of upwards of L.25,000 a-year, and not less than L.200,000 in the funds. At the first impulse of his generous feelings he determined to settle upon Mrs St Helen the sum of L.500 a-year, which he permitted her to spend wherever she chose—offering to give her a thousand pounds in addition if she would not return to England. She began, however, now to be unreasonable; and affected to receive his liberal proposal with consternation!

And was it really then possible that, after all he had said, and done, she was not to become Lady Seckington! Even if Colonel St Helen should take successful proceedings for a divorce? Horror—horror unutterable!

The next communications that reached Lord Seckington consisted chiefly of pressing entreaties from his solicitor, and that of his lamented uncle, the late Lord Seckington, that he would lose no time in coming to London, as there were many matters requiring his immediate attention. He was glad to see their letters accompanied with one that bore the handwriting of his intimate friend Captain

Leicester. He opened it, and read thus,—

"Dear Seckington—

—Pshaw, how odd it looks! Of course I congratulate you, as every body does. Don't cut your old friends, that's all. But I wish chiefly to say—wait abroad a little, only till the excitement of the story has a little gone down. That d—d unhappy devil St H—, is in town; but I hear he's going back to India in double-quick time. Would it not be as well to wait till he's off, and the coast is clear?

"Eternally yours,

"F. LEICESTER."

"The Right Hon. Lord Seckington."

On perusing this well-timed and friendly letter, it suddenly occurred to Lord Seckington that he had certainly various matters of importance to settle in different parts of the Continent; and so he wrote to his solicitors—infinite to their astonishment and vexation. He was preparing to set off for Brussels two or three days afterwards, when another letter reached him from the same friendly and vigilant pen.

(*Private.*)

"London, 8th August, 18—.

"Dear Seckington,

"What the deuce is in the wind, perhaps you can better guess than I can tell; but I lose no time in writing, to say that Colonel St Helen, who had appointed to sail to India (as I told you in my letter of the other day), and taken leave of every body in a gloomy way, to seek an honourable grave, &c. &c. &c., has suddenly changed his mind, countermanded all his arrangements, and stops in London!! Every one is amazed at this queer move. I have reason to know that he had actually engaged his passage by a ship that started two or three days ago, and has forfeited all the passage-money. This certainly looks cursedly unpleasant—are we to look out for a squall? Do you think he has seen that offensive, impertinent paragraph about you in the papers, and is waiting for you? If so, you are in a d—d awkward predicament, and I really scarce know how to advise you. It will hardly do to keep out of the way a little longer, will it? Ask —, and —, and above all, Count ——. Ever yours, more and more,— F. L."

As Lord Seckington read this letter his face gradually became as white as the paper he looked upon. Several letters lay on the table before him unopened and unattended to. With Captain Leicester's in his hand, he remained motionless for nearly half-an-hour; at the expiration of which period he was on the point of going into his bedroom and putting the muzzle of a pistol into his ear. Probably what he endured in that brief interval counterbalanced all the pleasure of his whole life. Lord Seckington was a frightful reprobate, but he was no coward; on the contrary, he was as cool and brave a man as ever wore epaulets. But consider his situation.

Here he was, scarcely thirty years old, suddenly become a peer of the realm, having succeeded to a very ancient title; and with all appliances and means to boot—all that could secure him

"Honour, wealth, obedience—troops of friends"—

in short, occupying as brilliant a position as man could well be placed in: yet amidst all the dazzling prospect that was opened before him, his eye lit and settled upon one fell figure only—that of Colonel St Helen, standing at ten or twelve paces' distance from him, his outstretched arm steadily pointing a pistol at his head. It was perfectly frightful.

What would he have cared for it in the heyday of his career as Captain Alverley; or rather as he was only a few short days before, desperately in debt, driven from the army, disgusted with the presence and stunned with the shrieks of a woman he had long loathed; but now—Perdition! The cold sweat stood upon his brow, and he felt sick to death. *What was to be done?* He could not keep out of the way—the spirit of a man could not endure the idea of such cowardice; no, his coronet should never be defiled by the head of a *coward*. So there was no alternative. To London he must go, and that without delay, with the all but certainty that within a few hours of his arrival, Colonel St Helen would have avenged all the wrongs he had suffered by sending a bullet through the head of him who had inflicted them. These were the dreadful thoughts that were passing through his mind, when the spectre stood suddenly before him, Mrs St Helen, who then happened to

enter his room—all her beauty gone, a truly "lamentable object."

"Well, madam," commenced Lord Seckington, bitterly and fiercely, "I am going to London, to be shot at by your d—d husband. He will certainly kill me; that is, if I do not first"—The latter part of this fiendish speech was lost upon Mrs St Helen, who had fallen down in a swoon. He immediately summoned assistance into the room, and then quitted it, hastily gathering up his letters; but, by some fatality, leaving behind him the one which had occasioned him his horrible agonies—Captain Leicester's. It fell into the hands of Mrs St Helen's maid, who communicated its direful contents to Mrs St Helen, but not till after Lord Seckington had quitted Paris. He hurried to his bedroom, and after drinking off a large glass of Cogniac, he dressed, and set off to consult with one or two "experienced" friends upon the only matter that now occupied his mind—whether the laws of duelling would admit, under the circumstances of his expected meeting with Colonel St Helen, of his shooting at his antagonist, in the first instance, which would afford him, he considered, the only chance he had of saving a life he was just then particularly anxious to preserve.

"You must give him," said Colonel —, a considerable authority in such matters, "two shots, in my opinion, and even a third, if the first two have had no effect; and then you may do as you will."

"Pho!" exclaimed Lord Seckington, with undisguised trepidation.

"Well," replied the Colonel quietly, "you may say pho! if you like, but you asked my opinion, and you have it. I have known it acted upon several times, and never objected to."

"Is your friend a good shot?" enquired Count —, a little fire-eater as ever breathed.

"I should say, in all probability, as good as myself."

The Count shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, that is very bad! I think you may shoot at your friend at the very first, *by accident*."

"That's not exactly the way matters are settled in England, Count," interrupted Colonel —, sharply; the vivacious Frenchman retorted; one word led on another, and that evening they went through a little duel-scene of their own; Lord Seckington being

actually compelled to stand second to his countryman! On returning to his hotel, he found the cards of almost every one of his most distinguished countrymen then resident in Paris lying on his table. He turned sick at heart as he looked upon them. He found that Mrs St Helen was still in a state of insensibility; and he embraced the opportunity it afforded him of preparing for his immediate departure; but not before he had left sufficient funds to provide for her comforts till he could send her further assistance from London, if, indeed, she did not first receive the intelligence of his death. Early in the ensuing morning he set out, with much the same thoughts and feelings as those with which a man might pass through beautiful scenery on his way to the guillotine.

Perhaps it might not be exaggeration to say that he endured the tortures of the damned; and when his postchaise and four drew up opposite the frowning portals of his house in — Street, he stepped out of it pale as death, and scarce able to conceal his agitation from the obsequious menials who lined the hall to receive their new lord. "How long will they be *mine*!"

As soon as the bustle of his arrival was over, and while the emptied chaise was being led away from the door, a groom, who might have been observed loitering about the street, stepped up, gently pulled the area-bell, and enquired if that was Lord Seckington who had arrived? He was rather tardily answered in the affirmative by a bustling servant. The groom sauntered carelessly down the street; but as soon as he had turned the corner, he ran as if a pack of beagles had been at his heels, and scarce ever stopped till he reached General Ogilvie's. He succeeded in communicating his pregnant intelligence to Colonel St Helen without having excited the suspicion of any one in the house; which Colonel St Helen quitted a few minutes afterwards.

About seven o'clock the same evening a gentleman knocked at the door of Lord Seckington's house. Having been informed that his lordship was very particularly engaged, the stranger desired to be shown into the library, where he would wait his Lordship's leisure, as he had a very pressing engagement with him. The servant accordingly ushered him into the li-

brary, and took up to Lord Seckington the card of "Major Darnley." He had not long to wait; for in less than five minutes the door was opened, and Lord Seckington entered in his dressing gown.

"Major Darnley, I presume?" he enquired, politely advancing towards his visitor, who rose and bowed. Lord Seckington, who looked pale and fatigued with travelling, apologized for his delay in attending the Major, and also for his dress, on the score of his having not yet had time to change it.

"I need only mention the name of Colonel St Helen, my Lord," said Major Darnley, in a low tone, "to apprise your Lordship of the painful nature of my errand."

"Certainly—I perfectly understand," replied Lord Seckington, rather hastily.

"Of course, my Lord, the sooner this affair is settled the better!"

"By all means," replied Lord Seckington, calmly. "I have no doubt that my friend, Captain Leicester, whom I know to be in town, will act with you immediately on my behalf. Probably he is this moment at —'s, where you could hardly fail of meeting him," looking at his watch.

"Perhaps your Lordship will favour me with a line addressed to Captain Leicester, intimating the nature of my application?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Lord Seckington; and sitting down, he wrote a few lines to the desired effect, and folding up the note, directed it, and gave it to Major Darnley.

"Probably Captain Leicester will be with your Lordship shortly—shall I tell him that your Lordship waits here for him?"

"I beg you will do me that favour. Pray, Major Darnley, let no time whatever be lost," added Lord Seckington, with a smile which it would have been a luxury to a fiend to witness. He rang the bell, and Major Darnley took his leave. The instant that the door was closed, Lord Seckington, after a sickening glance round at the spacious and splendid apartment, threw himself upon the sofa in a state of mind that it would be in vain to attempt describing.

Having agreed to dine that evening with one of his old friends who had succeeded to a dukedom since they had met, and who had quitted Lord Seckington only half an hour before

Major Darnley's arrival, it became necessary to write off immediately, and announce his inability to be present. He did so, and stated it to be owing to very pressing engagements, and the thought which had since occurred to him that he ought not to dine out till after his uncle's funeral—well knowing that his own funeral might probably take place at the same time. It may be easily understood that he was in no humour to renew the business-details which Major Darnley's arrival had interrupted. He sent a message to that effect up stairs to his solicitor, to whom he had promised to return, begging him to be in attendance in the morning; and ordering dinner to be prepared and served at a moment's notice, he again threw himself upon the sofa. He was roused from his dreadful reverie about a quarter before eight o'clock by Captain Leicester. He was in full dinner-dress, having been met by Major Darnley, just as he was preparing to go to the Duke of —'s, where he was to have been surprised by the appearance of Lord Seckington. After his hurried interview with Major Darnley, he had come off direct to — Street.

"Well, Alverley,—Seckington, I mean—you see it's just as I suspected," said he, hastily stepping up to Lord Seckington.

"Yes," he replied, shaking him cordially by the hand, and unconsciously sighing. "May I reckon on your services?"

"Oh, of course—I am here on the business now."

"Where were you going when Major Darnley found you?" enquired Lord Seckington, alluding to Captain Leicester's dress.

"The Duke of —'s."

"Ah, I was to have been there too," said Lord Seckington. "They'll suspect that something's wrong by our both so suddenly sending refusals."

"And let them—they're not likely to send us peace-officers, if they do suspect. They'll only be devilish sorry to lose the company of two deuced good knives and forks—that's all!"

"I have ordered dinner here to be ready at a moment's notice," said Lord Seckington, as the servant brought in candles. He *must* have observed the troubled and pallid coun-

tenance of his Lord as he placed them upon the table near which Lord Seckington and Captain Leicester were standing. "You *can* stay to dinner?"

"I think, perhaps, I have half-an-hour to spare," replied Captain Leicester,—for duellists, like lovers, *must* eat, it would seem;—"but I can't spare one second more, for I've engaged to meet Darnley at —'s by a quarter to nine o'clock." Lord Seckington rang, and ordered dinner to be served immediately.

"This blood-thirsty devil, St Helen," said Lord Seckington, as the servant closed the door, "must have been watching for my arrival—Major Darnley was with me in less than an hour after I had got into the house."

"Very probably. No doubt he had hired some fellow to lurk about and bring him word of your arrival. You know, my dear fellow," added Captain Leicester, "there's no disguising the thing; we are likely to have d——d sharp work on our hands in the morning."

"The morning? I shall go mad if I have to wait all through the night!" exclaimed Lord Seckington, vehemently—"D——n me if I could not infinitely prefer fighting to-night—why could it not be at —'s? You could easily manage it, Leicester. You really must arrange it so! I shan't have a chance, if we wait till the morning!"

"You know, it can't be done," replied Captain Leicester, quietly, as soon as Lord Seckington had ceased—"it's not *selon la règle*—there's a method in every thing, and duelling is nothing without it. Darnley would laugh at me if I proposed it."

"Well, I am of course in your hands. You must do as you think proper," said Lord Seckington, with a sigh.

"I'll parade you—let me see—Five, or six o'clock—either will do," said Captain Leicester, thoughtfully. "However, we shall discuss every thing fully to night at —'s."

"Did you ever know of such an unhappy devil as I am, Leicester?" exclaimed Lord Seckington, abruptly, walking to and fro—"just now to be shot."

"Ay, and for such a cause, that's the ugly part of the story—but what does that signify? 'Twas an adventure carried on with the utmost spirit—

you could not *command* success, you know—eh? isn't that the word?"

"It's d——d hard to part with all this!"—exclaimed Lord Seckington, sadly, pointing to the fine library. "Hell must be a joke to what I've suffered since I got your last letter."

"I thought it would have that effect, when I was writing it.—But,"—shrugging his shoulders, "the thing's done now, and you must try not to think of it. 'Tis worse than useless. Make your will, and snap your fingers at every thing and every body in the world. That's the way a man of sense and spirit should meet death, and then he conquers it. By the way, if you *were* to make your will it might be as well. There's an infernal heap of money in the funds, you know"——

"O Leicester, don't torment me! I shall do what is proper, you may depend upon it."

"Well, my dear fellow, don't take it ill. 'Tis no more than every second should do for his principal when he expects warm work! Of course, St Helen, you know, will try d——d hard to hit you; but after all there's no certainty, even with the deadliest shot in the world."

"Oh, curse the ——!" groaned Lord Seckington, coupling Mrs St Helen's name with the vilest epithet that could be applied to a woman.

"No, no, Seckington—you forget yourself. I call that very unhand-some—nay, it's ungrateful—its d——d bad taste!"—said Captain Leicester, seriously.

"You should only know the kind of life she's led me since we went abroad!" exclaimed Lord Seckington, vehemently.

"Poor devil, you ought not to speak of her in that way," said Captain Leicester, with a grave air of displeasure. "Pray remember, Seckington, that whatever she is, you have made her. It is not handsome to speak so of the woman that has denied you nothing, and lost every thing for your sake."

"Well," exclaimed Lord Seckington, after walking violently to and fro—"I suppose I may say that I wish I had been in —— before I had ever seen her."

"Ah, yes—quite another matter: but we mustn't have any thing unkind said of poor pretty Mrs St Helen."

"Pretty! By ——, you should see her now! Pretty!"

"Well I hope you have settled something handsome on her."

"Five hundred a year."

"Devilish liberal, certainly. Would she speak to me, if we met at Paris?"

Lord Seckington made no reply, but, with his arms folded, kept walking to and fro, heaving heavy sighs.

"Take my advice, Seckington—make a brave effort, and throw it all off your mind. It *can* do you no good—it will do you infinite harm. Fancy yourself plain Charles Alverley—the dodged of duns—drop 'my Lord,'—think nothing of your rent-roll or your funded property: they'll be all the more delightful if you escape to-morrow! Why do you provoke your fate? Hope for the best. Depend upon it you're too good a fellow to be ordered off just in the nick of time—oh, it's impossible!"

Lord Seckington grasped his hands and looked unutterable things.

"You know, Leicester, it is not death that I care for, come how or when it may," said he, "I'm a little above *that*, I should hope."

"Don't fear Bogy, then, eh?" interrupted Captain Leicester, with a smile.

"Pshaw!—But, by the way, what am I to do? How often am I to receive his fire?"

"Ah, I've been considering that point a little. Why, I think—twice."

"And I"——

"Fire wide the first time, of course"——

"But I don't think it is quite such a matter of *course*, Leicester."

"Oh, nonsense, it's clear as daylight—trust me."

"Really it's devilish hard—he'll try to take my life.—It's throwing away my only chance. It's going out to be clean murdered!"

"Seckington, put yourself into my place. You know that what I say is the correct thing.—It must be so, or I am not responsible. If nothing happens, of course he'll demand another shot; and then, you may perhaps—hem!—I don't say what *you* ought to do, but I think I know what I should do.—And the same if a third is asked for."

"Why the devil does not the fellow announce dinner?" exclaimed

Lord Seckington, violently pulling the bell.

"Hush—don't be so feverish. He announced it five minutes ago—I've been on the move ever since—I've now only a quarter of an hour."

Here the servant made his appearance, and Lord Seckington in silence followed his companion to the dining-room. Both of them cast one significant glance at the splendour of the sideboard display—and, indeed, of every thing about them.

"The first time you have ever done the honours here, I presume?" said Captain Leicester, as he took his seat.

"It is probably the *last*," thought Lord Seckington. Alas! what would he have given at that moment to undo what he had done—to have begun nothing of which he had not well considered the end—never to have blasted the happy home of his brave brother-soldier—to escape from the mortal thralldom he was now enduring! Perhaps, had he been calm enough, a lesson of his earlier days might have recurred to him before the fearful lesson of the ensuing morning!

"Audire est operæ pretium, procedere rectè

Qui mœchis non vultis—ut omni parte laborent!

Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
Atque hæc rara, cadat dura inter scepe pericla!"

It was settled by the seconds that the meeting should take place at five o'clock on the ensuing morning in Battersea Fields, and as both of them anticipated its turning out a desperate affair, they made all necessary arrangements to meet contingencies, providing for the instant flight of the survivor and themselves—or, it might be, of themselves alone—in the event of any thing fatal occurring. Two experienced surgeons also were in attendance. Their arrangements, in short, were admirably made, for they were both of them somewhat experienced in such affairs. Within a very few moments of each other's arrival were the two hostile parties in the field. Both Colonel St Helen and Lord Seckington were very finely-made men, and of a most gentlemanly appearance. The former was dressed in a blue surtout and light trowsers—the latter in black

—black from head to foot—not a spot of colour about him—nothing that might possibly serve to point the weapon of his antagonist—a precaution of his thoughtful second, of which he had readily availed himself, but which was totally disregarded by Colonel St Helen. The process of loading was soon got through—the distance, ten paces, duly stepped out by Major Darnley—and there Lord Seckington stood, in fearful contiguity, in the immediate presence of his irreparably injured and mortal foe. Lord Seckington did not attempt either to sustain or return the dreadful look with which Colonel St Helen regarded him! Pistols were quickly placed in their hands—the seconds withdrew to about a dozen paces.

“Gentlemen, are you ready? Fire!” exclaimed Major Darnley.

Both pistols were discharged as he uttered the last word, and the principals remained standing unhurt. Lord Seckington fired as he had been enjoined, while Colonel St Helen’s ball whistled closely past the chin of his opponent.

“Are you satisfied?” enquired Captain Leicester.

“By no means,” replied Major Darnley.

They loaded again—again withdrew, having placed fresh pistols in the hands of their respective principals—again was the word given—again both fired simultaneously, but again without effect. It was evident that this time Lord Seckington had followed the example of his opponent, for his ball passed close behind Colonel St Helen’s shoulder.

“I presume you are now satisfied?” enquired Captain Leicester.

“Certainly not,” replied Major Darnley. “I must insist upon a third shot.”

“I really cannot permit it!”—

“Load again!” exclaimed Lord Seckington, in a low tone; and the seconds resumed their gloomy functions.

A third time their principals stood awaiting their signal, and as the word “Fire!” escaped from the lips of Major Darnley, both were observed taking deliberate aim. Neither fired till a second or two after the word had been uttered, when their pistols flashed together, and Lord Seckington sprang upwards, and instantly lay extended upon the ground. Colonel St

Helen’s ball appeared to have passed through the head of his opponent, while he himself, still convulsively grasping his weapon, remained standing, looking silently and grimly at his prostrate antagonist.

“Fly! For God’s sake, fly!” exclaimed Major Darnley, looking towards Colonel St Helen from beside the insensible figure of Lord Seckington.

“Is he killed?” whispered Colonel St Helen, as Major Darnley rushed up to him, repeating his entreaties.

“Yes—yes—I fear he is,” replied the Major. “Why, St Helen! St Helen! Are *you* hit?”—Rushing forward, he caught the Colonel in his arms, and both fell together on the ground.

The surgeon who had accompanied him to the field was instantly at his side, and pronounced Colonel St Helen to have had a fit of apoplexy. Lord Seckington’s ball had all but touched the breast of Colonel St Helen, who with truer and more deadly aim had so directed his ball that it passed right through the bones of the nose, immediately beneath the eyebrows, carrying away almost the whole of the nasal bones. Lord Seckington was not dead, though perfectly insensible—the wound he had received was one that, if he survived, would occasion him the most frightful disfigurement for life. He was carried insensible to his carriage, a handkerchief having been thrown over his face, and hurried off at the top speed of his four horses to — Street. It was found necessary to bleed Colonel St Helen on the spot from both arms, and as soon as the incisions had been hastily bandaged up, he was conveyed with difficulty to his carriage, and taken home to General Ogilvie’s a dismal spectacle!

A short time before the carriage containing Lord Seckington reached — Street, a post-chaise drew up opposite to his door, in which were two females, one of whom appeared violently agitated.

“Knock and ring—ring hard!—open the chaise-door—make haste!” exclaimed one of them in a breath; and as soon as the hall-door was thrown open by the alarmed porter—for all the servants had a suspicion of the dreadful nature of the engagement which had taken Lord Seckington away so early in a carriage-and-four,

and were now awaiting his return in the greatest trepidation—she rushed in.

"Is Lord—Lord Seckington—is he at home?" she gasped.

"Yes—no," replied the affrighted porter in a breath. "Do you know any thing about his lordship?" By this time the valet, who had accompanied him to France and had returned with him, made his appearance, and whispered to the porter, who, then, in a somewhat less respectful tone, enquired, "Does his lordship expect you, ma'am?"

"No, my lord does not, I can answer for that," interposed the valet; "he thinks you're at this moment in Paris."

"Silence, sir! show me instantly into the diningroom," said the lady, as indignantly as her violent agitation would admit of.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the porter, placing himself between her and the diningroom door, "I—I cannot admit you! Are you a relation of his lordship's, or what? What's your business here?"

"Hinder me at your peril, sirrah!" exclaimed Mrs St Helen—for she it was, with all her naturally commanding tone and manner; and at the same time pushing him gently aside, without further opposition she entered the diningroom.

"Order in my maid from the chaise!" said Mrs St Helen, sinking exhausted into the nearest chair, scarce able to stand, or to see whether her orders were attended to. There was a sudden muster of servants in the hall for a few moments; and after a hurried conversation together, the diningroom door was opened by the valet.

"I hope, ma'am, you won't make it necessary, ma'am, for us to do our duty. I know, ma'am, who you are," he commenced with a determined air.

"Audacious wretch!" exclaimed Mrs St Helen, roused for a moment by his extraordinary insolence, "if you don't instantly leave this room, sir"—

"Ah, ma'am, leave the room? Pray, ma'am, are you mistress here? I leave the room, ma'am? You will leave it first, ma'am, I can tell you, if it comes to that—that's flat!" he continued, pushing wider open the door. "Do you think, ma'am, I'm going to be talked to in this way by you? I know who you are, ma'am, quite well!

Do you think I hadn't my eyes and my ears open at Paris? My Lord's done the handsome thing by you, and you ought not to come following him about the town in this way; ah, ma'am, you may look, but I fancy my Lord's done with you; he's got other fish to fry just now—believe me." At that moment a vehicle was heard approaching rapidly, and a hubbub in the hall drew the valet thither. "Drive away that chaise!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices in the street, and Lord Seckington's carriage dashed up to the door. Mrs St Helen sprang to the window, hearing her chaise ordered away, expecting some new insult was preparing for her; and beheld the miserable figure of Lord Seckington in the act of being carried out of the carriage, his head covered over with a blood-spotted white handkerchief. She rushed from the diningroom, and, with a piercing shriek, was flying down the steps, when one of the agitated servants, either designedly or accidentally, tripped her foot, exclaiming at the same time, "Get out of the way, you d——d——!" and she fell with her forehead upon the corner of one of the steps, where she lay insensible and disregarded till Lord Seckington had been carried in, when the hall door was closed. There she *might* have continued but for the humanity of one or two persons in the crowd that had gathered round Lord Seckington's carriage. They raised her from the ground; and having been informed from the area that she did not belong there, and that they knew nothing whatever about her, they carried her, still insensible from the stunning effects of her fall and of her violent mental agitation, to the nearest public-house, whither her attendant in the chaise followed her. From the representations and entreaties of the latter, the surly publican consented to receive Mrs St Helen for the present into his house, and a medical man was sent for.

This was the once beautiful, happy, innocent wife and mother, Emma St Helen, who had torn herself from her helpless children, her affectionate husband; who had opened her foolish and guilty ear and heart to the tempter; who had fled from the pure arms of her husband to the blasting serpent-like embraces of an adulterer; who could pity her? Here, discarded by the menials

of her seducer, she lay dishonoured in her extremity among low and unwilling mercenaries; her beauty entirely gone; wasted to a skeleton; heart-broken; paralysed with the dreadful spectacle of her dead paramour, whose hand had, perhaps, that morning, too, been dyed with the blood of her husband!

It seemed that, as soon as ever she recovered her senses when at Paris, and discovered the departure of Lord Seckington, and learned from her maid the too probable object of his abrupt disappearance, she determined on following him, and engaged a passage in the very next conveyance that started, so as, by travelling night and day, to reach — Street the very morning after Lord Seckington's arrival.

I was called in to attend Colonel St Helen about ten o'clock, and found him in almost precisely similar circumstances to those in which he had been placed when I formerly attended him, only that the present was a far more serious attack, and the probabilities of its fatal termination infinitely greater. All our efforts to relieve the labouring brain proved unavailing, and we all gave up the case in despair. On the Saturday evening after his fatal meeting with Lord Seckington, I was returning on horseback from a visit to a distant patient residing about two miles beyond General Ogilvie's house, and determined to call in to enquire after Colonel St Helen, if he yet survived? When within a few yards of the house, I overtook two men carrying a coffin on their backs. I stopped my horse—my conjectures were right—they opened the General's gate, and went up to the house. So it was at length all over! Poor, broken-hearted St Helen, victim of the perfidy of the wife of your bosom,—of the villainy of your brother-soldier, your sorrows were at length ended. After pausing for a few moments I despatched my groom, desiring him to enquire whether they wished to see me. The General sent back word that he particularly desired to see me, and I dismounted. He met me at the door, and with the utmost grief, visible in his countenance and manner, told me the event that had taken place. I followed him into the room he had just quitted, and we sat down together. Colonel St Helen expired that day about twelve o'clock—only an hour

after I had been with him. "He lay," said the General, "in the same state in which you left him, almost to the last, in a dull stupor. I was sitting on one side of the bed, and Mrs Ogilvie, contrary to my wishes—seeing her excessive agitation—entered the room I had a little before insisted upon her quitting, and resumed the seat she had before occupied on the bed-side. The noise she made seemed to rouse him slightly from his lethargy. He slowly opened his eyes—the first time during his illness—looked dully at her; I think his lips seemed to move, and on bending my ear till it almost touched them, I think I heard the word 'Emma!' His head sunk back upon the pillow, he breathed heavily for a moment or two, and St Helen was no more! No doubt," continued the General, with great emotion, "he had a confused notion that it was Mrs St Helen who was sitting beside him—alas that such a polluted being should have troubled his last thoughts! Yet there seemed no anger or disgust in his manner—if it had any character at all, it was one of forgiveness!"

He was buried at —; and there was scarcely an officer of distinction in London that did not insist upon following him to the grave. The kind-hearted Commander-in-Chief shed tears, I understood, when he heard of his death. He bequeathed his fortune to his children equally, leaving General and Mrs Ogilvie their guardians, whom he also empowered to allow Mrs St Helen, should she ever require it, such a sum as would place her out of the reach of destitution. The will was dated only the day before that on which he fought with Lord Seckington.

I regret to have to mention that name again, and shall dismiss it briefly and for ever. I did not attend him, but heard several details concerning him from those who did. It would perhaps have been mercy had Colonel St Helen's ball passed into his brain and deprived him of life on the spot. It had utterly destroyed the nasal bones—and it is impossible to conceive a more repulsive object than he must have presented to every beholder during the remainder of his days. He endured intolerable agony for many months from his wound; and when at length, through the carelessness of one of his attendants, he suddenly obtained a sight of his countenance in

the glass, the dreadful and irremediable disfigurement he had sustained drove him almost to madness. He gnashed his teeth, and yelled the most fearful and blasphemous imprecations; and, in short, to such a pitch of frenzy was he driven by it, that it was found necessary to place him for some time under constraint, lest he should lay violent hands upon himself. He gradually, however, became calmer, and appeared likely in time to become reconciled to his misfortune. Colonel St Helen was dead—that was *some* gratification! Lord Seckington had still vast solace left him; he was, after all, a peer of the realm; he had a fine, a noble fortune at his command; and these, with other consolatory topics, were urged upon him so frequently and earnestly by his friends and attendants, as at length to satisfy them that they might lay aside their apprehensions, and release him from the painful—the intolerable restraint they had felt it necessary to impose upon him, also relaxing the strictness of their surveillance. They did so; and a day or two afterwards, the event was duly announced in the newspaper as follows:—"On the 29th ult., at — Street, in his 32d year, the Right Honourable Lord Seckington." If such a thing as a *Coroner's Inquest* took place, the papers took no notice of it; and every body was satisfied that he died in consequence of the wounds he had received in his duel with Colonel St Helen.

My pen now moves heavily and reluctantly in tracing these painful, but, I hope, nevertheless, instructive scenes; my head aches as I recall them,—but my long labours now draw to a close.

General and Mrs Ogilvie, with their little precious charges—for precious they were, and they were themselves childless—withdraw, in about a twelve-month after Colonel St Helen's death, to a remote part of England, where they might attend exclusively and unremittingly to the important and interesting duties confided to them. Their departure, and the endless absorbing engagements of a busy professional life in the metropolis, caused the gloomy transactions above narrated gradually to disappear from my memory, which, however, they had long and grievously haunted. Three years afterwards, there occurs the following entry in my Diary:—

"Wednesday, 8th October, 18—."

But I shall endeavour to describe the scene exactly as it appeared to me.—May experience never enable me to describe such another!

"Hush! stand here, Doctor —," whispered Mr B—, the proprietor of an extensive private asylum near the metropolis, where I had called to visit a gentleman who had been long a patient of mine. "Hush, don't speak, nor be at all alarmed," opening a small, and, as it seemed to me, a secret door,— "these are my incurables. Hark! I think I know what they are about. Step forward, here. Can you see?" I did as he directed. From my position I could not see very distinctly, but the room was long and rather narrow, and had a resemblance to a ward in a hospital, with about half-a-dozen beds on each side of the room, on which were sitting as many boys, apparently from about fifteen to eighteen years old, wearing long blue dresses, and their hair cut as close to their heads as possible. They were making all manner of discordant noises, and seemed eagerly talking together, but each remained sitting quietly on his own bed; a circumstance I mentioned to Mr B—, expressing my surprise that so eager and violent as their gestures seemed, they should not quit their beds. "It would be very strange if they *could*," he whispered with a smile, "for they are all fastened to a staple in the wall, by a strong girdle passing round their waists. Bless your life! if it was not for that, they would soon kill one another, and every body that came near them. It was only last month that one of them contrived to twist herself."

"*Herself!*" I whispered in amazement; "what do you mean, Mr B—?"

"Why, what I say, Doctor, surely—are not you aware that these are women?"

"Gracious God, *women!*" I exclaimed, with a perfect shudder.

"Why, certainly! But, by the way, they don't look much like women either; that close cut hair of theirs is so like the head of a charity school-boy. Some of these people have been, and in point of family are, highly respectable. It may appear very shocking to you to see them in this condition; it was so to me, until I grew accustomed to it. I assure you we use no unnecessary violence or restraint whatever; but, on the contrary, give them

every indulgence their unfortunate condition will admit of. What can we do with them? There are several of them perfect fiends if they have the slightest license. I was obliged to have this room constructed on purpose apart from the rest of my establishment, their noises were so dreadful;—now hark!

“Who—whoo—whoo”—shrieked a voice louder than any of the rest, “who’ll go to the moon? who’ll go to the moon? who’ll go to the moon?”

“I—I’ve got it!” shouted another—“Pole! Pole! what have you done with the moon?”

“I go for the stars—the stars! Whirr! whirr! whirr!—Away! away! away!” cried another.

“Ha! ha! ha!—Ha, ha, ha!” said another voice, bursting into loud laughter, “I’ve got a dog in my head—hark, how it barks—bow, wow, wow!—Ha—ha—ha!”

“I’ve got a cat—mew!—mew!—mew! who’ll catch the mouse? I feel it—mew!”

“Water! water! water! The world’s on fire!—Fire, fire, fire!”

“Hush, you wretches,” exclaimed another voice, “I’m going to sing for my dinner—hush! hark!”

“Hark! the song—the song!” cried all the other voices together, while the singer began; and in a few moments her voice only was heard, wild and dismal beyond description, though not very loud, uttering words something like the following:

“Hark to the bell, the merry, merry, merry bell,
It is his knell,—the merry, merry, merry knell”

“Ding, dong!—Ding, dong!—Ding, dong!”

—sung the other voices in a kind of doleful chorus. The singer resumed—

“Lullaby! Lullaby! Lullaby!
His head, oh, his head it is white—
All white! white!
—Dead, dead, dead!

—Sing, you wretches!” They resumed—

“Ding, dong!—Ding, dong!—Ding, dong!”

The sun at that moment shone into the dreary room, while I was intently gazing on the miserable scene it disclosed. Mercy!—my flesh crept—I began to recognise in the singer, who looked wildly up into the sunshine—I could not be wrong,—Mrs St Helen!

“Who is that?” I enquired faintly, turning away from the room, while my companion closed and secured the door.

“Mrs Jones is the performer, if it’s she whom you mean.”

“Oh no, no, no! Her name is not, it never was Jones!” said I, feeling very faint, and moving as quickly away as possible into the open air.

“Well, certainly,” said Mr B—, after considering a little, “it is strange enough; I have certainly now and then heard her mention your name, among others. So you know, very probably, her real name,—Mrs St H—?”

He mentioned the name I dreaded to hear.

“I have had her these two years; she was removed thither from St —’s by order of General Ogilvie, at whose expense she continues here.”

I got into the open air, and began at length to breathe more freely. I protest that I never in my life encountered such a shock as that I had just experienced. He told me many sad, shocking things, which I shall not record.

Oh merciful and just God, governor of the world, sometimes even in this life thy most tremendous wrath alights upon the heads of the guilty!

Thus ends the Passages from the Diary of a late Physician!

Reader, farewell!

S. W.

London, July, 1837.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XLII

THE ELECTIONS.

THE result of the elections is most satisfactory. The Conservative cause is triumphant, and the career of revolution arrested for another Parliament. If any of our friends expected to see returned a large majority of avowed Conservatives, they could not have sufficiently considered the situation of the country, or estimated the forces that were combined against them. All reflecting men, we suspect, have for some time moderated their anticipations of any overwhelming Parliamentary preponderance. But let us be satisfied with these considerations—that the Conservative party is much the strongest of any in the state, and that it is more than sufficiently strong in the new Parliament to accomplish its great object of defending our institutions from injury.

We cannot at this time refrain from indulging in the reflections which the past elections suggest as to the life and vigour possessed by Conservative principles throughout the country. If we consider the fearful odds against us, we have, indeed, reason to be proud of the struggle we have made, and of the victory we have gained. Let us enumerate some of the disadvantages with which we have contended, and we shall more clearly ourselves see, and more forcibly teach our opponents, the true estimate of our real strength.

1. It is now but five years—a brief space in a nation's history—since the Reform Bill was carried by a party bearing the *same name* which is now

usurped by the present Ministry. We deny that either the great body of Reformers in 1832, or the mass of the present Ministerial party, can be denominated Whigs, according to any correct definition of that term with reference to previous periods of British history. The Reform Bill was carried by a coalition of men of different parties, acting from different and indeed opposite feelings and views; and the present Ministry is neither itself true to Whig principles, nor is it supported mainly by Whig followers. We deny further, that the present Ministerialists are any more than a mere section of the party who carried the Reform Bill. Still, to careless or dull observers, there is a semblance of identity between the party bearing the name of Whigs who achieved that object, and the party who now profess to carry on the business of the country as a Whig Government. The more prominent members of the present Ministry were then in power, and took the lead in promoting that measure; while, on the other hand, several of the most distinguished Conservative leaders, and a great proportion of their followers, were under the necessity of giving it a conscientious opposition, from an apprehension of those hazards to which it is certain that we have been since exposed. The necessary effect of these circumstances is, on the whole, to give popularity to the one party, and to throw odium upon the other; and

although the mist of prepossession and prejudice is fast clearing away, it still, to a great extent, reflects a false glare on one side of the landscape, and obstructs or distorts the perception of objects on the other. So powerful was this influence in its own nature, that nothing but a wide and palpable abandonment of principle by the Ministry, and an exemplary perseverance in upright and patriotic conduct by their opponents, could have diminished it so soon or so greatly as we see has been done. But there are still many blunt and honest men who think their consistency involved in supporting the Whigs or opposing the Tories—there are still many worshippers of a name, who, understanding neither the true nature and limits of the Reform Bill originally, nor the tendency and effect of subsequent changes of policy, continue blindly to follow the guides which then led them, and senselessly to repeat the cuckoo note which they were then taught.

2. The management of the Reform Bill being in the hands of a Cabinet composed chiefly of Whigs, much was in their power as to arranging its details, so as to give a preponderance to those constituencies and localities which they might look upon with peculiar favour, and a corresponding depression to those where the Conservative party had most strength. We shall not repeat the particular instances of this mode of proceeding, which were so forcibly but fruitlessly pointed out at the time; nor do we think it essential to our argument to urge it as a charge against the Whigs that there was wilful unfairness in their adjustments. We shall merely observe, that in this respect they had every thing in their own hands, and that it is not unnatural to suppose that, in distributing the new representation, they might see in the strongest light the claims of those places with which they were most intimately connected. In whatever they were disposed to do in this matter, Parliament and the country took comparatively little interest. The engrossing object was the principle of Reform, and on neither side was it possible to maintain a struggle on individual points. The supporters of the Bill either trusted its adjustment to Ministers, or from the necessity of

union upon the measure as a whole, they suppressed their separate opinions on minor questions. A substantial advantage was thus undeniably gained for certain great Whig families personally connected with the Ministry, of which they have now the benefit.

3. The general feeling produced by the remembered struggle for the Reform Bill has more peculiarly prevailed in Scotland, where the former state of the representation was unduly limited, and, on abstract grounds, indefensible. In addition also to a sense of gratitude towards those who are thought to have bestowed the gift of popular suffrage, there is the further circumstance, that the parties vested with the franchise are entirely new to the exercise of it. They are inclined accordingly, at least the more inconsiderate portion of them, to use it with much of the wantonness with which a weapon or toy is generally wielded by a new-fangled possessor. As a boy is constantly taking out his new watch to see if it is going; as a stripling with his first gun is almost ready to fire it in your face to ascertain its effects; so are our friends on this side of the Border now dealing with the instrument that has been put into their hands. They wish to ascertain its power, and to show their own strength: they would feel as if they had it not, if it were not exercised in defiance of their natural superiors and leaders. They think not as yet of the proper object for which it was given—of the true interests which it ought to serve. They seek merely the most marked and prominent manner of making a display of it, and seem sometimes to have a pleasure in selecting the most extraordinary and least appropriate representative, merely to prove what they can do if they choose.

4. For some time past, the Melbourne Ministry have had the advantage of professing sentiments, and holding out promises, which have the happiness to please, or at least to attach to them individuals, entertaining the most opposite opinions from each other. They have announced a variety of proposed changes upon our institutions, which they have the skill to represent to different parties as tending to produce the most contradictory results. He who wishes to preserve the edifice, is made to believe

that the projected alterations are merely repairs to make it stronger; he who wishes to destroy it, is given to understand that the operations will aid the work of destruction. Ministers are seen to assail the stately tree of the constitution with a formidable weapon of their own devising, which they brandish in a very slashing style.—“What is that?” asks a timid constitutional reformer. “Merely a pruning-hook,” is the answer, “to lop off a few superfluous twigs and excrescences that obstruct the growth of the tree.”—“What is that?” demands a deadly Destructive. “Hush!” says the Ministerial go-between, in a confidential whisper, “Don’t you see it is an axe, ready to be laid to the root of the whole matter? at least it will be a good wedge to make way for your axe presently.”

Both of these views cannot be correct; both of these objects cannot be attained by the same means; both of these parties cannot be conciliated in *honesty and truth* by the same measures or the same promises. But so it is: The Destructive party, the party who wish for *no Church at all*, who wish for *no control at all* upon democracy, have acted upon the belief that the Ministers are doing *their* business in the measures which they support, by facilitating the overthrow of existing institutions. On the other hand, there are a number of persons, decreasing, no doubt, daily, but still considerable, who agree in principle with the Conservatives, but who are separated from them in practice, by the persuasion that the Ministry desire nothing, and pursue nothing, but what will uphold those very institutions which the Destructive party support them for labouring to subvert. According to these fond and simple believers, Lord Melbourne, when he deals his heaviest blows at Protestantism, only proves the sincerity of his love for her, as the Russian boor is thought the kindest husband who beats his wife the most; while Lord John Russell best shows his regard for the aristocratic and proprietary classes, by taking every occasion to insult them, as if, like chamomile, they must flourish most vigorously when trodden under foot. Both of these parties cannot be right in their estimate of the Ministerial schemes; but here comes into play the true sys-

tem of *thimblery*—the characteristic policy of the Melbourne Ministry. No man ever laboured more strenuously to make his language intelligible and his conduct clear, than these persons have done to make both ambiguous. Whether they have any determined intentions at all—whether they have any fixed opinions upon the mighty question of preservation or destruction, may be greatly doubted. We are ourselves inclined to think of all their professions either way, much as Maria did of Malvolio’s puritanism,—“The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser.” But the case is one with which many may be puzzled, and many deceived. The Pythian priestess of old, the “juggling fiends” of the days of witchcraft, the gipsy fortune-teller of our own times, never so successfully studied that ambidexter phraseology which “palters with us in a double sense,” and will allow of any construction that the wishes of the enquirer may beget upon it. If in any circumstances they are compelled to adopt Conservative language, their conduct is sure to come immediately after it, as a comment upon the text, to strip it of its ordinary meaning. If ever, again, they are driven to do some decided violence to constitutional principles, they make that the occasion of professing a more than ordinary devotion to the Constitution. A flourishing manifesto, in a Conservative strain, is generally the prologue to some very tragical plot upon our institutions, and the Voluntary system is never so powerfully denounced as when a measure is to be introduced for subverting the very principle of an Establishment. By the dexterous management of a double bait, they have thus contrived to keep both parties on the hook at once. The Radical party, indeed, as it appears to us, are not much deceived. They may despise the men, but they are right in thinking that their measures have a destructive tendency. But the constitutional reformer, the old Whig, so far as he still clings to Ministers, acts against reason and against evidence. Deceived by a name, haunted by a vision, he fancies that a Ministry calling itself Whig must have all the attachment to well-regulated liberty and to the Protestant religion, which

used to be the attribute, real or supposed, of the Whig party.

“ Against his reason he believes,
He argues against demonstration ;
Pleased when his reason he deceives,
And sets his judgment by his passion.”

It is obvious that this delusion cannot last long. The time must soon come when all Reformers, however liberal, must, by some *experimentum crucis*, be separated from Destructives, however smooth ; when even the Melbourne Ministry must take or decline some decided step that will admit of no further doubt or misconstruction. But the spell is not yet entirely broken : many well-meaning men and true lovers of their country are still unable to think that any person bearing the name of Whig can intend the destruction, or be indifferent to the preservation of the constitution. The double-faced mask has still been successfully worn, and has had its effect in the past elections. Where *bats* are the canvassers, it is not surprising that they should receive the support, both of all the vermin, and of the more gullible of the birds who are yet blind to their amphibious and ignoble nature.

5. While by this juggle we have been deprived of much support to which we were justly entitled from constitutional reformers and moderate men, we have, on the other hand, been exposed, in many cases, to the fury of an infatuated mob, deluded by the vague generalities which the Ministerial promises hold out, and glad to find a handle to annoy and pull down their superiors. It is a heavy disadvantage to have against us both the popular fury and the executive power by which that fury should be restrained. We shall not multiply instances on this head, but after merely referring to the riots at Canterbury, Wakefield, North Wilts, and other places in England, where the Ministerial party were either the sole actors or the clear aggressors, and to the intimidation resorted to in Stirlingshire, which all but lost us the election, we shall say a few words upon the case of Hawick, as affording one undoubted instance in which a Conservative was thus unseated and replaced by a Ministerialist. *Ex uno disce plures.*

For some time past the turbulence of the Hawick Radicals has been a dis-

grace to the county and to the country in which they live. With great difficulty they were kept in some subjection at the previous election, when a Conservative member was accordingly returned ; but the rioting and violence were then sufficiently shameful, though, by the help of the magistracy and the military, they were not successful. At the approach of the present election anxiety was felt by all parties as to the part which Hawick was again to play. Appeals had been made by some of the Ministerial partisans to the Hawick non-electors, to induce them to bring their influence to bear upon the election, which these respectable persons were sufficiently ready to do without any appeal. In the mean-time the magistrates of Hawick, who happen to be liberals in politics, and entertain the opinion that popular violence is produced wholly by the attempt to restrain it, represented to the county authorities that their interference would produce the very evil to be deprecated, and that the only way to keep the mob quiet was to leave the responsibility of controlling them entirely with their civic rulers, in whom they had confidence. This proposal had the sanction of her Majesty's law advisers, who, acting, we have no doubt, in perfect good faith, took an equally liberal and charitable view of the mob's character, and the whole responsibility of keeping the peace was accordingly devolved upon the Baron-Bailie of Hawick, and his co-mates in office.

The consequence of this proceeding was, that the town of Hawick, from the noon of the first polling day till the end of the election, was in the absolute possession of a violent and remorseless Ministerial mob, by whom scenes of outrage were enacted which had not before been equalled, and which we earnestly trust will never occur again.

Plausible as might be the views of the local magistracy and of the Crown's law-officers, the mob of Hawick reasoned differently on the case (and a mob can reason acutely enough when there is occasion for it). They seem to have adopted this train of argument : “ This election cannot be won unless 50 or 60 Conservative voters are, by violence and the fear of violence, deterred from coming to the poll. Our friends, the Hawick authorities, are keen and active Ministerialists,

and they cannot seriously object to the use of the only means by which the cause is to be served. Neither, we presume, will the Government be very anxious to punish an excess of zeal that helps to maintain them in office. We have nothing to fear, then, either in present coercion, or after punishment, at least if we make use of no more violence than is just necessary to produce the desired effect."

Acting upon this supposition, no doubt most erroneous, but not quite unnatural, the non-electors commenced a system of violence of the most savage description. The Conservative voters were seized, and surrounded by some hundreds of men, either when about to poll, or, what had been suggested as equally effectual and less against the letter of the law, *immediately after polling*, and brutally maltreated, amidst the most unearthly threats and execrations, most of them being stripped of their clothes, and many dragged to the river, then in flood, and plunged into the stream, in weather as inclement as winter. No distinction was made of years or strength. Aged men had their grey hairs torn rudely from their temples, and the most vigorous were crushed and overpowered like children. The Magistrates themselves were insulted and beaten off by the rioters when they attempted to quell them, and were obliged at last to confess that they had undertaken what they could not accomplish. It soon appeared that not a voter in the Conservative interest would venture to the poll. From 40 to 50 men were ready in the town and district to vote for the Conservative candidate, but not one of them would stir; and, indeed, several were assured, even by the authorities themselves, that if they ventured to cross the street they could not answer for their lives. From two o'clock of the first day, no Conservative voter would or could proceed to record his vote, with the exception of one gentleman, who was taken to the polling-booth under the protection of the Ministerial candidate's brother.

Such is the nature of the outrages on this occasion, as detailed to us by eyewitnesses. We shall pause for a moment, to enquire whether the statement is not substantially confirmed by the admissions of those who benefited by their effects, and who are most interested in palliating their atrocity.

We find that Admiral Elliot, the brother of the Ministerial candidate, and a member of the Government, alludes to the subject on the hustings at the declaration of the election. The protests taken, and statements made by the Conservative candidate, compelled him to say something, and we shall advert to one or two points in his speech.

"I was requested," he says, "by the Magistrates of Hawick, to use any influence that I had in case of need, in preventing a breach of the peace, and protect voters going to the poll. I arrived at Hawick, I think, about a quarter before eleven o'clock, and I remained a full hour after the polling was over, and *during the whole of that period not the most trifling interruption took place in getting people to the poll.*"

Can this be possible? Is it a dream, all we have heard on the subject? Or is the Admiral resting on the miserable quibble, that it was chiefly *after polling* that the voters were attacked? Is it no interruption to going to the poll to learn the fate of those who have polled? If the voters after polling should be maimed or massacred, would it have no effect on those about to poll? Would it be no interference with the exercise of that lawful privilege? But we shall see how the Admiral's general statement is borne out by his own details.

"I believe," he continues, "only *one man met with a little roughish treatment*, and, according to all accounts which I heard, such treatment was *most deserved!*"

We shall presently see what the treatment was, but we shall look in vain for the justification. We beg leave to doubt whether any conduct *deserved* such treatment, or whether any right-thinking or right-feeling man would seek to justify it.

"This man's name was Young, or Younger. That man *had polled* and gone out of the booth to the inn, which he again left, *and the crowd then got hold of him, and carried him off with the intention, as I understand, of giving him a ducking in the Slitrig!*" Only a ducking, and richly deserved to be sure, for presuming to go into the inn, and then to come out again!

The Admiral proceeds to mention his communications with the Sheriff, on which we shall not touch, and then tells us that a note was handed "from

the Tower Inn, to the effect, that if Thomas or James Young, or what's his name, has not already ceased to exist, his life is in the most imminent danger." (Nonsense! only a ducking in the Slitrig, and a deserved one too!) "Such was the beginning of a letter, and, as far as I know, it was written by a *Magistrate of the county* to the Sheriff. I immediately left the booth and tried to get up to the person, and I got as near him as the distance from these hustings to the opposite side of the street." (How many must have surrounded him if you could get no nearer?) "But on arriving there I found *every body in the utmost good humour, all laughing and making merry, not a man was angry!*" (How very pleasant!) "They told me that I might depend upon it that they would not hurt him; but that *all they wished to do, was to give him a ducking in the Slitrig; and duck him they would, but injure him they would not.* This was all I saw in Hawick. On getting back to the booth, I sent one of the Magistrates (i. e. of Hawick) to ascertain whether the man was hurt or not; and, gentlemen, not only was the man not hurt, but when the Magistrate found him, *he was laughing and recounting the occurrence in the same manner as any of those on the outside!* I don't know whether our opponents wish that there should be *no demonstration* (!) of popular feeling at elections at all, but that they should go to the poll as solemnly as when going to church. *I would not witness any ill-treatment to a voter without interfering*" (ducking or drowning is no ill-treatment); "but throughout the whole day I saw *nothing uncommon, but just what generally takes place at EVERY contested election*; and, upon enquiry, I find that *NOT ONE DROP OF BLOOD was shed* in all the town of Hawick during the two days of polling." (Wonderful forbearance! dexterousequivocation!) "Having fully enquired into this subject, and having been personally present in Hawick during the greater part of the time of polling on both days, *I maintain that the people of Hawick deserve the greatest credit for the SINGULAR MODERATION with which they conducted themselves during the polling days!!!* (Cheers, laughter, hisses, and cries of *We do!* Well done, Admiral)." Well done, indeed!

The Admiral then proceeds:—"If

any body of men, or the inhabitants of any place, ever received *provocation to break the peace*, it was the townspeople of Hawick on this occasion." (The populace, it seems, are justified in a breach of the peace if any preparation is made to prevent it). "There was no confidence placed in the magistracy and inhabitants of the town; but, on the contrary, it was shown to them before the election that they were not to be trusted. It was shown before and at the time that they were not to be trusted. The polling-booth was placed at the door of the Tower Inn; it was surrounded by constables" (how insulting!) "and the troops were sent for into the county." (Enough to breed a rebellion.) "Why, what happened to justify all this apprehension? Nothing more than that *one or two voters*" (it was before but one man) "*got ducked in the Slitrig, and one or two got their clothes torn!*" (That was all. Cheers and hisses)." "There was *nothing* to prevent any voter from getting to the poll and back to their inn" (excepting always the *one or two* who were ducked and denuded!) "But, gentlemen, we knew well what was doing in the Tower Inn; there was not a boy or a girl in the town but knew (?). We asked the people who were around the hustings to retire, and they instantly fell back and left a space open for them to walk from the booth *and back again*, and that space was kept open for *three hours* (?) and *none offered to take the advantage of it.*"

We shall merely notice, on this last statement, that it was *impossible* for voters to go *back again* the way they had come. The booth was so constructed that voters going to poll entered from one street, and after polling passed *into another*, where they were fully consigned to the tender mercies and singular moderation of the Hawick mob, and left, no doubt, to find their way by water to any home that the Slitrig might bear them to.

The Admiral proceeds to detail what he designates as the unfortunate tactics of some of his opponents on the occasion, and proves the perfect freedom of the election by the fact, that one or two gentlemen on the Conservative side proceeded in safety to the booth *under his escort*. He then winds up with this assertion:—"I maintain that there never was

any difficulty occurred during the whole period, excepting *flee or six*" (why, even now it was but *one or two*!) "*getting their clothes torn, and as many being dashed in the Slitrig.*" (Laughter, and cries of hear.)

We shall not say what we think of this speech as befitting a magistrate, a member of the Government, or a gentleman holding a high commission under her Majesty. We shall not speak as we feel of its tone and tendency. We take its equivocal denials and unwilling admissions as conclusive evidence that violence was perpetrated, such as was certain to deter many voters from exercising their franchise at such a venture, and that, accordingly, many individuals did refuse to run that risk. These were proceedings, be it observed, not arising in the heat of personal conflict, but prompted by the wanton cruelty or contrivance of a mob, all laughing and making merry, and pursuing a deliberate scheme for carrying an election in which they had no legal voice.

These are the proceedings by which Mr Scott, the Conservative candidate, was defeated, while Mr John Elliott now sits—the representative of Roxburgh?—no; but the member for the non-electors and rioters of Hawick. We throw no blame for these events on any quarter at present. If blame exists, it will no doubt be afterwards made to appear, and in considering that question it will probably be found a material circumstance that the Ministerial party, who agreed to vote at the other polling places in the county by tallies, *refused to do so at Hawick*. All we say here is, that Ministers have, in the mean-time, profited by such proceedings, and that the Conservatives have lost. Whether such barbarities are to be permitted in future; whether Scotland is again to be polluted by the unrestrained outrages of such miscreants; whether all men of humanity or respectability will not combine to denounce and put an end to such invasions of law and liberty, are questions foreign to our present purpose, which we shall not stop to ask or to answer.

6. We have had against us in the late struggle all the influence of the Government. The weight of that influence, even when legitimately exerted, nay, when it remains entirely passive,

is considerable. It gains many moderate or indifferent men, who, taking little interest in politics, go naturally to the Government side. Other things being equal, or seeming equal, the Government candidate will always be preferred. It has still greater effect in neutralizing voters where it does not gain them. A man must have strong and decided views before he votes *against* a Government candidate, and will easily be prevailed upon to stay at home, if his principles are in the least wavering, or his resolution timid. In this way, the mere circumstance of being in power will always give the Ministerial party a certain percentage upon the poll: and where elections are going neck and neck, as in some places they have lately been, the cast of the scale may always be reckoned to be with the Government. But how much more must this be the case, when the Government influence is used in the unsparing and unscrupulous manner in which it has been by the present Ministry in the late elections? The extent to which undue interference has been carried is probably incredible to those who have not witnessed it. Most of our readers, however, must know what has taken place in their own constituency or immediate neighbourhood. The instances of detection also, in the cases of Portarlington and Woodstock, may tend to infer what attempts were made that have not been detected. Above all, the agents of the Ministry themselves must know the truth of what we now write, and must feel in all its pressure the cogency of our argument. They must be aware what sums of money have been expended from Government resources in the struggle for existence—what threats, what promises have been held out, to gain or to hold back the probable or pledged voters of their opponents—the numbers that have been kept away by the fear of losing a subsistence, or of being deprived of honours or rewards already conferred, or promised for meritorious services—the hundreds that have been converted by the actual jobbing of patronage—the thousands that have been kept in suspense by the expectation of it. Let Ministers and those in their secrets revolve what they have gained, or what they have saved by these means, and tremble to think what would have

been their condition if they had been unable to resort to them.

The importance of Government influence will scarcely be depreciated by those who professed to account in this way for the undoubted change that occurred in the state of parties in the Parliament of 1835. That in that election there was a gain of more than 150 members to the Conservative side was not denied; but it was ascribed to Sir Robert Peel being in power. It is his own Parliament, they said—no wonder that he has a large accession of strength. No constitutional politician would have held this language. No one who thought well of the British nation, or who deemed highly of the tendency or effects of a Reformed representation, would have supposed that *so great a change* would have been wrought in the independent and honest constituencies of this country, without a change of opinions, and merely from the circumstance that a party was now in power that had before been out of it. But such was the view taken by the present Ministerialists—such was the compliment paid by them to the work of their own hands in the Reform Bill. Their statement was, that a hundred and fifty members had been gained by a mere change of Administration. But though the theory by which they so consoled themselves was founded upon a gross exaggeration of the magnitude of such an influence, yet it is conclusive against them as to its existence to a considerable extent. And when we take into view, that nothing was ever *alleged* against the Peel administration at all approaching to the corrupt and tyrannical practices which have already been *brought home* to the present Government on this occasion, it is easy to see how large an allowance is to be made for this element in the calculation. If the Government influence was worth to Sir Robert Peel, even in the manner in which his Ministry acted, about 150 seats, as the present Ministerialists used to say, what deduction are we now to make from the Ministerial numbers on account of their having the Government on their side in the late elections? What further deduction are we to make in consequence of the unprincipled and unprecedented manner in which the Government influence has now been exerted? If we were to

deduct 150 seats for Government influence legitimately operating, we must deduct 200 where promises and threats, promotions and dismissals, peerages and pensions, household warrants, and posts in the excise, *in esse* or *posse*, have been flying about as thick as hailstones. If we were to deduct either of these numbers from the Ministerial returns, how will they look in the late elections? But such calculations in the Ministerial party were a gross deception and a gross insult upon the nation at that time, and it is not our wish to turn them now against them. We cannot believe that in any circumstances the Government influence can ever carry seats by hundreds or by fifties. But it is indisputable that it must always have some effect. If, as we certainly may do, we deduct but thirty seats, which we assert have been gained in the late elections by Government influence, duly or unduly exerted, we leave the Ministry to triumph as they best may in the victories they have won, and in the strong hold which they possess of the affections of the country.

7. What shall we say of the disadvantages with which we have had to fight in Ireland? What words shall we find to tell the ingredients of the infernal cauldron there set a-brewing to work the destruction at once of the Conservative party and of the institutions of which they are the defenders?—Government influence, squandered more lavishly and unblushingly than even in England,—in the lowest deep a lower deep, in proportion as Mulgrave is more supple than Melbourne, and O'Connell more profligate and daring than any other of his species: Impudence working upon ignorance, priestcraft upon superstition, all the delusions of blind prejudice, all the violence of lawless passions, an utter absence of scruple or honesty, a firm belief that every means are sanctified by the end. Add to these the more special consideration that the system of the registration of voters has been openly jobbed as an engine of party government, that it is only by a late decision of the Judges that the necessity has been fixed of a substantial qualification under the Reform Bill, and that the local officers appointed to administer the law in this respect have been notoriously selected from the

most violent Ministerial partisans, and have in some places been repeatedly *changed*, and changed again, where they were found on trial not to be sufficiently subservient. From these circumstances it arises, that in Ireland the Radical candidate has almost invariably the return in contested seats, and that almost as invariably his majority is reduced in committee below zero, even when extending to some hundred of votes. This result, however, cannot be attained, except at a great expense, and after a considerable delay, which often deters the aggrieved party from controverting the election, and in the mean-time gives the Ministry the benefit of the false return.

8. Finally, and without dwelling on other advantages which Ministers have held or taken in this contest, we shall conclude with referring to the unworthy and unconstitutional use which they have made of the Queen's name. We must say a few words as to the baseness of the system thus pursued by them. Are these men Whigs, who could seek to deter us from the independent use of our Parliamentary franchise, by intimations of the Royal wishes? Are they Ministers of the Crown, who thus dared to involve their Royal Mistress in *personal responsibility* for their political acts and opinions? Are they men of honour, who could seek to entrap a young and unsuspecting female, to whom they owe a double duty of allegiance and delicacy, into rash and irrevocable opinions on questions which it requires long reflection and vast experience to consider and determine? Are they lovers of their country, and did they wish to make their sovereign, not the mistress and the protectress of all her people, but the head of a faction—the exclusive leader of a political sect? Such, at least, has been the tendency of their acts—such has been the apparent object of their proceedings. The Queen has been surrounded, with no small violence we have reason to believe to her feelings, with an ostentatious and unusual staff of female politicians, to serve the double purpose of excluding every ray of information or opinion, except such as might be transmitted through their medium, and of leading the people to believe that her Majesty's personal predilections are entirely devoted to the

Ministerial party. Her Majesty has been falsely and wickedly, we might well say *treasonably*, represented as *answerable* for all the details of that administration, of which Melbourne, Mulgrave, and Co. are bound to bear the sole responsibility;—she has been held out as the true author of Lord John Russell's state papers, with which, though necessarily written in her name, she has no more personally to do than with the trash and tediousness of Don Carlos. Let us consider for a moment the tendency of this new system of using the Queen's name. It is always in the power of a Ministry for the time being to resort to this course; but what is the effect of it? It is no impossible thing that unpopular and unconstitutional acts may be committed by any Ministry, whether Whig or Tory—it is perfectly possible that, *de facto*, these acts may have the assent or approbation of the sovereign upon the partial statement which Ministers may lay before the crown. But if the crown is to be implicated individually in their merits, the result must be to prejudice the sovereign by alienating the affections, and exciting the resentment of those classes, whether a majority or a minority of the nation, who may be outraged by the Ministerial proceedings. Who then are the persons that would thus turn against their Queen the political feelings of any part of the community? Who is it that would introduce the fearful principle that the sovereign is a decided partisan, and is *committed* to a certain set of political adventurers and political notions, unpalatable already to at least half the nation, and destined soon to be obnoxious to a great majority of it? A course of this kind, we do not hesitate to say, is on the very borders of treason. It is cowardly, as attempting to divide a responsibility which rests entire upon Ministerial shoulders. It is cruel, as involving her who is the object of our allegiance, our love, and our reverence, in the rancours and hostilities of political contention. It is a direct violation of the constitutional principle, that the sovereign can do no wrong; because that principle is only true upon the footing that the sovereign takes no political or party step whatever, but that every thing is done by the Ministry. Yet dangerous and

ungenerous and illegal as it is, the course of these Ministers and of their adherents has been to mix up the Queen's name in the late elections, as specially approving of all that Ministers have ever done, and as personally canvassing for the votes of her subjects to support them. That this was a mere fraud and falsehood was manifest to any sound reasoner or shrewd observer. But it was calculated, as it was indeed intended, to impose upon many simple and confiding persons, whose very loyalty was thus made a snare for leading them to support those who, being the enemies, or leagued with the enemies of the throne and the Church, cannot be the true friends of a Protestant monarch or a Protestant succession.

We have now given a very imperfect and feeble sketch of the disadvantages under which the Conservative party laboured during the late elections. All these obstacles, and more, we have encountered—all these obstacles, and more, we have overcome. The Conservative party are numerically stronger than in the last Parliament. It would have been a victory even to have stood their ground. But they have done more—they have increased their force. They have returned, as near as may be, THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY staunch, decided, and efficient Conservatives, being within ten of an absolute majority of the whole House. Making an allowance for waverers and absentees, Ministers cannot show even a *nominal* majority of the smallest amount. They are certainly very far from that working majority, which they fondly hoped they would attain by the late dissolution, and by which they thought at once to make all smooth in the House of Commons, and to keep in subjection a hostile majority of 80 or 100 in the House of Lords.

Such is the position of the Conservative party in point of numbers. But their moral strength is still greater than their numerical. It is aided by the consideration of the disadvantages with which they have striven, of the victory which they have gained upon their enemies' ground, of the still greater triumph which they would have achieved with a favourable, or even with a neutral Government. It is further enhanced by the complete proof, that, in ENGLAND, Conservative principles have an

overwhelming and growing preponderance over those of a destructive or tampering tendency. The Conservative party in the late contest have lost nothing, but have even made a small gain, upon the English boroughs. They have made a *net gain* of 23 SEATS, EQUAL TO 46 VOTES, upon the English counties. What is most remarkable, with one unhappy exception, which we deeply regret, the Conservatives have *not lost a single seat in the English counties, of which they were before in possession*. On the contrary, they have generally increased their majorities on the poll on this occasion, where any such seats have been contested. What stronger proof can be afforded of the firm hold which Conservative principles possess of the English people?

The moral weight of the English representation in this question is of the utmost importance; for, without any wish to depreciate the rest of the kingdom, and more particularly our own portion of it, it is undoubtedly to England that all look for the highest and happiest union of social civilisation, with sober, experienced, and well-regulated civil liberty. It is no injustice to Ireland to say, that its priest-ridden and pauper peasantry is less civilized and less orderly than the yeomanry of England. It is no injustice to Scotland to say, that its new-born constituencies are less calm and collected in the use of their privileges than the corresponding classes in England, who have enjoyed them for centuries. From England both the sister countries have borrowed their constitution; from England they must naturally learn its proper management and operation; and in any question as to great constitutional principles, the sentiments of the English constituencies must deserve always to be more gravely weighed, and more deeply respected, than those of any other portion of the empire.

Another signal advantage has been attained in our bygone struggle. The country has proclaimed, in no obscure language, its reprobation of destructive doctrines, by repudiating those who were the most prominent advocates of them in the last Parliament. HUME, ROXBURGH, BOWRING, EWART, and others, have all been rejected by the respective constituencies to which they offered them-

selves as candidates, and where they were previously seated. Here is indeed a heavy blow and great discouragement to Radicalism. This is indeed a triumph for the Conservative party, and a lesson to the enemies of the constitution and their allies. It is a convincing proof that the reign of Destructive principles is already at an end, or is fast approaching to that desirable consummation. But is it, or ought it to be, a triumph and a rejoicing to one party of politicians merely? It ought, we should think, to be a theme of exultation to every lover of the constitution or the country, of the Church or of religion, that these pestilent disturbers of social order and contentment—these despisers of religion or of religious institutions—these promoters of anarchy and civil division—these agitators for Irish or Canadian separation—should thus have been branded with disgrace and defeat. But alas for the Ministers of the Crown! alas for the Whigs of 1837! they cannot share in this honest joy. The defeat of the Destructives, the ejection of those who would pull down the Church and the Peerage, and set the populace above the prince—these events which, to all constitutional politicians, are a comfortable presage of peace and safety, are to the Whig Ministers a sad defeat, and a fearful writing on the wall that their kingdom is departed from them. Innumerable circumstances have proved, in these last elections, that the Ministers have bound up their own success with that of the Destructive party; that they have merged themselves into the anarchists by a new or a reiterated compact of coalition. Independently of the positive proof appearing against them in the Dunfermline transaction, there is the real evidence arising from the fact, that Radicals and Whigs have constantly stood together in a coalition during the elections—and that in only one instance (that of the Ayr burghs), have a Whig and a Radical been mutually opposed. The Destructives that have been rejected have been so by the exclusive exertions of the Conservatives, not only without aid from the Queen's Government, but in opposition to the whole force of that Government exerted on the Destructive side. We firmly believe that this circumstance itself will have a powerful

effect in opening the eyes of many moderate and constitutional men, who have yet, under a lingering delusion, given their countenance to the Ministerial party. We believe that if it had been proved at an earlier period in the progress of the elections, it would have greatly helped the Conservative cause. Nothing seems more improbable than this extraordinary sympathy between the Whigs and Radicals, when abstractly viewed; but yet nothing has been more clearly proved. We are tempted to ask if it is *possible* that the Colonial Office can really deplore the ejection of Roebuck—that the Treasury should feel crippled by the lopping off of Hume? Yet these things are so. Men professing to respect the institutions of their country, and to maintain the peace and integrity of the empire, have had their whole sympathies engaged in behalf of levellers and agitators, and are now wearing sackcloth and ashes for the sad event that such persons are replaced by the lovers of their country's institutions and the advocates of order and tranquillity.

Such, then, is the position of the Ministerial party at the close of this arduous struggle. They have had the fixing of the ground—they have had the choice of the weapons—they have had the sun and the wind in their favour—they have had every advantage on their side—and they have been beaten as hollow as a drum. They have profaned the Queen's name—they have prostituted the Government influence—they have practised every corruption—they have assumed every disguise. They have done all this, and they have done it *in vain*. They have sounded the base note of humility, and it has struck their own dirge. To have succeeded by using such means would have been shameful enough; but to have used them, and to have failed, is overwhelming. "All is lost," said Francis I., after Pavia, "except our honour." "All is lost," may Lord Melbourne now say, "our honour included."

The Conservative party again have achieved a corresponding triumph; their glory and their strength are the counterparts of the Ministerial weakness and disgrace. If the Conservatives meet Parliament as an Opposition, they will form indeed the most united, the most high-minded, the most power-

ful, the most efficient body that ever were set in watch over Ministerial proceedings.

And for what purpose are the Conservatives thus united together? Is it to introduce hazardous innovations, to advocate new principles, to force upon an unwilling or doubtful people speculative changes and departures from established things? No; the Conservative party seek merely to prevent certain changes—to resist certain innovations. They seek to put a *veto* upon organic revolution, or encroachments upon the Church and Constitution as by law established. Their aim and end is, in these points, to maintain the *status quo*. They say on these vital questions, as the barons of old, *nolumus leges mutari*. They insist merely that Government and legislation shall be carried on within the ancient limits of the Constitution, with every latitude for practical improvement, but with an utter and everlasting exclusion of structural alterations. They say that the Church shall be protected in its property—they say that the House of Lords shall be upheld in its privileges. If the Conservative Opposition were a smaller body than they are, they would still be entitled to deference on these grounds. *In communi causa potior semper est conditio prohibentis*. Fundamental innovations ought not to be thrust upon a divided nation or a divided legislature. Existing institutions and organic principles ought not to be swept away without an overwhelming preponderance of opinions in favour of the change. To carry off the property of the Church upon the strength, or rather the weakness, of majorities of 30, or 20, or 5, is unprincipled and oppressive. Yet the Conservative party seek merely to resist encroachments of this kind. All the success they ask is to prevent the legislature from making those innovations, and to compel the Government as such to abandon the irritating and endless agitation of them, to the great disquietude of men's minds, and the total obstruction of useful and practicable measures.

In this respect there is a marked difference between the Conservative and the Revolutionary party. For the Conservatives, who stand purely the *defensive*, it is victory not to be defeated,—it is a triumph to have the best majority: for those of the

Movement, not to have a large preponderance, is defeat.

We must now, however, make some more particular observations on the relative position of these two parties in the Parliament just elected. From these it will be manifest how great a superiority is possessed by our Conservative friends.

1. Let us consider the comparative state of the two parties in point of union of sentiment, and purpose.

The Conservative party, we are proud to say, are more firmly united on every great constitutional principle, on every true party question, than any similar body of men have ever been before. They are resolved to oppose every invasion of the privileges or property of the Protestant Establishment throughout the three kingdoms: they are resolved to maintain the independence of the House of Lords, and to resist further alteration in the constitution of the House of Commons: they are resolved to preserve the full prerogative of the Crown and the integrity of the empire. They are united upon these questions, not now only and for a time, but permanently and for ever. The only point on which a difference of opinion can be said to exist, relates to the arrangements consequent on the abolition of the Irish Corporations—a question important certainly, yet not directly affecting the Constitution, and on which we have no doubt we shall shortly see a complete adjustment and coincidence of opinion in the whole Conservative party.

How do their opponents stand in reference to matters of the same kind? They differ essentially from each other on the most vital questions. They differ as to the preservation and privileges of the House of Lords: they differ as to the constitution of the House of Commons, as to the extension of the suffrage, as to the introduction of ballot, as to the duration of Parliaments. They differ as to the relative influence due to the royal prerogative and the democratic power. They differ as to the preservation of the Protestant Church in Ireland, as to the maintenance of an Established Church at all in any part of the three kingdoms. They differ as to Irish Repeal, and as to Canadian Independence!

Such are the points on which the Ministerial parties differ. It will be

admitted that the subjects are important: it cannot be doubted that the differences are irreconcilable. Let us see, now, the points on which they agree. These are almost solely the Ministerial measures of Irish Appropriation and English Church-Rates. It may be doubted whether the Ministerial party are united even on these. But suppose that they are: how are they united? Upon principles diametrically opposite, with views and purposes inveterately hostile to each other. The moderate Ministerialists propose these measures as the supposed means of ameliorating and strengthening the institutions to which they relate. The ultra-Ministerial party advocate them as a step to the destruction of those institutions. Their very agreement is thus a difference. And how long would even this agreement last? But till the next turn of the revolutionary wheel. The very accomplishment of their present measures would annihilate their party. It would merge the moderate portion of them in the larger body of Conservatives; and would leave the Radical remnant in a hopeless minority. Even now there must be misgivings and murmurings among moderate Whigs, asking themselves the questions, why they should much longer continue with a set of men whose objects they deprecate, whose principles they disavow, and whom they must leave at the very next cross-road; why they should not now join the great Conservative party, whose objects and purposes they essentially approve of, and with whom they will rejoice, as soon as possible, to be united against their present associates.

2. Let us consider the state of the two parties in point of mutual confidence and good-will.

The Conservative party have been brought together by circumstances which effectually prove to each other their disinterested and patriotic views, and the honourable principles which have placed and kept them in opposition, in defiance of all the temptations of office, and all the influence of power. It is thus impossible that they can regard each other, otherwise than with mutual respect and cordiality.

Is it the same with the Ministerial party? There are among them men strongly attached to the monarchical and aristocratic institutions of the country: are these men the willing associ-

ates of levellers and democrats? Some of them are possessed of high and manly feelings of English honour: do they cheerfully submit to the slavish and degrading yoke of a low-minded Irish jobber in violence and corruption? Some of them are lovers of religion and religious institutions: do they not with reluctance and loathing find themselves rubbing shoulders with infidels and voluntaries? Such must be the case, if human nature is true to itself. It cannot be that such discordant materials can be in juxtaposition without mutual repulsion: and a fearful explosion is the probable result of the attempt to force them into lasting combination.

The present Ministerial party has been *brought* together by accident or avarice, by pride or passion, by any thing but solid and deliberate principle. The worst of them have been actuated by the desire of plunder, the best by the impatience of being merged in the great Conservative body, with whom they substantially agree. They have been *kept* together by a consolation that is now destroyed, by a hope that is now blasted; by the weak notion that the Peel Parliament was no indication of the national feeling, by the visionary expectation that, in a new Parliament they would be omnipotent. The Ministerial Whigs thought it more noble to be something at the head of the Destructives than nothing in the train of the Conservatives. They have now the prospect of being nothing any where. They thought it "better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven;" there is now a probability that they will not reign in either of these regions. The coalition which they formed with the Destructive party was perhaps the most disreputable that ever disgraced a party, and it is now likely to prove the most disastrous.

Remembering that there can be no strength without confidence, and no confidence without principle, let us pause for a moment to remember the cunning contrivance by which the present Ministers reinstated themselves in office, as well as the last of those measures to which they resorted to maintain their place. We allude to the Appropriation Clause of the Irish Tithe Bill, and to the measure of English Church-rates, both characterised by the most *unblushing tergiversation* and abandonment of principle, and the one probably the most *factions* step to

which any opposition ever had recourse—the other about the most *reckless* to which a sinking Ministry ever clung for safety.

Recent events had made the existing mode of collecting tithes in Ireland inexpedient and ineffective in a high degree. By none was it more denounced than by the Whig and Radical party, as the occasion of frequent bloodshed among the peasantry, while it was not successful as a means of realizing payment to the clergy, or other tithe-proprietors. This was a crying and an *admitted* evil; and it was capable of a simple and *admitted* remedy—that of charging the tithe upon the property instead of the occupancy, and thus making the payment at once secure and unoppressive. On these points there was no question, no substantial difference of opinion. All were agreed that tithes must be collected, that the present mode of collection was irritating and inoperative, and that the remedy lay in the change now referred to. What, then, was the reason why this matter, on which all were unanimous, was not easily adjusted? There was, it appears, another point on which parties were not unanimous—the mode, namely, of disposing of the tithes when they should be collected, or rather the power of disposing of them at a distant period, and in a contingent event. The right or propriety of appropriating any surplus of church property was the subject of great difference of opinion.

We deny that right or propriety, but we shall not at present argue the abstract point. Suppose that the advocates of appropriation were in the right, we are now considering the nature of their conduct in *adjecting* that question to the proposed measure for regulating the *mode of collecting* tithes. The two matters were clearly separable. The difficulty was to find a pretence for connecting them. If the mode of collecting tithes was bad and could be improved, why should the improvement not be made, whatever was to be done with them after they were collected? In either view they must have been collected; no one proposed to remit them entirely to the tithe-payers and landholders: in either view it was desirable that they should be collected securely and conveniently; no one could have an interest either in their being lost or in their being collected with difficulty and

bloodshed. However, therefore, parties might differ as to the ultimate disposal of them, reasonable, and candid, and humane men must have agreed in their immediate commutation. Their differences as to the appropriation could be equally considered and determined after the commutation was carried. This was accordingly the view of Lord John Russell's party when they had been before in office. His Lordship then refused to connect the questions of commutation and appropriation; and why? because the adjection of the appropriation clause was sure to produce collision and convulsion, and to endanger the passing of a humane and necessary measure of commutation, while the passing of a simple measure of commutation could never foreclose or prejudice the arguments of those who contended for appropriation. How, then, came those questions which were so easily and so properly separable from each other, when Lord John Russell was in office, to be forced into connexion together by the same Lord John Russell when he was afterwards in Opposition? No other tangible reason can be assigned than that his Lordship, on the first occasion, was in power, and wished not to be put out, while, on the next, he was out of power, and wished to come in. Contrary to all consistency, to all reasonable legislation, it was determined to oppose the commutation of Irish Tithes, a measure good and unexceptionable in itself, unless clogged with a declaration as to the contingent disposal of those tithes after they were commuted. It was determined to reject the admitted and desirable remedy of an admitted and pressing evil, because it was not accompanied with a separable provision, as to which the nation and the legislature were irreconcilably divided. This was a mode of proceeding which would tend to bring all legislation whatever to a stand. It was known all along that the Appropriation Clause would not pass the House of Lords. That fact had formerly been one of Lord John Russell's reasons for keeping it separate. But in the knowledge that the Appropriation Clause would be unsuccessful, it was declared to be an inseparable part of the measure of Commutation. He that puts a clog upon a measure, which he knows will prevent its passing, is the cause why it does not pass. The Litchfield House compact are mani-

badly, therefore, the parties directly and solely answerable for all the consequences of the present system of collecting tithes. If blood has thus been shed among the Irish peasantry, if families have been deprived of their protectors, that coalition are the cause of it. If the clergy have been in poverty and starvation, their lives placed in jeopardy, and their children deprived of education or the means of independence, that coalition are responsible for it. The measure which would have prevented these evils, and in which all parties were agreed, was obstructed by their factious conduct, in grafting upon it an unconnected condition which they knew to be unattainable. This is the true essence of faction, to play the dog in the manger—to prevent the attaining of a confessedly good thing, because another disputed matter cannot also be attained. Why the tithe-payers and the tithe-proprietors should continue to suffer when they might be relieved—why the appropriation measure should not be considered separately, and on its own merits, are questions which reason will in vain ask. If it be said that the object was to force through the measure of appropriation, contrary to the principles of the Conservative party, by working on the feelings which they might entertain as to the continuance of bloodshed and misery under the tithe-collection system—if it was intended to coerce the legislature by prolonging and aggravating (as the agitation of the question must have done) the sufferings of the Irish clergy and people, the case of the O'Connell Whigs is noways mended. This is the conduct of the bandit who, threatening a massacre of his prisoners, seeks to reduce by cruelty the fortress which he cannot carry by strength. Such a course implies at once an absence of all humanity, and a disregard of lawful warfare. The new House of Commons, thank Heaven, is not committed to such a principle. It is free to reject the Appropriation Clause entirely, or to negative the intermixture of that question with a measure of commutation. It is, indeed, impossible to conceive that it should persevere in such an unprincipled and fruitless obstruction of useful legislation. We are much mistaken if many Ministerial men are not now sufficiently tired of that odious

and mischievous combination of unconnected things, and if many even of those who may still advocate the right of appropriation, are not willing that it should stand by itself without forming an obstruction to a clear remedy for present evils, called for at once by humanity and sound policy.

The Church-rates measure presents many similar features with the Appropriation Clause. It was resorted to by Ministers in their utmost need, to conciliate the Dissenters, who began to be unruly. The same Ministers had advocated a totally different measure, of a nature which, to the last, they admitted was justifiable and fair. But, alas! Sir Robert Peel, when in office, had adopted that measure, and undertaken to carry it through. That was enough to make Lord John Russell and his party give it up. It was necessary for them *to bid more*. The mere offer to do what Peel had offered would never help to keep Peel out of office. A new plan was therefore devised, which they knew, if they understood any thing, would meet with the strenuous opposition of Churchmen, and which there was no prospect of carrying even through the House of Commons. They were thus bringing forward an unattainable remedy for any evil that existed, and what was their course in doing so? The Ministers and law advisers of the Crown stood forward with solemn opinions on the law of Church-rates, which went to shake the whole system to the foundation, by promulgating the new doctrine, or giving an old one new authority, that there was no means of compelling a rate with an unwilling vestry. It seems as clear as day that this view of the law was mistaken; but it was calculated to do infinite mischief by greatly increasing agitation and encouraging resistance. Here, then, is another instance of the most factious and reckless conduct, much aggravated by its proceeding from men in power. They find an evil of a certain magnitude in existence, for which a remedy of their own suggestion is open and attainable. But to conciliate a party who are not to be conciliated while one stone of the Church remains upon another, they resort to a new measure, which they may have the merit of proposing, and of having repudiated; and while they know that they cannot carry it, they introduce it in a

manner calculated immensely to inflame the evil, which is thus to remain without a remedy at all. They offer a cure which they are sure cannot be administered; and they do every thing possible, in the mean-time, to exasperate the disease. Here, also, thank Heaven, they may be considered as most signally defeated and driven from their position. The people of ENGLAND, the PAYERS of Church-rates, unreduced by the poor bribe of pecuniary relief in this form, have nobly returned a majority of representatives, who are pledged by their principles to see the fabric of the Church maintained at the national expense, without the slightest encroachment on clerical property.

Thus the two main props of the Ministerial party seem to be struck from beneath them. Their only apparent bonds of connexion, always rotten, seem now to be broken, if not already severed. Their projects for uniting opposites, for reconciling contradictions, commenced as they were in gross dishonesty, are likely to conclude in utter discomfiture, and to operate only as a brand of exclusion upon their crafty but short-sighted contrivers.

3. In the talent of its members, the Conservative party have a great and admitted advantage over their opponents. It would be gratifying to expatiate on this theme; but it would lead into too wide a field, while it is really unnecessary to demonstrate what nobody denies. The Conservatives, we shall merely observe, are fortunate enough to possess leaders the most able, the most upright, and the most judicious of any that have appeared in public life since the time of Mr Pitt. The present Ministry, on the other hand, are confessedly an experiment to try how the affairs of the nation can be carried on with a *total absence of able or efficient men*, and it will hardly be maintained that the adherents are much superior to their leaders.

4. In point of personal character and weight, we may also claim for our party an overwhelming ascendancy; but the subject is an invidious and a painful one. We shall content ourselves with saying, that the great master of all, he that rules the Ministry, "even as the stern doth rule the ship," is Jonas enough to sink a whole fleet; while the virtues of the last

articulation of his tail, the member for Kilkenny, would scarcely suffice to weigh it up. Yet how many men among the Ministerial supporters are, in vulgar estimation, more disreputable than these individuals, though we will not venture to say that they are more unprincipled!

5. In comparing the relative state and strength of the two parties, it is most important to remember that the Conservative is the *rising*, the Revolutionary the *falling* party. Human affairs seldom stand quite still, even under a Melbourne Ministry; and two successive general elections now suffice to show in what direction the current runs. Will this have no effect in thinning the Ministerial ranks? Have they no summer friends who are likely to grow cold at the approach of a change of season? Have they none of those prudent animals on their side who scent afar off the tottering of a ruinous edifice? The Conservatives, we think, have little to fear in this respect. Having been faithful to each other in the worst of times, none are now likely to fall away when the sky looks brighter.

But further, when, by the unexpected result of these elections, the Conservative force is manifestly on the increase, and even now so strong as to demonstrate the impossibility of either commanding the Commons or coercing the Lords, are there on the Ministerial side no patriotic or prudent men who will think it necessary to desist from an agitation that cannot be successful, except in producing excitement and discontent? Are there none who will shrink from perpetually bringing forward measures only to have them defeated—from waging an eternal war with the institutions of their country, protected as they are by an invincible and growing host of defenders? Will all the Ministerial party be pleased with the employment assigned to them, to beat the air, to sow the sand, to milk the he-goat, to toil with Sisyphus's stone, to draw water in the sieves of the daughter of Danaus; to pass the lifetime of a Parliament in standing still, till the gorge of the nation rises more and more at their lost time, and the wantonness and impotency of their attempts? We suspect there are very many who will desist from embarrassing where they cannot unravel—from insisting for ever in projects and innovations

when they neither see the *when* nor the *how* of their accomplishment. We suspect that sensible men of all parties will practically agree in abstaining from unattainable schemes, and betake themselves to the unexciting consideration of practicable objects.

May we ask a further question connected with this plain progress of the current towards Conservative opinions? In the course of the late elections, have none of the Whig Ministerialists got a hint that their seats are not so secure as they once thought? Are none of the great English Whig families now mourning over the fall or diminution of their natural influence among the English gentry and yeomen? Twenty-four county seats have been wrested from the Whigs in England on this last occasion; and many which they have saved have made a narrow escape. There are still forty-five county seats in the possession of the Whigs, to be played for at the next election, or at the next vacancies which may occur; and these are to be won or lost, according as that party shall conduct themselves in conformity with English feelings and English principles. It is strange if the Cavendishes, and Howards, and Fitzwilliams do not already see that they are hazarding their total extinction in English representation by longer countenancing destructive measures, or by longer linking themselves to O'Connell's Irish car. The forbearance which has been exercised towards them at the last elections may another time be withdrawn; and the personal or family considerations which have now preserved them, may not be proof against a few years more of anti-national policy.

From these causes, we humbly think it reasonable to anticipate a speedy defection from the Ministerial party or its principles, and a growing lukewarmness among its nominal adherents.

We consider that we should here add as another cause of weakness and embarrassment to the Ministerialists, the fact which we suspect will soon appear, that in the late contest the proper Whig wing has chiefly suffered, and that of the survivors the Radicals now preponderate over their more moderate allies. We have not yet

seen calculations on this point, but we think it must be the case from the general nature of the results.

We before noticed that the Conservatives had the honour of defeating many of the Radical leaders; but it is to be remembered that, upon the whole, the numerical strength of the Ministerial and Conservative parties remains nearly the same in the *boroughs*, while Ministers have suffered chiefly in the English *counties*. It is certain that the Radical section of the Ministerial party was before strongest in the boroughs, and we think it must be so still. The Whigs were strongest in the counties, where they have now lost twenty-four seats. Whether the Whigs could in the boroughs have displaced any of the Radicals, if they had tried, is a question we cannot answer; but there was a compact between them, express or tacit, that they should not disturb each other any where. In this bargain the Whigs, we suspect, have signally outwitted themselves. Doomed as they were to be greatly weakened in the counties, they renounced one chance of making up their loss at the expense of the Radicals in the boroughs. It is plain that unless the Whigs have succeeded as many Radicals in the boroughs as will compensate the Whig loss in the counties, their relative strength in the Ministerial party must be greatly impaired, as any gain that has been made in Ireland, we presume, can scarcely be called a proper Whig gain.

Now if this be true, how disastrous and disgraceful is the position of the Whig party! Some recent calculations have shown, we think, that Ministers on party questions had seldom or never, in the last Session, a muster of 100 Whigs, and were already almost a minority in their own party. But if that party is now diminished, and if the loss consists principally of Whigs ejected from English counties without any compensating gain by the Whigs over the Radicals, the situation of Government becomes most contemptible, and most dangerous for the country. The majority of the nation is proved to be decidedly Conservative or Preservative; many Whigs having been unquestionably returned on the principle or pretence of preserving our institutions. But a majority of the Government party are avowedly for

destroying those institutions. Suppose it appear that about two-thirds of the whole Parliament are Conservative in principle, while about two-thirds of the Ministerial party are Destructive, we ask if it is possible, or decent, or safe, that such a state of things should remain? It is manifest that while they are outnumbered in their own camp, the policy of Ministers must necessarily bend to the majority of their supporters, and assume a Radical and Destructive tendency, whether open or concealed, contrary to the predominant feeling of the country and of Parliament. That the preponderance of Radicals and O'Connellites on that side must diminish its weight in the estimation of all who are agreed to preserve our institutions, is sufficiently obvious.

When we look generally at the comparative view above taken of the two parties now opposed to each other in Parliament, we think that our friends have the strongest reasons of self-gratulation and the fairest omens of success. On the one side, we have a body of brave and determined men, trusting in each other's honour and courage, and in the goodness of their cause, fighting for their hearths and altars, united in purpose and plans, headed by able leaders, and emboldened by recent success. On the other, we see a set of marauding plunderers or unwilling conscripts, with no confidence in their officers, and no discipline among themselves, divided by mutual hatred and distrust, and ever and anon turning their arms against each other, damped by unexpected defeat, and sure to be dispersed even by victory. In the one phalanx we seem to see a chain of adamant, as in the other a rope of sand.

It has been long announced by the Ministerial party, that, without a great accession to their numbers, they could not go on. Their cry has been to the nation, "Return an overwhelming majority of Reformers, and we shall then carry our measures." The nation has answered the call in a very different manner from what was expected: and we presume that the measures which could not be carried before are not likely to be carried now. It remains to be seen whether Ministers will continue for ever to propose what they are never to carry. It remains to be seen whether Govern-

ment is to play the part of an abortive agitator, and whether the nation is to be kept in disturbance, and the time of Parliament consumed to no earthly purpose. That the Conservative party are strong enough to maintain their resistance on all questions of constitutional change, is now perfectly clear. They are obviously, we think, strong enough to visit any Government that pursues a different principle with palpable marks of their indignation.

Whoever may be the Queen's Ministers at the meeting of Parliament, they will, we are satisfied, receive a *fair trial* from the Conservative party. The Queen's nomination is, *prima facie*, a passport to the indulgence of Parliament. Such is the theory, and such will be the practice of the Conservatives. They will not return evil for evil—they will not seek for contrivances to combine contradictions—to unite together parties of diametrically opposite principles and views upon some cunning question of a middle kind, for the sole purpose of displacing their antagonists—they will not reject measures good in their own nature, because they are not coupled with some abstract, questionable, and unattainable principle, which they themselves formerly repudiated. The Conservative party, when they were weaker than they are, pursued a moderate, conscientious, and patriotic course of opposition, and they will not depart from it now when they are stronger. All they seek themselves is the resistance of certain specific and well-known measures to which they are opposed. All they require of Ministers is the abandonment of Ministerial agitation on questions of that nature which cannot be passed through Parliament. Even the Melbourne Ministry themselves, damaged as they are in strength and in reputation, are entitled to this trial, if they should be in a condition to seek it. Let them in their system of government conform to the *negative* voice of both Houses of Parliament. Let them retrace their steps, and leave the forbidden ground which has been marked off. Let them do this sincerely, and they may for a while retain the place and pay which seem their main inducement to office, their great consolation in disgrace. They may thus hang on till their own inefficiency and the de-

sections and recriminations of their destructive allies compel them to resign. But they must faithfully observe the conditions thus imposed. We fear it is asking the leopard to change his spots, and the Ethiopian to cast his skin. But it must be done, or they can be Ministers no longer. If they raise a breath or lift a finger against the fabric of the Church or Constitution, we believe that their doom is sealed. If they insist on agitating questions which unsettle all property and disturb all sense of security, and which can never be carried at all, or not without a revolution, they become nuisances to society, and will be speedily *abated*.

And now, having set our minds at rest as to our prospects in the present Parliament, let us address a few words of advice to our Conservative friends, more particularly in our own quarter of the kingdom.

Having already struggled well in the late contest; having maintained our former ground and gained some encouraging victories, let us not sit down in indolence, thinking that our task is ended, and that nothing more can now be done for the good cause. It is true, that the same kind of exertion is not still required of us: but great and persevering efforts of a different description will be necessary to accomplish our full triumph.

1. Though the Parliament now chosen may last for several years, yet many individual vacancies must occur in that period, and it is the duty of every constituency to be on the alert, lest that contingency should visit their own door. No one can tell what sickness, death, or accident may do: no one can tell how soon a new election may arise from the official promotion of a foe or of a friend. In the last Parliament much was gained for the Conservative cause in single elections, and if we do our duty again, still more may be gained now. Let the Conservative party, therefore, in every district, so act that no event of this kind may find them unprepared. Let them remember that it is necessary to look far forward—that, in order to vote, men must be on the register, and that, in order to be on the register, they must, for the most part, have had their rights complete for a certain previous space of time. Let foresight and circumspection be combined with

energy and perseverance, and every few months will add something to the Conservative strength.

2. We exhort our friends not to be cast down in places where we have been defeated. Let them remember how many gains we have lately made that were some time ago un hoped for. Let them ask whether the consolidation of the Conservative party has not made a much more rapid and successful progress than the most sanguine of us expected. The great convulsion of 1832 threatened to overwhelm the best friends of their country, and to separate long from each other, men whose views, though differing on that great question, were alike patriotic and constitutional. But the differences of that period are rapidly wearing away. Every day is giving union, vigour, and strength to our friends. Every hour is bringing division, lassitude, and weakness to our enemies. In this last contest we may say that for the first time there has appeared a hope of making a stand in the Scotch burghs. We have gained indeed no addition to our numbers in that quarter; but we have gained what we had thought to be long lost, and we have merely lost what we may again recover. In others of the burghs, also, where we have been unsuccessful, we have reduced the majorities in favour of our adversaries to a manageable magnitude.

3. On the other hand, let us not be elated where we have been successful. No error can be more pernicious than to suffer our past victory to breed a sloth and supineness that are to end in future defeat. The snake is scotched, not killed: the enemy is yet busy, and will be most busy there, where he sees over-confidence and remissness. Let us be convinced of this great truth, and let us act on the conviction, that as there is scarcely any place so desperate which may not be won by energy, perseverance, and skill, so there is none so secure that may not be lost by the want of these qualities.

4. Independently of any new election, general or individual, immediate benefit is to be attained by the exertions of the Conservatives, in following up the blow they have already struck. The state of the register, the state of public feeling will always tell materially upon the members already elected, and upon the measures which,

on one side or other, may be brought forward. The courage and confidence, or the fear and distrust which may affect the respective parties from knowing what they have to fall back upon, will often gain or lose many votes, will decide whether a bold course is to be pursued or abandoned. Such considerations may determine the fate of a Ministry, the welfare of an empire. The necessity of assiduous attention to the register has been inculcated by the highest authority, and cannot be estimated too highly. The duty, also, of aiding and extending Conservative feelings throughout the country is of great importance; and it is in vain to deny that much in this respect remains to be done in Scotland, as we firmly believe much is possible to be done by judicious and patient exertion.

5. Finally, it is not too early for us to begin those moral preparations which are essential for a new general election, even should it be a few years distant. In the peculiar situation in which we stand in Scotland, with a constituency entirely new to the franchise, we have a long and hard task before us, ere we can bring into full play the right feelings and true opinions of the country. The Conservatives now return but 20 Scotch members out of 53—a proportion little more than what we can maintain in Ireland, where darkness and bigotry almost overspread the land. This preponderance of revolutionary or reckless men in the representation may be no serious disgrace to us at present, under the unusual circumstances in which we have to act; but it will become a disgrace if it continue longer. The Scottish nation must, indeed, be greatly changed, or those who are her leaders must betray or mistake their duty, if Scotland does not soon send a decided majority to Parliament to support the Protestant religion, the Established Church, and the great cause of stable and orderly liberty. When the freshness of new privileges is worn off, when the hour of reflection comes, there cannot, we think, be wanting in our native land a predominance of those attachments and principles which are the true essence of the Conservative creed. Time, indeed, is required. The Reform Bill, whether a right or a wrong measure in itself, was a violent disruption

of ancient bonds, a disturbance of existing balances. It encouraged visionary hopes and presumptuous thoughts which are not yet sobered. It placed the proper guides and best benefactors of the poorer classes in an unnatural position, from which they have not yet recovered. All this confusion is not to be re-arranged in a brief space, or without great care and attention. The broken members of the social frame must have time to knit again together; and every fair occasion must be made use of to aid the healing process, by dispelling delusion, and reviving suspended predilections.

In order fairly and fully to achieve this task, we must proceed on the fixed principle, that *the Reform Bill is the irrevocable law of the land*. This truth should every moment be vividly before our eyes, in all its constitutional bearings and practical tendencies. It is useless to criticise the measure; it is worse than useless to repine at it. Our course is to study and understand it; to extract from it all the good of which it is susceptible, and to palliate as much as possible any evil which is mixed in it. It is clear, that in the constituencies created by that measure the Government of the country is now placed, so far as the Government depends on the Commons' House of Parliament. If we regard our own safety in property and person, if we cherish our national prosperity or honour, we must strenuously do all that in us lies to make those constituencies work together for the cause of order and peace. We cannot change the provisions of the bill, but we may change its effects by operating on its constituencies. We do not now refer to the multiplication of votes. We are no enemies, indeed, to the *bona fide* acquisition of qualifications by persons of substance, a course laudable in itself, and directly sanctioned by the law, which permits it. But this, after all, is only a doubtful palliative for an evil that must be manfully faced, and thoroughly subdued. All those on whom their rank and fortune have bestowed the best means and placed the deepest responsibility, must seriously apply themselves to bring about the time when the whole gradations of society shall, as much as possible, be bound together by a chain of cordial sympathy and mutual confidence. We have truth on our side,

and that truth must prevail. To those from whose eyes they are at present concealed by misrepresentation and error, Conservative principles must be proved to involve, as they do, the true interest of all orders of society. To those whom calumny and prejudice have now estranged from them, the holders of Conservative principles must make themselves known to be, as they are, the true friends of the humble as well as of the exalted. Every class of electors, and every class below the electors, contains, we are convinced, many honest, orderly, and pure-minded men, who are susceptible of right impressions, if they are rightly conveyed, who would subscribe to our doctrines and principles, if they were fairly interpreted to them, and stripped of those misconceptions which have been so busily interwoven with hackneyed phrases and obnoxious nicknames. Much may be done by the Christian charities and nameless courtesies of every-day life ; by kind deeds and counsels, and still more by kind words and attentions. Every man of property has his sphere within which these offices are to be exerted. He may, nay, he will meet with much stubbornness, much ingratitude. But calm perseverance will, in the end, find out the way and reach the goal. Much may be done by the increased dissemination of suitable and kindly knowledge, and still more by the extension of those religious principles which are the beginning of wisdom, and which, flowing from the heart outwards, remove error and soften asperity, by correcting the evil passions, whether of envy or covetousness, anger or vanity, which make the poorer classes, and many of their betters, at this moment the involuntary slaves or dupes of revolutionary adventurers.

All this is, in every view, our sacred and imperative duty. Though the humbler classes of society could exert no influence on our fortunes, we are all bound, according to our means and advantages, whether of wealth, or station, or knowledge, to contribute our utmost, by example, by precept, and by neighbourly intercourse, to the work of social improvement and human happiness. All this, we know, has been done, and is still doing, by innumerable members of the Conservative party, from a sense of duty or love of goodness alone ; some more prominently and conspicuously,

others more in secret and by stealth. Others, again, we know, have in them that pride of spirit, and disdain of incurring suspicion, that the very thought of such things being politically serviceable, would be the means of deterring them from the virtues and graces they might otherwise willingly practise. But this must not be. We must not shun to do what is right because it may also be useful. On the contrary, nothing forbids—nay, this is one element of the Divine Government itself—that the exercise of moral and religious duties should be recommended by their temporal benefits, and the neglect of them punished by temporal evils. The consequences of vice or sloth ought not to be our sole motives to virtue or exertion, but they are hints to remind us of the higher principles which should actuate our conduct. That the parent, the guardian, or the governor who alights the due training and superintendence of his charge, will himself suffer in the vices of his children, his dependents, or his subjects, is a consideration which may legitimately enforce the most sacred and solemn of earthly duties. The urgent necessity for our own self-preservation, of restraining the bad propensities, and eradicating the false opinions, of the great masses on whom our welfare is now directly, as it was always indirectly, dependent, should teach us, or the more impress on us, the duty of spreading into every corner those instructions, those feelings, and those principles which are the best antidote against this as well as every other social mischief.

We shall indeed be wise if, out of late mortifications, we extract those "sweet uses" to which adversity may always be put : and if, taking a wide review of many changes which society has recently undergone, by the increase of numbers and wealth, as well as of poverty and crime, we apply ourselves diligently, in our several spheres and callings, to mitigate and correct the evils that have arisen. We have, in a great measure, been taken by surprise by the progress of society, which has left the growth of some of our best influences a far way behind it. Engaged long in a severe contest with the enemy of all liberty and all religion, our attention was distracted from many precautionary provisions at home, which the unexampled expansion of

our population and resources rendered necessary. Since the close of that contest, the nation has been alternately engrossed with the exultation of victory, or the lassitude of exhaustion; the eagerness of commercial enterprise, or the depression of pecuniary suffering; the excitement of political change, or the pride of mechanical improvement. Luxury has made rapid strides; the intellect has been lavishly cultivated: but the feelings that would make luxury harmless, the lessons that would make knowledge humble, have not been proportionally cherished. Political rights have been doubly extended by the extension of the law and the multiplication of the people: but the old forms and framework of society that should bind men together in mutual dependence, have been left unenlarged, and what once formed our boast and blessing, those educational and sanctifying institutions, so necessary to make political privileges useful or safe, have not kept pace with our civil changes. In our towns and larger villages the different ranks of society have almost lost sight of each other. Our parish churches, our parish schools, have been outstripped in their compass by physical and political events. But a clear perception of the chief remedy has been gradually opening upon us. With some sad variations of application, we may now say with the first and best of later poets—

“ But liberty and triumphs on the main,
And laurelled armies, not to be withstood,
What serve they, if on transitory good
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
The STATE (ah, surely not preserved in
vain!)

*Forbear to shape due channels which the
flood*

*Of sacred Truth may enter—till it brood
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian
plain,*

The all-sustaining Nile? No more—THE
TIME

IS CONSCIOUS OF HER WANT: through
England's bounds

IN RIVAL HASTE, THE WISHED-FOR TEMPLES
RISE!

I hear their Sabbath bells' harmonious chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of
all sounds

That hill or vale prolongs or multiplies.”

Alas! it is not the *State*, as in the hands of its present rulers, that seems bent on this noble object: but let the *Church* and her friends continue their efforts, and the great end will sooner or later be accomplished.

In the mean-time let no excuse or difficulty prevent the lovers of their country from exerting themselves, in the individual circles which surround them, to promote the diffusion of true knowledge, kind feeling, sound morality, and pure religion. It depends, we humbly think, upon ourselves, whether Scotland, as of old, shall not still hold her head high in all these excellences, as well as in their sure concomitants, the love of order, the reverence of authority, and the hatred of change. At least, until we have exhausted every resource for infusing right opinions and feelings, it is premature to despair, and foolish to complain, of the new institutions under which we are destined to live. It is one thing to oppose the making of a change as perilous, and another to sink under it as ruinous after it is made. There is no assignable reason why, after a short time, the Constitutional feeling of Scotland should not keep pace with that of England. Let us engage in a generous rivalry with the sister country, and, borrowing what hints we can from the generous and genial character of her social relations, in addition to our own national virtues, let us endeavour, on the next opportunity, to present ourselves in the councils of the nation with a corresponding band of representatives to concur with her in maintaining those time-honoured and proved institutions in Church and State, from which we have derived the inestimable blessings of a pure and tolerant religion, the shelter of equal laws, and the enjoyment of rational liberty.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. XI.

It is singular that the drama should now be perishing in every civilized state of the earth. "Look round the world, from China to Peru." Music and pantomime, the ballet and ropedancing, are the substitutes which supersede the nobleness of tragedy and the brilliancy of comedy. Yet this was not the case in the most intellectual portion of the ancient world, nor in the most ardent, ambitious, and elevated periods of our own. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Aristophanes*, and *Menander* are fixed stars in the most glowing, intellectual hemisphere of Greece. What would French literature be without *Racine* and *Cornille*, the only permanent splendours of the splendid reign of *Louis Quatorze*? What light of ancient or modern times has had the power to throw *Shakspeare* into the shade? To this moment Spain, looking back from the barrenness and troubles of the nineteenth century, with proud and perhaps hopeless recollection, to the intellectual achievements of the sixteenth, recognises, among the noblest monuments of that time of triumph, the works of *Lope*, the only rival of *Cervantes*, equal to him in wit, originality, and vigour; but surpassing him and all other men in the measureless force, richness, and inexhaustible rapidity of his powers of production.

Lope de Vega was born in Madrid the 25th of November, 1562. The spirit of poetry broke out in him early, for he wrote verses at five years old. After being patronised by the sanguinary Duke of *Alva*, the death of his first wife drove him to divert his care in the perilous experiment of the Armada. The death of a second drove him to a monastery. He became a Franciscan, and was even employed in the Inquisition. He now probably grew insane; for after having long suffered under dejection of mind, he gave himself so severe a penitential flagellation that he died. This event took place on the 26th of May, 1635, at the age of 63. He was buried with great pomp, and assumed thenceforth the rank of the first

dramatist of his country. The Spaniards boast of his marvellous facility of production. He is said to have written upwards of two thousand plays. It has been observed that, if the native account be true that he wrote 21,300,000 verses, he must have written, for fifty years, 500 a-day. His wonderful superfluity, however, arose in some degree from the octosyllabic metre, and also from his adopting all kinds of subjects. Of 480 of his principal plays, he acknowledges that but six were regular. His exhibition of character is alternately feeble and unnatural; his taste extravagant, but national; his plots improbable, yet full of incident. He was the poet for a time of national intrigue, animation, and eccentricity; a period of desperate crimes and brilliant frivolities; of a dissolute court and a gallant people; in short, of a Spanish cavalier, mingling Castilian pride with French subtlety and Italian dissipation. But in Spain the stage has gone down; the solemn tragedies and gay comedies have been superseded, as in our own country, by interludes, dances, and melodramas.

It is a curious circumstance, that in this land of grace and gravity, of cavaliers and confessionals, of assassinations and altars, the most daring of all stage representations should have had its birth. *Don Juan*, known to every lover of music by *Mozart's* celebrated opera, and known to all the barns of Europe by the taking title of "The Libertine Destroyed," was originally and exclusively Spanish. There was an actual existing *Don Juan*—*Don Juan Tenorio*, a gentleman of Andalusia. He was born in Seville, in the fourteenth century; was a companion of the profligate career of *Don Pedro*, and a relation of *Maria Pardiella*, the celebrated and beautiful favourite of the king. This relationship brought him into favour at court—a favour which was of course sustained by the congenial irregularity of his manners. *Don Pedro* gave him a knighthood, and made him the chief superintendent of his cellar—an appropriate appointment, which shows

at once the sense of Don Pedro, and assisted the history of his knighthood. Don Juan's private career necessarily justified his renown amongst all the belles, married and unmarried, of Spain. But his story made an impression so strong upon the national mind, as to stir up even a monk, Gabriel Telley, to throw it into a dramatic form, and publish his play at Madrid in 1634. It was called "The Wag of Seville, or the Guest of Stone." The subject was adopted by Molière about thirty years afterwards. Molière was attacked, for what was termed its immorality, by the whole host of French critics. The poet, indignant at being compelled to justify himself, rewarded his libellers by the capital picture of hypocrisy in the *Tartuffe*; but the nature of the original narrative, the vividness of the incidents, and the fierce and dashing spirit of the hero's career, had long before made him popular in the drama of Europe. A great musician said that he never regarded himself as successful, until he heard his music on the barrel-organ. "The true test of popular poetry," says Johnson, "is to find one's poems in the parlour-windows of inns; and the unanswerable evidence of dramatic success is to find one's play making its progress through the barns." By this test, Don Juan is among the most popular of human productions; for it has probably been performed in more barns than any other play of Europe. The story has now become too common to allow of its being told in a more dignified form; but, in the hands of a true dramatic genius, it would supply the materials of a very noble Tragedy. The mind naturally delights in the daring and lofty contempt of danger exhibited by its hero. The ferocity from which we should shrink in real life, is seen on the stage only in the shape of untameable vigour; the profligacy shines out only as the effect of fiery passion; the remorselessness, only as the indomitable energy of a spirit defying all contingencies; and even the final and fearful profanation, with which the Don revels in the terrors of the spiritual world, exalts him into the highest rank of a jovial, yet bold and brilliant, superiority to the terrors of the tomb.

But when is the *avatar* to come? O'er the drama, "Night, leaden goddess, reigns supreme." Even the relaxation of the law of copyright, aided by the building of nineteen minor theatres, of which some of our theatric wits pleasantly said, "That they would cease to be *minors*, they were so near one-and-twenty:" even the disbursements of the full purse of the best of English singers and the most opulent, and the declaration of Lord Holland himself, that he would write a tragedy in the first week he could disengage himself from Parliament and get the fear of Lord Lyndhurst from before his eyes, all have been unavailing. Mr Macready threatens to exhibit his wielding of the sceptre at Covent-Garden. We *ought* to confide. But despair "overcomes us like a summer cloud."

The late King was charged with commencing his reign by an affectation of popularity. His talking to strangers, his familiar conversation at court, and his promenading St James's with an umbrella under his arm, were all regarded as an affected contrast with the secluded habits of George IV. But they were, with more probability, the habits of his nature, strengthened by the habits of his profession. For a long period of his life, too, he had lived in narrow circumstances, and the humility of his establishment compelled humility of manners. Had he been, like Henry IV. of France, a man of brilliant spirits and buoyant wit, his career would have furnished many a curious adventure of the collision of high life with low. Yet even he had some odd rencontres. One morning, as he was riding towards Windsor, during the reign of his brother, without even a groom, he was overtaken by a butcher's boy, who accosted him:—

"That there," said he, "is a goodish-looking horse. I suppose he can trot?"

"I suppose he can," said the Prince.

"But this fellow under me," says the butcher, "would show him the heels for all that; and if you are inclined for a try, I'll trot you a mile, up to the Red Lion, for a pot of beer."

"No," said the Prince, who did

not altogether like the exhibition, "I'll not trot with you, and I don't want your pot of beer."

"Well, just as you like," says the butcher; then looking all over him, with great disdain, said, as he trotted forward, "I knew as how it would be—I thought, after all, you were nothing but a muff."

What the exact meaning of this pithy phrase was, it might be difficult to tell. It puzzled the royal party, to whom the Prince told it with great good-humour immediately after, and set the table on a roar.

The last term in Westminster Hall is said to have been a remarkably lean one, but it was productive of some good jokes. As a barrister was going down Palace Yard, he was bespattered by a mud-cart. One of his brethren said to him, "That is an action of damages."

"No doubt," was the answer; "but I should like to see the jury that would give me costs of suit."

A cause came on—a contract for supplying milk to one of the Hospitals. One of the witnesses said, that the high price of the article was owing to the hot weather.

"How owing to the hot weather, my good fellow?" asked the counsel.

"The scarcity of grass," said the witness.

"Now, I ask you—and remember you are on your oath," said the counsel—"was it not the scarcity of water?"

A horse case was before the court. "There are no cases," said the Judge, "which seem simpler, yet there are none brought before the Bench which occupy more of our time, by the dexterity of the gentlemen who conduct them."

"Oh, my Lord," replied the barrister who led, "there are few subjects which have more engrossed the mind of mankind from the days of Noah than every thing connected with that noble animal, the horse. Bucephalus is as well known as Alexander the Great."

"Brother," replied the Judge, "there is no instance among modern lawyers of remarkable equestrianism; and I believe that the last four Chancellors were scarcely ever on horseback in the course of their lives. I think I may venture to say, at least,

that Lords Mansfield, Eldon, Lyndhurst, and Brougham, know little more than that a horse had a head at one end of him, and a tail at the other."

"I must beg his Lordship's pardon, gentlemen," said the counsel, turning to the jury, "but the honours of the law have not been, by any means, unconnected with the honours of the art of which I am now the humble advocate. I appeal to the recollection of every man, whether the whole four of those noble and learned Lords had not *hobbies*, and did not ride them? I recollect also, that Lord Brougham was member for the North Riding; and it has been asserted, and I have never heard it denied, that Lord Brougham, a man of distinguished ability as he is, frequently came even to the House of Commons, riding upon his *high horse*."

Some imputations were thrown out on the conduct of a country solicitor, who dispensed justice among the peasantry in his neighbourhood at a rather cheaper rate than was regarded as dignified by the profession. As he was examined pretty sharply on this subject in the witness-box, the counsel for the defendant applied himself to wipe off this especially ignominious stain. "We have been just told," said he to the witness, "that you made low charges. Now, I suppose you did this from a consideration, not for yourself, but for the circumstances of the people who employed you?" "Undoubtedly," was the answer. "I suppose, too, I may take it for granted, that if you had been lucky enough to have had a great rich client, instead of a poor one—for instance, a man of ten thousand a-year, like the plaintiff in this case, instead of a day-labourer at a shilling a-day—you would have made a handsome bill of costs of it?" "I should have conceived myself justified in so doing," was the answer. "In short," said the counsel, "your principle is, to take, in every case, what you can get; and yet you are calumniated for acting unprofessionally. My Lord, I think that charge at least must be wiped off at once. It appears that he took all that his client had. I defy any man to give stronger evidence of having acted up to the most established character of a solicitor."

A new "Family Cookery Book" is about to appear. We give a capital receipt for a "Dish for two," called "Marriage." Catch a young gentleman and lady. The young gentleman will be best raw, and the young lady quite tender; set the gentleman at the dinner table; take a bottle of wine, claret is good, port is better, a little dash of champagne will give it a briskness; let him soak in this mixture for a couple of hours; if no signs of boiling, try another bottle. When getting red in the gills, take him into the drawing-room; if in winter, set him at the fire-side by the lady, throw in a dash of green tea, of about three cups to each, and let them simmer together; if in the summer time, place them in a current of air, as near the window, and as much out of sight as you can; stick the lady all over with flowers, and place them near the piano, and keep stirring them till the lady sings. When you hear the gentleman sigh, it is a good sign; as, whether winter or summer, they are sure to be growing warm. Then take them off, and put them in a corner of the room on a sofa, near a chess table, if possible; leave them together simmering for the rest of the evening. Repeat this for three or four times, taking care to keep them as close to each other as you can. Great care must be taken about the degree of heat; if too great, they will explode and fly off; if too little, they will turn into a jelly, or perhaps an ice. The best heat is the moderate, regular, and constant. The length of time during which it is applied must be according to circumstances. For a gentleman and lady under five-and-twenty, three months, three weeks, or three days, sometimes are sufficient; but, in every instance, there must be great precaution to avoid a broil. A certain quantity of the King's coin put in during the cooking will have great effect in keeping up the heat; the dish will look remarkably well if garnished round with bank paper; it may then be served up at table, and make an excellent meal for two. Care should be taken that no vinegar is used, as the dish is remarkably apt to turn sour.

The rage for ballooning is as violent as ever. Mrs Graham, undeterred by the recollections of the Duke of Brunswick, and determined at once to look

down upon the world, and to be out of the reach of hearing what the world says of her, mounts the skies every week, and so far as we know, every day. What a situation for a philosopher! to live three thousand feet above the world—to see London diminished to the size of a child's top—to take St Paul's for a gingerbread-nut—and Westminster, with all its statesmanship, for a baby-house! What a glorious elevation above the passions of the world must be the offspring of this bound into the elements! How delightful it must be to look down from a palace of silk, and a gilded chariot hung to it, and think of the infinite littleness of the ant-hill beneath! To Mrs Graham, seven times a-week, all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world must disappear. She must see Lord Melbourne only as an emmet in a blue waistcoat, if she sees him at all; his brothers of the Cabinet dwindled to the very verge of invisibility, and Lord John defying all the powers of the telescope.

The late attempt to use the parachute was amongst the most unaccountable, as well as the most unfortunate, of all experiments. The invention was, in the first place, on the face of it useless, the object being simply to descend from the balloon, while that balloon was in perfect safety. This was useless, for the great point would have been to have remained in the balloon itself. In the next place, it was constructed on wholly unscientific principles, for it has been shown that the width of the parachute, necessary to sustain the weight of a man, must be attained only by a weight of machinery, which would precipitate him to the earth. A third absurdity was, the attempt to use machinery so feeble for the sake of its lightness, that it must almost immediately give way to the rush of the air in its descent. All those absurdities, united in the invention of this unfortunate man Cocking, destroyed him in a moment. It was, however, unlucky that those suggestions, obvious as they are, had not been urged upon the proprietors of the balloon before attempting his ascent. Faraday, the lecturer at the Albemarle Institution, who was present on this occasion, writes a letter to the *Times*, exculpating himself as best he may from any share in encouraging this foolish and disastrous enterprise. But

this is too late ; if he believed all that he has told us, he ought to have remonstrated—not with Cocking, who was an ignorant man, and mad with the prospects of fame and fortune, but with the proprietors of the balloon ; a single word of *decision* would have awakened those persons to the inhumanity of the attempt, or startled them by a sense of the unpopularity of its consequences. But all was confined to hints, and surmises, and apprehensions — things which every projector laughs at, by which no projector is ever restrained—and which he, and all other men, justly regard as merely the subterfuge of those peculiarly wise persons who shelter their want of foresight under the safe suggestion of the possibility of failure. Even the proprietors of the balloon are evidently to blame, for common-sense must have told them that a miserable tin tube, of a few inches diameter, was not sufficient to prevent the collapse of a parachute of upwards of ninety feet in circumference, rushing through the air with the weight of a human body attached to it. And common-sense did so tell them, for they suggested that this tin tube should be substituted by something of a stronger kind, by wood for instance. This, too, went for nothing ; and the unlucky projector was suffered to take his own way. We conceive that men, circumstanced as the proprietors of a public exhibition, lie under a serious responsibility to the public to prevent all displays attended with serious hazard. For instance, if a man proposed to jump from the top of one of the trees at Vauxhall, we should hold that the additional profit of the exhibition would by no means justify the proprietors in suffering the madman to break his neck. Thus, we held that the play-house proprietor who lately suffered an unfortunate figurante to walk up a rope from the pit to the gallery, to the most imminent hazard of her own neck and those of all on whom she might be precipitated, incurred a heavy responsibility in the event of her breaking her bones—an event which actually happened after a few nights of this miserable experiment. We hoped that the warning given by the fate of those unhappy people will be effectual, and that public feelings in future will be spared the pain of displays, suggested by folly, and sanctioned only by rashness and credulity.

Yet, on this occasion, we cannot help expressing some respect for the intelligence of Green the aeronaut. Perhaps not one in ten thousand would have had the quickness to foresee and provide for the contingency that followed the cutting away of the parachute. The air-vessel which he took up with him evidently saved his and his companion's lives. It is true that he might have been prepared for a sudden rise of the balloon when it was once freed from the weight of the parachute ; it is clear, however, that he was by no means prepared for the sudden and almost explosive rapidity with which it shot up miles into the air. His description of this startling phenomenon exhibits the bewilderment of senses wholly overwhelmed ; he lost his breath and his sight together—the fortunate accident of his being able to open the valve of the balloon probably saved the whole machine from bursting like a sky-rocket. Nothing but the supply of air saved himself from suffocation. By those means he managed to bring the balloon down once more, and escape the fate of the poor projector, who was already lying mangled on the ground. Still we must ask, what is the advantage of those exhibitions ?—Human curiosity naturally turns to them with strong interest—philosophy sees in them a tantalizing spectacle. Of all the discoveries of mechanism, this machine seems at once to be the nearest to perfection—and yet separated from that perfection by an impediment hitherto insurmountable. The Nassau balloon shows us what might be effected by this great instrument. In that instance five or six hundred miles of sea, plain, mountain, and valley, were swept over in a night. Before another sunset Europe would have been traversed—four-and-twenty hours, and that speed would have carried the aeronauts from London to Constantinople—four-and-twenty hours more would have carried them to Babylon—four-and-twenty hours in addition would have brought them in sight of the frontiers of British India. The aeronauts tell us that the balloon might have been kept up at this rate for six months. Such are the powers of the balloon, but those powers depend upon an element which hitherto no man has been able to master, and the invention still remains a toy.

The dramatic education of the French perverts the simplicity of the human mind in all things. They are so much accustomed to *coups de théâtre*, the sudden catastrophes, startling situations, and scene-shiftings of the stage, that nature loses its effect, until every man in France covets to be a posture-master or a Roman patriot, and every woman a rope-dancer or a Roxalana. And this folly penetrates through all the departments of life, and even of death. The French child is taught, even in its nursery, to mouth out some swelling sentiment on the grandeur of France, as utterly inconceivable for his little mind as if he had mouthed out a proposition in mathematics or an harangue in the Chambers. The soldier marches, talking of the balance of Europe—the bar-maid spouts fragments from *Cornéille*, and fills her pots to the glory of France—and even the wretch who dies by the hand of justice feels himself perfectly consoled by finishing his career like the hero of a melodrama. Even in that most melancholy and desperate condition of the human mind which urges men to suicide, the foreigner exhibits the national principle. When the wretched Englishman meditates self-destruction, he shuts up his sorrow within himself, shrinks from publicity, waits till midnight, and, under cover of darkness, flings himself into some river, or puts an end to his life by the potion or the pistol. The Frenchman, in nine instances out of ten, employs his closing hours in informing his acquaintance of his determination, then marches out into public, stands on the Pont Neuf, and plunges into the river at noonday; or exhibits himself on the river, or takes his station on the highway, and there perishes, pistol in hand, like a gallant bandit of the Black Forest. Melancholy, too, as those absurdities are in the instance of the individual, they may be productive of consequences more formidable to the state. There can scarcely be a doubt that the late attempts at assassinating the King of France were stimulated by the *gloire* of murdering a monarch—to exterminate tyrants is the grand exploit of melodramas, and the difference between a Greek monarch and a French one to such men, is nothing more than that the Greek is out of their reach, and that the French one

is within shot from any garret-window on the Boulevard. That Louis-Philippe is no tyrant, every man of common-sense will allow, and least of all, those who trembled at the nod of Napoleon, can feel. It is enough that he sits upon a throne; that his death would make a prodigious noise; and that his assassin would be paragoned and proclaimed, scribbled and visited, into a public character. The man of fame, therefore, procures his pike or his pistol, his air-gun or his infernal machine, sallies forth into the street, and makes an assault upon the King. Fortunately for France the experiment has hitherto failed in its essentials, for Louis-Philippe is the best king that she can have; but three fools have attained probably their chief object, and have become figures of ignominious history. Two of them have been beheaded, and the third consigned to chains for life. The French papers abound with anecdotes of the same spirit, ridiculous if they were not deplorable. When a French chemist grows tired of compounding his medicines and paying his debts, he shuts himself up in his room, with a pan of charcoal for his companion, takes pen, ink, and paper, and registers his sensations as he sickens towards the close of his wretched career. His abandonment of the duties of life—his desertion of all the objects of his being—the horrors of that world beyond, all whose uncertainties he has turned into terrible certainty—all are expunged from his mind by the honour of dying like what he calls a philosopher. When a pastrycook's apprentice and a milliner's shop girl, without a sixpence or a grain of sense between them, determine to die for love, they determine at the same time to astonish mankind—they wrap their landanum pills in rose leaves, or tie cherry-coloured ribbons to the triggers of their pistols, leave an extract from Rousseau's *Eloise* or Volney's *Ruins* in the cabaret where they sip their last bottle of *Vin du Pays*, and explode their foolish brains together.

One of the Parisian journals a few days since gave the following account of an exploit palpably modelled in all its points on a spectacle of the *Porte St Martin*, the *Astley's*, or *Surrey Theatre of Paris*.

On Monday, the 24th of July last, six young ladies entered a saloon at

the Rue Royale St Honoré, Paris, and ordered the coachman to drive to the Bois de Vincennes. In addition to the fare agreed upon the coachman received a handsome gratuity, which seems to have led him to believe that there must be some mystery in the proceedings of this feminine conclave. His suspicions were not unfounded. Madame Stephanie L——, furious against her ex-intimate friend, Madame Adele M——, who had abstracted her lover, had challenged her fortunate rival to mortal combat. The invitation had been accepted, and it was to settle this affair of honour that the two ladies, each accompanied by two seconds of her own sex, had repaired to the Bois de Vincennes. A pistol having been placed in the hand of each, the two rivals fired in turn. The murderous engines had, however, been loaded by inexperienced hands, and were discharged by hands equally unaccustomed to the arena of duelling. The fire was ineffective on both sides. The pistols were reloaded, and the belligerents again took their ground. However, in a crisis which, in olden times, would have been considered worthy of the interposition of a benevolent goddess, a *gendarme* appeared. The affair was of course at an end. The seconds pronounced that the honour of both parties had been saved, and the fair rivals separated, "perfectly reconciled," and—as much rivals as ever.

Three plants, at this moment, connect three different quarters of the world, which for ages would have known but little of each other without them. China is connected with England by scarcely any other link than her tea; for three hundred years tobacco was the sole link between England and the Western world; and Arabia is to this hour scarcely bound to us but by her coffee. Such are the slender but powerful sources of national connexion. The discovery of coffee was not made until the latter part of the thirteenth century, and, like many another great discovery, it was the result of chance, adopted by necessity. An Arab, the Sheykh Omar, fell under persecution in his own country; he and his disciples fled to a mountain in the province of the Yemen, where, in the desert, all usual food failed him; a

coffee berry there grew wild, and the distressed refugee, as it was too hard for him to masticate, tried its effect in boiling; he drank the liquor, found himself revived, and made it immortal. Yet, recommended as it was by its refreshing properties, its spontaneous growth, and still more, such is the absurdity of mankind, by the example of a fool or knave, who called himself a saint, coffee took upwards of two centuries to make its way into the world. Even in its country it was as dishonoured as a prophet among his kindred; and near as Egypt was, it was not till the third century from its discovery that it insinuated itself into the sober potations of Egypt. It is seldom that the world is indebted to superstition for any thing except carnivals and cardinals, but the follies of the Arab devotees in the land of the Pharaohs, who win golden opinions of men by extravagances that would degrade the mules they ride on, were the first parentage of Egyptian coffee-drinking. Those wretched people, spending half their nights in watching, and half their existence in mortifying the withered flesh on their tawny bodies, found coffee essential to keep their bodies and souls together. The Turk next adopted it. It suited his laziness, his lassitude, his sedentariness, and his stupidity. The showy barbarian wanted nothing but tobacco to complete the curse which, to the slave and the sensualist, turns all the enjoyments of the senses into evil. Tobacco came to add perpetual intoxication to his catalogue of wilful calamities. It is a remarkable instance of the perversity of the human will when left to itself, that while coffee, with all its singular powers of cheering the mind and refreshing the nerves, took nearly four hundred years to make itself known in Europe, and while the potato is scarcely more than coming into use in a large portion of the Continent, tobacco took little more than half-a-dozen years to be known as far as ships could carry it: that it is now the favourite filth of every savage lip within the circumference of the globe: that it fills the atmosphere of the Continent with a perpetual stench: that the Spaniard sucks it, as he says, for the heat—the Dutchman for the cold—the Frenchman because he has nothing else to do—the German because he will do nothing else—the London apprentice because

"it makes him look like a gentleman," and all because it is in its own nature the filthiest, most foolish, dullest, and most disgusting practice on the face of the earth.

We have in this country all kinds of societies for all kinds of matters. Would it add very formidably to our expense to make the attempt to introduce some of the foreign contrivances for augmenting the comforts of the peasantry? The foreign stove, for instance, would make a vast addition to the comfort of the cottager in those parts of the country which are distant from our coal mines. The art of soup-making, as practised by the French peasant, would add largely to the English peasant-table. The economical light used by the French peasants in lace making, by which a globe of glass filled with water throws the light of a single lamp with extraordinary vividness along a whole range of those industrious workers. Even the art of manufacturing the wooden clocks, carving of animals and simple toys, which actually bring back a considerable revenue to the Swiss and Tyrolese valleys from the kitchens and nurseries of Europe, ought not to be below the view of such a society. The art of teaching the cottager to rear flowers for his own eye, and fruits for the market, has yet made but little progress among us, notwithstanding our having a hundred pompous Horticultural Societies. Why not try the common Egyptian art of hatching chickens by the heat of a stove? That we have not too much poultry is obvious enough, when fowls scarcely the size of a pigeon cost from five to ten shillings a pair in the London market. The peasantry are averse to rearing fowls, merely from their not liking the trouble, not knowing any easier process, and most of all from not having the simple practicability of the matter forced upon their convictions. Yet the Egyptian peasant, certainly no great philosopher, and certainly not inclined to give himself any trouble, and as certainly with no market near him like the great fowl-devouring tables of England, rears chickens, not by hundreds, but by millions, and not by assigning to every dozen of eggs, one half of which produce nothing, the labours of an industrious and unhappy parent in the shape of a hen, but by

supplying cakes of chopped straw and cow-dung.

In Egypt the process is as old as Herodotus, or probably much older. They build a small house with two parallel rows of small chambers, each chamber containing its oven; three tiers of eggs are laid on straw-mats; the heat is raised to 100° or 103° of the common Fahrenheit thermometer. The number of those hatching-houses in Upper and Lower Egypt, as stated in Mr Lane's late intelligent volume on the Pachalik, in 1831, was 164; the number of chickens brought alive into this chicken-eating sovereignty was the astonishing amount of 17,400,000! The affair is thus managed with the peasant: For every two productive eggs he gets one chicken. From a fourth to a third of the eggs generally fail. Thus, in that year, the eggs used amounted to about twenty-six millions. Why should not something of this kind be attempted in this country?

The *Times*, which is alike merciless and clever on the mishaps of the miserable personages whom by courtesy we call Ministers, has lately amused itself and its readers with descanting on Lord Palmerston's personal charms. That the noble Lord, in his capacity of servant of all-work, knows the advantages of personal appearance too well to throw them away, if he possessed them, we perfectly believe; but to our eyes, we must acknowledge that there is scarcely a gentleman existing on whose exterior cosmetics and the art of curling would not be more palpably wasted. His heavy figure, down look, and dull physiognomy, are the very antipodes of attraction, and we pronounce him at once made for a servant of all-work. The noble Lord's dutiful obedience to seven Administrations,—Tory, Whig, Radical, and O'Connellite, in their turn,—exhibits a flexibility which some might attribute to a total want of principle. We do him the justice to attribute it to a principle of the most fixed order, that of living on public money, earning his bitter bread by official drudgery, and bearing the contempt of mankind to the last hour when he can button his pocket upon his beloved salary. He has certainly not less principle on this subject than little Lord John, who lives in a little house, keeps a little

establishment, and with his one groom and couple of housemaids congratulates himself that, let what turn-out may come, he saves half-a-dozen thousands a-year, besides getting rid of the pauper patriotism of the Lysters, by giving them snug positions in the "service of their beloved country."

The *Times* lately published a curious account of an interview between Lord Cupid and the "great original Whig," as Dr Johnson termed him. We shall indulge the world with a few stanzas of our own on the subject:—

THE INTERVIEW.

Why descends my Lord Cupid the Treasury backstairs ;
 Why looks he so horribly frightened,
 Like a felon just summoned to say his last prayers ?
 But whose is the eye on Lord Cupid that glares,
 And whose is the tail round Lord Cupid that flares,
 As if it had thundered and lightened ?

There stands the old head of the Whigs, though his name
 Is neither Lord Grey nor Lord Brougham,—
 Nor Evans the brave, with his galley-slave's fame,—
 Nor Wakley, the Radical patron of flame,—
 Nor Whalley, who makes lords and lunatics tame,—
 Nor Greek loan—black and white—Joseph Hume.

Then growled the old Whig of the horns and the tail,
 " Why the deuce am I summoned up here ? "
 Says my Lord, " All the Writs go to-night by the mail,
 We are gone to the dogs, my dear friend, if you fail ;
 As for me, you well know that I'm always on sale—
 So tell us which way we shall steer ? "

" I know you're all miscreants ; you see I'm plain spoken,"
 Said Old Horns ; " but I dearly love knaves ;
 I know all your pledges are made to be broken,
 I know that the chain round your necks is your token,
 So be off ere the land in its justice has spoken,
 Be runaways, as you've been slaves.

" Yet come to my bosom. Don't cast down your eyes.
 Go work for the priest and the pope,
 Be trucklers and talebearers, tricksters and spies,
 Go play second fiddle to Dan and his lies,
 Be all that you hate for the man you despise,
 Lick his slipper, and live upon hope.

" Tell the nation you've got the young Queen in your hands,
 That Jack Russell has brains in his skull ;
 That old Melbourne disdains old O'Connell's commands ;
 That the Church of your fathers shall stand where she stands ;
 That you care not a doit for blue strings and white wands,
 Let the cup of your falsehood be full.

" Then rely on my help for another half year—
 But now I have business to do.
 I'm for Ireland to-night. Hark ! I hear in my ear
 The rattle of pikes and the true hell-hound cheer,
 Where some Protestant parson has closed his career,
 So go on, and be hanged—now adieu."

Some of our Radical newspapers and reviews occupy themselves of late with quoting Mr Walter Savage Landor as a prodigious authority in politics. According to them he is a sage,

who, living retired from the bustle of public life, and refreshing his faculties in the classic shades of Tuscany, lubricates at his leisure for the benefit of mankind. This Tuscan sage is,

of course, a prodigious Reformer ; anatomizes the vices of kings with a scalping-knife of the largest dimensions, and cuts away at the criminality of thrones and churches, prelates and peers, with a vigour worthy of old Shylock himself. The true state of the case is, however, that Walter Savage Landor is a vapid blockhead, who, with all his love for England, has lived an absentee for the last thirty years ; with all his patriotism, spends every shilling of his property amongst foreigners ; with all his hatred of despotism, always lives under some little foreign despot or another ; with all his love of literature, writes the most desperate nonsense, in both prose and poetry ; and with all his knowledge of the British Constitution, expectorates upon it such dismal stuff as the following :—

“ Despotism sits no where so secure as under the image and ensigns of freedom. You would imagine that the British peers had given their names to beneficent institutions, wise laws, and flourishing colonies. No such thing. Instead of which, a slice of meat between two slices of bread derives its name from one ; a tumble of heels over head, a feat performed by beggar boys on the road, from another. The former, I presume, was a practical commentator on the Roman fable of the belly and the members, and maintained with all his power and interest the supremacy of the nobler part, and the latter was of a family in which the head notoriously was heavier than the legs. Others divide their titles with a waistcoat, a bonnet, and a boot ; the more illustrious with some islands inhabited by seacalves.”

Of course this is a satisfactory argument for pulling down the Peers. Poor Walter Savage Landor also gives a specimen of his scholarship, in supposing that the name of the tumble is Somerseset. We thought this vulgarity below any thing but a playbill of Astley's.

As Walter Savage deals with Government, so he deals with the Church. The philosopher settles every thing ; he recommends, of course, the radical remedy, starvation, for all the vices of Protestantism, and declares that the destruction of Protestantism by this summary way would be the true way to convert Popery. We give his own words :—“ If there were no hierarchy

in England and Ireland, the people of both would be more brotherly and contented : let the Protestant Church,” says he, “ be no longer a hireling ;” in other words, have no longer bread, “ and the Popish will drop away, rag after rag, image after image, to the great emolument of the barber's shop.” It is to be remembered that Walter Savage lives by choice among all the absurdities of Popery, and thus he reasons : “ The poor people of that persuasion would no longer be so besotted and foolish as to pay tithes where the heretic pays none ; absurdities would soon cease if nobody could gain by them.” Then, after a vapid panegyric on the Bible, he has the folly and the insolence combined to say, “ that so mischievous a use of it has been made for nearly a thousand years, that if you take, as churchmen would have you, their glosses and interpretations for part of it, then indeed it may be called more properly the book of imposture and extortion, of darkness and destruction.” Now if Walter Savage had any brains in his head, or any knowledge among his recollections, he would know, in the first place, that the Protestant Church is not fed at the expense of the people ; that it lives on its own property, inherited by a right a thousand years older than that by which he inherits any acre of land in his possession ; and that its income is spent among its own people, not in the beggarliness, banishment, and low luxuries of heartless absenteeism.

As to his nonsense about the Bible—a book whose merits disdain the suspicious panegyric as much as it is superior to the pitiful libel of this dull railer—he should learn that it is not the communication of the Bible, but its suppression, that has produced the calamities of Christian history. If it were not an actual waste of time to reason with a man who seems to be farther exiled from the common-sense of England than even from its shores, we should demand of him in what instance has the Protestant Establishment of England persecuted any man on a religious pretence, and in what instance has the Church of Rome hesitated to persecute under all pretences whatever ? In what instance has the Church of England ever prohibited the use of the Scriptures to the people, or in what instance has the Church of Rome ever permitted their use to the

people? In what instances has the Church of England forced "its own glosses and interpretations" upon men, and in what instance has the Church of Rome ever suffered any thing else to be given to men? If this poor creature would forswear his pen for ever, write no more miserable verses, talk no more political nonsense, but come home to his own country, live on his own property, encourage his tenantry, and turn the few remaining years of his barren life to some purpose of utility, he might be suffered to pass down among the multitude unnoticed by censure. But, if he will continue scribbling, living amongst the vilenesses of Popery, while he affects to turn it to ridicule, and bowing down his head under the most beggarly of despotisms, while he affects to be an enthusiast for freedom, we must leave him to the opinion which he has earned for himself, pity his perseverance in folly, and abandon him to his natural oblivion.

The return of the two Conservative members for the Dublin University is one of the best signs of the times. There appears to have been some tricking on the Radical side as usual, the Radical candidate not having declared himself until within twenty-four hours of the poll; the object of this manœuvre being to keep the masters, who form the majority of the voters, and are chiefly scattered in remote parts of the country, from coming to the election, in the idea that no opposition would be offered to the present members. The numbers at the close of the poll were, for Shaw, 831; for Lefroy, 831; and for the new candidate, Stock, 174. The Radicalism of this new candidate may be judged of by the following extract from his speech. We should observe that all the Radicals boast of their extraordinary attachment to the young Queen, whose throne they propose to support *radically*; in other words, by destroying the Peerage, extinguishing the Bishops, robbing the Church, and establishing a democracy!

"The majority of the people of the empire are on my side," said the Radical orator. "This is a new era, when all good men should unite in support of a glorious young creature, upon whom the crown had descended. Allusion had been made to Lady Jane

Gray by the learned Recorder; but let them bear in mind that there had been a Northumberland to murder Lady Jane Grey. There might be found another Protector in these days; the frail life of the youthful Queen was all that stood between them and ruin."

And yet it is to such abominable nonsense that a gentleman, whom we may suppose from his degree to be a man of professional learning, and from his position to be a person of character, is driven by the bitter and miserable necessities of Radicalism. It is on these crutches of falsehood and folly that Radicals are content to leap into Parliament. If we were to ask this gentleman whether he really believed that the Duke of Cumberland entertained designs against the life of the Queen, he would of course laugh in our face; if we asked him whether he believed that the Ministry were not the slaves of O'Connell, that O'Connell was not the tool of the priests, and that the priests were not the sworn enemies of civil and religious liberty, of the constitution, and of England, he would of course ask, "Did we take him for an idiot?" And yet it is on those abominations and absurdities that he fixes his claims to be the representative of the only university in Ireland. That his speech was received with infinite scorn by the manly, intelligent, and ingenuous electors, is evident from the printed report. That his claims were treated with still more practical contempt, is evident from the returns of the poll. But what are we to think of a cause which thus pours out lies like water, builds its strength on the supposed malignity of the human mind, and laying its foundations in every baseness of the human heart, looks for its success only to the darkness of popular knowledge, the ferocity of Popish superstition, and the unbridled rage of popular passion? But the point to which we would chiefly allude is the evidence which this election furnishes of the public feeling of Ireland, in its purest, most enlightened, and important position. The electors of the University comprehend almost every man of professional distinction in Ireland;—all its learning among the more mature, and all its hopes among the young.

Thus the character of the rising generation, as well as of the present,

is established, and the intelligence and integrity of the great Protestant College of Ireland do justice to the lessons that are taught, and the principles by which it is guided. Give O'Connell a year of Irish supremacy, and this college would be a workhouse or a ruin; or, worse than either, a conclave of Popish monks and conspirators. We are also to remember that the question of rebellion and the constitution was fairly brought to the test. The declarations on both sides were undisguised. The seceder of the Radical nomination declared that Toryism must be pronounced a public enemy, that it alone had brought the Church into its present danger; "had stultified resistance to every wholesome improvement; preferred ruin to salutary change; and was the cause of ignorance, bigotry," &c., &c. The Conservative candidate, Lefroy, one of the ablest of the Irish Chancery bar-risters, on the other hand, freely proclaimed his principles.—"He was a supporter of the hereditary monarchy, of the House of Lords, of the House of Commons, constituted under the Reform Bill, but not to be demoralized by every wild and fanciful theory. He was, too, a supporter of the Established Church, that Church which gave the Bible and the pure religion of Christ to the people. Farther, he was determined to endeavour to rescue the Queen of the country from the Ministry and the *faction* which at present possessed the Government."—Great cheering.

The Right Honourable Frederick Shaw declared his profession of the same principles, pronounced the Government "a miserable and rickety administration, and the party in power a compound of Radicalism, Republicanism, a spice of Infidelity, and a large and preponderating share of O'Connellism."

The result of this plain speaking on both sides was the most unanimous cheering for the two Conservatives, and the most unceasing marks of scorn for the Radical interloper. With such feelings, Ireland may yet be saved.

The Irish University will scarcely have done its duty unless it puts an end to this system of interfering with its representatives. Oxford and Cambridge resolutely repel all attempts at this factious agitation. The member

who does his duty in either is a member for life. It was an infinite offence in a Radical, unknown to the country, forgotten in the College, and relying only on the countenance of the well-dressed trifler who enacts the Viceroy in Ireland, to obtrude himself on the seat of learning and religion. He has received a defeat personally contemptuous, professionally ignominious, and politically extinguishing. But others of similar feebleness of pretension and extravagance of presumption, must be deterred from those follies by the declared language of the University. The vulgar practice of soliciting votes must be abolished. The candidate who comes within the walls of the university to canvass ought to be rejected by a standing order; and, above all, the candidate who is base enough to use Government influence among his arguments ought to be disqualified for life.

There is still something like character left in this level world. The London auctioneers are characters. The celebrated Christie, who flourished about half a century ago, still figures in the records of auctioneer eloquence. The hammer in his hand was his thunderbolt; with it he knocked down more oaks, hills, palaces, and parks, than he of Olympus ever smote with his fires. His tongue was the cestus that embellished, graced, and coloured all that it touched. It was he who rounded a description of a hut in view of Tyburn by pronouncing that it had the advantage of a hanging wood in view, and talked of a running stream in the neighbourhood of a mansion—the mansion being a warehouse, and the stream Fleet Ditch. It was he who found the perfumes of Arabia in the neighbourhood of a coffee-shop, and promised the beauties of a tropical landscape in a field planted half with potatoes and half with tobacco. But if he was eloquent, descriptive, and Irish, he was, notwithstanding, an honest man. To expect him to be a man of his word was out of the question, yet he was faithful to his engagements, and though estates slipped through his fingers as fast as through those of Lord Barrymore or Hughes Ball, he made money. George Robins is now the successor to the fame of this celebrated personage. George Robins is now by far the most elo-

quent man of his own profession. The famous Maugraby, who now figures in Alexandria, to the astonishment of the Quarterly Review and of all the loungers of the Mediterranean, is a bungler compared with the dexterous touch, the quick prediction, and the unhesitating dexterity of George Robins' skill in the ideal. His fame is, like Mr Green's, above the earth; like Mr Ingilby, he is the prince of conjurers; and, like the late George Canning, for fancy, figure, and fiction is unsurpassable. As an evidence that our panegyric is not ill-founded we shall give three examples of his eloquence which have met our eye in one column of a newspaper. The first is a cottage in Devon, which he "offers for public competition," the word sale being altogether below the subject. He declares that this cottage is situated "in a spot which even those accustomed to the varied loveliness of this beautiful county, universally admit to be the Garden of South Devon; that it is completely imbedded in its own wild, luxurious grounds;—it stands," says George Robins, "in need of no auxiliary beauties, for Nature hath most liberally gifted it; it is inaccessible to the sight, save only from the sea, upon which it peeps, and obtains a view of the limpid Bay of Babbiccombe, which has, with great truth and justice, been likened to the Bay of Naples." This is pretty well for a cottage.

We now come to something of a higher order—an estate in the same county. "This property," says George, "needs not the artificial aid of ornament throughout the county, for it is too well known to require panegyric; but the following concise and imperfect statement is intended with a view to illumine only those at a distance:—It is seated in a luxuriant valley; protected during the inclement season by an amphitheatre of hills; surrounded by park scenery of surpassing beauty, with a never-ending combination of hill and dale; adorned by majestic woods, the constant undulation of the grounds combining to form a perfect Claude scene. The abundance of fish caught within sight of the drawing-room would render the vocation of a neighbouring fishmonger a work of supererogation. The winter appears a stranger to the estate, and the climate is so congenial to longevity, that

even an East Indian valetudinarian, who in despair had resigned himself to a very limited period of years, may here find a solace, arising out of the salubrity of the air, that will awaken to him the cheering prospect of a renewed lease of health and vigour."

The pastures come in for a share of the panegyric, and are described as possessing the facility of fattening cattle with great quickness; it being further declared "that Smithfield owes to them a heavy debt of gratitude." The estate has another treasure in "A Magnificent Rock of Marble, which appears interminable; and if profit be in the mind's eye of a purchaser, he will find the rock capable of erecting a second city of Bath." This we look upon as a showy specimen of his grand style; the next and last exhibits his genius in the picturesque and poetic.

This is the delineation of a third estate, the mansion of which is described as being seated, or rather "nestling under the brow of a hill." We are told that "the majestic timber which ornaments the hanging woods includes the monarch of the forest, with pines of stately growth; the rising grounds afford shelter from the wintry wind, while the valley, teeming with wild fertility, refreshes and aids the delightful illusion. The mansion is of stone, a modern elevation, avoiding all the faults of the present school; within there is that which passeth show, for comfort in its most intelligible form prevails throughout."

All this is very clever, and must be very tempting, but George Robins has another bait for the purchaser, a bait for his ambition—and if any man, with a few thousands to throw away, has a desire to figure at a county election, the auctioneer has found out the spot for him. "It may not be amiss," says he, "to allude to the forthcoming contest for this district, when the possessor of this estate will put in very strong claims to be one of the representatives of the county."

We are glad to find that our orator is a Conservative, for he insists on this as the qualification of the purchaser for Parliamentary honours. "If," says he, "his principles be Conservative, and the motto of hospitality be appended to the mansion, it is not impossible he may walk over the course." All this we think irresistible; and

after this varied display of his talent, who shall venture to deny that George Robins is the Prince of Orators and Auctioneers?

The question has been disputed whether a man of genius is, or is not, ignorant of his own powers. We contend that he is not, and quote our celebrated auctioneer as an example. The newspapers mention that, some time since, he met a professional brother of provincial fame, of the name of Watkins. "Sir," said the London luminary, "I am happy to recognise in you the George Robins of the West." "Sir," said the Man of the West, "I reciprocate the compliment, and am proud to see in you the Watkins of the Metropolis."

There have been hints that he has made large collections for his history; and in an age when every man writes his memoirs, when no great man dies without being instantly pounced upon by a host, that, like the kites or vultures, blacken round his dying hours to pick up all that they can lay hold of, we hope that George Robins will act the great man; make his fame secure; write his own biography, for fear of accidents; and, let what will come of placards, harangues, and hammers, make himself the Shakspeare of all auctioneers to come.

The Americans are clever fellows, and John Bull and his bill-brokers have good reason to know it. Bullion is as scarce in London as politics are cheap; and this, too, we owe to our friends on the other side of the Atlantic. But clever as they are, they are not half so clever as they think themselves. Basil Hall complains of their sensibility to the defects of their country, and laughs at them for apologizing for their bad weather. The Captain is a shrewd observer, but it is clear that he must have deceived himself upon this point. We shall undertake to say that there is not a genuine Yankee, from the St Lawrence to the Ohio, who would not swear that his bad weather was the best weather under the sky; that a New England tornado was merely an elegant variety of the elements; the yellow fever simply a gentle hint to conclude the dancing season at New York; and the winter, which nips off ears and noses like the shears of the hangman, was simply a pleasing contrivance of Na-

ture to amuse the favoured people with skating and sleighing. We have a value for the Americans, and this we have said elsewhere; we think them just the men for the position in which they are placed,—vigorous, active, drudging, and dexterous. They are the men for a new country. We wish the *meum* and *tum* were a little more distinctly defined amongst them, and that the "*auri sacra fames*" were not the grand stimulant of man, woman, and child. We think that their moral dignity would not be seriously impaired by their having some other standard of superiority than dollars and cents, and have no fear that their liberty would be the more in danger by their having a nobleman or two among them in the next generation. We are no great aristocrats ourselves, but when we see the American taste for colonelships, and other transitory militia glories; and see, besides, the cordiality with which their envoy among us, Mr Stevenson, receives and treasures the title of your Excellency—by the by, one of the most extravagant that can be lavished on the vanity of man—we suspect that human nature beyond the Atlantic is very like human nature even in our degenerate Old World; and that the Americans would not be much the worse for being something besides traders to a man, and making some other use of their money than to make more from generation to generation.

But their newspaper writers are palpably a pre-eminent class; they flame in the front rank of the national character. There is a dashing, daring, impudent pushing and puffing physiognomy upon them, which leaves all European editors blushing for their own inferiority. As the Kentucky man is a compound of the wonders of his own country, half horse half alligator, and a spice of the steam-boat, the Yankee editor flourishes in the triple compound of Hibernian effrontery, English nonchalance, and French coxcombry. The *New York Herald* thus exemplifies its claims to the character; it is true it is but a penny newspaper, but in America pence are great things, and newspapers are national food, from the President down to the pedlar. Thus exultingly saith the *New York Herald*:—"We published yesterday the principal items of the foreign news, received by the Sheffield, being eight

days later than our previous arrivals. Neither the *Sun* nor *Transcript* had a single item on the subject. The *Sun* did not even know of its existence. The large papers in Wall Street had also the news, but as the editors are lazy, ignorant, indolent, blustering blockheads, one and all, they did not pick out the cream, and serve it out as we did. The *Herald* alone knows how to dish up the foreign news, or indeed domestic events, in a readable style. Every reader, numbering between *thirty and forty thousand daily*, acknowledges this merit in the management of our paper. We do not, as the Wall Street lazy editors do, come down to our office about ten or twelve o'clock, pull out a Spanish cigar, take up a pair of scissors, puff and cut, cut and puff for a couple of hours, and then adjourn to Delmonico's to eat, drink, gormandize, and blow up our contemporaries. We rise in the morning at five o'clock, write our leading editorials, squibs, sketches, &c. before breakfast. From nine till one we read all our papers and original communications, the latter being more numerous than those of any other office in New York. From these we pick out facts, thoughts, hints, and incidents, sufficient to make up a column of original spicy articles. We also give audience to visitors, gentlemen on business, and some of the loveliest ladies in New York, who call to subscribe—Heaven bless them! At one we sally out among the gentlemen and *ladies* of Wall Street—find out the state of the money market, return, finish the next day's paper—close every piece of business requiring thought, sentiment, feeling, or philosophy, before four o'clock. We then dine moderately and temperately—read our proofs—take in cash and advertisements, which are increasing like smoke—and close the day by going to bed always at ten o'clock, seldom later. That's the way to conduct a paper with spirit and success."

A curious discovery is said to have been lately made in Egypt by the French Consul—the original of the celebrated Warwick Vase. The Warwick Vase is of marble, was found at Tivoli, and is supposed to be the work of Lysippus—the Egyptian Vase is of bronze, and, if we are to believe the French accounts, is altogether a superior production, and the undoubted

work of Lysippus, who certainly was more known as an artist in bronze than as a sculptor. The head of Alexander with the attributes of Bacchus is the chief ornament of the bronze—however, we shall probably soon have an opportunity of knowing more on this subject, as the Consul, who, like all of his order, occupies himself by being a dealer in antiques, intends sending his collection to be disposed of in France. The Consul gives himself credit for the more important work of saving the Pyramids. Time has been unjustly blamed for his depredations—barbarism and avarice are much more formidable destroyers—even novelty and celebrity are dangerous with the axe in hand. The Pasha of Egypt is certainly no barbarian, and certainly no gatherer of money for the pleasure of its gathering—he is a singularly intelligent, vivid, and high-minded administrator, compared with his countrymen. Something of this may be due to his early years among the Christians at Salonica, but Nature moulded him for a great man. He has taught the Egyptians industry, the Syrians humanity, the Arabs honesty, and the Turks common sense. He has given the East the important lesson that the sceptre may be more powerful than the sword, that authority does not require bloodshed, and that to invite and protect travellers and merchants into a country is a more productive plan than to slaughter the one and rob the other.

But his plans of improvement exhibit the haste of Oriental policy—they have the rashness of a man who has no time to lose. His last project was to embank the Nile—a dubious affair, which in all probability would risk the whole fertility of the most fertile country on the face of the earth; for if it kept up the Nile as a pond during the dry season, it would convert the stream into a torrent during the rains. But to form this embankment no materials were to be found in the soil, for Lower Egypt has not a stone of a pound weight in all its length and breadth. Mahomet Ali's project was quick and barbarian enough—it was that of using the Pyramids as quarries, and throwing them into the Nile. Of course the very announcement raised the wrath of all the *savane*, and energetic re-

monstrances were made to the hasty Pacha, and memorials presented to him, detailing the indignation of Europe, the dishonour done to the past ages, and what perhaps weighed much more than either with Mahomet Ali, the total unprofitableness of the undertaking. It was represented to him that all attempts to destroy the Pyramids had only reflected disgrace on the memories of the destroyers—that the Caliph Abdalla Mamoun had broken into them with the idea of obtaining treasures, and got nothing by his enterprise but the laugh of the whole Eastern world—that the Sultan Othman had spent eight months and much money on a similar enterprise, and with similar success—that the Pyramids were the glory of Egypt, the wonder of mankind, the attraction of all travellers, and, in short, that Mahomet Ali had better hang himself at once than be pilloried to the latest posterity as their dilapidator. The result is that the Pyramids still stand where they did, and Egypt still glories in the possession of trophies which will survive all the triumphal arches of the world, if man and his absurdities will but let them carry on the fight with Time.

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If Radicalism were capable of any cure but by a voyage to New South Wales, the liberty of the strait-waistcoat, or the last salute of Jack Ketch, we should wish to see the experiment made of trying his sense of English wrongs by a tour through the Continental inns. Of course we do not allude to the hotels in the watering-places, nor on the high-roads, frequented by the English tourists. There John Bull has carpeted the room, and covered the table for himself. But let him pass through the provincial roads, for instance, of La Belle France, with all her liberty. He alights at the inn. "What is for dinner?" All is magnificent in promise. But when the feast comes, he finds, strongly resembling in look, taste, and substance, the soap and water in which he shaved in the morning—veal, the only meat eatable in France, and even that strongly puzzling him to decide whether it is not a piece of sole-leather, covered, for appearance' sake, with a kid glove; sour wine for his glass, and three pears or a few meagre grapes to correct the acidity of bread which seems

a compound of mouldy flour and vinegar.

Take him to Germany. The native German kitchen gives him but two things—butter and vinegar; the former plastering every vegetable, the latter flooding every other food. Sweep him across the Tyrol, and deposit him in La Bella Italia: there all that he can ever expect is a superflux of oil, harsh, rancid, and sickening. Oil in every thing, with the happy probability that the oil in which fish, flesh, and fowl, and all of the worst kind, float before his astonished eye, has been borrowed *pro tempore* from the kitchen lamp.

Take him to Spain, and he will feel as if the Goths had come back again, and interdicted the use of knives and forks, the faculty of eating, and the possibility of getting any thing to eat. The following is the regular dialogue:—"I want dinner." "You shall have it immediately." "What have you got in the house?" "Whatever you wish." "Well, then, let me have a fowl." "Oh, any thing but that; we have not had any fowls lately." "Well, then, some eggs." "Oh, we cannot have eggs without fowls." "True; and be hanged to this country of starvation! But let me have some bacon." "What a pity that the last of our bacon was gone yesterday." "Why, can you live without pigs? I am sure your houses are fit for them, and for nothing else. Then, some bread and butter?" "We never keep butter above a day; it turns to oil." "Then, the fact is that you have nothing at all?" "No; we had every thing yesterday." "Have you any thing to drink?" "Capital wine, if the wine-skin had not leaked yesterday, and we had not time to send to the town." "So I must go dinnerless and supperless too; perhaps breakfastless?" "No; we shall see to-morrow." "Well, then, give me a glass of water and let me go to bed." "Why, Señor, our water was excellent, but the well has dried up with the heat; and, as for bed, we have none but one, where there are three muleteers already." "Yes, and, I presume, a very large and stirring population besides. What a confounded beggarly, broiling, starving, strange-smelling country!" "No, Señor. It is a beautiful, rich, plentiful, and glorious country. It has just

got a Constitution, a Cortes, and a pair of Queens—Viva l'España."

An Amsterdam paper says that the King has ordered casts of the cameos and onyxes in the Royal Cabinet of Medals to be taken, and sold at fixed prices. This is as it should be. It is the business of every Government, which has original treasures of art in its possession too costly for the purchase of individuals, to spread copies of them at a cheap rate through the country. In the mean-time what are the English Government doing? They are palpably too busy with paltry intrigues in the Cabinet, and vulgar faction out of it, to think of any thing either honourable or ornamental to the country. At this moment there is not a country in Europe, from little Holland to Imperial Russia, in which the Government does so little to gratify the tastes of the people, to encourage public taste, or to encourage those ingenious artists whose talents require only national patronage to do honour to their country. The Government feel this. But how do they attempt to contribute their share to the national fame? They have lately given three or four knighthoods to artists. Of what use are those fooleries to any man? The artists, in every instance where they are men of sense, shrink from them, know them to be mockeries, and are ashamed of them. What is their value? Nothing. They are given to music-masters, to obscure physicians, to police magistrates, to every sort of humble personages, and they are notoriously refused in a dozen instances for one in which they are accepted. We do not blame the accepters for this. They are generally in situations where they cannot refuse even this contemptible bounty without giving offence. Dependency compels them to suffer that, which we well remember a gallant admiral's declaring that he would not receive except by sentence of a court-martial. Let the artists be asked whether they would rather have an order for a historic picture from the Government, or one of those gimcrack titles which benefit nobody but the craving clerks of the Herald's College, and swell the revenues of the Papist Duke of Norfolk, and they will with one voice scoff at the title. Let the Government then give up the paltry

trick of paying off their debt to the national taste by making its professors a laughingstock, and turning honest manipulators of pencils and colours into "Chevaliers"—Heaven save the mark! Let them give half-a-dozen thousands a-year to be laid out on pictures, statues, and bronzes, year after year, among the most distinguished artists of the time, not wasting twice the money on foreign pictures whose painters are in their graves these two hundred years. In fact, let them do as Louis Philippe is doing, as the King of Holland, as the King of Bavaria, as the Emperor of Austria, as every Continental prince is doing at this hour. But this they will not do. It is a more magnificent affair to tie a sword round a poor painter's waist, and bid him rise, with a tap on his shoulder, Sir Raphael Balderdash, or Sir Caravaggio Daub, sworn to fight for the ladies, to be a true knight to his life's end, and to be faithful to his order, like my Lord Grey, in love and war, in all parts of the habitable world, in *secula seculorum*.

As to the diffusion of the specimens in the public or royal cabinets by copies through the country, we shall see the Melbourne Cabinet wear out a thousand pair of slippers before they think of any such things. They have more substantial matters to mind. They will have some little dry negotiation with the Irish agitator to settle—some little traffic of faction to wind up here—some little job for "our near and dear relations"—or some little but remarkably snug cheese-paring sinecure to construct for themselves in case of accidents at Downing Street. Thus their time will be fully employed, till, by the just indignation of the country, that most talentless, trifling, and mean-spirited mockery of a British Cabinet is dashed to the ground.

Would it be too much to ask Mr Labouchere what the mint, over which he presides, and for presiding over which he is paid L.4000 a-year, is doing at this present time? All the world knows that it is a vast establishment, sustained at an enormous expense, and furnished liberally with the very finest machinery in Europe. Yet who has ever seen it produce any thing but sixpences and shillings, and perhaps a few coronation medals? But it is not, and it cannot be, always producing even the sixpences and shil-

lings. May we not ask, might not some of its leisure moments be advantageously employed in giving the country some proof of its existence in the shape of medals of the great historic events of England? The Napoleon medals were the works of the Parisian mint, a much worse furnished establishment; but Napoleon knew what he was about when he appealed to the national recollections. He knew that the most effectual way to inspire a nation with daring designs was to remind them of the daring things which they had done; and his medals were treasured then as a natural incentive, and are treasured now as a national trophy. But if our authorities of the mint had enough of taste, talent, or public spirit, they might give us a finer series than the Napoleon medals, and with a more popular effect. It was either the result of vanity or folly in Napoleon that he confined his medals strictly to the medallic form. He ought to have acted like the Roman Emperors and made them a part of the coinage; this would have made them at once popular and immortal. Medals of silver or gold can never become common; the true medal would be the copper coin of the realm, with the effigy of the Prince, perhaps, on one side, but on the other the emblematic design. This coinage might be varied every year; and, instead of the barbarous English penny of the present time, having one face filled up with an unmeaning figure of Britannia, that face might contain some emblematic representation of some striking event in our immediate history—the accession of our young Queen, the capture of Paris in 1815, Waterloo, Trafalgar, &c. &c. Of these a hundred thousand might be issued every year; and if they were even hoarded by some individuals, the hoarding must be of small extent, while the loss would be more than compensated in the advantage to the arts, by the diffusion of better taste, the employment of artists, and the popular feeling for doing honour to the sailors and soldiers of the empire.

But if the hoarding were still to be dreaded, this could not apply to medals in the Napoleon style. If they were tolerably executed, they might be sold at a largely remunerating price; they would undoubtedly be bought with great avidity; they would be made an

object of purchase by foreigners, as the Napoleon medals are, and, like them, would spread the renown of their country through Europe, present and future.

Joseph Hume's defeat in Middlesex has been condign; no event of the elections has excited half the gratification with all classes of honest men; able men scorn his stupidity; all men hate his craftiness; liberal men detest his beggary; and gentlemen are disgusted with his vulgarity. What religious men think of the felon sentiment, that to use the name of the Deity in a national prayer against an epidemic was cant and humbug, we will not leave such Christians as Dr Pye Smith to decide. That shallow and superannuated old Puritan had the mingled absurdity and audacity to put his pen to paper, recommending Joe Hume to the constituency of Middlesex. The object, of course, was to command the whole Puritan rabble to vote for him. The *Times* gave old Pye a tremendous lashing for it on the spot, yet not a single lash more than he deserved. What are we to think of a professor of extreme sanctity, who throws himself forward to make a blundering panegyric on one so notorious as Hume? But Joe's bitterness against the Establishment wins the hearts of all those double-distilled saints at once. Hume's perpetual scoffs at the Church cover his multitude of sins; his meanness, dulness, and impudence are all forgotten in the merit of his abusing every thing that we value. Yet Pye Smith, with all his appeals to the grim tribe of which he is the apostle, has ridiculously failed; and he has now only the satisfaction of having done a contemptible thing, and having gained nothing by it but being laughed at. Hume's rejection by the Middlesex constituency has relieved the county from a stigma which it has borne with utter disdain, and which it never would have borne but for the contumelies and chicanery of Puritanism and ultra-patriotism, combined in the conspiracy of Radicalism. Where poor Hume will endeavour to hide his head is now the question with that broken-down personage. Middlesex, which is but a great suburb of London, and abounding in a suburb population, has spewed him out; a feeling of scorn has passed

down from the gentry even to the populace, and in Middlesex he will never dare to show his face again. Rumour says that he is to be taken under the wing of the Irish borough-monger, and that O'Connell intends to fasten him upon Kilkenny, in case he himself should not be ejected from Dublin. That case will be decided before we can go to press; but we may safely predict, that as O'Connell has not a second Raphael to deal with—for no man keeps his pocket buttoned more tightly than Hume—that affair will come to no sound termination. Some Scotch burgh, rotten and Radical, would formerly have been the natural refuge of a sinner of this kind; but Hume is now as well known in Scotland as in England. We see but one resource for the Greek loan-monger. Let him petition the Reformed Parliament to give a representation to New South Wales, and let him and Roebuck go out on the canvass without loss of time. If their canvass should last seven or fourteen years, so much the better. We are perfectly secure in saying that they cannot return duller dogs, more prosy orators, or more contemptible specimens of popular representatives than both of them are at this hour.

The comparative beauty of nations will probably be a matter of dispute until the world's end. Custom, taste, circumstances, and necessities form the standard of national beauty. It is notorious that the African admires thick lips, corpulence, oily skins, and deems black the perfection of colour, if colour it can be called. The Chinese, whose eyes are formed, in his Tartar state, into two slits, by gazing on the alternate frosts and fire of the Tartarian sands, thinks the large European eye detestable. The Frenchman worships a drum-shaped forehead, a turned-up nose, and a pair of eyes the colour of rappee. With every foreigner, brown, varying from the colour of tobacco-water to coffee grounds, is the original colour of Eve in Paradise, and is indispensable to all living loveliness. With the Englishman the combination of the lily and the rose, the red and white, by Nature's pure and cunning hand laid on, are essential to beauty. It is fortunate that diversity of taste exists, and that each man most values

the beauty of his own country; because it is obvious that this diversity of hue and colour is the necessary result of time and climate. The burning sun of Africa and India, by a natural process, blackens every complexion. Even the more temperate glare of southern Europe necessarily embrowns the cheek; the features, too, are the formation of circumstance; the bending of the African brow, the deep sunk eye, the projecting lips, and the high cheek bones, are the palpable result of the natural effort to escape the glare of a fierce sunshine. The eye, equally delicate, perhaps, in all countries, is in all the chief object of protection; the whole contraction of the features seems to exist solely for the purpose of protecting the eye. It is remarkable that the same effect is produced in cold countries, in tempestuous countries, and in countries broiling under the tropical noon. The Tartar, the Laplander, and the Esquimaux, have all the same height of cheek-bone, projection of brow, and narrowness of eye. In every country of the earth, the man of the Highlands, the mountaineer, exposed to storms, is narrow-eyed and high cheek-boned. There are, of course, exceptions; for there are African tribes with European features. Some of the East Indians have features formed on classic models; but we speak only of the great classes of mankind. In every instance the more temperate the climate, the less exposed the national physiognomy is, by dress or circumstances, to the influence of sun and air; and the less glaring the sky, the more perfect is the development of the human countenance. All those advantages are palpably in favour of England; the temperate climate, the clouded sky, the general absence of harsh winds, and even the habitual hat or bonnet which shades the eyes, are all in favour of the softness, shapeliness, and bloom of the English physiognomy. The French peasantry have no protection for the female head in general, except the little twisted handkerchief, which leaves the eyes and the whole face exposed to the burning sun, and in the course of a few years makes the skin the colour of Russia leather. Thus English beauty has the natural right, at least, to be the loveliest of the European world. It is true that beauty, even in England, is rare; but this is evidently owing,

in a great degree, to the extraordinary mixture of the English blood during the last century. Our colonies have spoiled our national features; the population is mingled hourly with the sunburnt physiognomy of the West Indian, the soot-coloured skin of the Asiatic, and the Tartar physiognomy of the Canadian. We have kept ourselves clear of negro blood, but the progeny of the half-caste and the Creole make fearful inroads on the national countenance. It is chiefly in the retired districts of England that the original beauty of the English countenance is discoverable, and there it sometimes exhibits specimens of a very high order.

Cooper, in his book on England, partly claims the pre-eminence for his countrywomen. "The English female face," says he, "is essentially the same as the American" (he means, we presume, the American of the United States), "though national peculiarities are to be observed in both. There is a softness, an innocence, a feminine sweetness, an expression of the womanly virtues in the Anglo-Saxon female countenance that is met with only as an exception in the rest of Christendom. Between the English and American divisions of this common race I think one may trace a few general points of difference. The English female has the advantage in the bust, shoulders, and throat; she has usually more colour, more delicacy of complexion. The American is superior in general delicacy of outline; she has a better person, bust and shoulders excepted" (we should conceive that this exception proves the rule), "and smaller hands and feet. Those who pretend to make critical comparisons say, that it is usual to see more *beautiful* women in England, and more pretty women in America. Of one thing I am certain, disagreeable features are less frequently met among the females of America than among any other people I have visited. The Englishwomen appear better in high dress, the Americans in *demi-toilette*. One other distinction. I have remarked that faces in England often fail in some necessary finish or delicacy, when viewed closer; and I should say, as a rule, that the American female, certainly the American girl, will bear the test of examination better than her European rival. I

do not mean by this, however, under a fierce sun, that direful enemy of soft eyes; for there is scarcely any such thing as a bright sun, or what we should call so, known in England."

Mr Cooper, however, with all his apparent fairness, omits one other distinction, which, in our idea, is the most important of all, the rapid fading of Transatlantic beauty. In America, from fifteen to twenty is the age of perfection; at five-and-twenty beauty has, in general, fled; but in England, the permanency of beauty is a natural characteristic. From fifteen to twenty is little more than girlhood, five-and-twenty may be conceived the consummate period of loveliness, which loveliness, however, unless impaired by personal illness, accidents, or the cares of life, continues for many a long year. In fact, there are palpably three stages of beauty in the Englishwoman, all excellent and unequalled in their kind; the budding bloom of girlhood; the perfect formation of the face and figure of the woman; and the third stage, combining the maturity of form and mind, utterly untouched by decay in either, and forming what we may term the magnificence of female beauty; a period whose characteristics are more distinct than either of the former, not less touching, not less surrounded by attraction, and unquestionably offering a finer combination of all that constitutes the perfection of a human being. This period seems to be but little known in other countries, yet of this period are the women who have inspired the most powerful and permanent feelings; have impressed their influence most largely upon society; have exhibited the noblest faculties of their species; and have taken the largest share in impressing the character of purity, wisdom, and dignity on the national mind.

The papers announce the death of the Duchess of St Albans. This was a singular woman, with singular habits, and singular vicissitudes of fortune. It is about forty years ago since she appeared on the stage in the low characters of low comedy, as waiting-maids, sempstresses, and shop girls, but she was clever in them all, and speedily became a favourite. After labouring through the miserable toil of

the country theatres, suffering the natural privations of that most anxious, laborious, and famine-stricken career, she made her way to London, where her merits soon made her as popular as she had been in the provinces. Nature had denied her beauty, but it had given her, what on the stage is more useful than beauty, an expressive countenance. She was a capital soubrette, at once arch and bold, dexterous and simple, keen and rustic. By wisely adhering to the line of characters for which she was thus intended by Nature, she became without a rival in her time; less elegant than Miss Farren, less buoyant than Mrs Jordan, she had no superior in the line of characters which mingles something of grace with effrontery, and makes the heroine of the inn. But after being thus successful for many years, the common casualties of theatrical life seem to have overtaken her; and in the general sufferings of her profession, by the successive burning of the two great theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, her public performances, and of course her private means, suffered a grievous falling off. At this period fortune came in her way in a new shape. Coutts, the celebrated banker, and a man advanced to almost the last period of life, but much attached to the society of the stage, made her the object of marked attentions. Of course the tongue of scandal was busy on this occasion, and Miss Harriet Mellon was insulted, calumniated, and ridiculed by many who were ignorant of the true circumstances of the case, and by all who envied her the prospect of fortune. But the banker was nearly eighty years old; he was a man of intelligence and vivacity; he was a husband, and though his wife was still alive, she was reduced to a state of either idiotism or insanity; and without any intention on our part to palliate vice, if vice existed, we may easily comprehend the blameless intercourse of an extremely old man, still awake to the pleasures of animated society, and a clever woman past her youth, but still abounding in animation, knowledge of the world, and that skill which had made her the popular actress that she was. It is further to be recollected, that the late Earl of Derby, a man of high elegance of manners, greatly admired in public life, and one of the happiest wits of the day, had carried on an intercourse of the same apparent order with Miss

Farren, then a young and beautiful woman, an intercourse utterly unimpeached by public opinion, under the pledge that he waited only for the demise of his wife, then a lunatic, to make the accomplished actress, Lady Derby. On the death of Mrs Coutts, the banker performed his promise at the earliest opportunity; he immediately married Miss Mellon, and raised her into the sudden possession of vast opulence. As Lady Teazle says, he could have done her but one kindness more, "made her his widow," which kindness he did her within a few years, during which time she had conducted herself with remarkable propriety, and probably soothed and gratified the old man's declining years more than any other society which he could have adopted. On his deathbed he evinced his gratitude by leaving her the almost unlimited possession of his vast fortune, his share in the bank, and other property, amounting, it was supposed, to forty thousand pounds a-year.

Thus the poor actress, toiling for her scanty five pounds a-week, and perhaps even that paid by a promissory-note from the hands of Mr Sheridan, one of the most inauspicious of human hands for such purposes, was suddenly exalted into princely opulence. Her next step was to obtain rank. Whether she increased her happiness by this attempt we have no wish to enquire. It has been said that a gypsy told her in her infancy that she was born to die a duchess. But whether the tale be true or false, Mrs Coutts accomplished her ambition by marrying the Duke of St Albans. The state of the family fortune made the match desirable in point of finance; and undoubtedly his Grace's conduct to the woman who brought him this great dower has been such as to do him credit. But no match which brings a wife from such original humility of condition into the highest ranks of an ancient nobility can sit easy on the intruder. The new Duchess of St Albans fought against the difficulties of her condition with the customary force of her character; lavished her money till she out-glared the poorer ranks of the peerage; gave sumptuous entertainments, and travelled in patrician pomp to the chief watering-places; but the attempt, costly as it was, was not successful. Even with the Duke of Sussex for her constant lion she was

not honoured according to the expenditure of her jellies and ices. She collected the young nobility to her dances, and the old to her dinners. Still she was not suffered to pass the barrier which shuts out the most opulent of *parvenus*. She wanted *caste*. "She was not one of the select." And she was weak and woman enough to feel the mortification more deeply than any such trifle was worth. Her latter years have been symptomatic of decline. She has been wandering for health through England, and at length returned to her own splendid mansion to die. There will, of course, be diversities of opinion on her life. But charity and justice will probably combine in speaking of her as a personage of strong natural faculties struggling

successfully, and we believe stainelessly, through the most precarious and hazardous of all professions; and even in her exaltation exhibiting a good deal of the generosity and kindness of heart which distinguished her earlier character. She would probably have been a happier, and not less honoured woman, by avoiding the rank from which her origin and her professional life ought to have alike excluded her ambition. As Mrs Coutts she might have attained all the objects of the popularity which she coveted, without subjecting herself to the insurmountable difficulties of the Duchess of St Albans. But she was, after all, a clever and a superior creature. And those who know the value of women would be the last to write a harsh epitaph on such a grave.

EXHIBITIONS—THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Royal Academicians, this year of their sixty-ninth growth towards maturity, appear as proud as macaws in a new cage, and spread their gaudy colours with no little flutter of their plumage to the public gaze.* They usher us into the gallery of their glory with a very presuming motto, giving us to understand that the aged members have performed more miracles of art than art knew of (or will perhaps own)—and that the energetic advances of the younger are towards absolute perfection. They have, it is said, been more than ordinarily successful, their receipts for the shilling exhibition amounting to no less a sum than seven thousand pounds. At this we greatly rejoice, for we believe no body of men make a better or more honourable use of their money. But, with all this perfection in the old, and ardour for fame in the younger exhibitors, and this flocking, and crowding, and contribution—and, we hope, patronage, it may not be amiss to put our wonder a little aside, and to ask what real advances have been made in the great and important profession of art. Have the academicians and their exhibitors made any successful efforts to raise the standard of taste above the

low level where it has to struggle with manufactures for public estimation?—or do they, by their own hands, help to bind, with Mezentian cruelty, the living to the dead? We grieve to say the arts are in a state of voluntary degradation. We say voluntary advisedly, because we acknowledge power and genius in many of the professors, who are now lamentably below themselves. Some are pleased with trickeries—some with the lower fascination of art; but none have a high and dignified aim. For greatness we have magnitude and extravagance, and nine-tenths of the performances are either ostentatious or mean, and too often both. Display is the order of the day. One-half at least of the National Gallery is a great bazaar of painted vanities, where the flaunting finery of the shop-window is put to shame. There is something in this modern pretension which is very abhorrent and disgusting to the quiescent modesty of good taste; it captivates vulgar minds, perhaps creates vulgar patrons, but it degrades both art and its followers. You may accumulate honours, royal and academical, on the heads of professors; you may lift the men and depress taste—but future ages

* Motto to the catalogue—"Impetus animi, cupiditas vincendi, ardor meritis ad gloriam in adolescentiâ, significant quæ virtutis maturitas, quantæ fruges industriæ sint futuræ."—CICERO *pro M. Cælio*.

will take the stamp and character of the present, neither from diplomas nor Court calendars, but from the works of artists. One thousand exhibitors show to what degree art is multiplied; but in its more essential worth and qualities it is decidedly inferior to its condition at the first establishment. We have infinitely more pictures, much more manual dexterity, much more variety, more knowledge of drawing, more accuracy, management of materials—but the poetry that should set the whole to work is wanting. Still the giants of English art are of our earlier days. With extended means the productions are less worthy, for they are put forth to flatter, to captivate the untaught eye, not as lessons to the moral and intellectual sense. Genius, without which none should assume the painter's pro-

fession, is a gift for better purposes. It demands of the possessor to be cultivated, respected, and trusted—then will it be a power of energy, of expansion, enlarging the heart, and filling, exalting every faculty—lifting the gifted man above other men, to teach, to delight, and to improve them—but if it be neglected, or put to an ill and servile use, it will shrink itself to inconceivably small dimensions, and escape in the breathing of self-adulation—for when genius escapes from the living, conceit will ever be ready to fill the vacancy. Painters should be, like the bards of old, honoured and respected of men for the rare gift of capacities that other men have not—because inspiration-taught; as Homer says, *because the muse gifted, taught them, and loved them all their days.*

Πᾶσι γὰρ ἀνθρώποις ἐπιχρῶσις αἰδῶι
Τιμῆς ἡμεροί εἰσι καὶ αἰδῶς ἔτι· ἀρα σφίας
Οἴμας Μῦθ' ἐδίδαξε· φίλῃσι δὲ φῦλοι αἰδῶν.

If poetry and painting be sister arts, they have been industriously set at variance, and there is now but little affection between them. Yet, without poetical feeling, a picture is but expensive furniture, which, after the wonder at the novelty has ceased, the wearied possessor can neither bear nor get rid of. We choose to be free in our remarks on public exhibitions, because, though we consider some of the older exhibitors incurable, there may be some hope that the younger may be rescued from the imitation of what is vile, and may be led by remarks on pictures to think more deeply upon the principles and just aim of an art which they have chosen for a profession. It is a great mistake to suppose that the greater portion of the painter's time is to be bestowed upon manual practice, for unless industry be well directed, it is often mischievous; and very great dexterity, and considerable power over the materials of painting, require a wonderfully short time, in comparison with those higher studies that elevate the mind to true taste, and enlarge the creative powers of the imagination to high conceptions. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the young painter's mind that he must be the poet;—let him not only read the greatest and best works, but steep his imagination constantly in the sacred fountain. Let him not fear his hand—

that will execute, when he can vividly and justly conceive. We have met with too many under-educated artists, totally unacquainted even with our own poets, unread in criticism, and never taught to *think*—and can we wonder that their works display their poverty, or speak to those alone who can judge only of imitation and resemblances to common objects? We are almost afraid to mention “the Ideal,” seeing to what extreme absurdities it has led, and is leading, bewildered faculties—for some imagine it to consist in nearly a total departure from nature, than which there can be no greater error. But, nevertheless, there is “an Ideal” in form, composition, and in colour, which must not be neglected. The Ideal in form has often been the subject of treatises, but we do not recollect that it has been insisted upon in colour, in which, perhaps, its greatest magic lies. Modern painters do not seem to be aware, that certain colours, and combinations of them, independent of subject, have at least a tendency to produce sentiment; this is well worth the strictest attention and experiment; it is manifest that the finest, the generally acknowledged most powerful pictures, are greatly indebted to a knowledge of these effects of colour. Indeed it has often been ignorantly remarked as an objection to the old masters of the Italian school, that they deviated

from nature in their colouring,—but a due study of their works will supply a reason, and open the eye of the observer to principles with which he was before unacquainted. Either the ignorance of these principles, or the neglect of their application, is very remarkable in the English schools. Colour is studied for its force in contrast, its gaiety, its richness, but not at all as belonging to particular subjects. We generally see colours entirely misapplied, and what should be the sentiment of the piece destroyed. We have elsewhere remarked more at large upon this inherent power in colours; we just revert to it now, because the modern artists in no point exhibit more continual failures. There seem no settled principles. With some eminent men of the Academy there has been a whim for dazzling lightness and vivid colours—with some eminent men out of the Academy a whim for the reverse. But the Academy carry the day, if we may judge from the fashion of admiration and the hosts of imitators. The subjects seem but little thought of, for each party treat all alike after the prevailing Academical or non-Academical receipt. We confess that we have no eyes for either fashion; but as the glare prevails, it is that which we hold in the greater abhorrence; and come from a modern exhibition, in consequence, weary, sick, and disgusted—out of humour with an art which had been the very delight of our meditation; and, robbed of a pursuit, feel every thing “flat, stale, and unprofitable.”

Were we left to these exhibitions alone, we might suspect the condition of our own eyes; but when we resort to Galleries of the old masters, where even these are subjects that have no relation to each other, we are in the repose of harmony; the organs of sight are sensible of a new pleasure; for offence we have entire gratification. We feel that sort of satisfaction which we enjoy while walking up some beautiful avenue that neither wants light nor shade, nor colour nor brilliancy, and that leads to some princely palace, built for repose and for delight.

We came away from the Academy, having spent some hours there, and dreamed we were in the hands of a strange people, fantastically dressed, but great ruffians, who caused our eyelids to be turned outwards and scari-

fied, and then had us pushed forth among the scorching deserts of Africa. When awake, for the pain and penalty we determined to publish the dream. Let those who would preserve their eyes take warning, and limit the time of their admiration or endurance.

Before we remark upon any particular pictures in the new Academical Gallery, of which we shall make but a small selection, we would briefly notice the general failure in the texture of the works—it is not agreeable, it shows too much the material and the vehicle with which it is used. The vile practice of painting with varnish is still prevalent, notwithstanding experience shows clearly that this vehicle does not preserve its brilliancy, but in time becomes leathery, and that it will crack, or, to use a better word, separate, even after a picture has been on the walls twenty years. Artists will not discard it. The fact is, it answers a *present* purpose, and as each exhibitor has to vie with his neighbour to outshine him, and to attract the gazer, few can avoid the expeditious and ready means that varnish offers. It never becomes thoroughly hard, whereas the substance of a picture ought in time to become as hard as stone or iron; and when so hardened, there is perhaps little or no further change in the colour. Artists, in vindication of their practice, assert that the old masters painted with varnish mixed with oil, but we do not believe there is any good foundation for the assertion, though we are aware that Lauzi says that it was the practice of Correggio. But let any one look at the Correggios in the National Gallery, and compare the texture and brilliancy with any modern picture, and if he has eyes he must be convinced that they were not painted with the same vehicle. The choice of subjects is in general of the unpoetical;—if of history, it is of the bare matter-of-fact, as if a picturesque dress, and a grouping of unmeaning figures, were of the first importance. There is seldom an attempt at sentiment. But nothing is perhaps more remarkable than the absence of landscape, we might say the total absence of landscape. We know that we shall be referred to the catalogue. There, indeed, we find “Scenes” and “Views” enough, but still we say no landscape. There are views—localities enough, and to spare—but we call not these

landscapes. We would so call the pictures of Claude, of Gaspar Poussin, of Salvator Rosa, and of some of the Flemish school.—These, as it were, abstracted landscape from Nature. We do not say they never used localities; but when they did, it was to make something more than any locality offered. They did with external Nature what the historical painters had done with the figure, sanctified or dignified it, or gave it a sentiment and passion which it can only possess to the poet's eye and mind. We talk of Nature, as if Nature were nothing more than docks, and thistles, and pollard trees, swamps, and orchards, and created but for sheep and donkeys. Beyond this we fly off to localities, the farther from our own rich wood-embosomed hills and vales the better, to foreign arid and ochery hills, seen at the back of cities and towns, which one never wishes to see. And some will perhaps call this landscape! or, if we do stay at home a season or two, out comes the English landscape, and what is it? some "View upon the Thames," the greater part of the canvass occupied, perhaps, with the portrait of an old tree, and a few weeds at its foot—a white disagreeable river, perhaps a huge cow, with Windsor Castle between her horns—scenes so offensive, both in themselves and in their colour and treatment, that it would be painful to have them long before the eye—scenes, that if one's window looked out upon would require the contrivance of a blind to shut out. Do not painters ever ask themselves the question whether the thing they are going to put upon their canvass be worth looking at? be worth painting? We want to refresh ourselves within doors with Nature's concentrated and selected beauties—we want her grandeur, her sweetness, her repose—all which are in landscape—but your filthy, dirty dikes and mills, lochs and barges, and all the picturesque vulgarities, afford the mind no real pleasure, no satisfaction, and we heartily wish they were an impossibility in art, that art might not be degraded by their similitudes. There is in most of Nature's beauties a certain repose—it is not ostentations enough for present taste, for present competition, for attraction, and therefore we have no landscape. In Italy, when the churches became full, sublime, or sacred, historical painting was

on the decline, the art reverted to mythology, to ancient fable, and ideal landscape arose—at first subordinate to a story—but it soon became not only the principal, and the story, but an ornament, an adjunct. Some cold historical painters, indeed, went on with their history, the object of which was the figure; but the soul, the sentiment was gone. The genius of Italy could not bear this, and broke out a new school of landscape, and the works of those days are the most precious ornaments of the best collections. Landscape, however, soon declined from its higher state,—composition, scenery, both the more elegant and the free pastoral, gave place to effects, to more accurate studies of the more minute parts of Nature, till these minute parts became the whole—and at length character, excepting of individuality of bits of Nature, was abandoned. The earth, as God made it, was neglected for the earth as man made it—the lowest subjects, skirts of villages, banks of canals, cattle, and man in all the servile offices of toil, became the *desiderata* of painters and admiration of connoisseurs. These often exhibited, it is true, great talent, wonderful skill in the management of colours and execution, the fascination of which, if it did not cover the vulgarity of the subjects, excused it; yet were there intermediate painters, who, not abandoning themselves to the low, nor aiming at the high, chose neutral, or perhaps pleasing scenes, as the subjects upon which to show their skill and management of those minor principles of art which are common to all subjects, to all schools. In these there was always a richness of colour, a breadth, a mellowness, so that the eye, if there had been no subject whatever, would have been gratified. From these painters, to our own Wilson and Gainsborough, landscape sunk, was totally lost, first descending to unmitigated vulgarities, undefended by any beauty, and became contemptible and disgusting. From this it has never entirely recovered. The attempts of Lambert and Smith of Chichester to revive it, were unfortunate; they were devoid of genius; nor was Wright of Derby, as a landscape-painter, very much in advance of them. Some of Gainsborough's smaller pictures were very beautiful in colour and effect, and the subjects, if not high, pleasing, but he

had no enlarged conceptions of landscape; and in his after style, wherein his execution was totally out of character with his subjects, and his colour unmeaning and dirty, his pictures are probably the most unpleasing that can be offered to the eye of an admirer of Nature. Nothing shows his poverty of genius in landscape so much as his published sketches, and yet such is the innate love of Nature, they were in their day highly esteemed, and brought large prices. When the clock-maker was enabled to fix his watch in Gainsborough's village church-tower, and exhibit the toy in the shop-window, he did not so much degrade the painter, as afford a practical satire upon his choice of landscape. We speak of a certain time of Gainsborough's pictures, for though we do not think he had any peculiar genius for landscape, some of his smaller wood scenes, evidently from nature, are very charming. As a portrait painter he stood alone, we may say stands alone, for though Sir Joshua Reynolds had higher powers, in his own natural walk, no portrait painter has excelled Gainsborough. His well-known Blue Boy, and the picture of Schomberg, lately in the National Gallery, sufficiently show his powers. But we are speaking of landscape, of English landscape. Wilson may be said for a time at least to have revived landscape. His style was original. Without much power of composition, or much variety, he gave a dignity to his subjects, and they were generally at least pleasing, and always set off with a beauty of effect and colour and breadth that well suited their simplicity; and if there was not the finish of modern days, he had that which was much better, a vigorous execution; and his pictures were in all parts complete; there was nothing weak in them; their one character was strongly impressed, and his incidents were not idle expletives, but appropriate, and essential to his general simplicity. His very touch was that of an enthusiast, imparting his own spirit to the beholder, and in him you revered Nature, believing it to be grand and beautiful, even more so than his scenery represented it. The strength and power of his manner imparted strength and power to the mind, it raised the imagination, and gave conception to a belief of the infinite undisplayed riches of Nature.

Nor must the universality of Louthborough's genius be unnoticed: had it been less universal he might have been a great landscape painter. He well knew how to portray all the component parts of scenery, had great power of pencil, yet too much fascinated with the variety and power of his palette. His manner was original, and though it descended too frequently to the manufacture of pictures—and hence his really fine works are less valued than they deserve—there was a clearness and depth about his productions, and a good power of contrast to set off the parts, that made, as his subjects were sometimes rather elevated, his works imposing and pleasing. After these, of whom can we speak but their imitators, unless we descend to rank Morland among the landscape painters? but we leave him, with his hogs and his asses, to shelter his reputation in any shed or sty; for in the rank of landscape painters we will have none of him. From this point the art fell to the tea-tray manufacturers, and became utterly degraded, and has scarcely since lifted up her head, but occasionally in vulgar presumption. But when the water-colour painters arose, under Girtin, Turner, Varley, Hewit, and others, there was some hope of its restoration; but they were fallacious, and those very men have since deserted the ground altogether. There is no landscape now. Views and localities have superseded it—the staring monstrosities, the prodigious littlenesses, the endless multiplications of miniature convulsions of Martin's melodramatic Nature have overwhelmed it. We have no taste for the modest beauty, the modest grace, nor, we may add, the modest dignity, of sweet, and great, and unpretending Nature. Therefore we have no landscape.

But let us enter the Exhibition-rooms, or that part of the National Gallery appropriated to the Academicians and their exhibitors. We may be mistaken, but it did not appear to us that there is much improvement over the old rooms. And this, then, is the exhibiting-half of the National Gallery! We most earnestly hope the remaining half will be given up to some other academy or fellowship, at least to modern art. The whole building would be unworthy of so great an object as a national gallery, which is just great enough to make

folly and had taste conspicuous; but to give one-half, about three rooms, to a national collection, is a scheme of contemptible insignificance. But we enter the New Exhibition, catalogue in hand.

No. 11. "Scene on the coast of Normandy.—C. Stanfield, R.A."—This is very well painted, but is the subject good? There is a very great similarity in all Mr Stanfield's pictures. Whatever part of the world the scene be in, it has the same colour, the same rocks, the same water, the same method of treating it. There are five in the present Exhibition. We greatly admire the clearness of his painting, and his dexterous management of his subject; but do not recognise nature in his baked mud rocks, with their blue-grey shadows, nor in that drab-coloured foreground, which is now so common with many painters. He is not happy in texture, nor in local colour. His peculiarities are very conspicuous in No. 78, "Boisstein on the Moselle"—and 507, "Lago de Lugano"—in the latter, force is given by some violent brown trees. It is surely incumbent on a painter of localities to represent things pretty much as they are seen—and why run into conventional colours, where the real are in themselves more pleasing to the eye, and by their differences bring conviction of local truth?

No. 24. "Samson betrayed by Daliah—W. Etty,"—is extravagant, but certainly keeps its distance better than the other of the same subject by Chalon, which has all the bluster of colour that may be conceived to represent confusion. But we will turn to Mr Etty's "Sirens and Ulysses," No. 122. This is a very large, and in some respects a very striking picture. The figures and attitudes of the Sirens are graceful and appropriate; but one of them certainly should not point to the dead bodies. Mr Etty has, we think, here misconceived his author; it is before the exact narrative of the event that Homer describes the cruel character of the Sirens, and mentions their meadows with their dead bodies; and if he had not so told it, we never should have known the danger of Ulysses and his crew—but when he comes to the matter of fact, no mention is made of this, and it is inconceivable that the Sirens would have

pointed to these objects of disgust, which Ulysses must have seen if he saw the Sirens, as all is represented in the picture. Besides, their exhibition entirely detracts from the charm, and from the grace and beauty of the figures of the Sirens—all else should have been kept out of sight; it would have been sufficient to have known the story. But, at all events, the disgusting objects are too conspicuous. They should have been, if introduced at all, a sort of after discovery, to indicate the danger after the charm of the Sirens had worked. The figures of the Sirens do not appear to be well coloured—and perhaps the whole picture wants more richness. We greatly dislike the anatomical Ulysses; we see no necessity for his nudity; and his immodest display of it. Nor is it borne out by Homer. The only instance in which we so find him is after his shipwreck, when he shows remarkable modesty, and begs clothes of Nausicaa. Nor do we like his ruffian-like look, nor see why he should be so much larger than the other figures, and look as if he had taken the laughing gas. The picture wants in colour somewhat more of the air of incantation thrown into it. We think Mr Etty, by reconsidering his subject, might greatly improve, and make it a fine picture.

No. 31. "The Grand Canal, Venice.—J. M. W. Turner, R.A." Admitting Mr Turner's genius, we can find no excuse for his absurdities, nor can we speak of them in terms of sufficiently strong reprehension; but it is our critical duty to expose them in their glaring folly, lest the example of one who has been, and can be great, should lead astray the younger artists of the English school irrecoverably into regions of confusion and bewilderment of a new chaos.

We look upon his pictures in the present exhibition as a bold attempt to insult the public taste. Whether we consider them as wholes, or examine their component parts, there is one equal defiance of common-sense, of nature, of art. White brimstone and stone-blue are daubed about in dreadful and dreamy disorder. The execution is as if done with the finger and the nail, as if he had taken a pet against brushes. His figures are scratched and scrambled in with less resemblance to human limbs than they

usually pretend to. His present freak is to bring white into fashion—but his white is neither snow, chalk, nor white paper—it has a sort of album Græcum aridity. Here we have the Grand Canal, Venice, but 'tis no more Venice than it is Jericho. In this picture there is really one exact portrait, and doubtless it was studied. His Shylock, an undoubted portrait of Punch, the common street Punch; and there he is at the side of the picture as looking out of his box, with his very lean and his jointless arms holding the scales, while Antonio's fate, "like a clipt guinea, trembles in the scales." Then what strange proportions we have of figures and their distances, and all from the "Professor of Perspective," as the catalogue announces Mr Turner to be. But perhaps he is great in the classics.

"Magnus Apollo. No. 130. Story of Apollo and Daphne.—Ovid's Met."

"Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But, ah! more deadly his who pierced my heart.

As when the impatient greyhound slipt
from far,

Bounds o'er the glebe to course the fearful hare,

She in her speed does all her safety lay,
And he with double speed pursues the prey."

Mr Turner has odd notions of a simile. He makes it precede, and thrusts it into the very foreground before his figures, and there we have such a hare and hound! and to show the hound has the poet's "double speed," the poor white-livered dog Apollo stands stock-still in fridid feebleness, and the red-nosed Daphne waiting lamentably to be caught. But the ground, or whatever we may please to call it, of the piece, is neither earth nor water, nor any thing that grows, or ever grew on it, or in it. What this earth may be when it shall have been baked into white porcelain, with all that is on it crumbling into white powder, losing perceptibly and imperceptibly all designation and mark, seems to be the one great conception of Mr Turner's mind, and to that dry dissolution does he make every subject yield. Let us turn from the Roman to the Greek poet.

No. 274. "The Parting of Hero and Leander, from the Greek of Musæus." This is the dream of a sick

genius. None but a genius could have been guilty of it; and what a pity is it that a genius should have perpetrated it. It is an indistinct dream, blending the ridiculous and the mysterious; yet are there in it the elements of a good picture. Go to a distance, and imagine it to be a sketch in chalk as a design, and you would expect something from it; but what all that white has to do in the picture, it would puzzle any one to find out, or Mr Turner to show; but that he might have an excuse for as much white as he pleases, he has treated the public with No. 480, "A Snow Storm, avalanche, and inundation," but which is which, for our life, we cannot tell. Has any accident befallen Mr Turner's eyes? Have they been put out by the glare of his own colours? But his ideas of poetical personifications of morning and the hours (for such we suppose his figures in his Hero and Leander to be) are laughably after the fashion of Tilburina and her maid gone mad, one in white satin, the other in white linen. We should have suggested, instead of a quotation from Musæus, the dialogue between Tilburina and her confidant:—

"Now has the whispering breath of gentle morn

Bad Nature's voice, and Nature's beauty rise;

While Orient Phœbus, with unborrow'd hues,

Clothes the waked loveliness which all night slept

In heavenly drapery! Darkness is fled.
Now flowers unfold their beauties to the sun,

And, blushing, kiss the beam he sends to wake them.

The striped carnation, and the guarded rose,
. and all

The tribe of single and of double pinks!

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CONFIDANT.

Be comforted, sweet lady, for who knows
But heaven has yet some milk-white day in store!"

We do not like Leslie's Charles II. and the Lady Bellenden. There is nothing in it—the subject not worth painting, or at least not told, so as to be interesting. What little interest there might be, is too divided among figures equally prominent. We should have wished to have seen a good portrait of William IV. Sir D. Wilkie is unfortunate in his No. 67; it, as Thompson says, "*waxeth* very

warm." There are seven pictures by Sir D. Wilkie in this exhibition, all painted more or less in the same manner, and it is very peculiar. It is, perhaps, nowhere so striking as in No. 119, "Mary Queen of Scots escaping from Lochleven Castle." The grouping of the figures is admirable, they tell the story well, and there is, in fact, something in the tone that is very happy; but it strikes us as having great defects. The principal interest should be in Queen Mary; but beautiful Queen Mary is so very ordinary a creature in figure and feature, that we care little about her, unless we think out of the picture; the face is long, ill-shaped, and even mean; surely the ill-formed nose has too great length. If Sir David had authority for this portrait, he should have suspected it, and imagined a better. The general effect would be good, if it were not so greatly injured by the waxy texture; flesh and draperies are all of the same, without distinction. Poor Mary, as well she may, looks in a dreadful state of perspiration; but why *all* should be dripping, and that even to the coats and stones, is a mystery, which even poetry, that sometimes puts all Nature in a *melting* mood, cannot sufficiently account for. This is a whim Sir David has fallen into; he has been aiming at something or other so long, that he does not see he has not reached it, nor clearly what he has reached. Every part of the picture looks wet, and not with the pleasantest vehicle. It is conspicuous likewise in his "Portrait of a Gentleman," No. 431, who seems to have on a tin coat, covered with wet wax. We fear the use of varnish. In 144, "The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-teller," there are two very sweet children, the rest of the picture is weak and washy; was there a necessity for making the Empress look the silly coquette? In his No. 358, "The Cottar's Saturday Night," the expression of the characters is worthy the hand of the master; but we like not the prevalence of the drab colour; and perhaps the painting is not quite clear. We wish we could persuade Sir David to re-examine his theory of colour, and compare his own works with the best of the old masters, who unquestionably worked upon principles, which, if now known, are in abeyance. He has so much power, so much facility and execution, and so

much real knowledge of his art, that we greatly lament the annual encroachment of whimsies upon his better judgment. There is much flattery in the world of art; Sir David may have his share, and not hear the unfavourable remarks that are yet made, and made with truth. If, upon thought and reflection, he finds our remarks just, he will have more reason to thank, than be offended at our seeming severity. We have great respect for Sir David's genius; but we love the arts, and, according to our ability, will tell the truth. These latter remarks we would likewise extend to one we greatly admire, E. Landseer; but we admire him not in all, and suspect he is running very fast into a style and manner inferior to his powers, and likely to be injurious to the English school; for he is too much admired not to have imitators. We wish he were chiefly the painter of fables. His animals, especially his dogs, are of the fabulous days of *Æsop*, when they could speak, and in this he is poetical. How pathetically beautiful is No. 112—"The old Shepherd's Chief Mourner." There is honest grief. What a tale of bygone familiarity, duty, and mutual affection, does that creature's head exhibit, watching at the coffin of his master. It is a very touching picture, admirably painted, and with a tone of colour consonant to the feeling; by some oversight the foot of the animal is omitted, or too faintly marked in the shadow. No. 303, "Spaniels, the property of the Earl of Albemarle," and 325, "Friends," are of the same charming fabulous power. Other pictures there are of his, which are evidently meant to be of higher pretensions, but they please us not so well. They show more painting, more putting together, and manual dexterity; but they have not the feeling and Nature. If we may use an ill term, and with a little softening of its force, we should say they are flashy. Even the execution is a trifle too flippant, and yet to our eyes they are tame, almost insipid; after the first look there is nothing for contemplation in them; and there is a something in the colouring that is positively disagreeable; perhaps, too, they are in too light a key. What we object to in the colouring is a manner of setting off the strong colours by the contrast of drab. Stanfield has much of this, and

there are too many imitators of both. No. 186, "Return from Hawking," has too much of this light drab, opposed to violent colour. This picture is what would be called beautifully painted; but to our eye it rather wants vigour. The figures are certainly weak. No. 160, "The Highlands," is in the manner of a vignette; it is a sort of procession over a bridge, the Highlands in the background. The background is disagreeably light. Nor do we like the grouping of the figures; nor do we see any reason why the picture should not be extended to an indefinite length, which is certainly an error in composition; for we hold that every picture, if we may be allowed the expression, should frame in itself. We look upon this and the former picture as a display of dexterity, to which more important things are sacrificed. We fear the ready captivation of this style of auctioneering painting, as we should call it, where every thing is "put up" to Mr Robbins's display pitch.

We had once hoped that landscape would have been revived in Calcott; now Sir A. W. Calcott, and a more fit person to bear this royal mark of honour there is not. How beautiful are his sea-coasts—they have the very marine and salt impregnated atmosphere, and are redolent of health and freshness; but we have none of these now. He has caught the fashion, and is a painter of localities; yet not altogether is. For here is No. 104, "Raffaello and the Fornarina." This is very agreeable and unpretending, the attitudes easy, and the repose pleasing; perhaps the background is too light; and why should the Fornarina be so dark? and why should not Raffaello be more graceful and more handsome, more like his known portraits? Perhaps there are authorities; but if so, they make the portraits less pleasing than they might be, and we confess we wish other names had been given them. We could not but observe how much more true keeping there is in the colouring of this picture than in most of the portraits in the exhibition. The fact is, a painter of external nature has a better understanding of this part of his art; for he is better acquainted with the effect of atmosphere upon every tint, and he can place his figures out of doors. His No. 179, "Becco, on the coast of

Genoa," is very sweetly painted; for mere locality it is pleasing; but there is nothing poetical either in the subject, or the manner of treating it.

No. 154. "Aurora, painted for a compartment in a ceiling of Sir John Soane's Museum.—H. Howard." Mr Howard has been painter to Aurora and the Hours so long, that he thinks, perhaps, he has a right to make them a little older, forgetful of their lightness and immortality. This is a failure; and we would remind him of the old song as a motto, "The heavy Hours are almost past," and yet these stick, and do not pass on. This is a proof that practice, if confined to one thing, is not always perfect.

No. 193. "Arundel Mill and Castle.—The late J. Constable." We cannot consider this picture finished; and it is therefore unfair to exhibit it. As far as it goes, it has all the defects for which poor Mr Constable was latterly remarkable. We were very sorry to hear of his death—we had criticised his pictures very freely, and we think justly, and were in hopes he would have lived to recover his reputation as a painter. Does not this show that artists cannot afford trifling with the pursuit—they cannot return to the true path when they would? We believe that Mr Constable was very well informed in all matters of art. He is therefore a loss to the profession. It is not likely that his later style will have many admirers nor imitators. We can scarcely account for the vagaries of art into which many really clever men have fallen, in which they seem totally to have lost themselves. We are sorry Constable is gone; some of his earlier pictures were both sweetly and vigorously painted.

No. 138. "Scene in the Greek War. Selling Captives.—C. L. Eastlake, R.A." We do not think Mr Eastlake has done justice to himself in this picture; it is weak, and yet conspicuous, and the captives want interest. There is too much display of costume, and not a due subordination kept up in the distribution of the figures, so that they crowd upon the eye, claiming too equally observation. We think this a specimen of the false style of the English school in historical subjects.

No. 202. "Change of Pasture.—J. Ward, R.A." Part of the back-

ground of this picture is pleasing enough. We never greatly admired Mr Ward's overcharged muscular bulls. They are hard and wiry, and we doubt if they are true to nature; but never having attended a show of prize-cattle, we speak with diffidence; but this specimen does not encourage us to become feeder, nor to attend Smithfield. But what strange perversity of misconception can have induced Mr Ward to follow his own "*ignis fatuus*" of allegory, and, worse than all, his sacred subjects? Was ever such a destitute poverty as his "Plenty, No. 215, Study of a head for the Waterloo Allegory!" and how strange his description—"She is absorbed in a rapture of thankfulness in the prospect of being about to pour out her full horn upon Britannia and her attendants." *Vide* Descriptive Catalogue of the Allegory, by De Vicun. Sydney Smith (the Reverend) talks about being *absorbed* by the bishops as no very pleasant thing; perhaps he had seen Mr Ward's agony of the absorption. The figure seems first to have been parboiled, and is in a semi-vanishing state. How strange! Then again, at another look, we doubt if she has not been drunk on the promises, and is looking for another horn to spill over poor Britannia and her attendants. We seriously think the hanging committee are greatly reprehensible for the insult to religious feeling in admitting Mr Ward's No. 446, "Intercession—Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." As a work of art, it has not the slightest pretensions to merit; and a more wretched conception of so sublime a subject never was perpetrated upon canvass. The committee are greatly to blame.

We are sorry to find Mr Lee greatly fallen off this year. He has three pictures—we looked for them in the catalogue with some hope. He is strangely forgetting what landscape should be. There is nothing engaging in his scenes at this Exhibition, nor are they agreeable in colour. His 320, "The Coast of East Lothian," is painful to the eye. The surface of the earth never did assume this appearance—it is like a drab cloth seen through white muslin. But his 402, "Ferry-boat on the river Thames," made us wonder what he could have seen in the scene to have tempted him

to paint it. It is a disagreeable display of white and drab clay, most uninviting water, and trees such as we never wish to take shelter under. Is there no natural richness of soil and foliage within reach—no scene of quiet repose, of refreshing green, that we must batten on moors and swamps, or get sun-baked upon chalk and clay? We hope Mr Lee is now again at the more romantic river beds—among the hills—for whose beauties he once seemed to have an eye and taste.

No. 241. "Desdemona interceding for Cassio.—J. R. Herbert." Oh! what an Othello; we excuse him for strangling Desdemona, for loving such a fellow. "Oh, Desdemona, Desdemona, oh!" Othello! a thick vulgar black! and certainly not a Moor—would we could have no *more* of Venice in any shape; but this is by far the worst.

No. 235, "The English harvest; a dream of the olden time; Ploughing—Sunrise. J. P. Knight, A." This is very sketchy, but very like Nature—a little more work, and attention to texture, which such subjects require, would have greatly improved this picture. We dislike not the introduction of the artist—it identifies him with the scene and the spectator too. The tree behind him is bad; his team and plough not very well drawn, too thick and shortened. Every part is a little too crude—but there is promise in the picture; and it would appear that Mr Knight dares think for himself, for it is not an imitation.

We now come to Mr Martin's great picture of the Deluge. No. 403, "The Deluge. J. Martin." We have nothing whatever to do with Mr Martin's quarrel with the Academy, and rejoice that he has laid aside all angry feeling, and has become an exhibitor. But we are sorry we cannot congratulate Mr Martin nor the Academy on the particular picture which he has chosen to exhibit. Mr Martin has a very peculiar manner. But we doubt if he has ever closely and thoroughly reasoned with himself on his own style. We will venture to make a few preliminary observations before we make our remarks upon the picture before us. It appears to us that works of sublimity should, above all others, be most simple—should avoid, as much as possible, being cut up into a multiplicity of parts—otherwise

there cannot be the strong, vivid, portraying of the grand idea; and that such subjects should be treated with awful and appropriate colour, great breadth of light and shade, and, above all, should have a characteristic boldness, we would almost say, audacity of execution; as if the hand, speaking without presumption, were creating the grandeur it has to bring forth, that the whole should burst into reality without effort. Now we think Mr Martin has never so considered the manner of portraying sublime subjects. The effort, the appearance of miniature, and elaborate handling in his pictures, is most painful, and destructive of all greatness—but when, upon examination, we find the detail to be the almost endless repetition of the same parts, with scarcely any variety, the original conception is lost in the infinite littlenesses that present themselves over every inch of the canvass. The colour, we said, should be awful and appropriate; but here, likewise, is variety required, or it is all one mass, meaning nothing. The great faults of Mr Martin seem to originate in his misconceptions of these, we may call them, principles of greatness; and we would the more urge him to review his notions on this subject, because we recollect, before the Committee of the House of Commons on arts and manufactures, he stated that the cost of time and labour bestowed on his pictures necessarily rendered them so expensive, that he could not follow the art with profit, or the expectation of patronage. Now we firmly believe if he were to bestow a tenth part of the time and labour, dash away more freely, and leave more to the imagination, one source of the sublime—we firmly believe he would paint much better pictures, better please both himself and the public, and obtain the patronage he would merit. The Deluge has all the defects we have mentioned. We know not at first what it is—at any distance where such a subject should be seen it is nothing—it looks like a large polished dark japanned tea-tray, over which some red ink and cream had been spilt and run into streaks; we never think of any thing sublime. It may be chaos indeed, but a japanned chaos, which, to our surprise on inspection, is no chaos at all, but an elaborate repetition of the same pattern over every inch of it,

without the slightest attempt that we can perceive of any general effect as a whole. We have heard of a mountain of a mole-hill, but here is one of an ant-hill, and all the ants at work. To us all this is the extreme of littleness—the repetition of the parts is ridiculous; but on examining again, we find strange things, as we must expect, but in the dark mass it is some time before we find them. We shall never see a deluge again, but if we were to see one, we are sure it would contradict Mr Martin. We should see at one glance and half an eye the thing at once, and we should see nothing but the deluge. We never should, or could see, nor stop to see a millionth part of the things Mr Martin shows us, and never should think of asking whether they were there or no. We doubt if, in the partial flooding of Sidmouth, the celebrated Mrs Partington ever took an inventory of her goods. But Mr Martin stands amid the great deluge of the world perfectly unmoved, and catalogues its chattels like an appraiser, though three bloody moons,—and why three?—are staring him in the face, as well as they can, through their veils—nay, like the Parisian police, he takes miniatures of the inhabitants of the earth, who sit to him very patiently before their last dip. The water is very ambiguous, and is certainly very tame in its fury; and we have a striking phenomenon,—the water engendering lightning. Here, indeed, are all the elements, but none very actively doing their duty, and an apologetic veil of midnight creeping over the whole, so that after long gazing we are in the condition of the old woman in the nursery tale, who thought it high time to walk home. “Water won’t quench fire, fire won’t burn stick, stick won’t beat kid, kid won’t go, so ’tis almost midnight, and home I must go.” We have no notion of such sublimity.

We were very sorry to see No. 465, “Rich and rare were the gems she wore.—F. Danby.” It is of a young lady traversing the country unharmed, with a jewel of great value on the top of the wand. The subject is good—the principal figure is very pretty. But when we recollect what Danby has done in the “Opening of the sixth seal,” a truly sublime picture, and painted with great strength and spirit, we deeply lament the falling off.

We know not what is become of that picture—we wish it was preserved, for that is real sublimity.

We were very much struck with No. 479, "Bohemian Gipsies,—D. Maclise, A.," not because we like the subject or the picture, as a whole, but because there is in it great promise, and a power over the figure unequalled in the exhibition; all the sky and background is too light, nor is general effect attended to, but there is a very great power of delineating character, and the painter seems to have the ready skill to draw the human figure in all imaginable attitudes. There are two strongly marked figures in the foreground, that are excellent. We expect greater things of Mr Maclise.

No. 487. "Testa of the Madonna del Arco at Naples.—P. Williams." This sends far into the background all specimens of the gaudy school ever seen. How many artists must be ready to die with envy at the sight! Our eyes could not see it long, but for the short time we could bear the blaze, there appeared good drawing, grouping, and painting.

No. 502 plunged us, in imagination, into Norwegian wilds. This picture of Mr T. Fearnley's is not, perhaps, quite vigorously enough painted for the subject, yet is it the nearest approach to landscape in the exhibition.

We well know the beautiful scenery of Clifton, with its terraces and woods; and seeing the subject in the catalogue, No. 515, and by J. B. Pyne, we expected a very grand view of local scenery. We were strongly disappointed. It is a mean subject, poor objects occupying the greater space; without character, very poor and thin; with no colour, disagreeably white. Mr Pyne is a man of great talent, and we cannot imagine in what sick fit he painted this picture.

We cannot afford space for more remarks—we doubt not there may be good pictures we have not noticed—we have remarked freely upon those that chiefly attracted our attention, and perhaps they are fair specimens of the English school. We have purposely avoided speaking of portraits as portraits—they are so many, and so like each other in general, that the task would be endless. Nor is it our province to criticise sculpture: we would, notwithstanding our ignorance of that art, say, that we thought sculpture much more advanced than paint-

ing, and were very much struck with a little statue in marble, representing Love disguised as a Shepherd,—J. Gibson, R.A.

"Chi crederia che sotto umana forma,
E sotto questa pastorale spoglie
Fosse nascosto un Dio?"

L'Aminta di Tasso.

—we, in our dreams, far out of dull realities, would readily say, we believe.

We made some remarks on the Suffolk Street Gallery, but it would only be fatiguing to revert to them now; and as that Gallery is, perhaps, but a reflection of the academical blaze, what we have already said may sufficiently show the state of the arts among us. May they prosper!—that they may, artists should know what is really thought of their works, without flattery. We lament to say, that we have every reason to believe that some whom we do not now admire, are incurable, and will rather be out of humour than do justice to our criticism, and will ascribe motives we have not. We have no motive but the promotion of art. We have spoken out plainly before, and will again if we live; and as long as a great R.A. can obtain more ardent admirers and higher prices for every monstrosity, we must expect monstrosities will grow. We recollect an anecdote in point:—Poor old Walter of Hereford, good and worthy creature as he was, who knew every body, and whom every body knew, the collector of drawings, told us once that he ordered a head in pencil of a celebrated draughtsman of that day; when it came home Walter objected to a wart in the face; the artist took it away, and brought it back again with two warts. It was sent back again to be rectified—they were to be taken off, not put on. It came back, however, with three, and so on, till the whole face was so covered with warts there was scarcely room for another; and finally, with this message, that "if he pleased he might go to an old woman and have them charmed off for sixpence a-piece—but that if he, the artist, put on one more, he would charge him double price."

So we shall not be surprised next year to find for every fault we have found, a great increase, they having strangely multiplied already; and we sincerely hope some very inconsiderate persons may be found to pay double price for them.

MY AUNT'S TALE.

You wish to know my history, my dear Fanny. If the delineation of vanity and its vexations, of pride and its humiliations, of affection and its disappointment, can wile away a frown of ennui from that pretty forehead, and mingle, perhaps, some instruction with the little amusement it may afford, my task, albeit a painful one, is gladly undertaken.

Now, puss!—you have had a very good breakfast—go to sleep! there! on my knee, and don't entangle my silks.

You can scarcely remember my mother—your grandmother—Fanny? no indeed—how should you? She died before you came into the world. But you have often heard me speak of her, and I daresay you know, that she eloped from a boarding-school, when scarcely fifteen, with Sir Francis Hargood, a dashing young baronet of two-and-twenty, who stole her heart with his silver spurs and black moustaches.

My mother was only sixteen when she was brought to bed of me; and very angry, as I afterwards heard, Sir Francis was, that it wasn't a boy instead of a girl,—for he had plenty of broad lands, though his income was narrow enough, his property being mostly mortgaged to meet the overwhelming debts which his youthful extravagance (for he was very gay and in the most expensive circles) had gathered round him. However, it could not be helped now, and being naturally an easy-tempered man, he was soon reconciled to the disappointment; and, though I do not think he was ever very fond of me, he always treated me with great civility—almost, indeed, kindness—which, I fancy, was the nearest approach to parental affection he was capable of.

I do not recollect any appearances of real love between him and my mother, though I never saw them quarrel; to be sure, he always called her “my dear,” and I remember to have seen him give her a kiss sometimes when he was leaving home for a month's shooting; but, further than that, there were none of those little endearments and reciprocal confidences which I have often heard of as the sweetest joys of the married state. But, after all, I

dare say those joys exist more in fancy than reality; for my part, I know I have many thoughts which I should hesitate to confide even to you, my pretty niece! much more to a man.

Perhaps, indeed, my mother was not a woman calculated to inspire affection. She was haughty and commanding in manner, and, in her presence, the easy Sir Francis sank into a complete non-entity. Yet she was very beautiful!—the counterpart of yourself, my little love!—just the same luxuriant, richly-brown hair; and the same full hazel eyes, and small mouth, and perfect figure! but she did not dress as prettily and simply as you do; neither did she dance (to my mind) near so gracefully as you, though she was generally considered a perfect dancer; she laughed a good deal more, but did not smile so often or so gladly as you.

For the first eight or nine years of my life I saw very little of my mother; though, during the winter months while we lived in the country, she used to have your mother (who was born two years after) and me, brought in every day after dinner, to eat a slice of pineapple, and drink papa's health (it was the fashion to drink healths then) in half a glass of claret. But in summer, when we went to London, we scarcely ever saw her more than once or twice a-week, when she visited the nursery to give us each a cold kiss and say to nurse, “I hope they are well and good?”—if the answer was in the affirmative, she left the room with another kiss to each; if not, she gave orders for summoning the physician, and omitted the kiss for fear of infection!

But as I grew older, and approached the usual period of emancipation from governesses and music-masters, I was admitted much more frequently into my mother's presence; and the increased interest she seemed to take in my pursuits and attainments was as surprising as gratifying to me. I was not then aware of the accession of importance which a showy and accomplished daughter brings to a woman of fashion; of the splendour reflected by a high connexion; and the comparative ease of filling a drawingroom when a beauty may be ranked among

the fixed stars of the social galaxy. The sagacious nods and mysterious whispers touching a "good match," a "suitable connexion," and a "splendid catch," which succeeded every mark of approbation bestowed on my mode of dressing, or my improving voice, fell, at first, unmeaning and wearisome on my ears; but, by degrees, the connexion between a "good match" and a good figure—a "good catch" and good looks, perfectly reconciled me to the term, and I soon began to think that the one was a desirable and requisite consequence from the others.

Ugly and crooked as I am now, Fanny!—nay, don't contradict me, child!—to you I daresay my looks are welcome and pleasant, because *you* love me, and love "looks not with the eyes, but with the mind"—but to others I know I am crabbed, and withered, and loathsome—and I care not to think it! I have done with vanity now!—but it was not always so!—these dim eyes, and sunken cheeks, and withered hands, have been stars, and roses, and snow, in their day; and vows of love and adoration, which were to triumph over time, and change, and death, have been breathed ere now at my feet, and Heaven called to witness oaths whose performance Heaven has yet to see; but it matters not—"at lovers' perjuries, they say, Jove laughs."

You are not "come out" yet, Fanny!—it's a bad plan to bring girls out too young, and I often tell your mother so. The gentlemen are apt to dismiss all serious thoughts in addressing a very young *débutante*, and proposals are never intended—nothing beyond a flirtation! Then, when she reaches a proper age, she is exposed to the dangerous imputation of being older than she looks. People will say, "this is absolutely Miss So-and-So's third season, and only see how young she looks!—depend upon it she rouges!"—and thus the poor girl is condemned to unmerited neglect by the thoughtlessness of another in hurrying her too soon before the eyes of the world.

My mother was a consummate manœuvrer, and well aware of the disadvantages of a too early *début*; she was also a blue, and had reduced the art of manœuvring to a perfect system of philosophy, on which she delivered her sentiments with the autho-

rity, and in the language, of a Locke or a Bacon. She took care that I should not come out before I had attained a sufficiently dignified and womanly appearance to command a proper degree of respect from my admirers; and I was earnestly exhorted not to encourage, or, indeed, permit, any thing approaching to flirtation, except in younger sons, and that rarely. "Flirtation, my dear Mary," observed my mother, with great earnestness, "flirtation in match-making is like a wrong note in a concerted piece—it puts out all the performers; and overturns at once the pleasing fabric of harmony which has so carefully been raised. A man never thinks a second time of the girl he flirts with—she has amused him for half-an-hour, just as the ballet or the pantomime has, and is as soon forgotten; for there is no impression so transient as that of mere amusement. When you have once ascertained the eligibility of your admirer, put a stop at once to all light advances, or you will find, too late, how fatal is your forbearance. Study well the character of the man you have marked for your own,—if he is silent, talk to him; if he is talkative, listen to him; if he is vain, flatter him; if he is familiar, repel; if bashful, encourage him;—yet let not your repulse be too forbidding, as your encouragement should not be too warm; by the one you unloose the chains you have woven, by the other you draw them too tight and they break; but there is a kind of felicity in choosing the proper medium, which the education I have given you, and the tact you naturally possess will best instruct.

"And do not imagine that, like most mothers, I lay an interdict upon younger sons and flirtations; on the contrary, though I do not recommend you to seek or invite them, yet I would by no means advise you to shun them altogether; for the more admirers a girl has the more she attracts, and the greater emulation she excites; and a younger son may often prove a powerful engine in rousing jealousy or pique in the breast of an elder brother, of the efficacy of which weapons every woman of tact is well aware. And now, my child, before you enter on your new path, let me give you two maxims, which I can only regret were not sooner acquired, as, with my attractions (and I flatter you, Mary, as much

as myself), I might have made a match very superior to the one which youthful folly dictated. They are the golden rules of life—the open-sesame of enjoyment—

“Money is power,—

“Power is the true source of happiness.”

I well recollect we were sitting in my mother's dressingroom; her toilette was not completed, and, as I looked into her face when the last word passed her lips, and saw the deep wrinkles in the as yet unrouged cheek, and met the spiritless glance of the languid eye, I unconsciously asked myself if these were the traces of happiness! but even then the magic tint was applied, and the question and the wrinkle were alike forgotten.

The unusual gravity and philosophical precision with which my mother had pronounced her homily made a deep impression on my youthful mind, and I ardently longed to obtain the same title to advise which her tact and experience had given her.

I came out with every advantage. Under the auspices of Lady Francis Hargood how could I fail of success? Not a fold—not a plait—was without its definite object in promoting the harmony of the *ensemble*; a pin more or less would have marred all; an extra droop of the feathers would have amounted to absolute deformity! for I was perfect in perfection, and “on a vestal robe a speck is contamination.” A royal ball was selected as the worthy stage of so hopeful a *débutante*, and the admiring and envious gaze of a whole host of aristocracy, “the expectancy and rose of this fair state,” greeted my entrance as an event in the history of the evening. Royalty itself was pleased to bestow audible encomiums on my beauty, and a gallant prince solicited my hand for the first dance. Blushing and trembling, I went through the measured movements of the minuet, scarcely even conscious of the flattering whisper which resounded on every side. I forgot at once all the artificial airs and studied attitudes, to the practice of which so many hours had been devoted; my motions were timid, yet graceful; and I blushed with pleasure as I listened to the honied compliments of my royal partner, as he led me to a seat at the conclusion of the dance. Oh, the exultation of that moment!—how my heart did beat!

My mother, too, seemed pleased and

satisfied, and I could almost have mistaken her proud looks for the glances of affection, had they not been accompanied by a whispered admonition “not to droop my head so much, or nobody could see me.” It certainly was no part of my nature to wish to hide my charms; few young ladies are so unversed in Scripture as to “put their candle under a bushel,”—at least they always “let their light shine before men.”

My first season was a series of uninterrupted triumphs. I might have wafted a first-rate round the globe with the tempest of sighs which were breathed around me, and the innumerable compliments of my innumerable adorers might have supplied the confectioners, for an indefinite period, with honey and flummery.

In fact, my conquests were far too easy. I was sated with admiration, and would have given worlds to meet with a glance of indifference or even contempt. I piqued myself on my wit and conversational brilliancy, but brilliancy and wit were thrown away on hearts already won; and if they were exerted, it was to undo, not to rivet, my chains. I almost wished I had not been quite so beautiful, that my mental charms had been more called into play. It was, no doubt, very satisfactory to see the execution which a glance could make, but a too easy victory becomes insipid and uninteresting. The homage which attended me began to sound dull as a thrice-told tale; the buzz of admiration which greeted my appearance made me think of a charity school; I took to quizzing as a relief, and amused myself with making trial of the tempers of my admirers in every possible way. First there was old Sir Jenkins Lamb, a conquest which my mother learnedly designated as “rather an *ovation* than a triumph;” a man who had made a million on the Stock Exchange, and by dint of spending half his income on his dinners for other people to eat, had attained the enviable privilege of being admitted, as a butt for stray wit, to all the coteries of the west-end. The poor man was as bashful as a schoolboy, and his efforts to make himself agreeable afforded me infinite amusement, and I encouraged his attentions for that reason, in an inexcusable degree. The old gentleman, at length, absolutely made proposals in form, and urged his suit with an apparent confidence of success,

which I scarcely knew whether to be angry with or laugh at. "I remember once," observed my antique admirer on that interesting occasion, "I remember once having a risk of £40,000 on a speculation in the Spanish bonds which was daily expected to fail, and I can assure you, Madam, my anxiety on that occasion was scarcely greater than that which I now experience for my speculation in the matrimonial bonds, he! he! he! yet my fears proved unfounded,—I got my money back, principal and interest (a chuckle), and perhaps Dame Fortune will befriend me still (a grin). I am a little older than you are, young lady, it is true; but I am willing to pay a good premium on my deficiencies. See here," and he dragged forth a huge, antediluvian, red-leather pocket book, whence he carefully extracted a piece of paper, which he handed to me, with a most business-like air; "here I have made out an abstract of my capital, as it is at present appropriated, and all I ask in return is your pretty self, our accounts will be balanced then."

"My dear Sir Jenkins!" exclaimed I, attentively perusing the document before me, which was written in a round, clerk-like hand, which made my flesh creep to look upon; "this is very kind of you!—'Long and short annuities—3½ per cent consols—Exchequer bills'—Yes, I see it all! Can I ever sufficiently thank you for this generosity, you dear, kind, old man?—One million pounds!—dear me!—I can scarcely imagine such a sum—but how *did* you guess this was my birthday?"

"Ma-am—oh!—really Madam!—I—I don't think—I beg your pardon, Madam,—I fancy we don't understand one another, Madam," faltered the amazed old gentleman, on whose mind some sense of evil was gradually breaking.

"Come, my dear Sir Jenkins," I said, "I am quite conscious of the sensitive delicacy you manifest, and look upon your gift as doubly valuable on that account; but surely, my dear sir, you need not feel embarrassment in bestowing your generosity on one who has always been accustomed to look upon you almost as her grandfather!"

By this time I had wrought up the poor man to a perfect agony of fright

and dismay. I saw that his bashfulness was about to succumb to a more powerful feeling—that an explanation was starting to his lips (most probably in the straightforward garb of a mercantile transaction), and averted the prosaic infliction by a masterly stroke.

"But, my dear sir," I continued, in my softest tones, yet with proper magnanimity, "you must not compel me to accept of such princely kindness. I know you can well afford to bestow it, but I cannot afford to accept it. I cannot allow myself to be so indebted to any one—even you, much as I reverence you! Come, now, you *really must* take it back—now I will *make* you take it. But I'll tell you what you shall do! here's a pen and ink; now I want a set of pearls for the Regent's ball, and they will be doubly—trebly—valuable, coming from you; so write me out an order for one little thousand pounds, and I'll get a set and wear them for your sake! Now, you can't say I am too proud to receive a kindness from a true friend."

Sir Jenkins Lamb looked very sheepish, but he was too bashful to refuse, and I considered his temerity lightly punished. He afterwards married his housekeeper, a woman far better suited to his tastes, and possessing much more intrinsic merit than I; but they were not happy for all that, indeed, I do not believe, if we could look behind the scenes, we should find any marriage really happy. Men are incapable of understanding the depth and purity of a woman's affection; love is the merchandise of her heart, and if it meets with no exchange, she pines and dies, but in secret and in silence! slowly, perhaps, but surely; unmarked, it may be, by others, but felt by herself—oh! how bitterly!

My next admirer was more difficult to deal with. Lord Arthur Trevelyan was a young man who entertained such a lofty and unbounded admiration for his handsome self, that it was next to an impossibility to persuade him that any fair one could look upon him and live; our tender hearts were all his own; palpitating to win his smile, and shrinking, chilled and despairing, from his frown. His single look of approbation exalted us into the seventh heaven of earthly beatitude, and from his glance of indifference "hope withering fled, and gladness sighed farewell." He carried a miniature of him-

self enamelled on his snuff-box, and wore his own hair in a diamond locket round his neck.

More sensible than Narcissus, who died for self-love, Lord Arthur Trevelyan lived and breathed solely in the strength of the same feeling. His egotism was, verily, sublime in its vastness! Nothing seemed too mighty for its ambition—too hazardous for its daring—too vast for its capacity. He was regal in his stupidity—awe-inspiring in his folly—magnificent in his conceit!—a gorgeous fop—a stupendous fool—a majestic bore. Such was the being who now condescended to cast a gracious smile on my insignificant charms.

It was at my second ball that I became aware of the felicity that was in store for me. Lord Arthur was standing about three feet from the ottoman on which I was seated, conversing with a sickly, bashful young man with whom I had danced the first dance, in consideration of his being heir to sixty thousand a-year, “and possibilities.” I was well aware of the importance of the said Lord Arthur, who was well known to me by report, and had been highly edified in listening to the critiques which he dealt out most lavishly and audibly around him.

“Ah! there’s the Duchess of Ginger!” observed his lordship—“she’s desperately in love with me, poor soul! But when I look at her every feeling is merged in compassion for her husband. That’s Miss Wilson Pelham—I rather patronised her once; but I couldn’t stand those green feathers—they throw such a livid shadow over one’s complexion!—By Jove! Lady Caroline Morris still!—when *will* that woman learn to take a hint? I told her the other day that there was nothing more detestable than a dish over-seasoned—especially a standing one—now could any thing be more evident in its application? My dear Miss Eden, I’m enchanted to see you looking so divinely!—Do you know why Miss Eden never smiles? she’s afraid of cracking the enamel, which hides such a multitude of sins. Mrs Johnston, I declare!—well, that woman’s effrontery is something amazing! a *crim. con.* and a morning visit are pretty nearly synonymous with her:—yet I disconcerted her once—by asking after her husband! she had quite forgotten that there was such a person. Faith!

Stanhope, that’s a pretty girl! who the deuce is she?” here his lordship’s eye-glass was turned towards me.

“Hush! she hears you,” whispered the timid youth, remarking my blushes, —“she’s a daughter of Lady Francis Hargood—just come out:—isn’t she beautiful?”

“A daughter of the Hargood, is she?” observed Lord Arthur, without in the least lowering his tone—“ah! I thought I recognised the features!—the girl is certainly very passable:—not badly dressed either—to the mother be the praise, of course. The Hargoods are quite worth knowing—capital dinners—first-rate *chef*—good taste, good wine, and good family! You must introduce me to you sylph, Stanhope. I like to encourage juvenile merit.” Upon this he seized the unwilling youth, and dragged him towards me to perform the requisite ceremony—which, however, he took wholly upon himself to execute.

But in attempting to patronise me, Lord Arthur Trevelyan had grievously overshot himself. I possessed sufficient spirit to feel indignant at the cool impudence with which he impressed upon me the magnitude of his condescension, and sufficient tact to suppress that indignation till a fitter opportunity of displaying it—which I tacitly resolved should not be far distant. With this view I conned over my mother’s lessons with renewed industry, and determined to select Lord Arthur as a worthy object whereon to practise them. I flatter myself that I was no unapt pupil—nay, that I carried out the theories of my instructress to a perfection unattained even by herself.

My first endeavour was to pique the vanity of Trevelyan, and I found this a task which demanded my highest powers.

I affected a surprising rural simplicity—blushed as often as I could, and turned the conversation on wild strawberries and new milk. I expressed infinite disappointment at not having found the streets paved with gold, gave an animated account of the Lord Mayor’s show, and asked his lordship if he could tell me where the best blackberry jam was to be procured—I couldn’t eat my breakfast without it. To complete the character, I showed myself perfectly ignorant of the renown of Lord Arthur Trevelyan—

calling him by a different name every time I addressed him, and obstinately omitting his title. The all-conquering beau was completely at a loss. At first he seemed disposed to treat me with sovereign contempt, but I answered his disdainful look with a smile of such ineffable sweetness that he was transported, spite of himself, into a glance of admiration! This was received on my part with an air of simple indifference which perfectly stunned him. I followed up my advantage by exclaiming with a lively air—"Now Mr Tressilian—by the way, are you related to Tressilian in that charming Kenilworth? (no answer beyond a look of indescribable indignation)—now do, like a nice man, run and fetch me an ice! this room is as hot as our brew-house at Ashton—do you brew your own beer, Mr Tressilian?"

"Madam!" began the horrified beau, rising as he spoke, and giving me a concentrated look of pity, disgust, and fury, rendered unspeakably ludicrous by an air of incredulous amazement thrown over the whole—"Madam!"—

"Oh, my dear sir!" interrupted I, with a bewitching smile, "do not look so cross, or you will spoil all the pleasure of the evening. I dare say it is not customary for gentlemen in London, especially those moving in and adorning the higher circles—(here Lord Arthur reseated himself) to superintend such domestic affairs; but with us rustics," I said, laughingly, "it is a source of amusement, when no other pleasures are near, to occupy our minds even with the mystery of brewing!—be convinced for yourself, my lord," I added, turning to him with a fascinating smile, and an air of simple dignity—"come and see us at Ashton Park when the London season is over:—you will find, I believe, excellent shooting on Papa's preserves, and we can afford you every possible facility for breaking your neck—first-rate hunting, and first-rate hunters!—as for the brewing—it is true, when other occupations are wanting, I have recourse to it sometimes as an amusement,—but I trust Lord Arthur Trevelyan may supplant its attractions," I said with a smile and a blush—"and now, my lord, may I ask for your arm to join my mother, who, I perceive, is moving to depart—I had no idea it was so late!"

By such judicious mixture of flattery and indifference—encouraging him by the one, and piquing his vanity by the other—did I at length succeed in throwing my chains over the towering head of Lord Arthur Trevelyan. He became my avowed admirer—bagged my acceptance of a diamond-mounted miniature of himself, which was graciously refused; and actually condescended to languish through a quadrille by my side, having previously impressed upon me the magnitude of his kindness by civilly declaring that "it was very rarely he committed such a barbarism as to dance."

"Your lordship, then," observed I, with an air of provoking indifference, "means to insinuate that I am a barbarian?"—

"I!" exclaimed the disconcerted beau, in puzzled bewilderment, "No—'pon my soul!—did I?—impossible, most beautiful Miss Hargood! how could I have been such a brute?"—and here his voice died away in receding murmurs, while I quietly conversed with my mother's partner, who was standing up on my left, leaving my own completely ossified with amazement.

But I soon grew tired of Lord Arthur's egotistical homilies, and determined to bring matters to a conclusion as speedily as possible.

There is no more delicate manoeuvre in female tactics—none more misunderstood or more easily disconcerted—than that of forcing a man to propose! In all cases it is an uncertainty, in many an impossibility; and it is, moreover, a science in which not even general rules can be laid down, inasmuch as it is made up of ever-varying minutiae, wherein the slightest inaccuracy may ruin the whole; and the infinite diversity of human nature must render every individual case more liable to such inaccuracy. Perhaps the greatest requisite is a perfect knowledge of the character of the man you would bring to your feet, and it is very seldom, save with such shallow minds as that of Lord Arthur Trevelyan, that this knowledge can be acquired; and, until it is acquired, to lay down rules for proceeding would resemble the celebrated receipt to capture birds, by putting salt on their tails! Mrs Glass's advice is probably the best—"First catch your *heir*."

But with Lord Trevelyan, though by no means a marrying man, the task was not so difficult. Of him it might truly be said that he had not a second idea; for, various as were the ramifications of his thoughts, they all must, decidedly, have come under the head of—*Number One!* Excuse the vulgarity! If any thing partook of his affection, it was his mirror; and the best way of gaining that affection was, like his mirror, to present nothing but himself to his view. If any one commanded his respect, it was his tailor; and the best way of winning that respect was, like his tailor, to invest him with charms—not his own. Such was the man I had to subdue, and such the models I took to imitate. With such a man, and such models, how could I fail of success?

It was the last evening of the season that I selected on which to give Lord Arthur his *coup-de-grace*; I had no intention of submitting to be bored by him at Ashton. Accordingly, all my powers of flattery were exerted to secure his respect, all my powers of fascination to obtain his homage, and I soon perceived that my endeavours were crowned with success. Already had I extorted from him two smiles and a very near approach to a sigh, and he had absolutely so far forgotten himself as to make three several observations solely applying to me! This phenomenon was unmistakable, and I commenced operations immediately, by drawing him into a critique on the company present, an amusement which his Lordship was always happy to engage in.

"What a beautiful girl Lady Georgina Wilson is!" said I, as that young lady passed us in the course of a promenade.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed his Lordship, evidently lost in admiration of his own nails, which he was minutely surveying.

"Lady Georgina Wilson," I repeated, in a louder tone; "is she not beautiful?"

"Ah! the Wilson? Passable! very passable!"

"Oh, beautiful!" said I, with affected energy. "Have you no taste, Lord Arthur?"

"I trust I have," answered his Lordship, with affected indifference, but stung to the quick by the question; then added, with an air of gallantry,

and a declination of the head meant for a bow, "and when I confess an unbounded admiration for Miss Hargood, I think I may safely lay claim to the possession of it."

"Your lordship is very good," I said, with a smile meant to express that his compliment was received as such, "but I must still uphold the beauty of Lady Georgina. Who is that very fine young man she is dancing with?" Now I knew who it was fully as well as his Lordship.

The glass was instantly raised, and a momentary glance directed towards the object of my curiosity.

"That," said Lord Arthur, after his scrutiny was over, "is the Marquis of Sandys, eldest son of the Duke of Hauton, a man who makes up for the shortness of his pedigree by the length of his rent-roll. You call the Marquis a fine young man! I am sorry I cannot agree with you."

"Of course not," said I, laughing, "you men are all so jealous of one another!"

"Lord Arthur Trevelyan, Miss Hargood," interrupted my admirer, with a look of ineffable majesty, "is above jealousy!"

"I allow it—if any man is," I replied. "But I cannot help thinking the Marquis of Sandys and Lady Georgina a very striking pair."

"They will be a striking pair, ere long, I do not doubt," observed the exquisite, smiling faintly at his very original wit. "It is said they are about to commit the *bêtise* of marrying—most consummate folly! Don't you think so, Miss Hargood?"

"Not the *most* consummate," I replied, laughing. "But, perhaps, next to remaining a bachelor, it may be classed as a very great folly."

"Next to remaining a bachelor! Why, in the name of Heaven, how would you have a man act who wishes to escape the charge of being a fool?"

"Why, do as you have done," I said, with a look of feigned surprise at the question, "choose the lesser evil—marry. Nay," I continued, checking the contradiction which was bursting from his astonished lips, and the laughter which rose to mine—"Nay, my Lord, do not think me rude—but I really must ask for an introduction to the future Lady Trevelyan. I have heard so much of her

amiable qualities that, I can assure you, my admiration—my respect, I mean—for the man who could make so noble a choice amid so many splendid ones he might have commanded—who could turn from the high connexions and proffered wealth which sought his acceptance on every side, to the far deeper riches—yet how far less appreciated, save by noble natures—of affection, virtue, and ungilded beauty,—my respect for that man has increased, as my knowledge of his many virtues has increased; and I cannot offend him when I add, that without such a consummation, all those virtues would be aimless and incomplete—a set of reasons without a result!—a noble theory devoid of practice!—melancholy proof of how precious the treasure, and how weak—how contemptible—how criminal—the waste!”

My words and looks were as of one inspired. The high sentiments I uttered had wakened kindred feelings in my breast, as a consummate actor identifies himself with the character he represents, and I have no doubt I looked truly fascinating on the occasion. The erudite sentence, too, with which I had concluded my speech, was well calculated to make a deep impression on my shallow-minded admirer, who gazed on me the while with looks of silent respect and unbounded admiration.

The effect I produced answered my expectations. His Lordship was beside himself with joy at having obtained such high praises from one whom he regarded—(and very justly, my Lord)—as so fastidious; and overwhelmed with horror when he considered how soon I must discover his unworthiness of them. Under these circumstances what idea could more naturally present itself than that of proposing to me?—to one who answered so exactly to the description of the supposed intended!—who was, like her, beautiful, amiable, and poor!—thus at once proving that his merit was not below the ideal I had painted, and enhancing my admiration by conferring the noble honour on my unworthy self!

I read these thoughts in his face as clearly as if they had been expressed in words, and quietly and securely awaited the event.

His Lordship's working features at length settled into the self-satisfied smile of a person who has made a resolution to do something magnanimous. He looked at me and sighed. I looked down and bit my lip. He observed the first motion, and drew his chair languidly nearer. I met this move by a fixed stare, an accomplishment in which I eminently excelled. Perhaps for the first time in his life, Lord Arthur Trevelyan lost all confidence in himself:—he hesitated, stammered, twirled his tortoise-shell eyeglass, and, at length, came to a dead pause, only interrupted by certain guttural sounds, which rose every now and then to his lips, like the last dying-speech of a surfeited duck. This would never do. I gave him a softer glance, and dropped my fan to relieve him. He started at the sound, and, stooping forward to pick it up, hissed out, in the tone of a man who has staked his estates on a game at *ecarté*, and may be supposed to be doubly tormented by regret at his folly, and an insatiable longing to include his wife in the bargain—

“A—a—Miss Hargood—a—a—I—propose”—

“What?” asked I in a quiet tone, as he paused for breath.

“Miss Hargood,” continued his Lordship, who was gradually recovering from this unnatural state, “you have expressed your admiration for virtues which have not as yet been brought into action;—which have, till now, been hidden from the world in the sanctity of my own breast. Your observant eye has discovered their existence, which I had imagined to be a secret between myself and my—my”—Here the prettily-turned sentence was arrested from the deficiency of an idea:—his Lordship supplied its place with a pinch of snuff, and proceeded—evidently acquiring fresh confidence, as he listened to the music of his own vain tongue. “My dear Miss Hargood—you will rejoice to hear it—I am *not* engaged to be married!”

“Is it possible!—I am very sorry,”—I exclaimed, with a look of feigned amazement.

“Very possible, fair creature;” answered his Lordship, placing one of his sharp elbows, with familiar *nonchalance*, on an arm of the chair in

which I was seated. "And perhaps it is equally possible for a pretty young lady, not very far off, to allow me to prove that her opinion of my good qualities is not incorrect."

"I never could make out a riddle, my Lord," replied I. "But perhaps you'll be kind enough to repeat it again, and I'll ask my friend Julia Maynard to guess it: She's famous at those sort of things—quite a sphynx! and so clever! You know she wrote that little *jeu d'esprit*, 'The peacock's Proposal?'"

"Beautiful creature!—how can you thus delight to torment me?" interrupted his Lordship, endeavouring to look sentimental. "You know how I dislike that Maynard. Well! it is your turn now—but, remember, mine will come."

In a German drama the probable stage direction for mouthing this pretty speech might be—"playfully and with meaning;" but Lord Arthur Trevelyan was an original—he scorned the trammels which confined other men; and on this occasion, as on most others, the expression of his features was any thing rather than playful, and totally *without* meaning.

"I do so love the country!" observed his Lordship, waxing romantic. "The beautiful music of the birds!—the lowing of the cattle!—the humming of the bees!" He was evidently thinking of the honey-moon.

"Why, Lord Arthur!" I exclaimed, "you told me only two days ago that you detested it!"

"Did I? How very strange! But then in your society"—

"Ah! I trust you will enjoy Ashton. It is a delightful place—so romantic!—just the scene for a love-match to choose!"

"It will just suit me, then."

"Oh, you are going to be married then, after all!—and to that amiable girl, too? I knew I was right!"

"I have not yet been refused," said his Lordship, with as confident an air, as if he was hinting at the Day of Judgment.

"To ask would, of course, be superfluous!" I observed.

"Ah!—true!—very odd that!—I really don't think I *have* asked yet; so, Miss Hargood, you've only to say

yes, and we can inform your mother of our intentions immediately."

"Then I am to understand that your Lordship does me the honour to propose to me?" said I, suppressing a yawn.

"Of course—to whom else?"

"I really was not quite sure—your attention has been so equally divided between the third finger of your right hand and myself, that I was just calculating on which side the chances might be. But since your Lordship has been so explicit, I shall endeavour to be equally so. I will *not* accept your Lordship—don't stare so, it's uncivil—because I would not wish to encroach on such a devoted affection as that of your Lordship to yourself—because I am fond of variety, and would, now and then, prefer a new subject in conversation—because, being a woman, I have a fancy to unite myself to a man, and not to—your Lordship. Good evening, my Lord!—we shall be delighted to see you at Ashton."

I left him, not daring to look at the effects I had produced. It is needless to say that we did *not* see Lord Arthur Trevelyan at Ashton. I never, indeed, either saw or heard of him afterwards, save in the explanatory intelligence that, in a fit of desperation, he had procured himself to be elected Speaker of the House of Commons.

But why, my Fanny, should I relate to you all the similar scenes (and they were many) which I got up? I have before told you that I grew tired of the ease with which my conquests were achieved, and you must be well-nigh tired of the narration of them. But was there not one, you will ask, on whom my wandering fancy could rest its flitting wing in happiness and love? Was there not one of the hearts, prostrate before my feet, whose tender throbs found an answer in my own? Could I—a woman—nurtured, as we are, in dependence—strong but in affection, and weakest, most assailable, in that very strength—could I steel my heart for ever to the fond prayers which were breathed around me? Could I pass, fancy-free, through the garden of youth, untired by the dazzling glitter of its varied flowers, undesirous of the gentle repose which wooed me to its arms, unthinking of the coming time when those bright flowers would wither in my path, and

I might seek in vain for the sheltering rest which a clouded sky and a darkening sun told me it were vain to seek, as it was impossible to forget? Alas! no. I confessed myself a woman—I felt that I loved!

“My dear mamma!” I observed one morning, taking up a card which lay on the table, “where have you picked up such an aristocratic acquaintance? Phœbus, what a name! ‘Mr Jacob Huggins, T—— Street, Camberwell!’ Where, in the name of horror, is Camberwell?”

“The acquaintance annoys me more than I can tell,” replied my mother, “but peculiar circumstances render it necessary. Mr Huggins is a man who has made an immensity of money in the iron, or the linen trade—I forget which; and is some connexion (extremely distant) of ours. Fortunately for us, the man has a large share of the vulgar admiration for rank and title, and, I have every reason to believe, will make us his heirs, if it were only for the posthumous satisfaction of being described in the newspapers as having left the bulk of his splendid fortune to his cousin, Sir Francis Hargood, Bart., &c., &c., and we are not in a condition to surrender such a prospect for the sake of a mere prejudice of fashion. I shall, therefore, be obliged to show them some civilities—perhaps to submit to some in return—but I shall take very good care not to bring them in the way of our own coterie. I have just sent them an invitation to dine here, *en famille*, on Thursday next; but, if you desire it, you need not show yourself, and I can make an excuse for your non-appearance.”

“On Thursday next?—what a bore! Young Fred. de Tracy asked leave to call, and I had intended to let him stay dinner, as he has just returned from the Continent, and may be amusing in the character of Travelled Monkey!—but here is your messenger returned. Let us see what Mr Huggins means to do.”

The footman here entered, bearing a note folded exactly square, and evidently, from the jagged edges which had been wetted to facilitate the separation, written on half a sheet of foolscap, reduced, by no means mathematically, to the proper dimensions.

The address was thus worded:—

“To Lady F. Hargood, Bartess,
“Grosvenor Square, London.”

and the contents ran thus:—

“My dear Lady,

“Your note to ask self and husband to dine with you on Thursday, the 15th instance, was received safe, and much obliged. An invitation from our friend, Mr John Lewis, Broad Street, City, also for same day, came in just at the very identical moment with your Ladyship, and by chance was first opened by husband, who always opens the notes whoever they are. He thinks it most honourable and justest to accept the one first come to hand, and goes to City accordingly, bidding me write and hope not to offend. It is regular customary on him to give preference to first comer—as your Ladyship knows—first come first served; and, in course, Mr Lewis is the man. Husband says, if not going anywhere else, or to Opera, he shall be much pleased at seeing you and Miss Mary to dine, on Saturday next, at half-past four in the family way, which also hopes,

“My Lady, your loving cousin,
“SALLY HUGGINS.”

“How vexatious!” observed my mother, putting on one of her looks of concentrated misery.

“Of course you go,” said I, “it will be highly amusing!”

“I see no escaping it, without offending them,” she replied, “and that I do not wish to do. So you may write to accept in my name, Mary.”

The appointed day arrived, and we had reached a dirty green gate, with a plate thereon, inscribed “Jeremiah Huggins, Esq.,” before I had well made up my mind what to expect in the persons of my “loving cousins.” A survey of the surrounding domestic arrangements, on alighting from the carriage, was any thing but prepossessing. The little green gate, which had a most oyster-like aversion to being opened, led us into a court of about four yards square, traversed on one side by an irregularly-paved footway leading to the house door, and on the other by a narrow line of mud, from whence some miserable hollyhocks peered up, in dirty dandyism, from amid a humbler *canaille* of bachelor’s-buttons, poppies, and sweet-

william. In the centre was a raised bed of soil, which I at first took for a dirt-pie, some sportive *jeu d'esprit* of my young cousins, but which was afterwards pointed out to me as the abode of future rose-trees, a secret which, for any outward and visible sign thereof, must have been solely in the keeping of Heaven and Mrs Sally Huggins.

The door was opened to us by a staid matron in a red and yellow chintz gown and a black silk apron, whom I at first supposed to be, from her scorched face and tucked-up-sleeves, the *prima donna* of the kitchen: but the curtsy, dropped in honour of the "Bartess," was succeeded by an embrace to the "cousin," which there was no mistaking, and a truly fiery kiss bestowed on myself dispelled at once my lingering doubt on the subject. By this fair Hebe we were ushered into the drawingroom, which presented a *coup d'œil* such as I had never before witnessed. A very small fire, defended by a fender at least three feet high, was wholly surrounded by some men in rusty-black coats and various-coloured trowsers, whose voices were raised in a confused din, which seemed to set every principle of etiquette at defiance. The ladies were crowded up in a corner—the old ones lost in some weighty gossip, the young looking at the gentlemen and tittering, while a few, still more juvenile, were seated bolt upright with their hands before them, much in the attitude of the Egyptian statues in the British Museum. Above the mantel-piece was hung an immense sampler, with a centre-piece of Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit:—Adam was a small, duck-legged man, done in bright pink, with yellow eyes; Eve a douce, comfortable-looking body, also in bright pink, whose looks expressed infinite satisfaction with the flavour of an apple which she held to her lips. His satanic Majesty had also his due honours, being happily hit-off as a large green snake gravely seated on his tail, with a sentimental inclination of the head so irresistibly insinuating, as almost to induce one to forgive the frailty of our great ancestress, in considering the immensity of the temptation. Beneath, were the following lines, which were pointed out to me as the original com-

position of the matron Huggins in her twelfth year:—

"This is Adam and Eve, who took into their hand
The forbidden apple, against God's command,
And ate the apple; which if they had not done,
They would still have been alive every one.
But Satan tempted the woman, and she took unto the man,
And he did eat.—Deny it if you can!

SARAH HORNER,—*her making.*"

On each side of this interesting memorial was a drawing, with the same name attached to it:—the one representing a bridge, which would have afforded great interest to Sir John Rennie, being decidedly a *skew* one—the other a small animal with long ears, described as a pet lamb—but, except in a very sheepish look, bearing little resemblance to that emblem of innocence. One side of the room was occupied by an ancient sideboard, whereon were displayed various and strange specimens of white and blue china, disposed around an immense japan tea-tray with a yellow pagoda painted on it; the other rejoiced in a dilapidated harpsichord, the cast-off victim of some third-rate boarding-school, on which lay a fiddle with one string, whose cracked sounding-board would have forbidden its use, even if Paganini himself had been there to prove it.

While still engaged in my scrutiny, a couple of folding-doors were flung open at one end of the room, throwing down two ladies in yellow turbans in their sweep, and propelling a youth, whom I had not before observed, with some violence towards me, so as almost to endanger the safety of my chair, which was not, by any means, as steady as I could have wished. Imagining him to be some "nice young man," the attorney's or the surgeon's assistant, I should scarcely have looked up in acknowledging the bow with which he apologized for the accident, had not a superior refinement of dress from that of the barbarians around me, caught my eye, and induced me to favour him with a full glance. He blushed when he met my gaze—again bowed, and retreated towards a group of ladies to offer his arm to a plain-looking girl in black, who seemed, somehow, as if she had

expected the attention—and they moved away towards the diningroom which the folding-doors had discovered to the ravenous gaze of the guests. I thought I had never seen a more expressive countenance!—the features were not exactly regular, for the forehead was far too high in proportion to the rest of the face; but, being all fine, there was that harmony among them—the harmony which exists between all things noble—which is far more striking than mere mathematical regularity. The eyes were deep set, and of a liquid black, the nose high and aquiline, and the mouth small, yet not too small,—and with an expression of grave thought, almost melancholy, lingering around it. The complexion was of a light, transparent olive, save the lofty forehead, which was of dazzling whiteness, and thrown into relief by the masses of dark chestnut hair which curled boldly around it. I thought I had never seen so expressive a face!—so different from the one-idea'd countenances which crowded round me at Lady B.'s and Mrs S.'s, and the Duke of L.'s!—so different from Lord Arthur Trevelyan and his shadowy host of imitators! I was half angry with myself for feeling so much interested. My thoughts, however, were interrupted by the approach of the sedate matron of the house, accompanied by a young man in a blue coat with gilt buttons, adorned with an immense nosegay of dahlias, which might have formed a centre-piece at a Lord Mayor's feast,—a crimson velvet waistcoat with an immensity of gold chain, and a pair of very tight pantaloons, perfectly new and shining like court-plaster:—the wretch also wore large topaz studs, carried an opera-hat under his arm, and a gold-tipped riding whip in his hand, with which he ever and anon tapped the heel of his boot.

"Let me introduce the Hon. Mr Fitzmaier, to you, Miss!" said my loving cousin, taking my hand; "he is a very genteel young man, dear," she whispered, "and knows all the grand quality—a son of John Viscount Dillon of Dillon Hall—you must have heard of him."

I had heard the name as that of a *mauvais sujet* of the worst description—a man without an atom of character, and who went nowhere except to such places as a certain Lady Tichborne's,

and there all the foxes had lost their tails. But there was no escaping, and I returned his familiar nod and impertinent stare with as stiff a bow as possible, and took his arm to the dining-room without replying to his refined observation—"We shall have a glorious spread, Miss Hargood,—see if we don't!—old Huggins don't spare the shiners."

Such a dinner table!—at the top an enormous tureen of pea-soup—at the bottom a whole cod,—the centre a huge bowl of oyster-sauce, flanked with dishes innumerable of potatoes, turnips, carrots, &c.—all Covent Garden seemed to have transferred itself to Mr Huggins's table! Then came the clatter of spoons, the jingle of glasses, the bustling of the hostess, and the take-it-easy *nonchalance* of the two women-servants, the pressing of the gentlemen, and the coquetting of the ladies, the spluttering of the scalded and the tittering of the unscalded; altogether it was a scene "to dream of, not to tell"—and that dream might well be classed among the genus nightmare—Fitzmaier the leading character.

The tact displayed by our stately hostess edified me much. A poor girl, in a constant blush, seated near her, evidently little accustomed to the delicacy of pea-soup, had just, with unabated ardour, raised the first spoonful of her third help to her expectant lips, when Mr Huggins, addressing "his loving wife" from the top of the table, exclaimed "my dear! let me send you some more soup?" "La! Mr H." answered his fair spouse, with great indignation, "d'you think I'd be so *voolgar* as to take two-elps of soup?"—the first spoonful of the third help remained suspended in mid air—the deep blush became "deeper and deeper still," the half-open lips were closed with a heart-rending sigh, and the third help was surrendered, untouched, to the eager grasp of the delighted servant—her lawful perquisite. "Etiquette!" I mentally observed, "behold not the least faithful of your votaries!"

It being the first time I had ever tasted pea-soup, and not finding it particularly adapted to my palate, I amused myself with taking a survey of the beings seated around me. At the right hand of my host, and occupying his chief attention, sat

a lady whom I could not at all make out. She was what might be called a handsome—very handsome—woman, but of a very large size, and rouged à l'outrance. She was dressed in the very extreme of fashion, and in the richest manner possible, but without displaying one particle of taste in costume. Her robe of green velvet was spoilt by immense wreaths of crimson roses twined around it, and the splendid emerald which flashed in her zone was rendered frightful by the sickly glare of the yellow topazes which were plentifully disposed around it. A blue satin turban, also adorned with a topaz aigrette, and looking as if it had been arranged rather by a jockey than a lady's maid, completed the dress and my amazement:—She seemed as if she had undertaken to prove how much bad taste may be displayed in a given space—certainly she had “ample room and verge enough” whereon to solve the problem. Next to her was a little shrivelled woman in yellow, with a pinched-up mouth and nose to match. The rest of that side of the table being occupied by some juvenile nonentities, some with large eyes, some small—some with pink cheeks, some white—but all agreeing in red elbows. I was soon obliged—from lack of any thing else—to recur again to the face which before had so much interested me, and again to conjecture who and what its owner could be. Just as I had come to the determination to manœuvre an introduction, in order to satisfy my curiosity, the male by my side, who had all this while been silently doing justice to “Old Huggins's spread,” raised up his eyes from a very dilapidated leg of a turkey which lay before him, and turning to me, with something very like a wink, exclaimed,—“Miss Hargood!—glass of wine?”

Compassionating the man, who had evidently never been in lady's society before, I did not refuse, and went through the ceremony accordingly.

“Of course you know Lady Tichborne!” continued the Honourable.

“I have not that—pleasure,” I replied, with some emphasis.

“Not know Lady T. !—well I vow, I thought every body knowed Lady T., nobs and snobs, as we used to say at school: A charming woman, Lady T., so full of fun—up to snuff! ha! ha! ha! Gad! when she's got the champagne in her she'll jump

about like a two-year old filly, and no mistake!—none of your mincing, mewling, puling girls, what can't walk to t'other end of the room without fainting by the way, and all that gammon! And then the dresses!—my eye—I do call that something like!—did you ever see a woman better dressed, Miss Hargood?”

“I never have seen Lady Tichborne.”

“Never seen her! Lord love you! what have those pretty eyes been about? don't you see that splendid woman sitting next old Huggins at top yonder?—*she's* Lady T. and no mistake!”

The blue turban!—there could be no mistake there. I wondered I had not guessed her by intuition.

“And who is that lady next her?” asked I, determined to make my companion useful, if he could not be agreeable.

“Oh that!—that's old mother Jenkins, the ironmonger's widow. She's got lots of tin, but is so cursed close! I'd bet sixpence now, that yellow gown has been altered to meet fifty new fashions before to-night! Now, that's what I call d——d shabby, don't you, Miss? Money was made to be spent, and them as don't spend it, don't merit it—that's my maxim!”

“Very true!” I replied, “and who's that girl in black, sitting at the bottom of the table?” I had reasons for asking this question,—it was the girl the dark-eyed youth had taken on his arm.

“What, she with the napkin to her peepers?”

“That girl in black, with the white handkerchief in her hand at this moment,” I said, not understanding his dialect.

“Uncommon ugly!—ain't she?”

“Rather plain!” said I, with some impatience, “who is she, pray?”

“She was got by Surgeon Price out of Sukey Jenkins, the old yellow lady's young 'un, Mrs Surgeon Price that is. She's going to be spliced,” added the wretch, sticking his tongue in his cheek, and giving me a wink.

“That young lady is about to be married?” I said, somewhat hastily, feeling a strange sensation come over me.

“Ay!—that's the ticket!—spliced to parson Allan's son—him in the black toggery—yot can't see him, he's on our side. Some of the wome

call him interesting and all that—but I say he's a chicken—one of your softies who shirks a spree—a flat—a regular flat!—not a man for my money; eh! Miss Hargood!—I like a fellow who can knock about his fives now and then—kick up a row and kick down a beak—up to stuff, eh, Miss Hargood?"

Having now acquired all the information I wished from my refined companion, I did not choose to answer this interesting appeal, and betook myself, accordingly, to the society of my own thoughts. Strange! that I should feel so interested in one to whom I had never yet spoken—who had expressed no interest in me! I, who had received with indifference the homage of the richest, the handsomest, the noblest! I—who had smiled an incredulous smile as I listened to their vows of love and protestations of affection! I—who had closed with a yawn the second volume of the "*Bride of Lammermoor*," which all the world had "sat up all night to read through!" I, in short, who had declared only two days ago, that love was meant for servant-maids and boarding-school misses!—who had quizzed my cousin Emily for sighing when her *fiancé* left the room—who had dismissed my favourite waiting-woman because I doubted the possibility of a person making herself useful and kissing the footman at the same time—who had assigned Cupid his throne within the folds of a valentine, and limited the range of his arrows to the far corner of a county ball-room! "Oh, and I, forsooth, in love!" But was I in love? I looked at the girl in black, and thought I had never seen so odiously plain and vulgar a creature! And was it possible *he* could have made such a choice? No, no! It was a forced match! This surgeon—Price—what a name!—had made a fortune by poisoning some rich dowager's lap-dog!—but no!—how stupid I was! it was all quite plain! He had married Miss Jenkins, the rich ironmonger's only child—I had Mr Fitzmaer's authority for it—and she was to inherit all the ironmonger's riches; and the plain girl—the odiously plain girl,—in black, was *her* only child, and would inherit from her: What could be more clear? And then the clergyman—Allan, a fine old name!—was very poor, with a very manœuvring wife, and she had forced her son into

a match with the rich ironmonger's grand-child, who was to inherit the rich ironmonger's riches; and he, poor fellow! had resisted as long as he could, but his poor sick father "looked into his face, till his heart was like to break," and he turned away, and wept, and consented. Yes! I understood it all in a moment! I had the whole scene before me. What a beautiful *tableau vivant*!—the venerable, grey-headed old man, with his look of half-resigned, half-reproachful calmness at the scanty comforts around; and the beautiful, noble boy,—his fine eyes filled with gushing tears as he gazed on the aged wreck before him, and thought how a word of his might give all the luxuries and comforts which soften the rude touch of time—and there the sharp, cunning features of the gaunt, tawdrily-dressed mother, as she urged on him the wants of another, while she thought but of her own.—Oh! papa must positively give Hamilton an order, and I'll hang it up in my dressing-room—it will make a sweet picture! But, in the mean time, was he to be thus sacrificed? No! that he should not be. Sooner than that I'd marry him myself, poor as we both are. An introduction I shall contrive immediately, and it will be hard if I cannot manage to win his heart before our carriage comes—I wish mamma had ordered it at eleven instead of ten. Here my reveries were interrupted by loud shuffling of feet, and cries of "silence! silence!" Our host had got up to make a speech. Mr Huggins was a very little man, with a very red face, and on this occasion it was doubly so; a circumstance which called forth this exquisite bit of wit from the Honourable Mr Fitzmaer, who gave me a poke with his elbow, and said—

"I say, Miss Hargood, you've read Shakspeare?—look ye!—a speech is a thing to 'make the *green un red*,' eh, Miss Hargood! good, ain't it? ha! ha! ha! Now go it, Huggins! hear, hear, as we say in the House."

"Gentlemen and ladies!" began Mr Huggins, in great trepidation—"I rise on this—I rise—gentlemen and ladies!—(immense applause)—gentlemen!—and ladies—(hear hear)—I rise on this hinteresting occasion to congratulate myself, gentlemen!—and ladies—(great sensation)—to congratulate myself and you on the subjects around me!—(loud cheers)—Gentle-

men and ladies, I am now three-score summers and ten, and my beloved—my fair—my aged—('no, no,' from the gentlemen.)—gentlemen, I ask your pardon—my fair, my beloved partner is one year older than me,—(great agitation among the ladies)—she has shared with me all my inflections, ladies—whether good, bad, or indifferent—(cheers)—like a being—an animal of neither earth nor heaven—(immense applause)—her voice has soothed me like the music of the spears—(hear, hear, and cries of 'beautiful!' from some ladies at the bottom of the table)—like the music of the spears, gentlemen!—and ladies. (Loud cheers.) What, then, gentlemen, must be my feelings on this overpowering occasion?—what must be my sympathies—my adhibitions—my contemplations—in short, what d'ye think I'm driving at, ladies and gentlemen?—(sensation)—gentlemen, in that lovely—that accomplished woman—('Oh la, Mr H.! ' from Mrs Huggins, and loud cheers from the gentlemen)—in that woman, gentlemen, I behold the model and personify of her delectable sex—(thunders of applause)—and therefore, gentlemen and ladies—(hear, hear)—no—not the ladies—that won't do by the way—(loud cheers)—I say therefore, gentlemen, let each man fill his glass to the brim to the Fair Sex—(immense applause)—those comforters under inflections!—as the old song says, gentlemen, 'Woman, lovely woman.' (Unbounded cheering, accompanied by a loud bray from the Hon. Mr Fitzmaier—I suppose also an importation from the House.)

Ere the excitement caused by this most eloquent speech had subsided, a little dapper man in a blue silk neckcloth, yellow waistcoat, and nankeen inexpressibles, rose with a consequential hem, and was received with vociferated cheers. I soon perceived that this was the orator of the assembly, by the "ready-present" attitude assumed by the guests in order to be in full time with the necessary cheers. The little man, after settling the blue silk neckcloth, and casting a bland look around him, thus commenced:—

"Ladies and gentlemen—(loud cheers)—unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I cannot deny myself the felicity of rising to congratulate you on your good fortune in having

just listened to so able a speech as that delivered by my estimable friend, and our generous host, Jacob Huggins. (Great applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, these are dark and awful times!—(sensation)—ladies and gentlemen, I am but an humble individual—(hear, hear)—but every man, every Englishman, ladies and gentlemen—(immense cheering)—I say every Englishman, ladies and gentlemen, is entitled to think for himself! (Loud cries of 'hear, hear.') Is not this a free country?—(immense applause)—let them answer me that! Is not this the land of liberty? (Loud cheers.) Am I a slave?—are *we* all slaves? ('No! no!' and immense cheering, all the company rising.) Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for that word. No!—we are not slaves! we are freemen—we are Englishmen! (Thunders of applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, I am an humble individual!—(hear, hear),—but, humble as I am, when I see our liberties trampled on—our privileges as men—our privileges as Christians—our privileges as Englishmen—(immense cheering)—despised and controverted—then—as a man—as a Christian—as an Englishman—I lift up my voice in thunder against the sacrilegious traitors!—(great sensation.) I crush them!—I despise them!—I turn from them!—I *loathe* them! (Immense cheering.) Gentlemen, I have done—(hear, hear)—my feelings overpower me!—but I am deeply conscious that I cannot find a more adequate expression for my own feelings and yours, than in proposing the health and prosperity of our generous host—*omo sum nio uman, eh me! aley numb puto*—(loud cheers)—a man, ladies and gentlemen, who cannot be better described than in the language of our great poet:—

'Take him all together,
We never can look upon any body like
him again;' and I can only regret that this office has devolved on so humble an individual, and so wretched a speaker." (Loud cries of "no! no!" and unbounded applause.)

A great many more speeches followed, but the two I have given were decidedly the gems of the evening. I thought we never should get away, but at length some very broad hints from the young Honourable beside me, fairly drove the ladies out of the

room, and, with a wretched headach I immediately set about bringing my love scheme (I must call it so) to maturity.

With this view I determined to introduce myself to Miss Price, the girl in black—to attach myself to her for the whole of the evening, and thus obtain an opportunity of entering into conversation with young Allan, who would, of course, give all his attention to his *fiancée*. No sooner planned than executed! I found her a simple, quiet, unpretending girl, without any apparent markedness of character, or, indeed, any attraction beyond an amiable and unaffected manner. And what was this attraction but a negative one?—I considered Allan as already mine. His affection for such a girl could have nothing deep, nothing passionate in it!—No!—his was a mind made for a far higher mate. There was ambition in the glance of his eye, and the curl of his lip, and the lines of deep thought on his noble brow spoke him a dreamer and a refiner. The ties which bound him to that humble girl were bound while his spirit slept—I would awaken him to the knowledge of himself, and he would spurn them like cobwebs as he rose in his new-found vigour!

As such thoughts as these chased each other rapidly across my mind, I looked at the gentle creature who was seated so calmly and unsuspecting beside me, and for a moment a pang shot through my breast. Could she really love him? Was that quiet nature capable of feeling the might—the whirlwind might—of passion? If so, what misery—what anguish was I preparing for her!—perhaps the gnawing pangs of blighted affection—the dark apathy of despair—the ravings of madness—a broken heart!—I shuddered at the thought!—But it was but for a moment!—Allan had advanced to her side, and I watched the still lips, and the placid eye, and saw no smile play round the one, no beam of joy light up the other—and my purpose became fixed and indissoluble.

My manœuvres succeeded as I had anticipated. My acquaintance with his *fiancée* opened the way for entering into conversation with young Allan. I found him shy and reserved in manner, but remarkably graceful and refined; and there was at times a flashing forth of enthusiasm when the subject interested him, which convinced

me I had not been mistaken in my application of the principles of Lavater.

We were speaking of the life of a country clergyman, on which I indulged in a great many common-places—not without an object. “It is a life,” I observed, addressing myself to him, “which appears to me one of the most enviable!—so removed from the stir and bustle of this noisy world!—so limited in its troubles, yet so unbounded in its influence!—raised above this earth in the sphere of its duties, yet within it in the exercise of them!—it is an enviable life!”

“It is,” he replied, observing I looked at him; but I saw that the affirmative was yielded more from modesty of his own opinions than accordance with mine.

“I cannot imagine one more so!” I continued, determined to draw him out—“What is the brilliant career of the warrior or the conqueror, compared to the quiet, unostentatious, but useful, life of the country clergyman?—the one is the dash, and the foam, and the roar, of the cataract—fine and mighty child of the tempest and the flood, rendered more fierce and mighty by the rocks which oppose its course, scattering destruction, and terror, and awe, in its wild sport, and flinging up its spray as if it would dash it against the very face of Heaven; the other is the gentle, unobserved streamlet, watering and filling with verdure, a thousand valleys, and giving food and health, and comfort to a thousand human beings!—Is not my simile a just one?”

“It may be so!” he replied, his eye kindling as he spoke, “but let me be the cataract with its foam and its roar!—let me feel myself alone in the might of my grandeur!—short though my career may be, let it be the shortness of the comet’s, which is gone ere men’s wonder has time to cool. You smile, Miss Hargood!—perhaps it is ridiculous for the son of a poor clergyman to speak thus,” he said, with some bitterness, “but my feelings were too strong for me, and however little they may be understood,”—and here he glanced at his *fiancée*,—“I cannot, at times, restrain the expression of them.”

He misunderstood my smile—it was of triumph!

“There is nothing ridiculous,” I said, “in the outpourings of an aspir-

ing mind—however cribb'd and cabin'd for a while by untoward circumstances, be assured, such a mind will burst its shackles, like straw, when it feels its own strength; and rise from each new difficulty, with new vigour—"like a giant refreshed!"—I spoke with energy and enthusiasm, for I felt as a prophetess, foretelling the high destiny of the noble being before me.

"I am sure, Edward," observed Miss Price, quietly, "a little reflection will convince you your ideas are wrong."

Edward!—what a beautiful name!—I longed to call him Edward.

In the course of conversation I discovered that his father had been curate of a village not far from Ashton Park, and immediately remembered that he had heard me my catechism previous to my being confirmed. This was quite sufficient to preface an invitation to Grosvenor Square, which was immediately given and accepted; and I left the arms of my "loving cousin," fully persuaded that I had never spent so delightful an evening in the course of my life.

"My poor child!" said my mother, as I entered the carriage, "what must your sufferings have been!"

My mother was too confident of the firm root which she imagined the principles she had instilled in me had taken, to feel any uneasiness from the visits of the son of a poor vicar; and even if she had done so, the circumstance of his hand being already plighted would have dispelled it. But she did not—the idea never for a moment occurred to her—she would as soon have occupied her attention with Jack the Giant-killer, or the Arabian Tales!—disinterested affection was to her as much a fiction as any of those amusing fables, and the thought of such a thing in a child of hers was too monstrous to find place for a moment. How well I remembered when these were my own ideas! and how I despised them *now*! Yet not exactly despised—I did not dare yet to go so far even in thought—but I had often caught myself disputing their accuracy, and calling into question their tendency to promote happiness. Already had I read the *Bride of Lammermoor* twice over, and I looked upon Lucy Ashton as a very weak girl!—"I would not have acted thus!" I thought, as I closed the mournful tale, and sank into reverie; and as I thought, the image of Edward would recur to me, and how like he

was to the proud and noble Ravenswood! And then how like—how fearfully like—my mother was to the haughty Lady Ashton! And was I like Lucy?—the weak Lucy? Oh no, "I would not have acted thus," I again repeated, aloud and with energy, as if the firmness of my voice was to give strength to my resolution.

In the mean-while my charms had their usual success. How my heart bounded with rapture, as I observed the timid glances of love, the increasing reserve, the softening voice, and the reverential manner of my young admirer. "Yes," I often thought, "this is indeed a treasure worth the winning. What were the mines of Istakar in comparison with such a heart, so noble, so spotless, so devoted." Alas! it struck me not how soon that bright dream might be dispelled. I took no note of the stern barrier stretched between me and him. I dreamt not of the anguish I was heaping up to fall on the heads of both. I knew not that I was twining tendrils around my own heart, but to be torn bleeding from its core—that I was weaving the tissue of my own woes!—that I was barbing the shaft for my own destruction!—and he too!—I could have borne with the sorrows which touched but myself—but that he, whom I loved so fondly—bear witness, Heaven! for thou alone knowest *how* fondly!—that *he* should be condemned to such pangs—condemned too by me!—by me—who would have died—joyfully died—to save him the anguish of a moment!—it was too much! Yet I live—I still live!

There was another—a humbler heart—too, which was involved in the ruin I had prepared. As I was driving up Regent Street in an open carriage—Edward (I called him Edward now) seated by my side, and engaged in a very animated conversation with me—I observed him suddenly become pale and then red, as he bowed, with a very embarrassed air, to some one on the causeway: Not without a twinge of jealousy, I instantly endeavoured to discover, amid a crowd of pedestrians, who it was who had excited such emotion in *my* Edward. I had not long to lose myself in conjecture. Never shall I forget the look of anguish which distorted the plain features of Susan Price (I recognised her immediately) as she glanced for a moment at our gay equipage as it

darted along the smooth street ;—it was but a moment, for she caught my eye, and turned away with a proud gesture which stung me to the quick. But it was not then that that look brought anguish to my breast :—No ! I turned lightly away, and even smiled as I hummed the old air—“ Why let the stricken deer go weep ! ”—for prosperity had hardened my heart. But when that breast was the dwelling-place of remorse—the bitter home of woe—the expression of that face, writhing in the intensity of its anguish, would recur again and again to my startled imagination, and I shuddered as I thought that my own misery was a just—yet a feeble—retribution for the pangs I had so wantonly inflicted on a heart, as true and far more deserving than my own !

Need I tell you, my own Fanny ! how those godlike visions were destroyed ? Do not ask me to repeat to you that dreadful scene, when a mother,—forgetting all the ties of nature—of kindred—of affection,—raised her voice to curse her child—her first-born child !—how my spirit shrank, appalled, from those awful words, and I lay, for days, senseless and motionless, under the fierce struggle between death and life ! And ask me not for him. Would to Heaven he had died ! but Heaven willed it not. For him was reserved a darker doom,—for me a deeper despair ! I saw him but once again—he knew me not ! That noble mind had fled from its beauteous tenement, and I heard but the incoherent ravings of a manacled idiot ! And how I longed—yea, even prayed !—to join him in that fearful cell !—to sear off from my brain the memory of the past, even if the scorching iron were left to seethe for ever in the furrows it had ploughed up !—But it might not be !—I fulfilled a juster

doom. I have seen the vanities, which were the very food of my former existence, leave me—an object of scorn and derision :—I have seen friendship and affection wither and die round my path !—I have watched the bright companions of my youthful years sink, one by one, into the grave lamented and forgotten ;—like lights which have gone out and left darkness but for a moment, till their place was the place of another !—I have seen the eyes which have smiled on me glazed with the dark hand of death ;—the lips that have spoken words of love, cold and senseless to my kiss ;—the hands that have blessed me, motionless and unyielding to my warm pressure ;—and what have I to do with life ? For me it has no joys—even affliction has lost its sting ! and I gaze listlessly around me, shunned by all, and avoiding all, like a being whose part is finished on this restless stage—who is felt to be an intruder—a guest who has overstayed his welcome time ! —Nay ; do not weep, my fair child ! You have not deserted the wretched old hag in her wretchedness :—I have *one* blessing still reserved in that bright smile and gentle voice ;—and heaven will reward you, my child ! for your kindness to the “ weary and heavy laden.”—Heaven will bless you and reward you, as Heaven alone can bless and reward. And when this tired soul has found the rest which it longs to win, you will not scoff at the memory of the withered “ Old Maid ”—you will remember the sad history you have this night heard—and you will think of her as one whose faults were rather of the head than of the heart—as one who was the victim of a misguided youth and perverted mind—as one whose failings were the failings of a woman—who loved—“ not wisely, but too well ! ”

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS.

MUSE, sing the feats of radiant Aphrodite :
 Ev'n the great gods she thrills with fond delight ;
 All tribes of mortal men, by her subdued,
 And flying fowl, and all the forest brood,
 Yea, all that roam the earth, or swim the sea,
 Yield to the spells of bright-crown'd Cytherë.

Three hearts alone her witcheries ne'er can move :
 Athena—child of Ægis-bearing Jove—
 To her no deeds of golden love are dear,
 But wars, the work of Ares' bloody spear,
 Frays and fierce fight, and glory's proud career.
 Her skill first school'd the subtle artisan
 The brass-wrought car to frame and rattling van,
 And deign'd soft maidens in their bowers to teach
 Rich works—imprinting on the minds of each.

Nor woodland Artemis, with shafts of gold,
 In Love's sweet thrall can smiling Cyprus hold.
 Her joy the bow, and on the hills to slay
 The beasts of chase, and shouts heard far away,
 Lyre and light dance, green wood, and shadowy glen,
 And the blest gates of just and holy men.

Nor e'er have love-pranks that coy maid beguiled,
 Vesta—the dark-soul'd Cronus' first-born child—
 The adored—whom Neptune and Apollo woo'd—
 In vain—for sternly she their suit withstood ;
 And vow'd a mighty fate-perfected vow,
 Touching the Ægis-bearing father's brow,
 A maid to live throughout all time unwed—
 Beautiful One—but in the espousal's stead,
 To her the sire a glorious boon decreed,
 Throned in mid-hall, on savouriest fare to feed :
 Hence, honour-crown'd, she holds each godhead's shrine,
 To men divinest of the powers divine.

Their hearts can baffled Venus ne'er surprise ;
 But, of all other, none her witchery flies,
 Of mortal men, or Heaven's blest Deities.
 Ev'n the dread Thunderer's soul she steals away,
 Though mightiest he, and arm'd with mightiest sway ;
 If she but list—in all his strength betray'd,
 He sinks—the minion of some mortal maid,
 Far from his sister-wife, his Juno's eye,
 Bright Queen, the stateliest dweller of the sky ;
 Whom, with high glory graced beyond compare,
 Shrewd Cronus erst begat, and Rhea bare,
 And Jove—th' all-wise, in his immortal will,
 Took for his bride—a maid of matchless skill.

But Jove o'er Venus' self sweet longing breathed
 To lie in arms of human lover wreathed ;
 That barr'd no more from bridal-bed on earth,
 Amidst heaven's gathered host the queen of mirth
 No more might laughing cry, " Yes, mine the power
 That wins each god to earthly maidens' bower ;
 Whence mortal sons from sires immortal grow,
 And heaven's high daughters seek their lords below."

Thus, in her virgin heart the breath of Jove
 For young Anchises fann'd the fire of love,
 A shepherd-prince—in shape to heaven allied—
 His kine he kept upon the hills of Ide.
 She saw—she loved—and while fierce rapture prey'd
 Upon her soul, the merry-laughing maid
 To Cyprus flew, and reach'd her holy place,
 Her Paphian bower—that grove and odorous altar grace.

There entering in, the glittering gates she barr'd ;
 And there each Grace, with oil of spiciest nard,
 Her soft limbs bathed—that oil, whose rich perfume,
 For her attemper'd, breathes immortal bloom.
 Then, full-attired in raiment silvery-bright,
 And deck'd with gold, the frolic Aphrodite
 Hasted for Troy, and, fragrant Cyprus left,
 Swift through the clouds her airy pathway cleft.

And soon she reach'd the many-fountain'd Ide,
 Mother of beasts,—and o'er the green hill side
 Pass'd towards a cattle-booth, and as she went
 Around her fawn'd, with uncouth blandishment,
 Fierce fire-eyed lions, and a pack of grim
 Grey wolves, and bears, and leopards lithe of limb—
 Unsated feasters on the forest-deer ;
 —She saw them, and the sight her soul did cheer :
 Then love into their breasts she threw,—and they,
 Pair'd, in their leafy-curtain'd chambers lay.

There, in a place of goodly tents, she found
 Her hero—by the gods with beauty crown'd—
 At the lone stalls,—for to the pasture-ground
 The herdmen all had follow'd with their kine,
 While in his tent-door mused the youth divine,
 Companionless—or, sauntering here and there,
 Struck from his cithern's string a clear sweet pastoral air.
 Before him Jove-born Aphrodite stood,
 Clad in the simple grace of maidenhood,
 A child of earth—for how should mortal eye
 Abide the blaze of unveil'd deity ?
 He saw, and at her form and rich attire
 Gazed, strangely pondering ; far than flame of fire
 More brightly glow'd the mantle she had on,
 And her wreath'd rings and pendants brightly shone.
 Swanlike her soft white neck, and over it
 Lay golden chains, of beauty exquisite ;
 While, like the moon on some still-heaving lake,
 Her delicate bosom shone, and thus she brake
 A marvel on his sight—love seiz'd him and he spake.

“ Hail ! to my dwelling from thy bower of bliss,
 Leto, or Aphrodite, or Artemis.
 O Queen, all hail ! perchance high Themis thou—
 Perchance Athena of the flashing brow—
 Perchance I view, bright visitant, in thee,
 A sister-grace of that immortal Three,
 The darlings of heaven's deathless company.
 Or wood-nymph roaming the deep groves at will,
 Or Oread thou, and this thine haunted hill,
 Or nymph of field or flood, that lov'st to dwell
 In river-spring, or brookland's grassy dell ;
 To thee, on yonder hill-top, whose tall cone
 O'erlooks the vale, I rear an altar stone ;

And there these hands shall balmiest offerings shower
 At early morn, and evening's holy hour :
 So thou but grant me graciously to stand
 First of the men of Troy, my father-land ;
 Strong be mine offspring after me, but give
 That I myself to length of days may live,
 Long see the sunlight, and old's threshold press,
 Happy amid my people's happiness."

" Anchises, noblest of the sons of earth,"
 Jove's daughter answered, " none of heavenly birth—
 No goddess I—nor thou to such compare
 This mortal form, which human mother bare.
 Otreus, my sire, his noble name thou know'st—
 High chieftain he of well-wall'd Phrygia's coast.
 Nor yet to me sounds strange thy native tongue ;
 A Troy dame nursed me in the house when young,
 Receiving from my mother's hands to rear :
 Hence sounds thy speech familiar to mine ear.
 But me the Argiphont, with staff of gold,
 From Dian's choir, the shaft arm'd huntress bold,
 Caught all unweeting, as I danced and play'd
 With many a nymph and many a high-born maid,
 By countless crowds encircled.

Thence he bore
 My hurrying form man's myriad labours o'er,
 O'er wold and wilderness, where beasts of blood
 Roam, fleshy-fanged, the howling solitude.
 Nor seem'd my foot, through all that wondrous flight,
 Once on the life-sustaining earth to light.
 ' Maiden,' he spake, ' Anchises' couch to grace
 I call thee, mother of a glorious race.'
 Then pointing to thy form, up soaring hied
 Back to the Immortals, that strong Argicide.

" Forced thus I come—strong hand upon me lay—
 But thee, by Jove and by thy parents, pray,
 Thy princely parents (for the serf, the slave,
 To son so godlike ne'er his being gave),
 By these I pray thee, to their presence guide
 Me thine unwedded, love-untasting bride :
 Hence by thy father and thy mother view'd,
 And scanned by all thy noble brotherhood,
 Hence learn if, haply in their sight I prove
 A sister, daughter, worthy of their love.

" But speed to Phrygia some swift scout, to cheer
 With hope my sire, and pensive mother's ear ;
 So they wove vests shall send, and store of gold,
 Which thou receive—rich dower and manifold—
 And haste the dainty marriage-feast to spread,
 By men and gods immortal honoured."

The goddess spake, implanting in his breast
 Sweet love, whom thus th' enamoured youth address'd :—
 " If mortal thou, and born of mortal dame,—
 If Otreus be thy sire's illustrious name,—
 If hither com'st thou, by the immortal aid
 Of Herald Hermes to mine arms convey'd,
 If mine thou wilt be call'd, mine own for ever,
 — Nor god nor man our beating hearts shall sever—
 Not ev'n Apollo's mighty self, though he
 The shafts shoot forth of his dread archery.

But thou once mine, dear maid of heavenliest bloom,
Then welcomes death, and Hades' gates of gloom!"

This said, he seized her hand—the smiling Queen,
With downcast eye and modest maiden mien,
Turn'd and stept softly to a silvan bed,
With skin of bear and loud-voiced lion spread,—
Smooth coverings, meet the hunter's couch to strew,
Spoils of the beasts that on the hills he slew.

And soon as on that pleasant couch they lay,
From her fair form he stripp'd her rich array,
Clasps, and link'd chains, and bracelet bands, and gems
Like chaliced rose-buds wreathed on jewell'd stems.
Then loosed her zone, and laid her bright robes by
Upon a stool of silver marquetry.
Happy Anchises! destined by the love
And kindly sentence of the gods above,
To rest—unconscious of the glory given—
A mortal stripling by a maid of Heaven!

But at the hour when herd, and flock, and hind,
Home from the flower-enamell'd pastures wind,
With a sweet sleep she seal'd Anchises' sight,
And rose and robed her in her weeds of light.
Then full attired she stood the slumberer nigh,
Divinely beautiful—while, towering high,
Her forehead touch'd the fretted canopy,
And from her cheeks undying radiance shone,
Rays such as beam from flower-crown'd Love alone,
Then from his dreams th' entranced youth she woke,
And call'd by name, and cheerly thus bespoke:—

" Rise, son of Dardanus—awake, arise!
Why sits sweet sleep thus heavy on thine eyes?
And say, if now one trace in me there dwell
Of her on whom thy first love-glances fell."

She call'd—from sleep he started—and with awe
Struck, when her neck and lustrous eyes he saw,
Trembled, and turn'd away his glance, and hid
His fair face in the mantling coverlid,
Then spoke beseechingly:—

" Immortal maid,
Soon as these ravish'd eyes thy form survey'd,
I knew thee heavenly—for a goddess knew—
And surely felt thy whole fond tale untrue.
But thee by Ægis-armed Jove I pray,
O leave me not to waste on earth away,
But pity me—for brief the being given
To man, that chambereth with the maids of Heaven."

To him Jove's sea-born daughter—

" Denizen
Of earth, but noblest of the sons of men,
Anchises—let thine heart be of good cheer—
Fear not—from me thou hast no ill to fear,
Nor from the gods, for thou to them art dear.

" But thine a son shall be—a Trojan king,
And children's children from his loins shall spring
Throughout all time; his grief-recording name
Æneas, emblem of the heinous shame

That seized me, sorrowing, for the love that led
 These limbs to press a mortal marriage-bed.
 Yet next the gods, in grace and bearing shine
 'Mongst men, the princes of thy chosen line.
 'Twas for his beauty, that with guileful rede
 Jove caught away the gold-hair'd Ganymede,
 To greet the immortals, and in Heaven's bright hall
 The wine-cup fill, when gods keep festival :
 Strange sight !—that stripling all with praise behold,
 Red nectar drawing from the vase of gold.

“ Then quenchless grief seized Tros—unknowing aught,
 Whither the wind-blast his dear boy had caught ;
 And mourning all his days, the sire had gone
 Down to the dust, but for his ravish'd son
 Jove gave, in pity, guerdons rich and rare—
 Steeds snowy-footed—such th' immortals bear,
 Brave gifts—and what henceforth should him betide,
 At Jove's command, the herald Argicide
 Announced—that glorious all his days should be,
 Unmarr'd by age and dull mortality.
 Soon as he heard the gladsome tidings sent
 From Jove, he ceased to sorrow and lament,
 But laugh'd—yea, laugh'd his inmost soul for glee—
 Borne by those storm-hoof'd steeds exultingly.

“ Nor he of other race than thine was born
 Rapt heavenward by the golden-throned Morn,
 'Tithon the godlike. She to Cronion went,
 Lord of the cloud-pavilion'd firmament—
 For him, an earnest suitor, to implore
 Days without end, and life for evermore.
 Jove bow'd assent, and wrought her lips' desire—
 Fool that she was, forgetful to require
 That life-long youth his length of years might bless,
 And far away ward age and helplessness.
 And long as youth illumed him with its glow
 At Earth's last bourne, where Ocean's fountains flow,
 He dwelt—in bright Aurora's blushing bower,
 The spring-born maiden's happy paramour.
 But when the first grey hairs had once appear'd,
 Checkering his noble head, and flowing beard,
 Thenceforth she lived, self-banish'd from his bed ;
 Yet in her palace on ambrosia fed,
 And gave him rich attire. But when the frost
 Of gaunt age chill'd him to the uttermost,
 His palsied limbs when life no longer moved,
 She chose the counsel that her soul approved,
 And to a lone and secret chamber bore,
 And laid him down—and shut the shining door :
 There from his lips incessant babbling flows,
 And his cramp'd limbs live on in dull repose.

“ Oh ! not for thee would I the immortals pray
 For endless years, and life's undying day ;
 Yet, fresh as now in face and form thou art,
 Still could'st thou dwell, the husband of my heart,
 No grief should then my quiet soul o'ercloud ;
 But soon, alas ! must age thy being shroud—
 Unpitying age—whose strength-subduing weight
 Man bears heart-broken, Heaven beholds with hate.

" But me shall never-ending shame o'ertake,
 Amid th' immortal gods, for thy dear sake ;
 Though once they trembled at the wanton guile,
 And whisper'd tales, whereby I link'd, erewhile,
 Heaven's princes with the daughters of mankind,
 And captive led by my all-ruling mind.
 But past these triumphs—love-lorn victims' groan
 Shall me no more the gods' arch-conqueror own :
 For I have fall'n ; I too in scorn and shame
 Shall lie, a senseless thing without a name.
 Fool—in mine arms a son of earth to fold—
 And bear beneath my zone a babe of mortal mould !

" But when his eyes to light and life awake,
 Him to their care shall nymphs full-bosom'd take,—
 Fair nymphs that range this mighty mount divine,
 Born nor of mortal nor immortal line ;
 Though long they live, and fruits ambrosial eat,
 And join the gods' gay dance with never-wearying feet.
 With them—in arch'd recess, their amorous haunt—
 The Silens toy, and keen-eyed Argiphont ;
 With them—twin-born—from out the boon earth's breast
 Sprang the tall pine and oak's imperial crest,
 O'er whom, high-rear'd on many a mountain-head,
 Lordly, full-leaved, the travelling sunbeams tread.
 Groves of the gods !—on them no woodmen rear
 The sharing axe—but when their doom draws near
 Their doom of death, first withering to the ground,
 Droop their broad boughs, and strew their leaves around ;
 While, ever as the dry bark peals away,
 Flits each twin-spirit from the light of day.

" These nymphs the nurses of my babe shall be :
 Who, when sweet youth hath crown'd his infancy,
 Shall hither bring, and to thy smiling sight
 Reveal thy son, the flower of thy delight ;
 Whom thou receive, and with exceeding joy
 (For like a god shall bloom the peerless boy)
 Lead forth unto the wind-swept towers of Troy.

" Then, should some stranger ask, what mother fair
 Beneath her belt that cherish'd offspring bare,
 To him make answer thus—as I shall tell—
 ' The maids, that on this wood-clothed mountain dwell,
 Declare the noble boy to be the child
 Of Calycopis, nymph of beauty mild.'
 But should'st thou boast, in wild and witless glee,
 Thine arms have clasp'd the rich-wreathed Cytherè,
 Jove, in the fiery vengeance of his wrath,
 Thee with the levin's flashing bolt shall scath.
 Lo ! I have told thee all—be dumb—be wise :—
 Hold thou, and name not :—nor Heaven's wrath despise."

Her parting charge she spake, and, at its close,
 Into the breezy heaven upspringing rose.

Hail—Goddess ! Queen of Cyprus' bright domain !—
 From thee began—to thee my song again
 Shall turn—so pass we to another strain.

W. B.

GERMAN DRAMA.

HEDWIG ; A DRAMA. BY THEODORE KÖRNER.

THERE is no name in German literature more fondly cherished by his countrymen than that of Theodore Körner. They talk with a reverence, almost reaching to idolatry, of Goëthe—with an admiration, scarcely inferior, of the genius of Schiller—but the feeling of love with which the author of the "*Lyre and Sword*" is regarded, is still more universal and intense. From the mustachioed youth, imbibing patriotism along with his sour beer at the University, to the staid professor of the same, there seems to be but one sentiment of warm and brotherly attachment towards the minstrel boy. To be critical of his faults seems to them to be almost ingratitude to his virtues, and we must, therefore, look to some other tribunal for an impartial judgment on his literary merits. But the task to maintain a rigid forgetfulness of the man in estimating the author, is a very difficult one, even to a person free from the national feelings which his story excites among his compatriots.

A youth born of no noble family, nor of any extraordinary wealth, rising into general celebrity by his dramas and poems ; then exchanging his pen for the sword, or rather uniting the two ; and distinguishing himself so much by skill and bravery as to be raised by his comrades to a command at the end of a few months ; rousing, at the same time, the pride and courage of an injured nation by the most thrilling appeals to patriotism and revenge ; and crowning all by a glorious death in battle at the age of twenty-two,—is a person whose writings it is difficult to look upon with the coldness necessary to a correct decision. But while we attribute a considerable share of the literary reputation he enjoys to the military distinction of his short and glorious career, we are not to forget that it was his genius which in fact made his career distinguished. The personal gallantry and chivalrous death of an individual of his rank, would have attracted no observation, if his talent had not already made him a man of mark and likelihood. There were hundreds of the German

youth who fought as well and died as nobly as Theodore Körner, but whose names had never extended beyond the circle of their personal friends. How fondly their memories are cherished *within* that circle, and how any memorial of them is prized, need not be told to any one who is acquainted with the domestic enthusiasm (if we may call it so) of the German character. A family which lost one of its sons in that glorious struggle is ennobled in its own eyes by the loss ; and many is the humble vicarage in the "*Helderland*" which has heard from the grey-haired father the proud boast of our own Duke of Ormond,—"*I would not change my dead son for any living one in Christendom !*" Exactly with the same feelings with which those individuals are regarded by their own friends, is Körner looked on by the nation. The old men think of him as of a son—the young as of a brother—for the time of life at which he died was exactly the one which unites all the sympathies in its favour.

But his writings, making all allowances for the enthusiasm of his countrymen, are sufficient of themselves to justify a very considerable degree of praise. Composed almost in boyhood—many of them in the hurry of camps and amid the din of arms—their power of expression, and the polish of their versification, are remarkable. In all of them we find traces of the ardent spirit, and the enthusiasm for the great and noble, which are the chief elements of the poetic character. A little more knowledge of life and men, and a greater acquaintance with the higher models of dramatic composition—both of which a few more years would have put within his reach—would have given him a very distinguished rank among writers for the stage. The plays he has left are still acted with success, and are distinguished by many excellences ; and it is from one of these that we propose to lay before our readers the means of judging of his poetical abilities.

Hedwig is a drama of domestic life. The scene is laid in the castle of a fine old noble, Count Felseck, among the

hills bordering on Italy. Julius, the son of the old Count, has returned from the army after an absence of several years, and finds his playmate, Hedwig, converted into a full-grown woman, and studiously shunning a renewal of their youthful friendship. Her purpose in this is to save the benefactors who have protected her the pain of seeing their only son wedded to a person of her humble birth; for, in secret, she is as devotedly attached to Julius "as e'er was woman to the man she loved." It gives a strong proof of the distinction of ranks still preserved in Germany, that this scruple of Hedwig should be recognised as sufficient ground for her conduct. Du-

ring the absence of Julius, a man of the name of Rudolph has come into the Count's service as *yüger*, and has made himself an especial favourite of his master. Dark, moody, steeped in crime, yet with the embers of a noble nature still smouldering within him, Rudolph has become enamoured of the gentle foster-daughter, without knowing that Julius is his rival. The struggles of Rudolph with his evil nature, his longings for virtue, and his tremendous rush into recklessness and despair when his hopes are disappointed, give the principal interest to the drama.

The first scene brings Hedwig on the stage alone.

"He haunts me still! I fly from him; I strive
His kind looks to forget,—to make me deaf
To the sweet accents of his voice, which still
Recall that happy time! In vain—in vain!
He parries every art with which—foregoing
My happiness, and striving with myself,
I shun his sight.

Alas! the very feeling

Which I in vain conceal, which I in vain
Keep buried in my heart, so thrills my soul,
And gains such mastery o'er me in his presence,
That grief and anguish wing my steps the more.
He's here again. Hedwig! recall thy thoughts,
Thou'rt but the servant,—he thy lord—forget
What once he *was* and all that thou hast been.

[*She tries to pass JULIUS, curtsying formally.*

Jul. (*retaining her by the hand*). Have I deserved this, Hedwig? this from thee?

And is this cold and formal reverence
To me, *thy* Julius? Am I thine no more?
And if I were not, has thine earliest friend,
The playmate of thy childhood, then, no right
To a more friendly welcoming?

Hed. My lord—

Jul. My lord? Ah, Hedwig, that was hard to bear—
And I—I've never merited this treatment.

My lord—my lord—Is't thus my Hedwig names me?

Hed. My lord, thou givest a meaning to the word
I ne'er intended—thou hast ever been
To me most kind—not lordly. Let the tone
Repair the mischief that the word has done.

Jul. What need for studied phrases such as this?
Where are the old confiding words which once
Were our hearts' language, flowing fast and free?
What is't that has so changed thee—Maiden—speak!

Hed. Forget the time—forget it, I beseech thee—
When we grew up together—children both—
Unknowing of the world and of its laws;
When in its unchained impulses the soul
Gave way to every feeling, and obeyed
No dictate save the sanctity within!
That time's no more. We have outgrown the circle,
And we are now in a new world. The ties
Which the light joys of childhood drew between us

Are cast away! the bond is loosed for ever!—
Thou art become the lord—and I—the servant!

[*She is going.*]

Jul. No! thou escapest not till I know what hand
Has poured the poison of this prejudice—
This bitter poison—'tween two trusting hearts.
Hear me! when five years since I left thee, Hedwig,—
When with my sire I join'd the camp—we plighted
Each to the other an eternal troth,
And, by Almighty God, I've kept my vow!
To me thy sweet name was a talisman,
Which was my guide through all the storms of youth!
O many a lovely form encountered me,
And many a bright eye smiled on me. My comrades,
Who tried to rob me of that gentle faith
(For guilty men abhor the innocent,
And are the foes of good), but grav'd it deeper
In the serene religion of my heart,
And thy pure image held me up! I thought
Of thee and of our love, and all the billows
Of the tempestuous world were dash'd in foam
Against truth's holy bulwark in my soul.

Hed. (aside). Oh, I can scarce restrain myself—

Jul.

Then peace

Brought home our host; I left it instantly,
Leapt on my steed, to which my love gave wings,
And gallop'd night and day. What reck'd I toil,
So I might see thee? Every hour I lost
Seem'd but a robbery of my joy. I came!
One look from thee had given me back my strength—
One look where love's own welcome should have spoke
Clear and with mighty voice in those dear eyes,—
One look, one only! but in vain I watch'd
My Hedwig's glances,—they were turn'd away;
The evening still belied the morning's hope,
And night fell on my joy—

Hed.

Oh spare me, spare me!

My lord, thou'rt cruel—

Jul.

One hope still I cherish'd.

That 'twas the presence of my sire,—my mother—
(Both witless of the ties that bound our hearts)—
That darken'd my life's sunshine. We are here
Alone—and Hedwig rests not in these arms!

Hed. No, no. My heart can't bear it! Oh, my lord,
Think not too meanly of me, if my soul
Is moved, more than is seeming, by thy words
And the remembrance of the past. I pray thee
Spare me—oh spare me!

Jul. (drawing her towards him). We are here—alone—
Alone—and Hedwig rests not in these arms!

Hed. (freeing herself). My lord, have pity! break not thus a heart
That love and grief have withered!

[*Exit.*]

The behaviour of the heroine is the more surprising to her lover, that he perceives no change towards her in the conduct of his parents. They both treat Hedwig with all the kindness they had ever shown her,—and he recalls many occasions where they had seemed to approve of the attach-

ment, which they could not help having observed springing up between them. And yet this sudden change must have some cause. In the midst of these reflections, he is summoned by Rudolph, the yäger, to the chase, and hurries from the stage, exclaiming,

“ Oh that in the rustling wood

I found again my peace, my happiness!

Rud. (alone). What did he say? Did he not speak of finding?

And finding peace too?—Fool! what can have hapt
To such a Sabbath-child as this is? Peace
Is a child's plaything when good luck and pleasure
Have smiled upon our cradle. Now I call
A mortal sin the useless dream that startles
The spoilt child from his slumber—

But the man
Who with the curse of Hell upon him, enters
Into this dreary storm without a friend—
Who is condemned before the deed—before
The very thought—What then? Let sleep
Thy fancies, Rudolph! Stifle the soul's memories
With thy heart's burning prayers! Let sleep thy furies!
Oh, could I as a new-born being enter
On life—and could I crown the purity
Of youth with the bright rays of Love's first spring;
Could I recover its fresh gushing feelings;
Its pure heart filled with holy innocence!
Where art thou fled, thou peace of early childhood,
That rock'd me in light dreams? Oh, cunning chance,
If I was once to find her who was able
To solve my life's enigma, why—oh, why,
Didst thou not let me know her, while yet purely
I looked on this false life: while yet her light,
Her holy-charmed light had kept me sinless
Through all its whirlpools? Why hast thou but opened
A heaven before me, now that blackest hell
Is mine? Now for the second time has love
Seized my wild bosom in this life of horrors,
And then, as now, when Nature—kindly mother—
Had planted good seed in my heart—in which
No fruit has sprung but blood—there came some feelings—
Soft human feelings—and they lied to me
Of penitence and pardon. And again
When this celestial creature shines on me—
A glimpse o' the other world which I have sold—
With her pure light—I bid the Heavens forget,
And Hell give back my bond."

This soliloquy places very vividly before us the kind of character the author intended to depict; and the next scene, in which this wild yet not altogether abandoned being is brought into contact with the pure and self-devoting Hedwig, and where he pleads his cause with her, enlisting his very vices on his side, is powerful and effective. We give it at length.

"*Hed.* Yes, I must go. I've a frail human heart,
And may no longer bear this storm of sorrows
Raised up by love and gratitude. I dare not
With such deep misery repay the parents
Who took me to their cares—a helpless child—
As with these arms to wrest their only son,
Their well-beloved, from their hearts; I was not
For such high station born as Love's wild tempest
Would lift me to. My proper place were in
Some lowly cottage. These proud palace walls
Oppress my spirit with their pride. If Love
Gives courage to burst through the barriers
By custom sanctified, let Gratitude
Give me the strength to bar with mine own hand
The barrier that shuts out my happiness.

"*Rud.* What dreamst thou, Hedwig? Are those tears of joy
Or grief that fill thine eyes? I've fairly caught thee,
So hide it not. And know here beats a heart
That feels for all thy joys—for all thy sorrows.
Thou wonderest, and my words have startled thee,—

Words all unusual in a woodman's lips,
Nor the rough hunter's language. Let it not
Surprise thee, lovely Hedwig ;—all my teaching
Has not been of the woods. And were it so,
Still let me feel those gentle sentiments,
This softened tone that brings me nearer thee.
For there are moments in the roughest breast
When the dark pow'rs of melody awaken.

Hed. I hear thee gladly ;—hear thee with surprise,
But the surprise of pleasure ; for I've sought
A soul that feels. Yet though a man may feel
As warmly as myself, who like myself
Was born in lowly station, yet the rough
Harsh tone destroys my confidence. Gentle thoughts
Claim gentle speech. Yet how shall I explain it ?
We've been together many weeks ;—joint servants
In the same house, yet never till this moment
Found I the *man*—thou wert but known as Yäger.

Rud. I blush to own it. Pride prevented me
From showing what I was. Unhappiness
Has gloomed on me through life. I was not born
To be a slave—earning base livelihood
In the dark woods. For the free light of day
Fate fitted me ; I trusted to her favour,
And she deceived my hopes and let me sink !
But let me draw a veil upon the past.
I'll not equivocate, nor play the liar,
And Truth's shrill voice appals me. Let it be !
I've been a pupil in a stormy school,
'Tis thine to say if my last lesson's over.
A wanderer through the world, I reach'd this valley ;
I saw thee—(Oh, forgive the lip that trembles
To lay the secret of the heart before thee !)
I saw thee and was stayed ! O turn not from me !
Think how in this sweet vale thou'st witch'd me forth
From life's cold desert where I nearly perished.
What good may be in me, to thee I owe it.
I had forsworn the gentle thoughts of men—
I saw thee—and I knew what long had slumbered
Silent in this dark breast.

Hed.

What mean'st thou ?

Rud.

Hear me !

I saw thee and was stayed. The early joy
To bury me alone in the dark woods
Had made me knowing in the woodman's art,
And eagerly I sought for the old craft ;
I bound myself as Yäger to the Count,
And for the first time bended my free spirit
To slavery's yoke. 'Twas all for thee ! and now
Has my false fortune, that deceived my youth,
Deceived me once again ? Hedwig, here before thee
Kneels one thrust out from life. Call forth again
The angel in his breast. I ask not love.
Give pity !—only pity ! I ask but that.
If 'tis a glorious deed to bless with joy
And love's full spring a noble heart—Oh, still
To save the fallen—trampled in the dust—
With thine own hand to bring him to the light
Of pardon—'tis a holy, godlike action ;
Of such are Heaven's franchises composed.
Thou'rt silent.—Think thee, Hedwig, what depends
On thee ! *Thou passest judgment on my soul.*

Hed. Leave me. Not now—not now.

Rud.

Thy lot would be

Humble indeed, but happy, in the cottage

Where thou wert born, and where thy father's days
 Flowed on in peace. I live in the Count's service;
 I know thou carest not for loud revelries,
 Nor for superfluous grandeur such as this,
 But for the lowlier life wert thou designed
 Of humble peasants. Though they've loved thee here
 As their own daughter, still thy speech hath ever
 Beseem'd the station thou'rt intended for
 By nature and—by love. My gentle Hedwig,
 If thou didst know but all, how much I need
 Thy hand to guide me, thou'dst not pause so long."

The interview is here interrupted by the entrance of Bernhard, an old domestic of the Count, who entertains great suspicions of the new Yäger, and warns Hedwig against him. Bernhard is a well supported character—full of the enthusiastic zeal and attachment to his master—which are more common, we fear, upon the stage than anywhere else. Hedwig, however, in fulfilment of her noble design, determines to accept the hand of Rudolph, believing that in doing so, her self-sacrifice will be twice blest, and that she will hinder Julius from the chance of degrading himself by a marriage with his father's protégée, and recall Rudolph to the paths of virtue at the same time. In the mean-while, the action of the drama goes on. We are introduced, in a forest scene, to a number of robbers, who are about to make an attempt on a certain family-treasure which they have received information is kept in Felseck Castle. One of them has recognised an old leader in the person of Rudolph the Yäger, and we are informed of his previous history. A price is on his head for a murder on the other side of the frontier, and he

has retired to the solitary hills of Felseck as a hiding-place. When next he is presented to us he has saved the Count's life from the attack of an infuriated boar, and as the reward of his good action begs his master's intercession for him with Hedwig. The Count, perceiving in Rudolph's manners and language indications of his being "no common Yäger," is on the point of giving his consent, when he is adjured by Julius, who is present at the scene, to withhold his promise till he shall have heard a secret he has to confide to him. On this the Count tells Rudolph he can decide on nothing, but will take some way of showing his gratitude very soon. Rudolph's suspicions are roused, and, as he says, "the old serpent begins hissing in his heart."

The second act begins with the confession by Julius to his father of his own love of Hedwig. The old Count, whose high feudal notions had made such a thing appear impossible, receives the communication with surprise. There is considerable beauty in the way Julius describes his passion:—

"Hear me, and then decide upon my fate!
 Love grew in our young hearts as grows a flower
 In spring. Unknown it grew, believe me, father,
 Till the sweet fragrance it breath'd round disclosed it;
 Till our first parting, 'mid its sad farewells,
 With voiceless eloquence twined a bond between us
 For ever!

: : : : :
 : : : : :
 Oh, 'tis the happiest fate young hearts can know,
 To find in some bright maiden all they've dreamed
 Of purity and beauty, and thus prove
 What a most holy thing our life may be!"

After some faint objections the old gentleman's scruples are subdued, and he gives his consent to his son's wishes, clogged, however, with a number of sage advices usual upon such occasions. Empowered by this, Julius

rushes to Hedwig and informs her of what has passed, but her resolution remains unshaken. She perceives that the acquiescence of the old Count has been forced from him by the entreaties of his son, and she feels that it is now

doubly her duty to save her benefactors says, in spite of Julius's prayers and the pain of such a *mesalliance*. She protestations,

" Submission is our duty.

This only have I pray'd of heaven—the power
To thank them for their goodness. Heav'n has heard me.
With an assured soul I pay them back
Their cares—with a crush'd heart—and yet I weep not :
Be this the last time we shall meet ! "

Julius is about to throw himself at her feet, when Rudolph suddenly enters. Hedwig, summoning all her resolution, looks mournfully upon her lover, goes slowly up to Rudolph, gives him her hand, and then leaves the stage, having said, " Rudolph, I am thy wife ! " But Rudolph's evil nature has got the

mastery of him. The scene he had interrupted rouses his jealousy, and he calls on the young noble to explain his conduct. Julius is irritated by his insolence, and by the tone of authority he assumes in questioning him about his attentions to *his wife* :—

" This woman is my wife—

I find thee at her feet.

Jul. Who ? what wife, fellow ?

Thy wife ? she's not thy wife ! thou liest !

Rud.

My lord—

Jul. Thou liest, I say. Hedwig thy wife ? An angel

Sink i' the dirt ?

Rud. Perdition !—Thou didst see her

Give me her hand ; I call thee to be witness

'Fore God and Holy Church ! she has declared

That she's my wife ! "

The end of the controversy is, that Julius tells him that the way to the altar lies over his corse ; and the

soliloquy of Rudolph that follows, lets us into his character—

" Well, if no other way to't may be found
But by a little touch of murder—hem ! " &c. &c.

The good old Count has consulted his wife on the subject of Julius's passion for Hedwig, and these praiseworthy parents agree that hearts ought to have as little connexion as possible with the Herald's College. The son is called in to hear his good fortune, and astonishes them with an account of Hedwig's having given her promise to the Yäger. It is, however, resolved between them, that the old lady shall undertake the task of bringing her foster-child to reason ; and, in order to have Hedwig more to herself, she advises the gentlemen to accept an invitation to a merrymaking that had been sent to them by one of their neighbours. The servants are all summoned to accompany them, and the Castle and the ladies are put in charge of the brave Rudolph. Old Bernhard begs to be left behind,—for his suspicions of the Yäger are not diminished by the confidence reposed in him by all the other inhabitants of the Castle. It is here that the active and stirring part of the drama begins,

In a well-managed scene between Rudolph and Hedwig, she informs him that her heart has long been given to Julius, and explains her object in offering him her hand. The Yäger's pride breaks forth with fearful violence, and he abruptly leaves her. But, sickened more than ever of the world, and the last tie that bound him to life severed by this disappointment, he determines to put an end to his crimes and sorrows by blowing out his brains. When the pistol is at his head, his arm is knocked down by Zanaretta and Lorenzo, two of the robbers, who succeed not only in reconciling him to life, but persuade him to gratify his revenge on the unhappy Hedwig by leading them into the Castle. The hour for the attempt is fixed for nine o'clock. The gates are to be opened by their confederates from within, and the Castle burned to the ground before the return of the male portion of the inhabitants, and the Second Act closes with these words of Rudolph :—

"Heaven withdraws itself;
Hell opens!—Well then, since it must be
so,
I'll show that I'm a devil in good ear-
nest."

The scene at the opening of the Third and last Act, in which the Countess pleads the cause of Julius, and asks the hand of her foster-daughter as the reward of the care they have bestowed on her, contains some higher attempts at poetry than Körner often indulges in. But we shall pass over it to come to some more bustling inci-

dents, which give a truer idea of his peculiar merits. Hedwig, now freed from all her scruples, and finding that what she considers her duty is no longer in opposition to her inclination, is perfectly happy. When luxuriating in the prospect of felicity now opened to her, and expressing her feelings in a song, which ends with these lines,

"He alone can understand me
Who bears my joy within his breast,"

she is startled with the voice of Rudolph at her side.

"I bear no joy of thine within my breast,
And yet I understand thee.

Hed. Rudolph here?

Rud. Dost tremble at so unwish'd a visitor?

Hed. Oh wherefore dost thou gaze on me so sternly?

Rud. Whence comes thy joy? Lie to me! say from me!

I'll set the whole hope of my life upon't,

If thou canst make me but believe it.

Hed. Rudolph!

Rud. Say 'twas from me! By every curse of Hell!

If twentyfold damnation pressed me down,

For such a prize as *that* I'd cast it from me;

Ay! though again I crawl'd in the dust and cringed
To Heaven for mercy!

Hed. What is this? Art mad?

Rud. And if I were 'twere better!"

All the prayers and entreaties of Hedwig to turn him from his purpose only rouse his rage the more. She throws herself at his feet, and he tells her to

"Whimper on!

Ay, wring thy hands, and tear thy hair by the roots;

Thy whimpering and thy grief I reckon not of."

She reminds him that repentance never comes too late; that he has yet time to make his peace with heaven; and she offers to be his wife, to lead him back to the ways of virtue,

"With him to share hell's darkness, until
God
Have pity on their grief."

But in the midst of her entreaties, when some sparks of compunction seem on the point of re-awakening in Rudolph's heart, the appointed signal is heard, and he prepares himself to fulfil his part of the engagement, by admitting the bandits to the Castle. At this moment old Bernhard rushes in in alarm, crying—

"Save us, save us, Yäger,

For God's sake! Robbers have broke into the Castle

By the door of the garden. Show thy courage now

And stand against them. Mean-while I'll to the tower

And ring the alarm bell.

[*He is going.*

Rud. I'll save thee, friend,

That trouble!

[*Springs after him and stabs him in the throat.*

Bern. Murder! Murder!

Hed.

Gracious heaven!

[*Sinks into a chair, and covers her face with her hands.*

Rud. (Exulting).

Ha! I'm happy now!

I'm my old man again!—I've tasted blood!

With this one thrust my spirit comes again,

And hell glows proudly in my heart! My bride!

My handit-bride ! hark thee, the guests are coming ;
Their shouts will soon ring through the hall ! They're here !

Enter ZANARETTO, LORENZO, Robbers with lanterns. BERNHARD's body is dragged out.

Welcome, brave bandits !

Lor. You've been busy here.

Who is't they've carried out ?

Rud. A babbler, Bernhard,

I've paid him off.

Zan. Thou'st not forgot the art, then ?

Rud. One can't forget his lesson quite so soon,
When it has cost his *soul* to get it up.

Lor. Is there no work for us ?

Rud. There's no'er a man to master,

A woman or two at the utmost.

Lor. Let's be quick, then !

Is this one ? *[Pointing his sword to HEDWIG.]*

Rud. D'y'e want my dagger in your heart ?

Villain ! that is my bride ! "

The entrance of the Countess gives rise to a striking melo-dramatic situation. The robber Lorenzo, who seems as anxious to "flesh" his sword as a young knight on the first day of battle, begs Rudolph's permission to try its blade on the old lady ; and the Yäger avails himself of this offer to frighten Hedwig into a compliance with his wishes. She, however, rejects the offer of his hand (now that she knows his real character) with loathing and horror ; upon which Rudolph nods approvingly to Lorenzo, and says, "Stab." Before, however, that worthy can obey the injunction, Hed-

wig's firmness relents ; and to save her benefactress' life, she consents to marry the bandit. While making this promise there is evidently some dark purpose revolving in her mind ; and throughout all the rest of the play till the grand catastrophe, the gentle self-sacrificing Hedwig assumes a higher nature. We feel that the consent thus wrung from her has roused her into a heroine ; and we know that some "dread thing" is to be accomplished when she accedes to Rudolph's request, that she will lead them to where the treasure is deposited, and exclaims—

" Follow,
Banditti ! Ye shall have your sacrifice ! "

We next see the robbers guided by Hedwig to the door of the treasure cellar in the court-yard of the Castle. The door is opened for the descent of the banditti ; and while Hedwig stands unconscious of all that is going on, absorbed in her own thoughts, the band leap into the cellar, and Rudolph

hurries to the garden gate to bar it against any intrusion. The stage is now clear, and Hedwig, starting from her reverie, closes the huge door over the cellar—fixes it with all its bolts, and sets fire to the barn with her flambeau. She then rushes forward, and, falling on her knees, exclaims—

" Oh, heaven ! I thank thee, we are saved.

[A long pause, during which the fire makes progress.]

The flames

Are rising ! they are through the roof already !

The village soon will see it, and will hurry

To help us.

[The robbers from within batter at the door.]

Only for so long, oh heaven !

Let these stout bolts stand fast."

Rudolph at this moment returns from the garden, and Hedwig feels that all is lost.

" And did'st thou think I, too, was in the cellar ?
Thou'lt dearly pay for this. Give me the key.

Hed. No; only with my life thou'lt have it.

Rud.

Fool!

The key! (they struggle) the key, wench!

[He wrenches the key from her.

Hed. Mother, oh, my mother!

The Countess (at the window). Hedwig!

Rud. Thou'st drawn thy lot, and her lot too!

I'm free o' my promise. I will leave thy mother

To feed the flames. Thou shalt be paramour

To the whole band—a victim till thou diest.

[He throws his fusil down, and is going to open the door.

Hed. (Placing herself before the door.)

Thou goest not here, except across my corpse!

Count. Oh, gracious heaven!

Rud. (Pushes Hedwig away.) Away, thou bandit's drab!

[The alarm bell sounds.

Hear'st thou the fire-bell from the village? Thou

Hast spoilt our plunder, but thou shalt not, hussy,

Hinder us from our vengeance! But one turn

Of the lock, and all the band's at freedom,

[He puts the key in the lock.

And then thou know'st what waits thee!

Hed.

Now be gracious

To me, oh heaven!

[She grasps the fusil, and fires at Rudolph as he is turning the key.

Rud. Ha! thou devil!

[Falls.

Count. Hedwig, oh Hedwig, what is't thou hast done?

Hed. A murder!"

Leaning on the fusil, and gazing on her victim—yet with no speculation in those eyes that she doth glare with—she remains unconscious of all else that happens. The flames continue their progress—the silence is only broken by the tolling of the alarm bell in the distant village. At length the Count and Julius are heard battering at the outside doors. After awhile they succeed in forcing an entrance, but their approach has no effect on the attitude, "grief-fixed in her despair," of Hedwig. The thanks of the old man fall unnoticed on her ear; the voice, however, of Julius seems in

some measure to recall her to her senses. She looks round and recognises her friends with a thrill of happiness; but slowly turning her eyes, they again fall on the body of Rudolph, and the truth flashes upon her once more. With a wild shriek she sinks senseless at their feet; but the Countess, who professes a considerable degree of knowledge in matters of this kind, informs us that the faint will be beneficial, and not very long in its duration. The drama concludes with a hint of marriage-cake; for she addresses Julius, who is busy in attempting to restore her—

" Oh, let her spirit rest awhile in sleep,
She soon will come to life again, and waken
Prest to thy heart. Then God will pour his blessing,
And love unite your hands in nuptial ties!"

MONYPENNY ON CHURCH EXTENSION.*

THE author of this excellent treatise, as most of our readers are aware, was for many years one of our most distinguished Scotch Judges. Since his retirement from his high judicial station, he has added largely to his claims to public estimation by one of the best works on the Poor-laws which have appeared in our time; and he has now performed another service of the utmost value, in placing in a plain and practical view that which we cannot hesitate to regard as the most important question which at present engages, or which perhaps can ever engage, public attention. We trust that we shall not be thought to violate any rule of courtesy or decorum in expressing the gratification with which we contemplate "an evening of life" like that of this author. After long holding the most honourable place, first at the Bar, and subsequently on the Bench, he retires to his paternal domain (the inheritance, we believe, of more than twenty generations) to the enjoyment of that quiet and repose, of which, it may be truly said, that it never can be attained unless where it has thus been fairly earned. Diffusing around him those numberless benefits which, more especially to the poor and friendless, ever emanate from the residence of a kind, generous, and intelligent country gentleman, he devotes his leisure—with all the manifold advantages of his extensive knowledge and mature experience—to the consideration of questions, important no doubt to the lawyer and the political economist, but doubly important to the lover of his country and the true philanthropist. Of the grace and fitness of such a termination of a laborious life, we cannot speak in adequate terms, for this among other reasons, that we may reasonably hope that much of that life still remains for private and public usefulness; but we think that even this consideration need not deter us from thus saying, in a single word, how truly and sincerely we hold it in honour.

The subject of this little work—the question of CHURCH EXTENSION—Mr Monypenny considers chiefly in relation to our own country of Scotland, though many of his observations will be found to be of equal application to the sister kingdom. He treats this subject in a manner which, in the best and truest sense of the word, may well be termed *philosophical*, never losing sight of those purely legal and constitutional arguments which bear with irresistible force on almost every part of it, but yet blending these with the more general and comprehensive views of it with remarkable felicity and judgment. Indeed, in our humble opinion, the way in which these different elements are combined, forms, if not the highest, yet at least the peculiar and characteristic merit of this treatise; for, so far as we are aware, the former of them (what and how important these are we shall have to state presently), though no doubt sometimes referred to incidentally, have never before received their proper place, or been estimated at their proper value, in the discussion of this question.

The learned author begins by assuming the propriety, and indeed the necessity, of a National Church Establishment.

"Assuming," he says, "that the Established Church is not to be done away with, in order to give place to what has been called the Voluntary principle; and further, holding it as the unavoidable sequence of this proposition, that the state is bound to maintain on a footing required by the altered condition of the country, the church which it has instituted; let us consider whether the scheme proposed for this purpose is founded on just principles of reason, as well as of sound constitutional law, and whether there is any valid ground for the objection that has been taken to it, as if it infringed on the rights and privileges of certain persons who are not connected with our national church.

"No fault can be found with any one who chooses to engage in a discussion of the abstract question concerning the ne-

* The Claims of the Established Church of Scotland on the Country, to promote its Extension, in the present Crisis, considered and enforced on Legal and Constitutional Principles.

cessity and utility of an ecclesiastical establishment, or of any of the other topics which arise out of such an enquiry, and naturally accompany it. But if these pages shall fall into the hands of any such reader, I am bound to say in the outset, that he will find nothing contained in them on a point which I hold to be authoritatively fixed and determined by experience. On this topic I must refer him to the numerous publications (chiefly of a recent date) in which the question has been handled. But still more would I entreat of him to consult the evidence of history, and the suggestions of his own mind, when coolly and dispassionately reflecting on the consequences both to religion and to the good order of society, which would inevitably take place, were there no ecclesiastical establishment in the country."

We cannot hesitate to consider this as the most judicious way in which this subject could be treated, though we fear it is but too evident that the question which is thus assumed, is that which, in one shape or other, forms the basis of every objection to Church Extension. We do not speak here of the *Voluntaries*, but of many self-styled friends of our Establishment, who prove, beyond all doubt, by their whole course of argument, and more especially by the whole tenor of their conduct, with regard to this question, that they are in truth either directly influenced by the Voluntary principle, or by a desire to propitiate those by whom that principle is maintained. On such persons, however, all reasoning would of course be thrown away; and our author, therefore, wisely prefers to address himself to that class of readers who, though honest and sincere friends of the National Church, may yet possibly be at a loss for an answer to some of the more plausible arguments which have been urged against the Extension scheme. We have already hinted (and it cannot be too steadily kept in view), that these arguments will be found one and all of them to resolve into the Voluntary principle; but still they have no doubt been occasionally *disguised* in such a sort, that we do not wonder that even sound and zealous Churchmen have in some instances been misled by them.

If we thus assume the propriety of a National Church, it of course follows, as a necessary consequence, that such a church should be adapted to

the increased population of the country; for to hold that the Church Establishment of one century should continue unchanged as the Church Establishment of another century, is obviously just as absurd as it would be to condemn us to wear through life the garments of mere childhood. This seems a truth sufficiently plain and simple; yet it ought never to be forgotten that the acknowledgment of this truth is all that is demanded by the Church Extensionists. Every other national institution,—political, judicial, military, or commercial,—is gradually extended so as to meet the growing exigencies of a prosperous and increasing country: and all that is here asked, is, that **THE CHURCH**—not surely the *least* important of our national institutions—should not be made an exception from this most rational course of proceeding. We are now everywhere overrun with the language of learning or science; and this, therefore, is frequently termed "*The Church Extension Principle*"—that is to say, it is a *principle* that there should be more extensive accommodations for a thousand than for five hundred people.

This *principle*, then, being admitted (and on the assumption of the existence of a Church Establishment we apprehend that it will not be disputed even by the *Voluntaries*), the first question to which Mr Monypenny directs our attention is with regard to the extent to which it applies;—or, in other words, whether, in providing Church accommodation, any account ought to be taken of the different classes of non-conformists? In our humble judgment, this is one of the best parts of the work; and we think the author demonstrates most triumphantly that it is of the very essence of a Church Establishment to endeavour to provide religious instruction for the *whole* people; and that if non-conformity, and the means of religious instruction which it may constitute, were admitted as elements in this question, we should, in truth, go far to admit the soundness of the Voluntary principle. It can scarcely be necessary, we think, to apologize for the length of the following quotation on this subject:—

"The first thing to be attended to in this enquiry, is to fix in our minds the essential qualities of an Established Church; to consider what is the amount

of religious and moral instruction, in so far as concerns the number of people to be taught, which the public has constitutionally and legally a right to expect and to demand from this institution.

"Now, it were superfluous to employ many words in answering these enquiries. Whenever a certain form of religion is adopted, and becomes the established religion of the country, it must be the aim and purpose of the State, to furnish the establishment with means sufficient for the instruction of the whole body of the people who are capable of receiving such knowledge. 'The division of the country into districts,' says Paley, 'and the stationing in each district a teacher of religion, forms the substantial part of every Church Establishment.' This division of the country having been accomplished, the Church comes under an obligation in all of the districts or parishes thus formed, to afford religious instruction to all of the parishioners. On the other hand, in favour of each of them, there is created a legal privilege to obtain such instruction.

"The truth of these propositions may be easily discovered and ascertained. It is clear that as long as our Establishment was accompanied, if not supported, by the infliction of pains and penalties on those who did not conform to its doctrines, it was incumbent on it to supply church accommodation and other means of religious instruction, to the whole of the people; for it would have been glaringly unjust to punish for non-conformity those who had no Established Church to frequent, and no minister belonging to the Establishment to teach them. But it is also obvious and undeniable, that in later and happier times, when the law imposes no such restraints on conscience, but on the contrary, bestows perfect toleration and protection on the profession of religious principles of whatever description, it is equally necessary that the Established Churches and ministers in every parish should be accessible to all of the parishioners who may choose to resort to them. The degree of indulgence which is extended to all sectaries, cannot assuredly be denied to those who prefer the Established Church; and in their case, this indulgence is inseparable from the privilege of church accommodation, and of the opportunity of receiving religious instruction in the parishes to which they belong. It cannot be contended that such persons may be compelled against their will to become non-conformists, or to absent themselves from any place of public worship, for want of an opportunity of frequenting the Established Church.

"It is a mistake to say, that this claim on the part of the members of the Established Church, and of those who wish to become such, flows entirely from the principle of toleration. It includes this principle, but it goes beyond it, and has a different and separate foundation. It is of the nature of a legal *privilege* held forth by the constitution to every one who actually is, or desires to become a member of the National Church. This constitutional right ought not to be denied to any person who is anxious to accept of it, on the conditions on which it is offered. No other title than a willingness to enjoy the benefit conferred, is required; and it should not be on slight grounds, such as for mere want of accommodation in church, that any individuals should be precluded from availing themselves of a valuable privilege which the constitution of the State has provided for them.

"Other considerations also may here be brought into view. In arguing an abstract and hypothetical case, it may reasonably be asked, what would be said of an Established Church, which, in many of its parishes, provided the means of instruction for only certain classes of society—for old residents, for example, but not for new settlers; or for the rich, but not for the poor; for such as are able and willing to make certain contributions for the support of the Establishment, in the shape of seat-rent or otherwise, but not for such as do not possess sufficient funds for this purpose?

"Pursuing the same line of argument, we may enquire what would be thought of a parish containing five or six thousand persons capable of attending church, but which should exhibit an inability to give seat-room to more than one thousand, and should thus tacitly acknowledge to four or five thousand of its parishioners, that they must either become Dissenters, or must absent themselves altogether from public worship?

"Or what would be said, if the minister should find his flock so scattered or so numerous, that all attempts to afford them instruction in private should be out of the question, and that thus baffled and discouraged, he should abandon and give up altogether, the performance of this essential part of his duty?

"It does not assuredly require additional argument to prove, that the cases now put would exhibit gross and palpable defects in the character and means of a National Church. The State is unquestionably bound to secure and protect its Establishment from falling into such a condition. When forming in our minds the idea of this institution, it must appear

to be inseparable from its very nature, that it be capable and willing to undertake the religious instruction, both in public and in private, of all the inhabitants within its boundaries.

"And this, indeed, constitutes one very essential feature of an Ecclesiastical Establishment, by which it is remarkably distinguished from a religious sect, however popular and, however numerous and extensive the branches of the sect may be. In the latter case, there neither is nor can be any obligation or engagement to provide instruction for the inhabitants of a certain district. There is no allotted parish or territory over which such an obligation can be extended. The sect may be split into other divisions, or may be entirely annihilated, and yet no one can have a legal or just cause of complaint. Neither can there, from the nature of things, exist an engagement on the part of the whole sects of the country, taken together, to instruct all the people."

The views which are here stated we conceive to be of the highest importance in this question, and calculated both to raise the views of our Legislature as to the "ecclesiastical polity" of this country, and to obviate some of the most dangerous and insidious objections which have been urged by the anti-extensionists. Never, we trust, will the friends of our Establishment take lower ground than this in the discussion of this question; for in abating one jot of these its just and rightful claims, we feel convinced that we are in truth giving up all for which our adversaries are contending.

The views which are thus clearly stated by our author, he supports by the citation of some very important legal and legislative authorities. He shows that they are fully recognised in law by the unanswerable facts, that when a new church is to be erected in any parish in Scotland, it must be made of such a size as to contain that proportion of *the whole parishioners* which are presumed to be capable at any one time of attending public worship; and that when the area of such a church is to be divided among the parishioners, room must be set apart even for those who, for the time, do not seek instruction from the minister of the Established Church, but have become members of dissenting congregations. And as to the light in which this subject has (at least until the present more liberal and enlightened times) been uniformly regarded by the Legis-

lature, he refers to the conclusive circumstance, that in all those acts of Parliament (some of which will be presently spoken of more particularly) which relate to the support or extension of the Church Establishment, whether in Scotland or in England, it is inculcated as a clear proposition that means of religious instruction should be furnished to the increased numbers of the people, *according to the principles of the Established Church.*

It is quite true that as all that is to be wished, or even all that is justly due, cannot always be obtained at once, the claims of our Church Establishment are at present confined to limits which would allow the deduction of a number infinitely greater than that of the Dissenters, and may be said to have respect to those (and unfortunately but to a *portion* of them) who are without the means of obtaining religious instruction in any quarter. But still, we ought never to concede any thing of the principle in question, whatever may be the practical difficulties of carrying it into full operation. We can scarcely repeat too often that, if it shall once be admitted that the National Church is supported merely for those who, at any given time, may happen to join in its observances, its enemies will have extorted from us a recognition of the Voluntary principle in perhaps its very worst form.

It being thus established that a National Church should be from time to time accommodated to the changed condition of the country, our attention is next directed to the enquiry how this is to be effected with reference to our own Establishment? and the plain answer is, that it must be by the aid of THE STATE. Nor surely ought the State, or any member of it, to complain of such an application of its resources. In the first place, it is but a fair condition of that increased wealth which always arises from an increased population; and, in the second place, it is at once the most effective, and the most economical mode of attaining one great object of all political association—the preservation of peace and order. But (what is far more important) the still higher objects which a State proposes in maintaining a Church Establishment, cannot be attained in any other way. It is difficult to imagine any ecclesiastical establishment possessing within itself the capacity of adaptation to the altered

circumstances of the country; and at all events it is known to every one that *ours* possesses no such power.

In showing the obligation of the State to supply this defect, Mr Monypenny seems to us to be eminently successful. We cannot refrain from quoting the following passage, in which he meets the common argument, that such an obligation supposes a tax on many who will reap no benefit from the application of it:—

“ When we examine with attention the real ground-work of the measure, we cannot fail to perceive, that it stands altogether independent of the consideration of any private and personal benefit to be derived by the contributors, from its accomplishment. We plainly discover that the advantages which may be expected to result from it are of a public nature, and are of such a description and character, that non-conformists, as well as members of the Established Church, will equally participate in them.

“ In the first place, it is the bounden duty of all members of the community, to whatever class of Christians they belong, to advance the interests of piety and truth, by being instrumental in removing the cloud of ignorance and infidelity which darkens so great a proportion of our fellow-creatures and fellow-citizens. No exemption from this obligation can be pleaded by any class of persons, and it is no valid excuse for the non-performance of it, that the means to be employed are not to be administered by the teachers of that particular sect to which the objectors belong. It is of course optional to every one to contribute or not to this object from his private funds; but when the question is, whether non-conformists ought to be called upon to share the burden to a small extent, and indirectly, by an application of public money for this national purpose, only a fraction of which they contribute, we cannot help thinking, with due respect for the feelings of conscientious Dissenters, that the scruples on the subject which have been expressed are destitute of any solid foundation. No other method has been proposed, or can be devised, for enlightening vast numbers of the people who are totally ignorant of religious duties—who never go to church, or have access to any place of worship, and who yet are insensible of these their wants. These considerations are of themselves sufficient to justify a scheme for making all unite in the measures necessary for effecting a reformation, in which all have a great and a common interest.

“ When these views of the case are attended to, it may be confidently asked, in what the injustice complained of consists, or what is the nature of the injury inflicted? The real state of the fact being kept in mind, the *principle* which has been so often brought forward in opposition to the grant becomes so attenuated, that it eludes our grasp, and almost entirely vanishes. The objection will be found in reality to resolve itself into this—that there exists an Established religion in the country. It is not alleged, that any of the privileges justly pertaining to non-conformists are to be withheld from them. The only complaint is, that privileges essential to the Established Church are to be conferred on that Church, and that the State is to assist in securing these exclusive rights. And it cannot be denied that all this is to be done in strict conformity with the rules of law, and with the principles of the Constitution.

“ It is no doubt true, that if the means of the National Establishment are to be kept on so low and limited a scale, that, in many of its parishes, the church cannot contain nearly one half of those who would wish to frequent it, a certain portion of the number who are excluded, and those the most seriously and religiously disposed among them, will probably seek admission into the meeting-house. But the advantage which might eventually thus be gained by non-conformist congregations, in consequence of those joining them who would prefer the Established Church, if they could find room in it, is not a legitimate advantage; and it would be doing them manifest injustice to suppose that they could be swayed by the prospect of such a benefit, in opposing the extension of the parochial Establishment. It has been already remarked, that the principle of religious liberty must be extended to the adherents of the Church as well as to those who dissent from it, and that the chief effect of denying to the National Church the means of extending instruction and knowledge is, as experience proves, the loss both to it and to sectaries, of multitudes who do not attend public worship in either the one or the other church.

“ And, in the second place, there are separate grounds, rested on considerations of mere policy, which, together with the higher motives now referred to, form the true principles and foundation of the measure under consideration. We allude to the effects which will be produced on the good order and peace of society, and on the security of life and property, by the reformation of multitudes of the poor

and of the working classes, and by affording them instruction in morality and religion.

"These are the expected and promised advantages, rather than personal and individual benefit, which the promoters of the scheme of Church Extension are to secure as their recompense. The measure will advance the interests of piety and truth. This is its great recommendation. The secondary motive in its favour is the one of policy, and is of itself very important. Now, neither of these advantages will be reaped by any particular denomination or sect exclusively. All, without distinction or exception, must be partakers of these benefits."

In treating of what he thus terms the *secondary* advantages arising to every member of a State from the maintenance of the National Church, our author shows that they are, in truth, of precisely an analogous kind to those derived from other public establishments.

"Take, for instance," he says, "the case of the great judicial establishment. The benefit which each one of the citizens derives from this institution, is not merely that courts of law are open to him for the discussion and adjustment of his individual disputes, but that, by these means, good government is attained, and order preserved in the country. As well might all individuals who settle by arbitration any difference with their neighbour in which they may be involved, or even such as resolve never to go to law (as is said to be the rule with a particular description of persons), object to any portion of the public taxes being applied in upholding the judicial, as non-conformists, that public money should be taken for extending the means of the Ecclesiastical Establishment."

On this part of the question, however, Mr Monypenny does not rest satisfied with mere argument, but, as in most other parts of his treatise, connects with it authorities of the utmost weight and value, and which, as we have already remarked, have heretofore been generally either overlooked or undervalued in this discussion. He shows that the principle of Parliamentary interposition, which is now exclaimed against by the Anti-extensionists, *has* been acted on, in several important instances, without including what is generally termed the Royal Bounty. Four cases of this description are particularly specified

by him. The first of these is the augmentation of stipends by the well-known act 50th Geo. III. c. 34, whereby it is provided that the smaller livings should be increased by a Parliamentary grant to the sum of L.150 a-year. The next is the grant by the statute 4th Geo. IV. c. 79, for the building and endowment of additional churches in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland—subsequently amended by the 5th Geo. IV. c. 90.

The next is the act of the 58th, Geo. III. c. 45 (amended by certain subsequent acts), authorizing a grant of no less than one million for building additional churches in England and Wales. And the last is the act 5th Geo. IV. c. 103, which authorizes an additional sum of half-a-million to be paid for the same purpose.

We would particularly refer our readers to the author's able and convincing commentary on these statutes, establishing, we think, beyond all doubt, that "wherever an increase of population renders an extension of the ecclesiastical establishment necessary, the constitutional means for accomplishing this object have been considered to be a Parliamentary grant of public money."

All this, then, being sufficiently established, both on the basis of argument and of authority, the only remaining question of course is, whether there has been made out to the satisfaction of the Legislature a case of spiritual destitution requiring such public aid? On this subject it would be quite out of place to enter here; but we may just refer our readers to the facts in connexion with it stated by our author as to the two cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. With regard to the former, it appears from Mr Collins' well known work—

"First, That if all the sittings in all the churches of every denomination in Glasgow were occupied, there would be a deficiency of 61,594 sittings; or, in other words, that there reside in Glasgow this number of persons who ought to be accommodated with church room, but for whom no such accommodation in any place of religious worship whatever is actually made. *Secondly*, That the people who have no sittings taken in any church or meeting-house amount in number to no fewer than 85,105. *Thirdly*, That the poor and working classes are prevented by their poverty, and the amount of seat-

rents, from providing the necessary church accommodation for themselves and their families. *Fourthly*, That among these classes, the habit of attending church has of late years been rapidly on the decline, and that the quantity of church accommodation rented by families decreases in exact proportion to the amount of the rents of houses, the church accommodation being the greatest in the case of the highest rented houses, and the least for those of the smallest rent. *Fifthly*, That to accommodate with church room the increased population of Glasgow which has sprung up since the year 1821, assuming that 60 persons in 100 should be so accommodated (a proposition established in another part of the treatise), the number of 52,800 sittings would be requisite; but that the number of new sittings actually provided during that period, in all the churches, including those which do not belong to the Establishment, is 19,547; so that the number of people of the increased population since 1821, who ought to have been provided with seats, but are left unprovided for, amounts to 33,253."

And with regard to Edinburgh, it is proved by the Report of even our Ministerial Church Commissioner—that Report which the Ministry recently refused to make even the groundwork of Parliamentary *enquiry*—that "there would appear to be about 74,795 persons in the habit of attending public worship out of a population of 162,292"—and that with respect to the causes of this lamentable state of matters, the Commissioners expressly state "as the result of the whole evidence, that from whatever cause it proceeds, whether connected with their extent or nature, the opportunities of public religious worship, and the means of religious instruction and pastoral superintendence at present existing, and in operation, are not adequate to the removal of the evils complained of."

Well might the General Assembly say, in the language of their late Resolutions on this subject, that "the Church of Scotland felt itself entitled to expect that the First Report of the Commission, which has now lain unconsidered upwards of three months, on the tables of Parliament, should have received the immediate attention of Government, and that some remedy, adequate to the necessities of the case, and in full accordance with the principles of the Established Church,

should, without delay, have been supplied."

We do not, however, take up this subject with any view of an exposure of the conduct of the present Government. We cannot perceive any object which could be attained by engaging in such a task, except to alienate from them the friends of our Church Establishment; and this they have themselves done most effectually already. We doubt much whether they can now reckon one true and zealous friend of our Church as among their supporters either in ecclesiastical or secular questions. We do not affirm that they can be fairly described as the enemies of the Church; but sure we are that there must be a thorough conviction in every mind, that there is no sacrifice of its best interests which they are not prepared to make, in order to purchase the political support of its enemies; and that if there is any other advantage which they contemplate as resulting from it, further than being thus a subject of barter with Papists and Voluntaries, it consists merely in the means which it affords of quartering on the public a score or two of hungry commissioners.

We repeat, that on a subject on which public opinion is so fixed and so unanimous, we deem it quite superfluous to enter. After the recent conduct of the Ministry on this question, and the ample commentary on it which is afforded by their Church-rate Bills, and "Appropriation" Bills, of all sorts and denominations, we have but little expectation that this great national object will ever be accomplished under their auspices; yet it is not the less, but rather the *more necessary*, that information, as the true state of this question, should be generally diffused; for it is in this way only that the cause can acquire the strength in which we cannot doubt that it must ultimately prevail.

There is only one circumstance with regard to the Church Extension plan which appears to us not to be placed by Mr Monypenny in quite so prominent a view as it deserves. We mean the mode in which the contributions of the public, and the claims on the Legislature, are so connected with each other as to afford the full assurance that the latter can never be advanced in any instance in which they are unfounded. It is impossible for

us to conceive any case in which a fairer, or rather a more advantageous bargain is offered to Parliament than in this instance. A very large sum is raised "in defect" (as Dr Chalmers well expresses it*) "of the aid of Government, on whom the obligation lies of providing all that is necessary for the Christian instruction of the people;" and not only is Parliament in so far relieved from a just debt, but a guarantee is thereby afforded that no Parliamentary aid will be asked unless where it is found absolutely necessary. We, of course, will not build churches if they are not required; and the building of them has been assumed by us as the condition of Parliamentary assistance in their endowment. This is a circumstance which seems in many ways to have a most important bearing on this question; and, it will be perceived, that of itself it forms a conclusive answer to those who would allege that our application for Parliamentary assistance is founded on any misrepresentation as to the actual deficiency in the means of religious instruction.

We have thus endeavoured to give our readers a general view of the contents of this excellent treatise; and by our copious extracts from it to extend to the utmost of our power the sphere of its influence. It is almost needless to say, that in doing this we

feel that we are performing a far more useful service than if we had made it merely the text for any general disquisition on this most important and vital question. The author, from his high legal and judicial station, his eminently practical talents, his long experience, and his tried and approved integrity, possesses a weight and authority among us which render it peculiarly fitting that on such a subject he should be allowed to speak for himself; and we, therefore, have attempted nothing more than to give, in his own words, some of the views which, in the perusal of his work, have occurred to us as more especially worthy of attention. We cannot doubt that even in the detached and imperfect form in which these views have thus been presented, our readers will at once recognise a most able and valuable friend of this great cause—the most effective ally, perhaps, who has yet appeared of that distinguished man whose commanding genius and extraordinary energies have recently given to that cause an impulse which, sooner or later, must bear it through. Nor is this any common praise. Few men we think would covet a higher distinction than to be accounted a worthy fellow-labourer with Dr CHALMERS in this field of benevolent enterprise and most patriotic ambition.

* Report of the Committee of the General Assembly on Church Extension, p. 20. 1837.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM IN LONDON IN 1837.

OUR readers are, perhaps, aware that the Mesmerian controversy, after an interval of nearly forty years, has revived again with the greatest bitterness in France. A great change, certainly for the better, has taken place in the philosophy of animal magnetism. Instead of being brought forward as something altogether supernatural, and setting all reasoning and experience at defiance, it now comes before us as a science founded upon natural laws; gathering round it new proofs the more closely it is examined, and substantiating its claim to be considered the greatest blessing ever vouchsafed to mankind. In Paris the advocates of the doctrine were so numerous and so distinguished in their profession, that it was impossible to pass over its claims in silence. Men of science and literature—surgeons and physicians of the highest eminence—declared that animal magnetism was not the dream of a madman, as it had formerly been considered, nor the trick of an impostor. They professed a belief in its virtues, and introduced it into their practice. On this the medical section of the French Royal Academy of Sciences thought it necessary to interfere, and appointed a committee, under the presidency of Bourdois de la Motte, to make enquiries on the subject, and report to them the result of their labours. This duty was intrusted to men of the most unprejudiced opinions—some of them had given a cursory attention to the claims advanced by the magnetizers, and considered them unfounded;—others had been impressed with too great a contempt for any thing so wild and startling, on its first announcement, to consider it seriously at all,—and not one member of the committee had compromised himself by having written or spoken one syllable in support of the new doctrine. Another thing which weighed with them, and with most of the thinking men in Europe, was the decided reports *against* the system of Mesmer delivered to the Academy of Sciences and the Society of Physicians in the year 1784. From their decisions there appeared to be no appeal, or, at least, most people considered themselves justified in making no farther enquiry after the researches of such

men as Benjamin Franklin, Le Roi, Bailly, De Bori, and Lavoisier. Many circumstances, however, were advanced in explanation of this verdict. Some of the committee are alleged to have been unwell, and not to have attended the meetings; and all were prejudiced, from the beginning, against the introducer of the novel system. Mesmer undoubtedly gave great ground for suspicions. His accessories—such as darkened rooms and hidden music—looked more like the aids of a travelling conjurer than the accompaniments of a true science; and the boldness with which his discoveries were promulgated, as also the pecuniary success with which they were rewarded, armed against him the pride and the personal interests of the professional gentlemen by whom he was to be judged. The committee of 1831 resolved to keep themselves as much as possible unbiassed by the assertions of the contending parties, and to examine into the subject for themselves. The result of their labours, long and patiently pursued, and of their experiments, to which it seems impossible for any deception to have had access, is a report confirming the claims of animal magnetism in the most ample manner. This report is ably drawn up, and is probably in the hands of a great many of our readers, as it has been translated, upwards of three years ago, by Mr J. C. Colquhoun.

We do not propose to take any farther notice of that work, as it will be perceived it has been frequently alluded to in the English report, which we are happy to have been able to obtain. This report was not intended for publication—and we are indebted to the kindness of the President of the scientific section of the Association for the original paper as read at the general meeting. We owe the members of the committee an apology for venturing to print the account of their proceedings without their direct sanction, but we know they will pardon the liberty we allow ourselves in consideration of the interests of science. Mr Brown, their eloquent and ingenious secretary, will also, we are persuaded, accord us his forgiveness for using his very talented report. It is not often that a philosopher, who has the

genius to conduct a scientific examination, has at the same time the power of describing it so well.

The Metropolitan Joint Stock Medical, Scientific, and Literary Association has not been long established. But we may venture to observe, that no body of men have done more for the furtherance of the ends for which they are associated than the eminent individuals who compose this society. We will not particularize any names, nor institute a comparison between their labours and those of the chartered body of the physicians, or of any other institution. We merely wish to record our high opinion of the usefulness of the Metropolitan Association as a school of philosophical enquiry, and as an uncompromising advocate of the truth. Where societies of longer standing, and reposing on the respect of the public and the strength of their own characters, have abstained, perhaps too guardedly, from interfering with the new discoveries in medicine or science, the Metropolitan Association has eagerly rushed forward, and hailed with generous warmth the appearance of any novelty. Its honorary diplomas to Dr Morison, the discoverer of the properties of the vegetable pill, and to Dr Turnbull, for his profound treatises on the virtues of Veratrina, attest its readiness to pay honour to disinterested skill, wherever it may be found. Its medal to the philosophical gentleman who has established his reputation by an essay, containing proofs of the unity of the body, shows no less zeal in rewarding metaphysical distinction, than its former proceedings had displayed for the encouragement of medical utility.

It is not, therefore, to be doubted that, on the first re-appearance of the Mesmerian Philosophy, its advent was warmly welcomed by the Association. Allusion was made to it, so long ago as 1830, in a very luminous paper by the late Mr St John Long. But other topics of absorbing interest at home occupied too much of the attention of the scientific world to allow the subject to be prosecuted at that time. At intervals, however, the magnetic theory has incidentally been introduced in the discussions arising at the quarterly meetings; but no formal proposition to enquire into it fully and completely was submitted to the Association till the beginning of this year. The public, however, seemed to take little in-

terest in the matter till about two months ago, when the arrival in London of Baron Dupotet, the principal professor of animal magnetism in Paris, was announced in the newspapers. An invitation was published by the Baron to any gentleman who desired instruction in the doctrines of animal magnetism to visit him any day, between two and three, at his house in Maddox Street, Hanover Square. Before laying the more scientific report of Mr Brown, as read at the last meeting of the Metropolitan Association, before our readers, we may be allowed to describe a visit which we paid to the Baron in compliance with his invitation. On entering the room, No. 8, Maddox Street, we saw a party of twelve or thirteen gentlemen standing on the floor. Baron Dupotet, a man of very prepossessing appearance, with fine dark intelligent eyes, was seated in front of a gentleman who had offered himself for experiment. After keeping the points of their thumbs together for some time, till the temperature of both was the same, the Baron pressed his hands on the patient's shoulders, and passed lightly over his arms till their hands again touched. He repeated this two or three times, and then spreading forth his hand with the fingers closed, he moved it gently, with a downward motion, over the patient's face, at about two inches distance from his nose. He then continued the waving action of the hand down the stomach and legs, and, having finished the whole length of the body, returned to the brow. This was continued for nearly a quarter of an hour, and the patient persisted in saying he experienced no change. At last, however, he seemed to feel some of the effects the Baron had foretold; his colour disappeared, and he confessed that his heart beat in a way he had never experienced before. The Baron continued his manipulations with renewed activity, and shortly told us he had acquired a certain degree of influence over the patient, which a few more days of the magnetic operation would complete. He now stood up and informed us that the attraction established between himself and his patient was already so great, that it would be impossible for the magnetized to resist following him to whatever part of the room he went. He then, in five or six long deliberate steps, proceeded to the lobby at the

top of the stairs, looking round all the time at the patient, who struggled with himself for some time, but yielded to the influence, and cried out for us to hold him, or he must follow, as if he were dragged by a strong chain! As the gentleman appeared considerably excited, the Baron did not think it right to carry the experiment any farther. Some of the company being extremely anxious to see the effect of the magnetism upon a somnambulist, the Baron introduced his domestic Julie, and made her sit down on the sofa. Julie seems a quiet, simple peasant, of about forty years of age, not good-looking, and rather fat, but withal of a prepossessing appearance, and very modest retiring manners. After a few minutes' conversation with several of the spectators, in answer to whose questions she said she had not been in good health, but felt herself greatly benefited by the Baron's treatment, the experiment was begun. Standing about three feet from the sofa, the Baron stretched forth his hand, and kept waving it downwards all along her face and body. In a few minutes Julie's eyes began to close, her head nodded as if in the beginning of slumber, and, at the end of less than five minutes, her chin fell upon her breast, and she was in a profound sleep. To outward appearance the sleep was natural and calm; the breath came tranquilly, and she seemed unconscious of every noise. The Baron addressed her, and to all his questions she replied immediately, but remained dumb when spoken to by any one else. As we were told that it needed to be put in magnetic "rapport" with Julie, in order to have any conversation, we offered to undergo the process. Our hand was placed in Julie's, which closed strongly and firmly on it, with a gradually increasing pressure, till at last it fairly assumed what is called the magnetic grip. We now addressed the fair sleeper, and told her we had a headach, and asked her how it was to be cured. She said by taking castor oil, and eating chicken-broth. The broth was to be composed of half a chicken, two carrots, and a quarter of a pound of barley. A gentleman now endeavoured to separate our hands, but the wrath of the somnambulist was roused, her veins swelled with passion, and a perseverance in the attempt would have thrown her into hysterics. Large quantities of snuff

were put into her nose without producing the least effect; pins were stuck into her arms and legs without being noticed, and it seemed impossible to make the slightest impression on her senses in any way. The Baron released our hand, and after a few more wavings before her face, ordered her to open her eyes. In a moment the lids were lifted, and the eyes were seen directed upwards, and void of all expression. A handkerchief was suddenly waved close to them, but she did not wink, nor was there any movement in the pupil. After many endeavours to produce some movement by striking with great force within an inch of the iris, the Baron ordered her to shut her eyes, and the lids fell down with the rapidity of a portcullis. He now took a little walking-cane, tipped with silver, and pointed it for a minute to Julie's nose, and she instantly began sneezing from the effects of the snuff that had previously been introduced. After a short time he touched her on the knee, moved his hands crossways before her face, as if tearing aside something that covered it, and exclaiming "Awake! awake!" presented Julie to the company, looking as simple and unconcerned as when she first came into the room. She said she was quite unconscious of all that had passed, and would scarcely believe she had taken any snuff, and had no recollection of the chicken-broth and the castor oil. In all this there was no apparent desire to do any thing in an underhand way. Every thing was fair and open, and the Baron in all his operations followed the suggestions of any one who chose to offer them. The rod was pointed to the nose in perfect silence, without a word having been said which could let Julie know what was about to be done. Noises were made at her ear enough to produce a start on the stoutest nerves without effect, and however prejudiced may be the observer, it must be confessed that if there is not something extraordinary in magnetism itself, there is something very wonderful indeed in Julie's acting.

We now proceed, without farther preface, to the remarkable paper of Mr Brown.

"At a meeting of the Metropolitan Joint Stock Medical, Scientific, and Literary Association, held in the hall of the Hygean College, on Thursday, 27th July, 1837—President, Dr De-

prati; the secretary of the committee of enquiry into the state of animal magnetism was called on for his report. Mr Brown read as follows:—

"Gentlemen—Before entering on the subject which you committed to our investigation, permit me to express my regret that your committee were deprived of the assistance of several distinguished individuals whose names you put upon it. It adds to our regret on this occasion, that the reason of withdrawal advanced by some of them appears little consonant with the spirit of enquiry which ought to distinguish a philosophical mind. Dr Belluomini and Dr Quin, whose celebrity as practitioners of the Hahnemannian system of medicine, attests at once their talent and respectability, refused to belong to the committee, and assigned as their reason that the very enquiry into a system so strange and unsupported, was an encouragement to quackery and imposture. Dr Granville also, whose fame extends from the snows of Petersburg to the watering-places of Germany, refused his co-operation to your committee, though without giving any reason for his refusal. With diminished numbers, therefore, but undiminished anxiety to discover the truth, we proceeded on our task. In all our investigations we took for our guide the course of examination pursued by the medical committee on the same subject in Paris. And in this, as we had the invaluable advantage of the presence in London of the same operator who bears so prominent a share in their recorded experiments—we allude to M. le Baron Dupotet—we had little more to do than to verify the cases recorded by our foreign predecessors. But besides the Baron Dupotet, we had likewise the great assistance of the celebrated German professor of the same science, Dr Von Schurke of Vienna, whose contemporaneous presence in this city we cannot help considering as almost a providential arrangement by which our deductions are established beyond the possibility of a doubt.

"Adopting the point at which the French committee arrived as that at which we should commence our verification, we took the four following divisions (in the 120th page of the English translation of their Report) as the groundwork of all our enquiries:—

"1. Magnetism has no effect upon persons in a state of sound health, nor upon some diseased persons.

"2. In others its effects are slight.

"3. These effects are sometimes produced by ennui, by monotony, by the imagination.

"4. We have seen them developed independently of these last causes, most probably as the effects of magnetism alone.

"The first of these we shall pass over very slightly, as there is little worthy of being noticed when no sensible results are produced. Your reporter submitted himself frequently to the operation, and had the patience to sit nearly an hour without motion—perusing a newspaper—and during the manipulation experienced no kind of effect, though the ennui of his position, and the absolute silence he had recommended to be observed, might have been very capable of producing sleep. Dr Von Schurke of Vienna determined to make an experiment on a person in still more robust health than your reporter; and for that purpose proceeded, in company with three members of the committee, to a hotel kept by Mr Thomas Cribb, the champion of the English prize-ring. It may perhaps appear somewhat below the dignity of philosophy to frequent such a locality; and a less entire devotion to truth than that we hope entertained by your committee, might prompt us to bury in silence the painful result of this experiment. Dr Von Schurke placed himself in front of a very stout, ruddy-faced man, who was smoking a long pipe, and drinking a combination of gin and sugar in hot water; and without giving any notice of his intention, proceeded with the magnetic manipulations. He laid his hands on the gentleman's shoulders, enjoining him at the same time to be silent, and, after passing down to his fingers, applied his thumb to that of the patient, and allowed the remaining fingers to rest on the back of the patient's hands. There were many other persons in the apartment, who looked on with considerable surprise. Dr Von Schurke having established a community of heat between the thumbs, drew out his hand, and let it fall gently along the line of the patient's face. We sat round watching the effect. The patient gazed most earnestly on all the proceedings of Dr Von Schurke, but made no remark. When, how-

ever, the manipulation had continued some time, the patient having finished his pipe laid it on the table, and buttoned up his coat. Dr Von Schurke proceeded with redoubled zeal, and waved his hand faster than ever about half an inch from the patient's nose. But when the Doctor was about to return, by means of the dorsal manipulation, to the patient's shoulders, the gentleman sprang up in a furious access of passion, and seizing the nose of Dr Von Schurke between his finger and thumb, squeezed it till the Doctor roared out for commiseration, in the greatest corporeal pain. The patient, however, did not listen to his cries; but dragging him by the nose to the door, opened it, and applying the point of his great toe to the extremity of the os coccygis of Dr Von Schurke, lifted him half-way across the street with the power of the impulse, and returned into the room. Applying, in the same manner, his finger to the nasal excrescence of Mr Moat, one of the most active members of your committee, he went through the same process, with the exception of the kick, the absence of which he supplied by a slap with the open hand upon the pit of the stomach, which caused Mr Moat to eject all the food he had eaten during the day. In the mean-time your reporter was happy enough to discover a back way, by which, in the company of Dr Jephson of Leamington (another member of your committee), by clambering over several walls, he effected his escape. In all succeeding meetings of your committee, Dr Von Schurke has been accommodated with an air-cushion to his chair, and has worn sticking-plaster over his nose, which was nearly separated from his face. Mr Moat has not again made his appearance, being convinced that, along with his breakfast and lunch, he vomited a large portion of his intestines.

"But leaving this and several other experiments, which produced no magnetic results whatever, we go on to those cases in which we perceived, though in a slight degree, the presence of the magnetic power. But here again our remarks shall be very cursory, as we are not certain that the effects produced were altogether unaccountable on some other hypothesis. According to the plan we had laid down, we referred to the English translation of the Parisian Report;

and at page 122 we found two or three instances stated of the pulse having been reduced many beats by the manipulation, and on one or two occasions headach (cephalalgia) and a nervous pain (neuralgia) being sensibly diminished. In order to verify these effects, we saw several persons magnetized who were suffering from rheumatic pains. In one instance, on the third day, the pain removed from the shoulder to the elbow—on another, the Baron manipulated a person labouring under toothach, while her tooth was being extracted by the dentist, after which there was no recurrence of the twinges. The case, however, in which the strongest effect was produced, without being decidedly magnetic, was the following:—A gentleman, who had travelled all the way from Exeter on the outside of the mail, arrived at about eleven o'clock at night, in a house where Dr Von Schurke was at supper. The gentleman complained of headach and fatigue, and the Doctor recommended him a broiled chicken, with some hot potatoes, a pint of Burton ale, and two glasses of warm brandy and water. He then made him lie down on the sofa and began his manipulations; and in about two minutes and a half, the magnetic power was so great that the gentleman fell sound asleep, and, on waking next morning, had no remains of his headach.

"The third resolution of the French Report is, 'The effects are frequently produced by ennui, by monotony, by the imagination.'—Page 125.

"With regard to the two former causes we made various experiments, which corroborated them in the most ample manner. We availed ourselves of a public meeting, at which the celebrated Mr Joseph Hume and various others were expected to address the assembly. Dr Von Schurke placed himself in the gallery, and proceeded to magnetize the whole of the crowded meeting. Before Mr Hume had spoken twenty minutes, the ennui and monotony, in combination with the magnetic influence, produced the effects stated in the French report. There was universal drowsiness and inattention, which ended, in ten minutes more, in a profound sleep. And to prove that these were not entirely the effects of magnetism, but of the causes specified above, there were two gentlemen in the assemblage perfectly

deaf, who kept their eyes open the whole time.

"We wish to be perfectly accurate in every thing we advance, and think it right to state explicitly what are the conditions—as stated both by Baron Dupotet and Dr Von Schurke—of the magnetic influence. The first condition is, that the magnetizer shall impress his own mind with a strong desire to magnetize; and the second condition is, that the recipient shall impress his mind with a strong desire to be magnetized. It results from these two conditions that the imagination must occasionally have a very powerful effect. Dr Von Schurke goes even farther than the French philosophers, and maintains that it is the will alone which gives efficacy to the manipulations,—that is, that the soul is the possessor of the magnetic properties, and by a strong voluntary effort ejects a portion of them through the external skin. He maintains that the same manipulations, if unaccompanied by a powerful *wish* to magnetize, would be perfectly ineffective; and that in cases where the will is strong enough, it needs no intervention of the external organs to render itself perceptible, but can produce its effects at a distance from the patient in another room, and even in a different quarter of the world. This will more properly come under the fourth head, to which we now proceed.

"The greatest triumph of animal magnetism in the examinations at Paris, was the case of Paul Villagrand, a student of law—born at Magrac Laval in the year 1803—who had been under medical treatment for an attack of paralysis for upwards of seventeen months. Your committee think it right to lay an analysis of this case before you, as it was in verifying its principal features that the extraordinary effects we are about to detail came under our observation. When the magnetic treatment began under the direction of M. Fouquier, in charge of the Hospital de la Charité, Paul's infirmities were very considerable. 'He still walked upon crutches, being unable to support himself on the left foot. The arm of the same side, indeed, could perform several motions, but Paul could not lift it to his head. He scarcely saw with his right eye, and was very hard of hearing with both

ears; and besides all this, there were evident symptoms discoverable of hypertrophy of the heart.' He was magnetized frequently in the hospital, with no other effect than involuntary sleep, and a power of prescribing the mode of treatment most effectual for his cure. But even this degree of the magnetic possession was attended with such salutary results, that he cast away his crutches and walked back to his ward, climbing up a great number of steps without assistance. M. Foissac, however (the magnetizer), determining to carry his experiments as far as possible, procured his dismissal from the hospital, and went on with the treatment in Paul's lodgings. His strength, during the manipulation, was greatly increased, and his confidence in the system grew so strong, that he renounced all medical treatment, and begged to be kept in a magnetic sleep from the 25th December to the 1st of January. During this sleep he went out of the house of M. Foissac, and walked and ran along the street with a firm and assured step, and on his return he carried, with the greatest facility, one of the persons present, whom he could scarcely have lifted while awake. On the 12th of January, the French committee, accompanied by three gentlemen of distinction, met at the house of M. Foissac. Paul was set to sleep, and a finger applied to each of his closed eyes. A card taken at random from the pack was immediately named by Paul. While his eyes were held by M. Segalas, a volume was placed to his stomach: He read upon the title-page '*Histoire de France*;' and wherever it was opened he could read it perfectly. He recognised the figure of Napoleon, and read on a slip of paper the name of '*Maximilian Robespierre*,' which the gentleman who drew up the report wrote at the moment. The deductions from this case are found in page 169.

"1. A patient, whom a rational medical treatment by one of the most distinguished practitioners of the capital could not cure of a paralysis, found his cure from the administration of magnetism, and in consequence of following exactly the treatment which he prescribed for himself when in a state of somnambulism.

"2. In this state his strength was remarkably increased.

"3. He gave us the most undoubted proofs that he read with his eyes closed.

"4. He predicted the period of his cure, and this cure took place.

"In addition to these effects of somnambulism, displayed in the case of Paul Villagrand, a power of judging of the complaints of those in magnetic 'rapport' with her was shown by Mademoiselle Celine Sauvage. Your committee quote this case at length, page 183.

"The committee found among its own members one who was willing to submit to the investigations of this somnambulist. This was M. Marc. Mademoiselle Celine was requested to examine attentively our colleague's state of health. She applied her hand to his forehead and to the region of the heart, and in the course of three minutes she said that the blood had a tendency to the head; that at that moment M. Marc had pain on the left side of this cavity;* that he often felt oppression, especially after having eaten; that he must often have a slight cough; that the lower part of the breast was gorged with blood; that something impeded the alimentary passage; that this part (pointing to the region of the xiphoid cartilage) was contracted; that to cure M. Marc it was necessary that he should be copiously bled; that cataplasms of hemlock should be applied; and that the lower part of the breast should be rubbed with laudanum; that he should drink gummed lemonade; that he should eat little and frequently; and that he should not take exercise immediately after having made a meal.

"Founding our experiments on these two cases, and on several others having great similarity to them, we endeavoured to prove, beyond any cavil or dispute, whether or not those very peculiar results of the magnetic agency were producible either in kind or degree by Baron Dupotet or Dr Von Schurke. Your committee lay the result of their enquiries before you, without believing, for a moment, that you will allow the impossibility of many of the effects obtained from magnetism to lead you to so unphilosophical a deduction as that they, therefore, must be illusory. Your committee saw with its own eyes, and heard with its own ears, and on many occasions manipulated with its own hands. It took every precaution in its power to render deception or collusion impossible; and in recording the simple facts of which it was a witness, it claims implicit credit to the statement it now makes, that it neither adds to nor diminishes one iota from the truth.

Baron Dupotet, having much occupation, in conjunction with Dr Eliotson (one of your committee), in endeavouring to effect a cure on a person who had lost both his legs by a fall from a lofty building, proposed that the committee should be divided, —one portion confining its observations to his experiments, and the other to those of Dr Von Schurke. Your reporter rejoiced to be of the latter number. Baron Dupotet having stated, as the groundwork of the doctrine, that the magnetic power existed in exact proportion to the nervous energy and strength of will in the magnetizer, your reporter could not for a moment doubt that Dr Von Schurke had a preponderance over his Parisian rival, as his nervous energy is prodigious, and his power of will almost superhuman. From Dr Eliotson your committee received a report, signed by his colleagues, containing the following results:—

"Patrick Mulhooly, hod-carrier, aged 27, had fallen from a four-story house in October last, and received such severe injuries in both his legs that they were amputated on the following day. Since then he had been totally unable to walk without crutches, or some support in the shape of wooden limbs, into which the stumps of the knees were ingeniously fixed. Baron Dupotet's first object was to draw as great a flow of blood as possible to the extremities, in order that a tendency downwards might be created, to be made available in the farther course of the cure. Accordingly, he magnetized Mulhooly on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of July, and on the fourth sitting succeeded in throwing him into a state of

* "The author of the report, we conclude, intended the word *cavity* to have reference to the region of the heart; or, perhaps, the 'clairvoyance' of the somnambulist detected some reason for applying this expression to M. Marc's head."

somnambulism. On the 14th of July the extraordinary effects of this treatment began to develope themselves. Slight excrescences, similar in form to very young radishes, protruded from the end of the limb, the glow of health returned to the cicatrix of the wound, and the intellect, imagination, and memory of the patient were increased in a most astonishing degree. Baron Dupotet asserted that while in this state of somnambulism Mulhooly possessed all the faculties of any person with whom he was put in magnetic 'rapport,' and proposed, as a proof of this, that some gentleman peculiarly skilled in any walk of science or literature, should join hands with him, and ask what questions he chose. Dr Hamilton Roe, who possesses an intimate acquaintance with the Seraphic language, submitted to the experiment, and having taken his hand, addressed him in the unknown tongue. To the amazement of every one present Mulhooly conversed in it with the utmost fluency. The only limit to the satisfaction of the company was, that from the unfortunate circumstance of Dr Roe not being himself in a state of magnetism, he could not understand the replies of the somnambulist. But the committee having been informed that several apostles and seven angels had recently arrived at the New Church near Oxford Street, one of Cloud's omnibuses was sent to bring them to the scene of the experiment. In a short time the twelve apostles and all the angels arrived in the conveyance, sixteen inside and three out. One of the angels, a native of Tipperary, undertook to interpret the replies of Mulhooly, and the branch of your committee present at this case comes to the unanimous conclusion that the assertion of Baron Dupotet is verified by the result.

"Dr Roe having asked in the unknown tongue, 'Who am I?' Mulhooly answered, 'ochan yearab rothoval oy!' which the angel interpreted to mean, 'a pillar of the elect; upon which the Doctor professed himself satisfied, and said it was the truth.

"At another sitting the excrescences, originally so small, had assumed the appearance of well defined toes,—a heel and sole were afterwards developed, and at the eleventh sitting the cure was completed. The celebrated dancer, Mademoiselle Taglioni, having been invited to enter into magne-

tic 'rapport' with Mulhooly, touched his hand, and then fixing a thread round the patient's thumb, held it, at the other extremity of the room. She then lifted up one of her graceful feet, and holding it out on a level with her breast, spun round with the velocity of a gig-wheel—Mulhooly unconsciously imitated every attitude, and seemed even to have a greater power over his limbs than the beautiful sylph herself. He placed his right foot on his own shoulder, and spun round for more than a minute at that height, holding his left leg in a horizontal position all the time. He then leapt down from his shoulder, and danced the Cachuca dance in exact imitation of Taglioni. In one of the pirouettes towards the conclusion, he exerted himself so prodigiously that having struck the mouth of Mr Gardener, one of the committee, with his heel, a tooth was displaced with great violence, the extent of which may be judged of from the fact of the tooth being driven backwards through the palate, grazing the spinal column at the back of the neck, and severely wounding Dr Eliotson in the abdomen at a distance of fourteen feet. Mr Gardener being luckily in possession of an infallible secret for setting himself to sleep, pulled out his night-cap, and made such use of his recipe, that the wound was completely cured, and a new tooth nearly full-grown before he thought proper to awake.

"In this case, also, the existence of the cerebrum abdominale, or rather of the transference of all the senses to the epigastrium, was completely established. The power of reading, however, was not confined to the epigastrium in Mulhooly, but was equally developed in the elbow and tip of the ear. Mr Balfour having brought to one of the meetings an exact transcription of the writing on the Rosetta stone, Mulhooly, having his eyes held by two of the gentlemen present, pulled up his coat-sleeve, and applying his elbow to it, read the inscription with the most perfect ease. The same experiment was repeated with the tip of his ear. What adds, if possible, to the wonder of this experiment is, that till that time Mulhooly was unable to read, his early education having been totally neglected.

"Your reporter now begs to direct your attention to the proceedings at which he was personally present, which

were conducted by Dr Von Schurke. A few words in explanation of those points in which this professor differs from Baron Dupotet are necessary to the complete understanding of what is to follow. When we use the expression 'differs,' we mean not that there is any disagreement between these two philosophers, but that Dr Von Schurke practises in a higher department of the science than the Baron, and pursues a different mode of experiment. In the English translation, to which we have so repeatedly referred, are found many statements of the applicability of animal magnetism to other beings than man; to inanimate objects, and even to the elements. The assertion of such propositions is certainly startling; but after the strange effects of this system, of which you have already heard a description, you will not be deterred from accompanying your committee in its enquiry into the validity of these extraordinary claims. With regard then to the efficacy of magnetism on the lower animals, we proceed to relate the experiments which were made on the blue-nosed Joco, in the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Mr Simpson, a celebrated lecturer on the necessity of teaching infants logarithms, allowed himself to be put in 'rapport' with the Joco, which instantly commenced a lecture on the subject of education, from which Mr Simpson, with the noble simplicity of humble genius, confesses he derived many valuable hints for his future exhibitions. There was a splendour of diction and a refinement of illustration in the discourse of the Joco, which evidently owed their origin to the magnetic affinity which it enjoyed with the distinguished orator. An ass was afterwards put in 'rapport' with a gentleman of the name of Grote, and immediately delivered a speech in favour of the ballot, which brought tears into the eyes of the whole committee.

"But your reporter hopes you will excuse a longer notice of experiments of this nature, as they differed very little from each other, and the fact is as clearly settled by one well ascertained instance as by a dozen. The next class of experiments to which your committee request your attention has reference to inanimate objects. A few words of explanation will introduce the account of our observation more intelligibly. Dr Von Schurke maintains, along with all the distin-

guished professors of animal magnetism, that magnetism is a vital energy seated in the will of the magnetizer, and propelled in an imperceptible manner from the points of the fingers, or generally from the surface of the body. The *modus operandi* on inanimate nature is this. He impregnates his own soul with a superabundance of magnetic energy—a portion of which, by a strong effort of the volition, he injects into the object to be magnetized. Thus, if a degree of magnetic power represented by the number 9 is required, in order to magnetize two objects, one of which can work up its own volition to the amount of 3, the magnetizer needs only to exert his will to the amount of 6, in order to be effectual. But when this power is needed to operate on a non-sentient being, who is incapable of volition, it is necessary for the magnetizer to impress himself with the full energy of nine, and then, by an additional effort, to bestow the surplus 3 on the inanimate subject. With this explanation your committee goes on with its report.

"Dr Von Schurke procured a fowling-piece and a small quantity of powder, and proceeded to the shooting-gallery of a person of the name of Laing. Your committee accompanied him. He laid a small quantity of the powder in the hollow of his hand, and pointed to it with his other fingers for several minutes. He then loaded the gun with it, and having excited in himself a considerable degree of nervous power, he directed the fingers of his right hand to the touch-hole, and in an indescribably short space of time, your committee saw the powder take fire and flash in the pan. The gun was again primed, and Dr Von Schurke, being somewhat irritated at the failure, accumulated such a superabundance of nervous power, that, on the second experiment, the gun could not resist the impulse, but shivered into a thousand pieces. Happily no accident occurred. Your reporter cannot describe the pleasure and surprise with which your committee witnessed this astonishing effect.

"The day on which this occurred was Monday, the 24th of July, which, your committee begs to remind you, was the most stormy day we have met with for many years, as had been foretold by our distinguished colleague, Francis Moore, physician. Availing

itself of this circumstance, your committee proceeded, along with Dr Von Schurke, to the top of the Monument on Fish Street Hill. Having arrived there, and finding the wind most propitious for the experiment, the magnetizer looked the north wind fixedly in the face, till it was evidently overcome, and veered off a little to the eastward, as if to avoid the influence. At last, however, the whole compass was so completely saturated with the energy, that it was as obedient as a well-disciplined servant. The success of these two experiments produced so great an effect on your committee, that a strong desire was expressed to see the power of magnetism exercised on the most fierce and indomitable of the elements—the element of fire. One of our colleagues, Mr Wakley, who had for a long time doubted, was now thoroughly convinced of the truth of Dr Von Schurke's pretensions, and, as a proof of his confidence, offered to set fire to his own house. But this generous offer was magnanimously refused. As, however, your committee found itself so near the Mansion-house, it took the liberty of calling on the Lord Mayor, who, with the noble devotion to science worthy of the chief magistrate of the greatest city in this or any other world, immediately, on ascertaining our wish to have a conflagration on a large scale, deputed Alderman Wood to enable us to make our experiments, by setting fire to the river Thames. The worthy Alderman, by some process known only to himself, excited the combustibility of that majestic stream, and soon produced one blaze of flame from Blackwall up to Westminster Bridge. High rose the spiral columns of the destroying fire, and cast a glare against the sky that made the cerulean heaven lurid and red as the vast concave of hell at the Surrey Theatre. The genius of destruction seemed to ride the smoky whirlwind, and direct the ruddy storm towards the steam-boats at Tower Stairs. All was agony, and grief, and woe, and ejaculations, and despair. Your committee was itself cast into a state of prodigious perplexity. But Dr Von Schurke impressed the angry billows of thick rolling flames with such a mass of magnetic energy that in one instant the conflagration ceased, and the eloquent alderman was found coughing and sputtering, half-choked with the smoke he himself had been

the means of raising. Your committee feels assured that after this it is needless to go on. Your reporter, therefore, reverts to the French Medical Report, so often quoted, and in the name of his colleagues begs to express his full concurrence in every one of its conclusions. The result, in fact, is irresistible to every logically constituted mind, that if one of the claims of magnetism is well-founded, the others are equally so. For we believe it to be one of the plainest rules in investigations of this nature, that an equal degree of evidence has a right to an equal degree of belief, without reference to the absolute credibility of the thing in dispute. Thus, if the same men who depose to the efficacy of magnetism, to the extent of setting to sleep—of endowing with the power of reading without the organs of sight—of seeing the colour and shape of the viscera of those with whom the magnetized is put in 'rapport'—how weak, how unphilosophical would it be to refuse belief to matters supported by the same testimony, however unnatural they may appear!

"But it is not for your committee to do more than make its report of what it has seen and heard—the deductions must be left to yourselves. What course of conduct may be pursued on this occasion by the learned and distinguished men to whom this plain unvarnished statement is now read, your reporter has not the vanity or the presumption to suggest. Sufficient for him that he has obeyed your injunctions in tracing, step by step, the progress of your committee's labours; and whether or not you adopt the system in your practice, and avail yourselves of the means now put into your hands, to render this country, as it ever has been, the greatest and richest field for a discovery of this nature, your committee (who are convinced by the use of their own senses of the reality of the effects of this noble science) will console themselves with the reflection that, in coming to this conclusion, they have shown a freedom from the trammels of reason, of education, and of knowledge, which the graduated practitioners of this country—the Clerks—the Chambers—the Thomsons—have not yet reached, and probably have no desire to attain to.

"THEOCRITUS BROWN,"

THE LIFE OF A POET.

BY LUDWIG TIECK.*

THOUGH we do not pretend to be in possession of any authentic mercantile statistics of the 114th Olympiad, we have little doubt that upon the break-up of the Administration of Alexander the Great, the reputation of his successors rose instantaneously in the market at least fifty per cent. To nothing, except to some similar crisis in German literature—viz. the blank left by the removal of Schiller and Goethe, and the division of the literary Lower Empire among some scores of successors in different proportions,—can we ascribe the strong and, as it appears to us, extravagantly eulogistic terms in which it has been the practice of late to speak of Tieck, both in his own country and among ourselves. In alluding to the somewhat superlative tone of our English criticism on the subject of Tieck, let it, however, be understood, that to the mass of the English public he remains in a great measure unknown: if he has found fit audience, it is at least still few: his name is far enough from having become familiar as a household word, like that of Goethe, or Schiller, or even Wieland; and, in fact, it still remains hovering in a doubtful limbo of popularity, though his pretensions are keenly supported by a zealous band of partisans, who are pleased to make his name and the merit of his works a kind of literary shibboleth—a test whether the English student is to be regarded as a member of the Inner or the Outer Temple of German Literature.

For our own part, we humbly profess to be members of neither; having long ago become benchers of that Middle Temple which we are disposed to regard as after all the safest and most agreeable position of the three. And as members of that establishment, we really are bound in all fairness to say, that to these hyperbolical praises of Tieck we find it impossible to subscribe. We have a rational admiration of his powers as of one supporting with credit the somewhat sinking state of German literature, and by the

justness, moderation, and refinement of his taste, doing much to avert the injurious influence of that school of convulsion and excitement, which has so shaken the modern literature of Europe from its propriety; but we find it utterly impossible, by any effort of faith, to look upon him as one of those who have done much to impress a new character on literature, who have made many new and substantial additions to our conceptions of character, or to our knowledge of human nature. We say this rather reluctantly; for we highly admire the right feeling and moral courage with which Tieck has stood forward against those principles of mock liberalism in politics, and of licentiousness and moral cynicism in literature, which it has been the object of the unprincipled school of Heine and Gutzkow to disseminate in Germany. In his "Journey into the Blue Distance" (*Reise in das Blaue hinein*) he has strongly and indignantly entered his protest against the whole modern "literature of despair," as it is justly styled by Goethe in one of his letters to Zelter, and the atrocious and revolting pictures which the Balzacs, Janins, Sues, Dumases, and Dudevants have presumed to lay before the public as works of art, and which a French public, worthy of such offering, had been pleased to accept as such. Of the contempt with which he regards the pretensions of modern literature, and his perfect apprehension of the selfishness and profligacy which are masked under the cloak of public zeal, among the German imitators of the French Revolutionists,—the unamiable colours in which he never fails to represent these agitators in his novels afford sufficient evidence. Wilhelm, in his late tale of "Self-will and Humour" (*Eigensinn und Laune*)—Wilhelm, the gambler, spendthrift, drunkard, and profligate, is "a patriot—a plebeian Gracchus"—"a friend of humanity," who writes triumphal odes on the murder of Louis XVI., and congratulates himself on the downfall of the old pedantic notions of morality, by which the

* *Dichter-leben*. Von Ludwig Tieck. 1828.*Dichteten Zweyte Theil*. Novellen Kranz. 1831.

progress of the species had been so shamefully impeded. And Wilhelm is plainly enough a type of that noisy, heartless, and sensual class of German anarchists, such as Gutzkow, Heine, Wienburg, Börne, and others, who, by the open manner in which they have avowed and justified the natural connexion which subsists between revolutionary principles in policy and revolutionary principles in morals and religion, have roused the indignation of all the right-headed and right-hearted men of Germany against them, and the cause which they advocate.

We say we honour Tieck for the manliness with which he has ventured to paint, in their true colours, these scions of young Germany; and for the firmness also with which he has resisted their innovations in literature. Nevertheless, we find it altogether impossible to concur in the high estimate of his powers which seems so generally entertained in Germany, and must candidly state that, in many of his later novels, he appears to us puerile and trivial, or extravagant and capricious in the highest degree.

Tieck's proper field lies either in the poetical treatment of chivalrous and devotional legends, or in the marvels and traditions of Fairyland and romance. His *Genoveva* and his *Emperor Octavian*, though both in linked sweetness (too) long drawn out, are beautiful specimens of the art of reviving, in a modern form, the spirit of the middle ages. A soft, luxurious grace, and play of gentle, kindly feeling characterise them. They call us back in manhood to the recollections of childhood, like old songs which we had been accustomed to hear in infancy. The same character pervades his *Love Charm*, his *Fair-haired Eckbert*, the *Runenberg*, the *Pietro d'Abano*, and in general all his *Mährchen* or popular tales. He has seized, in short, with success, the true tone of those antique times of superstition and wild belief of prodigies, and enchantments, and omens, and charms, and apparitions, and secret powers, the agency of which pervaded and controlled the powers of Nature. He views these legends as embodying, in shadowy emblems, the universal tendencies and passions of men; deep lines of primeval feeling and imagination appeared to be visible in them to his eye, and often a vigorous mo-

ral, couched under the playful cover of the marvellous,

— *dottrina che s' asconde*

Sotto 'l velame degli versi strani.

Hence he does not, like *Museus*, make use of them as vehicles of satire, nor invest them with the slightest colouring of the ludicrous. He throws himself back with seriousness and belief into the days of Fairyland, and communicates something of the same air of genuineness and reality to his delineations. He throws into his legends a spirit of love and devotion, or mild wonder, which imparts to them a singular charm, and invests what would otherwise be regarded as merely childish with solemnity and significance.

But when he steps beyond the province of the tale to enter that of actual life in his novels, we are immediately sensible that his glory has departed from him. Eloquence, occasional humour, and a vein of fancy he no doubt carries equally into both, but we look in vain either for scenes or characters which, like those of our own great novelist or dramatist, impress themselves at once and for ever as distinct pictures upon our memory, and become almost confounded with our own recollections or experiences. After glancing back to the long list of Tieck's performances in this department, we in vain endeavour to recollect one scene or one character which has firmly imprinted itself on our minds. We find ourselves in the situation of honest *Cassio*, after his potation.—“We remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly.” Could this be the case with a true poet of the highest class? Is it so with *Goethe*? Who ever read *Faust* and yet forgot any one of its tremendous scenes? Does not the perusal of even the boyish production of *Schiller*, the “*Robbers*,” form an epoch in every one's reading? Is there any one who, if asked to mention some scene from that play which remained impressed on his imagination, could not, at the distance of years, recall the recollection of that *Sunset* by the *Danube*, where *Charles*, contemplating the setting luminary, recalls the memory of old times, when he could not sleep if his evening prayer had been forgotten; or that awful scene in the forest, where he rescues his “*famished father*” from the *Tower*, and which *Coleridge* has distinguished by a sonnet of kindred grandeur? Is not the same thing true

of the Don Carlos, the William Tell, the Maid of Orleans, and more peculiarly of the Wallenstein? Tieck, then, whatever may be his merits, does not possess the power of that vivid creation of character or conception of incident which—let the Germans theorize as they will—all great poets have possessed, and by which alone they have ever permanently maintained their hold upon the public mind.

It will not do to explain away this objection by saying, as some of Tieck's admirers do, that he purposely eschews scenes of powerful passion, or incidents of an agitating and terrible character, from a dislike to every thing in the shape of exaggeration, and a horror at that cheap and vulgar instrument of emotion, which is afforded by curiosity, suspense, and terror. We give him every credit for his aversion to that Newgate Calendar School of Fiction, in which our Gallican neighbours deal so largely; but surely every one must see how perfectly consistent the utmost power and intensity of conception, either in character or incident, may be with an entire absence of all exaggeration or extravagance. The real truth is, that Tieck has not that vigorous imagination which, acting on the materials furnished by acute and penetrating observation of life, and of the strange and disastrous accidents which diversify its course, enables the poet to create new combinations, which, while they attract by their novelty, and enchain our curiosity by their deep and agitating interest, recommend themselves to all by their simplicity and truth. A certain air of vagueness pervades his descriptions; his incidents rarely, if ever, excite our curiosity; if he has to deal with strong passions, we have them exhibited, not in action, but narration, and more frequently in their results than in their birth or growth. The charm of a delightful style, no doubt, carries the reader pleasantly along his prose tales, as the lulling music of his versification and the luxurious sweetness of his imagery do along his legends in verse. We are often pleased with acute critical remarks on men, manners, or books, sometimes, as the warmest admirer of Tieck will admit, very inappropriately and impertinently introduced; and unquestionably, we are not often annoyed

with offences against good taste. But as little are we roused, moved, or melted; even the humour which is so much insisted on by his eulogists is of a faint and evanescent kind, rather, in fact, a *simulacrum* of humour than that genial and kindly outpouring which we meet with in Cervantes, in Shakspeare, in Sterne—nay, with all his manifold affectations, in Jean Paul, any one of whose Schmelzles, Siebenkäs, and Fixleins, is worth, in its way, all that Tieck has ever produced. In short, not one of Tieck's novels ever causes a hearty laugh, even where, from the extravagance of his combinations, it appears to have been his intention to excite a feeling of the ludicrous; nor have we ever happened to meet with any one who has dropped a natural tear over any of his delinquencies.

Yet, strangely enough, as it seems to us—who, with every inclination in the world to discover the merits of these much praised novels, have yet been unable to discover where their charm, as works of fiction, is to be found—we find the German critics uniting in a sort of chorus of admiration in favour of the merits of Tieck as a novelist. Now and then, when he perpetrates such a performance as his Scarecrow (*Vogelscheuche*), or his Journey into the Blue Distance, some voices venture to raise themselves, and to declare that they do not perfectly perceive his drift—that the work seems an extraordinary caprice—that Tieck is returning rather too much to those critical polemics with which he commenced his career in his Puss in Boots; but still they persuade themselves there is some deep philosophic meaning under these apparent extravagances, and quietly sit down, content to listen to and believe in the oracle, though totally unable to discover its meaning.

Would any one believe that a man of ability—a man of critical refinement and judgment, affecting the deepest annoyance at the heretical tastes of the age in literature and philosophy—could gravely think of curing the errors of which he complains by such a piece of utter drivel as this *Vogelscheuche*;—the Adventures of an actual wooden Scarecrow, which Ambrosius, a crazy admirer of classic statuary, had formed in the shape of an Adonis, and covered with leather; which being suddenly ani-

mated by a shooting star, makes its appearance with great eclat in one of the little Krähwinkel towns of Germany, and doles forth a vast deal of criticism of the most leathern caste—inspires a passion in the crazy daughter of Ambrosius, whom Tieck chooses to designate by the name of Ophelia, and whose madness he has represented in a singularly disgusting manner, &c. &c.? It is really impossible gravely to go through the detail of rubbish such as this, which, if meant to be ludicrous, is certainly the most tragical mirth we were ever doomed to peruse.

This, however, is one of Tieck's purely fantastic stories, in which he plunges into pure and avowed extravagance, as the vehicle apparently of some very pointless satire against the Philistinism of the time. Let us look, then, to another still later production, which we observe has been received with not a little approbation in Germany, in which Tieck professes to deal with the world around us, and in which, according to the judgment even of some critics, whose opinions we are generally disposed to respect, Tieck has displayed all his profound psychological knowledge, combined with his power of easy, natural, and characteristic delineation.

This singular production, which made its appearance in the *Urania* for 1836, is entitled, *Eigensinn und Laune* (Self-will and Humour). Having read the novel with care, we pledge ourselves for the correctness of the following short outline of the plot given by D. Wolfgang Meuzel in the *Morgenblatt*. "In the third and last novel, Ludwig Tieck has portrayed a girl without modesty or morals, such as our females would all become were their education intrusted to Young Germany—a woman who is anxious to be a mother before she is a wife, who laughs at and despises marriage, gratitude, and every tender feeling,—in short, a very model of perfection upon the principles of the Gutzkow-Wienbarg school. This Emmeline has an old and rich admirer, Grundmann, and a young and amiable lover, Ferdinand. She rejects both, the former as too old-fashioned, the latter too moral and noble. She persuades her father, in the course of a tour in Switzerland, to engage as coachman the first handsome-looking young fellow to whom she takes a liking, and

as her wayward fancy becomes more and more engrossed by him, she determines on marrying him (!). Her weak father can refuse her nothing. Martin the coachman receives a little hasty polish in the way of education, is handsomely dressed, and introduced as a distant relation. On the marriage day, however, the bride announces that she cannot marry him; he appears to her quite awkward and out of place, and no longer the same graceful fellow who had captivated her on the coachbox (!). He is accordingly dismissed with a consideration. The former lovers also receive their congé. Emmeline, however, abandons herself entirely to a villain, and her unhappy father learns at the same moment that this scoundrel has deprived him of his fortune and his daughter of her honour. In this state of matters Grundmann appears, sacrifices his own fortune to rescue his friend, and marries the dishonoured daughter. She, however, soon becomes unfaithful to her husband, and elopes with a French officer, in whom she afterwards recognises the coachman Martin (!). He soon leaves her with a young daughter, Charlotte, and we find her, some years afterwards, in the honourable situation of a procuress. In the meantime, her father and Grundmann are dead; and William, her son by her father's secretary, has been adopted by the noble Ferdinand. This profligate young man occasionally visits the house of her whom he knows not to be his mother, and becomes enamoured of his own sister Charlotte. A nobleman is his rival—he wounds him: a riot takes place, and all is discovered. Wilhelm shoots himself; Emmeline takes poison; and the innocent Charlotte becomes the wife of an honest gardener."

How the author of this series of extravagances, atrocities, and revolting situations, can reconcile his own practice with his theoretical opinions, already so often and so strongly expressed, as to the modern French school of novel and romance, it will be for his admirers to explain; but apart from the odious nature of the tale, does it not bear, on the face of its conception, marks of the most ludicrous absurdity and improbability? We should think it a mere waste of time to point out the incoherence of the plot, the exaggeration of the cha-

racters; we shall only say that this feeling of incoherence and absurdity, which the mere outline of the plot must occasion, is not in the least removed by the perusal of the tale itself. The transitions are in no way prepared, but follow each other with the startling abruptness of those changes which take place in dreams. If this be a specimen of psychological accuracy, German psychology must present something very different from that which the human heart or head exhibit in other quarters.

We might apply nearly the same observations to not a few of Tieck's other and later tales—such as the *Old Book*, or *Journey into the Blue Distance*; the *Moonstruck*, or *Moon-seeker* (*Die Mondsüchtigen*); that most absurd and unmeaning one, entitled *Wunderlichkeiten*, or *Marvels in the Urania of 1836*—of which, certainly, the chief marvel is, that a man of talent could be found to write it, a man of sense to pay for it, or a public to read it.

It is an ungrateful task, however, to dwell on the mere caprices or failures of a man of genius, for such, with all his faults, Tieck must be admitted to be; and we therefore turn with pleasure to the more favourable side of the picture, to some of Tieck's later productions, in which he has displayed some of the better qualities of his mind, his eloquence, his taste, and his power of filling up gracefully and naturally a historical outline. It is in this last department, in general, that he succeeds best. We confess we have but little faith in his independent psychological creations; but give him some fixed points of character and incident, some historical personage, such as Shakspeare, Marlow, or Camoens, to portray, and he fills up the interstices with the happiest effects. At some future period we shall take an opportunity of contrasting some scenes from his insurrection in the Cevennes, with Sir Walter Scott's picture of the Puritans, each differing so completely from the other in the manner, yet each possessing characteristic beauties. In the mean-time we shall confine ourselves to some extracts from his *Life of a Poet*—of the first part of which Christopher Marlow may be said to be the hero; of the second, Shakspeare himself.

The work opens with a sort of prologue, entitled the *Festival at Kenil-*

worth. We are introduced to the family of the youthful Shakspeare, then eleven years of age; the father, silent, saturnine, and discontented; the mother, kind-hearted, affectionate, and lively; the boy intently perusing the poems of Gascoigne, while the father supposes him engaged in the study of his Latin grammar—most anxious to be allowed to join the village-party, consisting of Anne Hathaway, her brother Thomas, and others, who are about to set out to witness the Kenilworth festivities, but afraid to make the request to his father, of whose aversion to such spectacles he is too well aware. With his mother's connivance, he joins the party without his father's permission.

"They reached that day a village between Stratford and Warwick. The church and the castle were carefully examined next morning, and the boy Shakspeare was happy beyond expression.

" 'How like you this?' asked Joanna of the boy, who appeared never to weary.

" 'O delightful!' he exclaimed. 'To come so far from home—to see towers and castles—I never dreamt of such good fortune. Did you observe from the castle-windows our Avon, our own dear river—and the lonely mill quietly humming in the valley below? And the song of the birds, blending with the rustle of the trees, and the murmur of the river? 'Twas here that the great, the powerful Warwick lived—he who set up and pulled down kings, and who was himself destined to so violent an end.'

" 'You are quite a scholar,' said Joanna. 'Where did you learn all this?'

" 'Shall an Englishman,' answered the boy, 'not be master of the history of his country, and especially of the wars of the Roses? We have our chronicles of all these. In the castle, too, I saw with delight the armour of the old gigantic Guy, the ancestor of the famous earl. Here now, here is the place where he lived as a hermit so long.'

"The boy turned aside to the right, towards some houses and strangely-shaped rocks. Joanna and her brother followed the young visionary with loud laughter.

"They soon overtook him, and he insisted on their examining with him the grottoes and buildings. William

looked at every thing attentively, and the tears frequently stood in his eye. When they returned again to the highway, Thomas said, 'Let us not hurry so fast, little friend, to tire you—we shall meet our companions again when they stop to rest at noon—and shall reach Kenilworth after all in good time to-day.'

"'I am too happy!' exclaimed William, 'now I have seen with my eyes the place of which I had read so much in story. I knew in a moment that these rocks must be the spot. Ah! the great, the gigantic Guy, the noble knight! He conquered and slew the dragon—the daughter of the powerful and rich Earl became his wife—the wife of the poor, despised, and lowly squire. Then, in the midst of his good fortune, he feels the sting of conscience: He travels as a pilgrim to the Holy Land—he fights for many a year, and slays many a foe to Christendom. Then he returns, after a long, long time, so wasted and changed as not to be known. Already he has caught sight of his castle—when this wall of rocks, with its wondrous caverns, attracts his eye. His emotion is excited—he enters, and lives here as a hermit, forgotten by the world. Daily he goes as a beggar to his own castle, and from the hand of his beautiful and compassionate wife receives an alms. She converses with him—she is touched by his words and his narratives. Years pass away—his end approaches—he feels his death at hand. He despatches a messenger for his wife—he sends her their wedding ring. She comes, and finds him dying!—Ah me! how piteous—how touching!'

"They stood still for a little time under a tree. Joanna looked in the boy's face with her large clear eyes; then bursting out into laughter, she exclaimed, 'Simple creature, do you really believe all this—you who are prudent and intelligent in other matters above your age? These are mere stories, foolish boy! How could there have been so great a man as this Guy is described? How could he have worked all these wonders? No, William, it is impossible you can believe all this to be true.'

"The boy was silent for a moment, for he was hurt by this speech, and then said, 'You rate me almost as soundly as my father, Joanna, because

you have no faith. And yet all this is as true as any thing in the world can be. Where else should this beautiful story have come from?'

"'It is the poets,' answered Thomas Hathaway; 'it is the poets who invent them.'

"'So!' said William;—'and they—whence do they derive them? An angel surely must speak from their mouths, when they can charm us with tales like these. But I am sure there is truth in this story; and were it otherwise, it is touching and delightful to me to believe it to be true. The rock is still here, the armour is in the castle, and thousands before us have believed the tale. The first story my dear mother told me was that of Guy. I was then a little child, not more than two years old. Ah! how I wept over it. She, too, when a little child had done the same. She had afterwards visited the spot with pious reverence: not with doubt and incredulity, but with a warm and consoling faith. I, too, now look upon the spot which I saw so often in imagination, in my dear mother's eyes, in the tones of her ruddy lip. I believe in all: I could almost imagine my mother was playing like a sister beside me, to whom I was relating the wondrous legend for the first time. And did not the great Henry V., the hero of Agincourt, make a pious pilgrimage to this grotto? What brought him hither, if he did not believe the tale? And are we wiser than that great English hero?'

"Joanna shook her head, and said, 'Boy, you talk nonsense.'

"But Thomas, who felt not unmoved, interrupted her. 'Let him alone, sister; you do not understand him. Heaven spare and preserve you, boy, that the proverb about wise children be not fulfilled in you. You are right. Belief is all in all to us: the spring of our pleasure in poetry and old romance; the source of all our joy in life itself!'

The party arrive at Kenilworth, and next morning set out to view the splendid preparations for the festivities of the day. They wander through the beautiful glades of the park, gazing on the successive arrival of horses and conveyances loaded with passengers, provisions, fireworks, and machines of all kinds, when Thomas and his sister suddenly observe that Shakespeare has disappeared. This, how-

ever, excites little uneasiness, as they feel assured that they are likely soon to find him again in some corner of the park or the village; so they continue their survey without him.

"It was not by chance, however, that Shakspeare had left his companions behind. The strict superintendence to which he had been subjected during his journey had already begun to be wearisome to him. This first excursion of his life, the woods, the mountains, the old castles with their monuments, the splendour of the more modern Kenilworth, the bright summer light, in which knights and ladies glittered to such advantage, contrasting so favourably with the vulgar and laughable countenances of the peasantry, or the homely visages of the honest yeomen, had excited and almost intoxicated his young mind. He thought how delightful it would be to move by himself through these thronging groups, and then again to lose himself in solitude, without the perpetual observation of those friends, with whom, much as he liked them, he felt it wearisome to support conversation. He had observed at the corner of the wood something which attracted him like a spell, and which he had not had time in the press to point out to his companions. He had caught a glimpse, as it appeared to him, in the wood, of a savage man, half-naked, crowned and girt about with ivy-moss and oak-leaves, and bearing a massy club in his hand, attired exactly like those silvan deities which he had been accustomed to see in pictures, or to read of in poetry. He availed himself, therefore, of the opportunity afforded by a fresh flood of new comers, while his companions were gazing open-mouthed on some handsomely accoutred riders who passed, to remain behind, and then to start as fast as possible in an opposite direction. His quick and penetrating eye enabled him to escape the observation of his friends, and as soon as he thought they were at a sufficient distance, he ran towards the wood where he had been attracted by the wondrous vision. It was deserted. Every one was flocking towards the castle and the town, and when William made his way into the wood, he found himself all at once in a lovely and verdant solitude. He could not suppress an emotion of fear when he

thought of the figure of the wild man, and yet curiosity impelled him, while he cast his eyes around on every side, to penetrate deeper into the thicket.

"He had now so far left the highway that he had ceased to hear the noise of the crowd and of the carriages. And as he listened with beating heart he fancied he heard at no great distance a deep voice, sometimes declaiming something in a full and harmonious tone, sometimes apparently uttering words of chiding and discontent. He followed the sound, and found himself ere long in the thickest of the forest, beside the figure which had so excited his curiosity, who was sitting before a small hut formed of boards and branches of trees. A little boy was near him, who seemed sick and in bad humour. William and the wild man gazed on each other. The latter, a tall and powerful figure, rose up; the wreaths by which he was surrounded, his thick bushy eyebrows, the fire of his eyes, the moss interwoven with his dark and clustered hair, the ivy round his shoulders, the sandals and the flesh-coloured covering which he wore, closely fitting to the body to represent the effect of nudity, gave him the strangest possible appearance.

" 'Who are you—what do you want?' he exclaimed to the astonished boy.

" 'And who are you, wild being?' exclaimed William in turn, having again recovered his courage.

"The wild man laughed, and said, 'You seem to look upon me, young friend, as a real savage. But no, my son, this is but a mere masquerade, assumed in honour of our Queen—so you may treat me with a little more politeness, and call me Mr Gascoigne, as all the others do who know me at home as a learned man, or abroad as a soldier.'

" 'How!' exclaimed William, 'are you then the celebrated *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*?'

" 'The very same,' cried the silvan deity, flattered by this address. 'And so you know so much of me, boy? Are you acquainted with any of my poems?'

" 'I know them well,' replied the boy, 'only too well; for many a beating have I received on that score from my father, who thinks I am losing my time in reading your beautiful verses.'

“‘You have a fine clear voice, though weak,’ said the man of the woods; ‘call out one or two words as loud as you can—but distinctly.’”

“William did so, and the wild man in masquerade leapt about delighted, swinging his large club several times with ease round his head. ‘Found! found!’ he exclaimed, ‘The destinies, in compassion, have sent this delightful boy to the poor poet, in his need, to save him from shame and desperation. Let me embrace you, child, but take care not to rub off the paint from my cheek, or to disorder my false hair.’”

The cause of all this exultation on the part of the poet is simply this. By directions from Dudley he had composed a long complimentary effusion in favour of the Queen, in the shape of a dialogue between a Silvan Deity and the Echo of the Woods—which was to be delivered in public when her Majesty hunted in the evening. The boy who was to have borne the part of Echo, and to have returned the responses to the questions of the woodman, having been taken ill in consequence of indulging too freely in the good cheer which was in general circulation, had been found totally unable to undertake his part, and but for the opportune arrival of Shakspeare, it appeared but too probable that the elaborate compliment of Gascoigne would never find utterance. Gascoigne persuades the boy, after a good deal of hesitation and difficulty, to act the part of Echo, and the pair immediately commence their rehearsals. When the young scholar is considered perfect, they take their places, as evening approaches, near the spot where the Queen and her suite are expected to pass.

“In the mean-time men-at-arms, servants, and superintendents collected without, placing themselves in rank so as to keep off the throng of spectators from the wood, and those places which were to be occupied by the Queen and her attendants. The evening lay cool upon the landscape, and every breast breathed freer and fuller as the soft refreshing wind breathed over the fields, and woke a soft murmur among the leaves of the trees. The people had now assembled on all sides, pouring in floods over hill and dale, and ere long was heard the sound of the approaching hunt. The stag, which had been marked out, was fol-

lowed by the Queen and the hunters; lords and ladies, dames and knights were in motion, the ladies all on richly-harnessed steeds, sitting gracefully sideways on beautifully ornamented saddles. When the stag disappeared in the distance, the hunting-cry was raised, a part of the proceedings to which the Earl's master of the hunt had directed his special attention. Besides the coursing greyhounds, deep-voiced hounds were placed in the wood and along the rising-grounds, whose baying mingled loud and deep with the blast of the horns, or the call of the hunters. More distant cries filled up the pauses, and bugles far and near, above and below, answered each other in short blasts. It was now almost dusk; William was so enchanted by the influence of the scene, that the tears stood in his eyes.

“‘What is the matter?’ cried Gascoigne; ‘for God's sake no whining, no puling Magdalen faces.’”

“‘Ah!’ said the boy, ‘did you not hear those sounds? that is indeed an echo beside which ours will show poorly enough.’”

“‘Peace, my little poet,’ cried the disguised savage, ‘that is but a senseless echo, ours shall be a sensible and a poetical one. We shall see which of the two our Queen affects most, that of dogs and animals, or that of two animated and patriotic spirits. But stay, they are coming—now make ready, my dear little William.’”

“The Queen stopped. She wore a long riding-habit of green velvet, embroidered with pearls. The sleeves were of white lace, with golden network, through which her arm and shoulder appeared, dazzling and beautiful. Her green hat was looped up in front, from which red and white feathers floated majestically downward. Above her white forehead glittered, amidst her fair hair, a crescent of diamonds, recalling the recollection of Diana—the name by which the fair princess was so fond of being saluted. The horse was also caparisoned with green velvet; and near her rode Leicester, as leader of the hunt, in the full splendour of manly beauty, and of every ornament of dress which art could devise.

The torch-bearers, in their variegated dresses, placed themselves before the wood. The gold and jewels on the Queen's dress, and that of the lords

and ladies of her suite, sparkled forth more clear and more dazzling in the gleam of the lights, and a solemn stillness had succeeded to the loud clamours of the hunt.

"The wood-god, at a given signal, which was unobserved by the spectators, sprang forth from his concealment, brandished his club, and commenced his recitation. All was silence: he called in vain on god or man to explain to him what this pompous show, this assemblage of so many illustrious strangers might mean. He turned to his confidant Echo, who answered him, repeating the last word of his questions, that it was the illustrious Queen, in adoration of whom this concourse of noble and ignoble had taken place. In this style was the poetical dialogue carried on, and neither the Queen nor Leicester appeared displeased with the praise and flattery which the poet and his Echo so liberally dispensed to them. Towards the end of the dialogue, however, a slight mistake took place, which excited a laugh among the spectators. In consequence of some noise from a movement among the horses and men-at-arms which took place, William for a moment was unable to catch distinctly the recitation of his savage friend, and he accordingly delivered his intended answer, 'Queen,' before Sylvanus himself had uttered the word, so that it seemed as if the reciter were himself the echo of an echo. Leicester jested on the subject of the precocious Echo, and the Queen herself indulged her laughter. Seriousness, however, was soon restored. At the end of the poem, the savage was to recognise the Queen, to kneel before her, and in the transports of his joy, to break his club in pieces, which had been prepared for the purpose. In his enthusiasm he attempted to throw the pieces behind him, but in his haste the knotted end of the club escaped from his hand, and descended on the head of the horse on which the Queen was mounted. The horse reared, the savage man was disconcerted, and the last words of his poem expired upon his lips. Leicester was about to spring forward with indignation; but the Queen, with the utmost gentleness, said, 'Stay,—it is nothing—no one is hurt!' The knotted part of the club, rebounding from the horse's head, had fallen among the crowd, and a young man, slipping forward, took possession of it, intending, as he said, to keep it as a memorial.

Gascoigne was still kneeling at the feet of the Queen, who said a few kindly words to him, when a new and unexpected incident directed her attention towards the wood. William, after finishing his part, careless of the great personages by whom she was surrounded, had remained intently gazing on the Queen. The evening breeze availed itself of his distraction to make free with the paper of which he had been desired by Gascoigne to take such care, and on which the poem, that he had been reciting, was written. The boy did not observe his loss till he saw it fluttering above him like a white bird in the air. He then sprang after it in dismay, and, bounding about in pursuit of it, emerged from the wood. Many of the bystanders enquired if this was some additional part of the spectacle; but none was more astonished than the young man who had lifted up the club, and who recognised his truant William, in the light-footed dancer. Joanna, who stood near him, uttered a cry of joy. The flying paper now gradually descended; William, without regarding either sovereign or subject, hurried to seize it, as it approached the flame of one of the torches, and succeeded, but at the same time dashing the blazing torch in the face of the servant who held it, his false hair and moss wreaths were instantly on fire; and the poor singed serving-man fled, screaming with pain, to cool himself in the wood. Leicester and another lord pressed forward angrily towards the boy; but Elizabeth again exclaimed, 'Stop, Dudley! not so fast. He is a sweet boy, and the conflagration in that poor fellow's locks will be easily extinguished.'

"William had recovered his composure; he held the paper in his hand, intending to deliver it to the poet, who had risen in some surprise and anxiety, but a sign from the Queen directed him to approach.

"'Who are you, child?' she said, still smiling. While William hesitated, Gascoigne answered for him. 'Most Sovereign Princess, he is my Echo, whom the fates sent to me in the wood; an intelligent boy, who, with the exception of one single mistake, had done all right well.' William knelt reverentially on one knee, as he had seen the poet do, and had often heard to be the custom in approaching royalty. 'What is your name?' asked Elizabeth, as she bent over the

kneeling boy. 'My name is William,' answered he, without confusion, 'the eldest son of John Shakspeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, where my father, a most faithful subject of your Majesty, is now alderman, having given up the office of justice of the peace.'

'The Queen motioned, a knight raised up the boy, and, by her directions, presented him with a gold medal, containing the portrait of the Queen. 'Take that, my gentle poetical Echo, in remembrance of this day,' said she, smiling. 'Is there any thing else you wish for?'

" 'Only,' replied William, 'that I and my wife yonder might be allowed to see the spectacles, which the noble Earl gives, as long as I am here.'

" 'Your wife!' said Elizabeth, 'you cannot be already married?'

" 'Your pardon, great Queen,' said the boy, in some confusion; 'it is a jest to which I have been accustomed; it is Anne Hathaway, whom they always call my wife.'

" The tall maiden came forward, all shame and blushes. Leicester, who seemed to enjoy the scene, gave orders to a knight to admit the boy and his companions to a better place for enjoying the sight of the spectacles. Elizabeth, after exchanging some friendly words with Gascoigne, withdrew with her train. The poet embraced and thanked his young assistant; and neither Anne nor her brother ventured to administer to William the scolding they had intended for his desertion, for they could not help regarding with a species of reverence one who had conversed so boldly with the Queen, and been rewarded by a token of her approbation."

We have here a passage from the life of Shakspeare as a boy: in the short one which we are about to extract, we are introduced to him as a youth. It forms part of a scene between Marlow, Green, Shakspeare, who is unknown to the two dramatic poets, and Squire Arthington, a warm admirer of their productions. Their talk, as may be supposed, is of the stage and the drama; and Shakspeare, in opposition to Marlow, thus vindicates that patriotic feeling which forms the vital principle of his poetry.

" 'Some pieces from our English History,' said Marlow, 'have been successful, because they awakened old recollections, excited the feeling of pa-

triotism, as it is called, and thus had a charm for the multitude. But what is country to the true poet? What to him the spot where he happens to be born? The whole realm of Fancy, north and south, the world of spirits, lies open before him, and subject to his dominion. He who, while endeavouring to animate his imagination to the conception of happiness and misfortune, of crimes and fearful events, can limit his interest to that little spot where he first beheld the light, and to which he is fettered, is the very reverse of a poet. Thus it is that I have given to my Tamerlane a dignity and magnificence which they have never been able to bestow on their Talbots or Gloucesters, or their weak Henry VI., or the old forgotten fabulous figures, which the perverted and sickly taste of the time is endeavouring to revive among us. It is on this account that my last tragedy, the Story of the German Magician, Faust, is so dear to me; because the terrible is there so independently presented in contrast with the comic, moving in an element of its own, and requiring no aid from the customs of our own age or our own term. In my Edward, too, I have avoided bringing into play this so-called patriotism; these popular associations, and so forth: the contest of parties, and the ineffable misery of the weak monarch, are sufficient to awaken terror and compassion in every spectator, simply because he is a man.'

" The unknown (Shakspeare) rose to go. 'What! angry again?' said Marlow, in a rough voice.

" 'I have never been so,' replied the other, in the gentlest tone; 'and, on the contrary, feel myself highly honoured in having been allowed to take part in the conversation of two such distinguished men. But business requires me elsewhere; for I am not so much my own master as you boast yourselves to be.'

" 'If your occupations permit,' said Marlow, 'I should like to know what are your objections to my views?'

" 'Your request,' answered the other, 'shall be to me as a command. You undervalue the feeling of patriotism, and would disclaim, as a poet, your country and your age. But the elements which have nourished you, the associations amidst which you have grown up, are not to be thus shaken off. Patriotism is a natural feeling

cultivated and educated, an instinct elaborated into the most elevated consciousness. As it can only exist where there is a true state, where a noble sovereign reigns, and that freedom flourishes, which is so indispensable to men,—so in these true states it takes possession of the noblest hearts, and communicates to them their highest inspiration—that immortal love of country, of the constitution which has been bequeathed to them, of ancient customs, festivals, and the wondrous legends of other times. When it is united, as it is in us Englishmen, with reverential attachment to the sovereign, there springs from this root of manifold energies and feelings, such a magic stem of life and nobleness, that I can imagine to myself no interest, no poetry of mere invention, no love, no passion, which can be placed in competition with this highest source of inspiration. Whose heart does not beat higher when he hears the names of Cressy and Agincourt? What pictures are called up by the third Edward, the fifth Henry, the civil wars of the Roses, the lofty Warwick, the terrible Richard! or the great form of Gaunt placed beside the levy of the unfortunate Richard of Bordeaux! the Black Prince, of whom even his enemies speak with reverence; the Lion Heart, or his greater father, the most fortunate and yet unfortunate of powerful kings! What wonders have not we ourselves witnessed within these few years, when a foreign tyranny approached our shores in that gigantic Armada! What a feeling then breathed over and stirred the land—on hill and dale, in forest and plain! What wishes! What prayers! Young and old pressing forward, bold, yet with beating heart, to join the warlike ranks, and to conquer

or fall. O then, then indeed we felt, without giving words to the thought, what a noble possession was our country—a jewel, higher than all earthly treasure!

“And when our noble Queen, in all her royal splendour, presented herself, armed and on horseback, among the shouting ranks of their country’s defenders—when she spoke of the common necessity, and the terrible foe, whom Heaven only and the united efforts of Englishmen could defeat—who that has survived that highest moment of existence can ever forget it? And yet we appeared lost, highly as we were raised by that undying feeling, if success, if salvation, had not been vouchsafed to us from Heaven itself. But Elizabeth, Howard, Drake, Raleigh, and all those names which illustrate those eventful days, must be named with gratitude as long as the English tongue is heard on this happy island. Pardon my emotion:—but is this no world for a poet? I almost fear, dear Marlow, that in this attempt to abstract man from his country and home, you reduce him to nothingness.”

These passages will be sufficient to give a general idea of the nature of the Tale, which is made the vehicle of a good deal of critical discussion—sometimes very sound and eloquent, sometimes, as it seems to us, commonplace enough. For mere incident, as we have already said, Tieck has no great turn; and there is little in the present story which awakens curiosity or strong interest. On a future occasion we shall probably be tempted to lay before our readers an outline of some of his Chivalrous or Devotional Legends in Verse, such as the Octavian, or the Genoveva.

TOUR OF MARSHAL MARMONT, DUKE OF RAGUSA, IN HUNGARY, TRANSYLVANIA, SOUTHERN RUSSIA, TURKEY, ASIA MINOR, AND SYRIA.

Two volumes having the above title, which have lately been published in Paris, are very interesting. They want not the distinguished name of their author to render them highly attractive. Containing, as they do, a great deal of useful information on many subjects engrossing at present much popular attention, and of the utmost political importance, they would have been received with favour by the public from whatever quarter they might have come. The name of Marmont adds, nevertheless, without doubt, weight and value to their contents. As the topics, too, principally dwelt upon are such as come especially under the cognizance of a military man, one is curious to learn the opinions and possess the statements on these matters of one among the first soldiers and best commanders of the great war-school of Napoleon.

We have had an additional pleasure also of another kind in perusing these volumes, inasmuch as they afford us an opportunity of doing justice, as far as the expression of our own opinion goes, to a much injured and calumniated man.

Marshal Marmont has been, of all the French generals of the imperial epoch, perhaps the most exposed to infamous imputations. Napoleon himself was the first who set the example of slandering this honourable, able, but unfortunate man. He accused him, from St Helena, of treason in the capitulation of Paris in the year 1814; and since that time the name of Marmont and of traitor have been almost synonymous terms in the estimation of the French populace. It is evident, however, to common-sense, that Marmont, on the occasion alluded to, saved the capital of France from all the horrors of massacre, of pillage, and of possible destruction; and the patriotic zeal and activity which he so effectively displayed at that moment when confusion, panic, and ruin were impending over Paris, with an enemy at its gates, eager to pay back an awful measure of retributive justice on the sacker of the cities and the devastator of the plains of Europe, entitled him to the eternal gratitude of his countrymen.

With respect to his subsequent conduct during the three days of July, we cannot find any thing blameworthy in it, without assuming, as a clear undoubted principle of action, that at certain revolutionary crises all our ideas of duty, of responsibility, and of fidelity to trust, are to be reversed, or given to the winds. But as this principle is *not* clear—on the contrary, very disputable—as it is not a rule, but an exception to all rule, a man may, when the moment of its supposed necessary application arrives, not recognise this necessity, and yet remain perfectly free from all suspicion of being actuated by any other than the most upright and conscientious motives. We should therefore, even if we had a stronger opinion of the justice of the Revolution of 1830 than, taking into consideration its antecedents and consequents, as well as its actual outbreak, we really entertain, believe that the Marshal had contracted no stain upon his reputation by the part which he acted on that occasion. The trait, however, of character which chiefly interests us in this celebrated man is a certain plainness and straightforward simplicity of mind, which contrasts strikingly with the somewhat bombastic port and exaggerated claims to personal glory which are prominent in most of the military heroes of France. This modesty of pretension, and restricted appreciation of self which has so much pleased us in a Frenchman, conspicuous and remarkable in a high degree, is apparent throughout the whole work before us. It is to be observed, too, to his honour, that Marmont is one of the few French marshals of the time of Napoleon whose names are not associated with scenes of rapine and oppression; that at a period when plunder was a *primum mobile* to almost all the French generals, he was not distinguished as a plunderer; and that he was never chosen by the Emperor, who knew well how to choose his instruments, to conduct any iniquitous expedition and enterprise which required a ruthless insensibility to every restraining motive, and a sort of heroic ruffianism to carry them into execution. By these last named qua-

lities Davoust, Junot, Massena, Savary, and Vandamme, with some others, are known as prominently, if not more so, than they are by any military or civil achievements; and it is probably owing to the absence of these infamous, but glaring distinctions, that the fame of Marmont is of a somewhat soberer hue than that of several of his contemporaries, whose merits and services fell far short of his.

In alluding, however, to the past career of the Duke of Ragusa, we are not imitating the example set us in the work under our review. The Marshal, in the volumes he has just given to the public, has studiously avoided every retrospective glance at the events in which he has himself either played a conspicuous part, or which are in any way connected with the internal politics of France. He was prompted to travel, he tells us, in order to dissipate the melancholy which belongs to the position of an exile; and he has recorded what he has seen and observed during his tour in a very pleasing manner. His style and remarks are neither brilliant nor profound, but are marked by clear good sense, and by that constant reference to practicability which is the invariable characteristic of a well-experienced military man. Every thing which relates to his profession has for him, as might well be supposed, a peculiar interest; and this it is which gives its distinctive value to his work. We shall, therefore, in the extracts which we are about to lay before our readers, choose principally such passages as relate to military matters; but before we enter upon those of a more serious cast, we will give an anecdote, to us new, of a singular fact which happened in the last war between Austria and Turkey, which the Marshal has narrated as a striking example of the chances on which success in war so frequently depends.

"In the year 1789, Joseph II. had assembled a force of 80,000 men to act offensively against the Turks, and his camp was pitched at a little distance from Karanskeas. The Turks had taken up a position opposite, and covered Walachia. Every thing was ready for an attack, and to the Austrian army success seemed infallible. The generals had received their last orders from the Emperor, and were retiring from his tent, when, agitated

by indecision and anxiety, he called back Marshal Lascy, and asked him if he thought the success of the battle about to be given certain. The Marshal replied, as an experienced commander will always do to such a question, that he hoped so, but that he could not express a positive opinion. Upon this reply, Joseph II. abandoned all idea of the attack, sent his generals to their quarters, and determined to retreat and take up his position behind the line of the Temes.

"An order for retreat was issued, and all the necessary dispositions made. Parallel columns were formed, the infantry occupying the centre, the cavalry the flanks, and the baggage the intervals which separated them. The army was put in motion at midnight; but suddenly, after the march had commenced, the Marshal was informed that the order for retreat had not been sent to the picquets on the left of the camp. To repair this omission the troops were immediately halted. The word *halt* was repeated along the line. Certain columns took this word for the war-cry of the Turks—*Allah*—and believed the enemy to be upon them. In order to put the baggage in safety, the baggage-waggons were driven rapidly to the rear; the trotting of the horses, the rumbling of the cars, and the noise and confused movement that was heard on all sides, made the infantry think that the Turks were making a charge. A firing immediately began, and in a few minutes became general. The Austrians fired upon each other without ceasing during the whole night, and it was only in the morning that the mistake was discovered.

"It is affirmed that Joseph II., who was with the advance guard, ordered, in his alarm, a battery of ten pieces of cannon to be fired on the supposed enemy, which greatly augmented the losses and confusion of the night. Ten thousand men were killed or wounded; whilst the Turks, remaining quietly in their encampment, were authorized to believe that *Allah* had fought for them, and had by a signal interposition of Providence destroyed their foes. The Archduke Francis, heir to the throne, was with the army. He took his place with the utmost coolness in the midst of a battalion, and awaited patiently, without suffering a shot to be fired, for daylight. He

showed at that moment the calm and reflective character which distinguished all the actions of his life."

We propose now to lay before our readers a statement of the military force of Russia, but we think it well previously to make a few observations touching the relative position in which that country stands to the rest of Europe.

That great empire, since the time of Peter the Great, has been growing into a power which it was early foreseen would one day act a part in the great drama of the political world, important in proportion to the extent of its territory and its mighty awakening and spreading energies. During the same period, especially towards the latter part of it, other European nations have been receiving a developement of another kind. With Russia the progress made and making has been, and is, all *material*; with other States of the Continent it has been of a more purely *mental* character; both of these words being here used in a popular, rather than in a strictly correct sense. On this distinction we shall beg leave for a few minutes to dwell, or perhaps to expatiate.

In some of the old civilized countries of Europe—in those, viz., whose energies have not been prematurely used up, or constantly repressed, although the elements of material advancement have not been carried out to the utmost limit of their capabilities, the wants and ambition of society have, nevertheless, in that direction, been *satiated*. All the multifarious objects, enterprises, and establishments which rise up with a *growing* state, lose their engrossing attraction and interest in a state *full-grown*. Generations full of activity, having not then work stimulating enough of a practical kind, betake themselves to speculations. Hence arises what Napoleon has called the *ideological* race of men, whose existence marks a new phase in modern society. In ancient times one of the most distinct changes which happened to great and long-enduring communities was from luxury, or a high state of civilisation, to declension and dissolution. But experience at the actual period tends to show that a palmy state of social refinement, being less sensual and more

generally intellectual than in the olden epochs of the world, is to be succeeded, not by a long lapse of declining fortunes, to end in total extinction, but, in an anarchic state of the popular mind, seeking in its energies new things, in proportion as the old positive objects of material improvement, which at first minister to its activities, are accomplished or become distasteful. This, no doubt, promises to lengthen out the career of modern nations. The people, now virtually coming into council upon all public matters, instead of the ambition and intrigues of little knots of high-placed men, we have introduced into cabinets, as their most effective springs, the violent agitations and passions of large populations, which have more of wear and tear in them than can be found in an elect class, however it may arise out of, or be renovated from time to time from, the popular body. It seems, then, only through successive exhaustions and renovations that modern states can be brought to the final term of their prosperity. The popular element, which in former times was hardly taken into account, must itself become effete before a nation at present sinks to rise no more. Nevertheless, as the declension which followed upon luxury was the penultimate condition of the old governments of the world, so the intellectual anarchy which follows upon modern civilisation, although full of vigour, and capable of mighty achievements surpassing all the efforts of temperate health of mind, looks like the penultimate condition of some of the actual states of Europe. The energies of a whole people may be worn out as well as the energies of its aristocratic classes; and the former may be as thoroughly corrupted and debauched by the constant fever and excitement of gambling in politics as the latter. The only difference between the two cases is, that when the people are the players, the game will probably rise and fall oftener, and be carried on through a longer series of alternations of strength and weakness.

Now we believe that the two richest and most advanced nations in Europe, France and England, from which almost all other populations derive their most powerful impulses, are either in, or accelerating rapidly towards, the state of mind we have described, and

that this state of mind being *popular*, is the source whence all their future destinies would naturally, if they met with no counteraction, flow. And nowhere do we discover any principle of *unmixed* counteracting force against the anarchic impulse which has been given to the populace of all nations, except in Russia. That country is, consequently, considered as the great antagonist of all liberal ideas in their extreme democratic sense, as the quarter from whence their diffusion and prevalence is likely to be stayed; and this not so much because its form of government is despotic, and that a great and growing material force is at its disposition, as because it is in a state of *practical* progress, perfectly antipathetic to the *speculative* progress which other nations are eager to venture upon. Russia is a country which, from the very circumstance of the incomplete developement of its resources, is anti-revolutionary; it is, therefore, regarded by revolutionary populations as their natural enemy, holding them at the same time in awe and in check. Were it not for the balancing weight, or rather the ballast which that great empire at present supplies to Europe, the ideological liberalism which infects more advanced states might, by this time, have victoriously overrun the continent. *Ideas* now occupy that place in politics which positive interests did formerly. England is actually interfering in the affairs of Spain, attaching her name to a struggle unredeemed on both sides by a single ray of patriotism, glory, or true liberality, and in which she is in no way concerned, merely to give a triumph to certain doctrinal ideas of civil liberty; and the Belgian Revolution, the most unjust, uncalled-for, and injurious of any that ever happened, was hailed with exultation from the same feeling of sympathy with wide and vague movement principles.

In this state, then, of the popular mind of the two most civilized nations of Europe, it appears strikingly providential that there should exist another power at the other extreme of civilisation, just breaking out of barbarity, to serve as a counterpoise to the democratic tendencies which would otherwise every where decompose all civil societies which have grown up through a long series of centuries. We make this assertion deliberately, because the

democratic theory, whether openly avowed or virtually acted on, being applied to monarchical governments which have existed for a great length of time, *must* contemplate their utter decomposition; for Democracy, being the least artificial of all social compacts, coming as near in its primitive idea to a state of nature as possible, supposes, at least in its origin, an elementary condition of society. It may, having arisen out of this state of primal civil relationship among men, endure in some degree of purity, as long as the people under its rule have engrossing material interests, as in America, to centre their attention upon, and to steady their minds against its inevitable violent agitations; and it may, having thus arisen, give its name to a succession of short-lived tyrannies, as in Greece and Rome; and it may produce great men and great deeds, for energy is its very essence, and it contains the vital rudiments of all forms of government. But in itself it is, as every trial has proved it to be, of a strictly *rudimental* nature.

Wherever Democracy has lasted through a state of refinement, it has been accompanied and identified with an anomalous and exaggerated despotism, rendered necessary, and even beneficial, to counterbalance, in an uncertain manner, and by repeated exhausting reactions, its anarchic tendencies. And even then, when it has not been displaced by a monarchy, it has brought the people over whom it has prevailed, by dint of the intestine discord on which it feeds and lives, to premature impotency and ruin. It may be farther observed, that the democracies or republics of Greece or Rome had advantages which no European democracy, whether in spirit or in form, could have: they had before them a constant succession of military enterprises and conquests, which answered, in a great measure, the same purpose which the immense tracts of unoccupied and uncultivated land do now in America; and this circumstance, no doubt, considerably prolonged their existence. They were also essentially democratic in their *origin*. Romulus and his successors, up to the period of the Roman commonwealth, were really nothing more than republican chiefs.

There is nothing, therefore, in the

past complete experience of democracies furnished by history which can apply fully to modern times. As far as the application can be made, it is full of deterrents, and where it cannot be made, it is because we should want advantages under that form of government which the ancients possessed. There is one point, moreover, in speculating on the republican bias of present times, in which all comparison fails. There has been no instance of any nation relapsing from the maturity of civilisation under a monarchy into democratic forms, except in transitory revolutionary paroxysms, which remain beacons in *terrorem* to future generations. It is very usual for a monarchy to grow out of a democracy, but it has never happened that a democracy has grown out of a monarchy. This phenomenon, in a *bona fide* durable sense, the world has never witnessed. Its existence would be an inversion of order, the bare statement and contemplation of which strikes one as preposterous, and impossible to be effected otherwise than as ruin is effected, by decomposing and destroying. In such a work of destruction there may certainly be a prospective view of laying new foundations for new structures thereon to be built. But this project never has been, and never can be durably realized; for the career of a people can never *re-begin*; it must be continuous and successive. For an advanced generation to attempt to commence their national destinies *de novo*, involves some of the wildest contradictions. There must be in such an effort or desire a disproportion perfectly monstrous between men and their aims—the men belonging to a civil state of society of the growth of numerous centuries, and the things they aim at belonging to an *infancy* of society.

Progression, or a *continuing* of the *past into the future*, being the natural order of human affairs, to score out the past in civil government,—that is, not its accidentally adhering abuses, its *excrecences*, as it were, but its *substantive* institutions—the foundations on which it has been built;—is not to advance, but rather to make a movement in a contrary direction; yet it is not precisely to retrograde—that word does not fully express the action—but it is to effect a *disruption* from all antecedent experience, and, as far

as the experiment goes, to undertake the re-origination of society.

This is what the French attempted to do, under the name of *regeneration*, in their first Revolution. One would think that the examples furnished by that fearful event would deter other nations from entering on a career of what are called "*organic changes*." But the contrary effect has followed; terror has passed away, and the revolutionary doctrines have regained all their fatal fascination, drawing whole populations from the east and from the west into their malignant maddening circle. The only way to account for this is, by recollecting that the first principles which are appealed to whenever the mob are to be moved, are so simple, and the deductions drawn from them are so clear and logical—they are such self-evident axioms—that being proposed to the understanding, they are received at once as true.

It thus happens that the populace, who are unable to follow out in their reasonings the consequences which must supervene upon the maxims they have learnt being put into practice, are convinced at once of their justice. They get, moreover, thereby a delightful conviction of their own absolute wisdom; and every effort really to enlighten and inform their minds looks to them like a design to impose upon them by jugglings and mystifications. Then, again, the more instructed classes, though not so grossly deluded, have got the habit of considering the moral and political in the light of *positive sciences*. These subjects are consequently tested by arithmetical calculations; or, where this is not possible, the reasonings applied to them are assumed, though not avowed, in a plenitude of presumption, to be equivalent to algebraic signs, and to give infallible results. The works of Malthus and of Bentham bear us out in this assertion. But when men reduce moral propositions, in spirit, in will, and in design, and as nearly as possible in dogmatic positiveness, to the rank and nature of mathematical problems, they will act accordingly: they will regard nothing in the universe as sacred but their own demonstrations. In complacent self-conceit they will be ever ready to exclaim, "*Justitia fiat ruat cælum*." "Let all go to wrack, so that my theories come out of the ruins." Add also to this, that the

sceptical spirit, which was formerly directed against religion, has now, since the beginning of the last half-century, housed itself in politics. All the fundamental truths of civil government have been subjected to the same kind of examination as that by which the infidels of past times proved and designed to explode the Christian revelation; and Burke's ironical paraphrase (so it may be called) of Bolingbroke's attack upon Christianity, which our *great Conservative* pointed against civilisation, to show the utter absurdity of that infidel's arguments—even that very paraphrase belived to see virtually adopted in France, as containing serious and vital truths. Throughout the whole of the great French Revolution, the principles laid down in irony in the work we allude to were fiercely propounded and called into action with the direst earnestness. And the same principles, derived from the same source—the French philosophy—if not so glaringly apparent in act, at least remaining detectable in their origin, in their sympathies, and in the dogmatic shallow profound of language in which they are presented to us, are at present spreading widely over Europe. May the merciful control of Providence, the acknowledgment of which has lately been called "*humbug*" in the British House of Commons, save us from the schemes of conceited men, and impose a "*thus far shalt thou come*" on their projects, before they ravish all the spheres of order and sanity out of the social and moral world.

If the movement principles which have called from us the above observations, which we have lengthened, we fear, beyond the patience of our readers, should ever gain the mastery over governments, as they have over large popular factions, which is confidently anticipated by the latter, the destructive absurdities, the fearful results which they threaten would surely be near their accomplishment. It is, no doubt, therefore, because Russia is the great antagonist of these principles, that she, at the present crisis, attracts so much jealous attention. The mighty barrier which she opposes to revolutionary propagandism, combined with her daily increasing resources and her apparent projects of territorial aggrandisement, have given her an interest and importance in the eyes of Europe above all other nations of the continent.

It therefore cannot fail to be highly gratifying to our readers to possess a statement of her military force, furnished by a competent witness—a more competent one than Marshal Marmont could hardly be found. And we receive the more gladly his testimony on this subject, as, whilst some persons represent the land-force of Russia to be wavering and precarious, and altogether incommensurate to the extent of her territory and her weight in Europe, others have exaggerated notions of it, and threaten us constantly, in their fears, with a cloud of Russian barbarians, who, like the Huns and Goths of ancient times, are ready to overrun and devastate Europe on the first opportune occasion. The following detailed account gives precise information:—

"The Russian army consists at present of the following corps:—The IMPERIAL GUARD, composed of six divisions, three cavalry and three infantry. Of these there are twelve cavalry and twelve infantry regiments, one battalion of sappers, one of marines, one of *chasseurs*, one of veterans, four of horse-artillery, and twelve of foot-artillery. The GRENADEER CORPS is composed of one division of light cavalry, consisting of four regiments, of three divisions of infantry, made up of twelve regiments—of two batteries of horse-artillery, and fifteen of foot-artillery. The REGIMENTS OF THE GUARD consist of seven squadrons of cavalry, and three battalions of infantry. The SIX CORPS OF THE LINE are composed each of one division of light cavalry made up of four regiments; of three divisions of infantry, each of four regiments, two of a regiment of four active battalions; in all twelve regiments, besides two batteries of horse-artillery and two of foot-artillery. The *total* of the six corps of the line consists of twenty-four regiments of light cavalry, seventy-two of infantry, twelve batteries of horse-artillery, and ninety of foot-artillery. Of the 3d CORPS OF CAVALRY OF RESERVE, each corps has two divisions, and each division four regiments, making a *total* of twenty-four regiments, and twelve batteries of horse-artillery. The TWO RESERVE CORPS OF THE LINE are formed each of three divisions, and each division is composed of twenty-four battalions. The CORPS OF THE CAUCASUS consists of one regiment of dra-

goons, three divisions of infantry, and sixteen batteries of foot artillery. The CORPS OF OREMOURO is formed of one division of infantry of sixteen battalions, and the same number of batteries; the CORPS OF SIBERIA of one division of infantry; the CORPS OF FINLAND of the same. The TROOPS OF THE INTERIOR consist of ten battalions of sappers, of fifty battalions of home militia, and of one division of horse-artillery, composed of nine batteries. Of COSSACKS there are stationed in different countries one hundred and forty-six regiments.

"The Russian territory has been militarily divided into two parts; the first, consisting of the distant provinces, thinly peopled, has been condemned as a recruiting district. It furnishes no men to the army; the other, formed out of the centre of the empire, of thickly inhabited tracts, supplies the country with all its soldiers. From this arrangement it results that the army is recruited out of a population of forty millions of natives, and that the limits of the territory within which this recruitment takes place, are not too distantly removed from each other to admit of an expeditious formation or renovation of a military force.

"The army arising out of the above-mentioned population has been organized into regiments of six battalions; a seventh skeleton battalion is always stationed in the recruiting districts to receive and discipline young soldiers, and afterwards to hand them over to the reserve battalions. Four battalions of each regiment belong to the active force of the country. Four regiments, that is sixteen battalions (two battalions from each regiment being deducted), form a division; three divisions a corps; and there are six corps at present complete and effective.

"The fifth and sixth battalions of twelve regiments form a reserve division. This division consists consequently of twenty-four battalions; three divisions of reserve constitute a reserve corps.

"One thousand men form the complement of an active battalion. The number of a reserve battalion is completed, in the time of peace, by five hundred men. The corps of grenadiers and that of the guards constitute each a noble *corps d'armée*. The Cossack regiments, not included in the

above organization, contain 800 men each."

We regret that we cannot now give our readers some account of the *military colonies* of Southern Russia; but satisfactorily to enter upon this subject we should be obliged to prolong this article beyond all due limits. We can therefore only refer our readers to Marshal Marmont's book for much interesting information on this curious topic, and will ourselves lay before them another extract, of an interest much more exciting. The Marshal gives the following detailed opinion of the probable event of any attempt on the part of allied European Powers to prevent Russia taking and keeping possession of Turkey, should such be the will of the Emperor. His judgment, it must be recollected, is the judgment of an experienced military commander. The plans of campaign of both parties, of defence and attack, which he supposes would be adopted, seem to be the ablest that can be anticipated. As containing a speculation likely to be realized, the following passage merits a close attention; and if the foreseen war should break out, it will not be forgotten that it will be to our Whig Government we shall, as its proximate cause, owe it, together with the probable aggressive extension of the Russian dominion. The passage we allude to is as follows:—

"I have already shown that the Russians may, with the greatest ease, take possession of Constantinople, not only with the consent of the Sultan, but on his express invitation. I undertake to prove now that the occupation once effected, the most intimate alliance between France, England, and Austria, the most energetic efforts of these three powers would be ineffectual to force the Russians to evacuate the position they might take up upon the Dardanelles.

"My proof is based on the following hypothesis:—A *corps d'armée*, forming a junction with the troops assembled from the Crimea, would be employed in the Russian occupation; and this force, it may be positively anticipated, would not amount to less than sixty thousand men. I suppose, then, that this force would be distributed in the following manner:—Ten thousand men would be posted at the Dardanelles. A strong place, consisting

of five or six batteries, flanked by two forts, the one situated at the extremity of the table-ground Maltisei, and the other on the height which commands the batteries of Nagara, would be constructed on that site. Three forts, amphitheatrically built on the European side, would protect its batteries from every hostile attack by land. Ten thousand men would be encamped on the heights of Constantinople, which they would hold in obedience, whilst several vessels of war would ride at anchor in the harbour. The rest of the army, that is to say, forty thousand men, would be encamped at Adrianople. Eighteen or twenty towers would render this post unattackable. The army of from thirty to forty thousand men posted there could not be shut up, and would hold a force eighty thousand strong in check. To complete the system of occupation and defence, I suppose that eighty thousand Russians would be assembled in Moldavia and Walachia, and that their advance-guard would be on the bank of the Danube, ready to cross the river; and, finally, that the grand Russian army would be concentrated between Warsaw and Cracow, in readiness to pass the Vistula.

"I ask, then, what could the triple alliance I have mentioned do to force the Russians to evacuate Constantinople? Supposing a French and English army to embark for the Dardanelles, what immense preparations and expense would attend an expedition of this kind! Thirty or forty thousand men is the greatest force that could well be destined to such a purpose; and even this force would probably be ill-organized and ill-equipped; the cavalry would be feeble, because it is difficult to transport a great number of horses to a distant country; artillery the same; and smaller field-pieces would be totally inadequate to the necessities of the war. Finally, this army, embarked at a great cost, would arrive slowly—its march would be known—its arrival foreseen, and it would have to confront a force in strong positions, furnished abundantly with all things necessary, and capable of receiving increase and renovation at any moment.

"On the other hand, should the fleets of France and England alone be called into action, the hostile operations of those countries must be confined to

a blockade. The Russian fleet, however, remaining at anchor, could not be attacked, yet might always put to sea, and command an engagement at any favourable crisis.

"And now let us see if Austria could act more effectively. Supposing an Austrian army were to enter Servia, after passing the Balkan, the fortified camp of Adrianople would outflank this army on the south, and suspend its offensive operations at once. Whilst manœuvring to conquer this difficulty, the army of Walachia could cross the Danube, and force the Austrians to retrograde. But it may be said, that a second army might be assembled in Transylvania to oppose the offensive march of the Walachians, either by a direct attack, or by menacing their flanks or rear. The mass of Russian troops, however, assembled on the Vistula would, by reason of its advanced position, oblige the greater part of the Austrian forces to remain stationary in order to cover the heart of the monarchy, and even the capital itself. It is therefore probable that the simple disposition of the Russian troops, such as I have imagined, would altogether neutralize the offensive operations of Austria.

"It would then appear necessary that a French army should form a junction with the Austrian army to attack the Russian force in Poland; but this operation, though in a scientific sense good, is hardly feasible, for reasons superfluous to mention. Besides, the Russian force in Poland might be weakened without much injury being thereby done, for this force would not be necessary to cover the capitals of the empire. Their distance from the frontier even ensures their safety.

"I acknowledge, nevertheless, that all the military advantages I have pointed out in favour of the Russians belong rather to the first occupant. If indeed a French and English fleet should pass the Dardanelles and arrive at Constantinople; if, at the same time, an allied army of French and Austrians should seize on the position at Adrianople, and establish there the fortified camp of which I have spoken, then would the Russians have immense difficulties to conquer to wrest these posts from their enemies. Under this supposition, the Russian fleet, having entered Sebastapol, would be shut up there; and if an army cross-

ed the Balkan, this army would be exposed to confront an Austrian force either from Transylvania, marching into Bessarabia, or from Hungary, marching into Servia, in order to turn the flank of the Russian army which would be in Bulgaria. It is true, that in case of an offensive movement on the part of the Russians, a large force would be previously sent into Transylvania, which, taking up a position in that province, would cover the corps on its march to Constantinople. This operation would certainly be difficult, but it might be executed; whilst, on the other hand, the operations of the allied armies, such as I have imagined them, under the supposition that Russia should be the first occupant of Turkey, would be nearly impossible, on account of the proximity of Vienna; unless, indeed, not only the French and English fleets and an Austrian army, but another great French army, and perhaps one from Prussia, should be called into action in the war. Prussia might, however, be inclined to adopt the Russian side of the question, and she probably would do so."

As a contrast to the above martial extract, we will now give our readers a little picture of primitive and peaceful life, which is the more striking, as the people of whom it is drawn live in the midst of wild Tartar hordes, among whom Marshal Marmont travelled, and made long halts for a considerable time.

"In travelling," he says, "in this part of Russia (the southern), one finds, at a few leagues distance from each other, countries presenting contrasts so strong, that they alternately remind one of the barbarians of Thibet, and of the industrious and civilized people of the centre of Europe. In a single day one may seem to have travelled over the space of several thousand miles, so different are the aspects of the land and the manners of the inhabitants. Nothing can be more curious, for instance, than the contrast which exists between the Nogais, the wild Tartar tribe I have just described, and their neighbours the Mennonists.

"The Mennonists form a religious sect, and inhabit the banks of the Vistula. They are Germans by extraction, and have some resemblance to the Quakers. They have the greatest horror at shedding blood, and cannot

consequently be soldiers. They carry the principle so far, that they look even upon self-defence as unjustifiable. The doctrine with them, however, has nothing dangerous in its application, because their manners are gentle and pacific, recalling to the imagination the golden age of peace and innocence. Between thirty and forty years ago, a great many families of this sect demanded of the Emperor a grant of property in the hills they inhabit, under the promise of clearing and cultivating the soil. Their demand was agreed to, and they established themselves in these desert tracts. To each family was accorded sixty-five acres of ground, with a proportionate measure of pasture land. Wood to construct their houses was also granted them, under the stipulation that the state should be reimbursed for this expense within a given time; and no family was allowed to profit by the territorial grant which did not possess from twelve to fifteen hundred rubles. Seventeen hundred families closed with the proposed terms. They distributed their members into forty-one villages, and gave themselves up to an assiduous industry. At present these villages remind one of the most beautiful and highly cultivated parts of Swabia, Bavaria, and Austria. They are composed of pretty houses, built in the midst of gardens and ornamental plantations. The inhabitants possess magnificent cattle. The comfortable welfare of these little communities is most evident, and several individuals among them have acquired great riches.

"It is impossible, indeed, not to be delighted with these petty colonies, where all that the imagination can conceive of order, welfare, and virtue, strikes the eyes of the beholder. One may form some idea of the pure morals of this population, on learning that for thirty-six years in this community, composed of seventeen hundred families, no single law-suit has taken place, and that no tribunal of justice has been engaged in a criminal prosecution. Of this hardly credible fact I have been informed by several of the wealthiest and principal Mennonists. These people also have no ministers of religion; they are nevertheless very pious, and assemble frequently for the purpose of prayer."

We will now conclude our extracts

by a very characteristic description of the great General Souwarrow, taken from the mouth of an old General of his Staff, still living, from whom Marshal Marmont received it.

"I stopped," he says, "at the house of General Korés to breakfast. This old soldier is eighty years of age, and was for a long time chief of the staff of Souwarrow. His conversation interested me much. He talked constantly of Souwarrow, and related a multitude of singularities of this extraordinary man. People, he said, in general had a very prejudiced idea of the strangeness of his character; that there was nothing really extraordinary in him to those who knew him, except the superiority of his genius; and that his eccentric manners were adopted from calculation, merely to strike the vulgar.

"Souwarrow had received an excellent education; he spoke and wrote seven languages correctly. He possessed immense historical information; he read and studied much; and when he had taken an early dinner, and gave out that he slept, in order not to be interrupted, he was always deeply engaged among his books and papers.

"During the first part of his career, and up to a very meridian age, his manners differed not from those of others. But Catherine II. having said one day in his presence that a first quality to make a fortune at court was to be distinguished from the mass by some striking singularity of manners, Souwarrow immediately assumed an odd prankish humour, under the guise of which he was permitted to say and do all that came into his head. At this period a multitude of priggish officers and half-instructed persons occupied all the high ranks, and obstructed all the avenues of fortune. Souwarrow took upon himself to render them ridiculous; and for this purpose pretended a contempt for science, on which they plumed themselves without possessing it. He was far from being sincere in this; for he neglected no opportunity of informing and cultivating his mind; but he wished to pass at once for capable and ignorant, preferring that his successes should be attributed rather to sudden inspirations than to calculation, or to the effects of labour and study. And this plan of conduct was, as it appears, more powerful at

that time to maintain an influence over the Russian soldier than any other.

"Souwarrow used to play his pranks before the Empress as well as before others. When she began to speak of affairs to him, he would reply at first by some buffooneries; but as soon as the sovereign said, 'Enough, enough, let us have no more foolery,' he would at once become serious. The principal object of his harlequin humour was to mock and insult the courtiers, whom he detested. The only person whom he treated with invariable respect, and for whom he laid aside totally all his antics and sarcasms, was Marshal Romanzoff, the first Russian general who had constantly vanquished the Turks with very small armies. For him Souwarrow professed the highest esteem and the utmost respect.

"One of the most remarkable points of the military genius of Souwarrow was the precision with which he judged of the time he had at his disposition when before the enemy, and the moment when he could take him by surprise. Being menaced on one occasion by the Grand Vizier on the Rimniok, and having but eighteen thousand men to oppose to an army of eighty thousand, he was to be succoured by an Austrian force, whose arrival he impatiently awaited. The movements of the Grand Vizier announced an approaching attack; but a few hours' preparation were still necessary before it could take place. In this situation, Souwarrow, to give an idea of his perfect security, indulged himself in the most leisurely manner with a bath. Whilst quietly enjoying himself in this way, information was brought him that the head of the Austrian column was in sight. He immediately thereupon quitted the bath, mounted his horse, marched upon the enemy before his dispositions were completely made, and, after a sharp but brief action, put him to flight.

"At Kinbourn he had but a handful of soldiers, and a few companies cantoned at a considerable distance, which had not arrived at the moment when the Turks commenced their disembarkation. To fill up the interval of time necessary for the assembling of the troops, he went to church and had a *Te Deum* celebrated. When

the companies he had been expecting came up, he left the church, fell upon the enemy, who had already disembarked, and dispersed or drove them back to their vessels. Only one prisoner was taken, and him Souwarrow sent to Potemkin, who commanded at the siege of Oesakow, with the details of his victory.

"In the years 1796 and 1797, Souwarrow's attention was attracted strongly towards the campaigns of Italy, in which Napoleon commenced his career of renown and power. He admired the great talents of which the young warrior gave proof, and said to General Korés, '*I must be sent speedily to oppose Bonaparte, otherwise he will surely finish by making his high road through Germany, and will come to seek us here.*' This extraordinary prophecy has been realized, fatally indeed for Napoleon."

We are perfectly well aware that the character of Souwarrow, as sketched above, is familiar to the public; but this hardly deducts from its interest. Great men have such a perpetual command over our sympathies, that there is always a certain refreshment to the mind in recalling their heroic deeds to the memory. It is precisely those names which are most bruited in the popular discourse that

bear best the most repeated repetitions. The very sound of these names gives an alacrity to the blood and to the spirits. They have a perennial freshness in them. The eye, in reading, glances along the page to find them; and even should nothing new be told when they are met with, the sense of disappointment is lost in the kindling train of exciting thoughts and sensations which they awaken.

We had intended, when we commenced this paper, to have furnished extracts from the volumes before us on subjects which would have better displayed the peculiar talent of their author; but we have been unable to do this. To enter farther than we have done into the topics treated with most ability by the Marshal, and in which the experience of his distinguished military career has given him a special knowledge, and the right to pronounce a decided opinion, would have lengthened out the article beyond all due limits. We have, therefore, been obliged to present our readers with briefer passages of some piquaney, in order to induce them to read his whole work. It is only fair, however, to inform them, that it is not in passages of this kind that the Duke of Ragusa shines.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

No. II.

WHEN a man is engaged in an occupation that he likes, however trifling be its nature, hours fly like minutes; and thus it happened with me. The composition of "Trevanion," which beguiled the leisure of three days, was not finished until the morning of the fourth was dawning—not a little to my astonishment, for I actually fancied that it was not above two or three hours since the shutters were closed, and I had set in to scribbling for the night. Rip Van Winkle, when he found that his beard had grown twelve inches during his ten years' nap among the enchanted mountains, could not have stared more than I did to see the daylight staggering in through the closed windows. What I had I been really seated eight hours at the desk? It was even so, for the bottle of wine by my side was empty—the lamp was just expiring for want of oil—a distant cock was crowing—and when I rose from my seat, my hot throbbing brow and lifeless feet, which were as cold as if they had been dipped in an ice-pail—in fact, I was a petrification from the knees downwards—left me no longer room to doubt that I had, for the space of one entire night, been "sleepless myself to make my readers sleep."

As it was useless now to think of retiring to bed, I contented myself with taking a few brisk turns up and down the room by way of restoring the circulation; and when I heard the servants beginning to stir about the house, I made my way out into the open air, for it was a fresh cool morning, and the weather evinced symptoms of a decided clearing up. On my return I found breakfast ready prepared for me, and having despatched it with a true salt-water appetite, and arranged my toilette for the day, I resolved to put in force my projected excursion to the ruins to which I have already alluded; for the local Guide-Book assured me, in its most eloquent and emphatic phraseology, that they were well worth a visit, being "characterised by an awful and romantic grandeur that could not fail to prove highly gratifying to all lovers

of the picturesque, and"—what does the reader think?—"of pic-nic parties!"

As I passed down by the harbour, on my way to the broad sands, I could scarcely recognise the landscape that had so disgusted me an evening or two since. Then it was all gloom—now it was all cheerfulness. The long expanse of "ribbed sea-sand," in particular, presented a most animated aspect. The machines, with their Triton-looking drivers, and amphibious, and, no doubt, web-footed bathing women, were all put into active requisition, while from some of them issued the squalls of children, and from others the joyous laughter of young women, whose frequent plunges into the sea seemed to afford a world of diversion to some pert youngsters who were standing on the pier staring at them through telescopes. Close under the shelter of the tall cliffs donkeys were jogging along with ladies bumping up and down on their backs; and just at the water's edge there was a bevy of boarding-school girls, seated on camp-stools, reading the "last new novel," and getting every now and then a salt shoe-full, which furnished them with a decent pretext for lisping out a pretty half-affected scream of surprise whenever any personable young man passed near them. Beyond them, on the summit of the cliff, stood a still, solitary figure, whom, from the circumstance of his being somewhat elongated about the hips, wearing no neckcloth, and rolling his eyes about in a very remarkable manner, I took to be a poet showing off, or, what perhaps was more likely, feasting his eyes on the beauties of nature, for the purpose of cataloguing them in a sonnet for the next Forget-me-not. If so, he had abundant food for description, for the sea kept gently encroaching on the sands with what Theocritus so expressively calls an "ἀδὺν ἡλιόγεμα," and looking as innocent and unsophisticated as though it had never been guilty of a shipwreck and had not the heart to duck a fly; the long range of cliffs stood out bold and distinct, with a sunny smile on their brows; the fleecy transparent clouds looked

"As though some angels in their upward flight
Had left their mantles floating in mid-air;"

and the dwindled ships in the offing, with their sails white as the driven snow, hung buoyantly, as it were, like winged spirits, between sky and water. It was one of those inspiriting days, flush of health, and youth, and beauty, when the care-worn man feels that "Paradise" is "regained," and that he is walking in the midst of it. No more gloom—no more perverse clinging to distrust, and shutting out of faith in the existence of good—the freshness of youth has awhile come back upon him, with all its sanguine hopes and radiant fancies.

To me, but just recovered from the influenza, and habituated for months to the cheerless monotony of Clement's Inn, the day was a perfect godsend, and I rattled at my utmost speed along the shore, castle-building, like Alnaschar, that dreamiest of enthusiasts. After rounding more than one small bay or cove, dotted with fishermen's cottages, I popped unexpectedly on a deep glen or gorge that reminded me of Shanklin Chine, and ascending a steep and winding path thickly beset with brambles, came out upon some expansive downs, on the highest point of which, about a mile inland, the ruins in question were situated. They were those of a small baronial castle, which had suffered greatly during the Civil Wars, and had been going to decay ever since. I had hoped I should have been alone among them, but I was disappointed; for at the very entrance, under an ivied gateway, stood a young lady, sketching an opposite window in a gaudy drawingroom Album; and within, in that part of the castle which had once formed the chapel, were a jolly, laughing party, consisting of a rosy father and mother, and some half dozen children, squatted round a grassy tomb, which served for a table, and busy in the discussion of cold fowls, pickled pork, and bottled porter. Here was an agreeable surprise for a lover of the picturesque! I had anticipated a scene worthy to be portrayed by Wilson, and lo! I beheld one fit only to be illustrated by Cruickshank! Away went all my airy fabrics, and down tumbled fancy to the ground with a fall as humiliating as Mulciber's

from heaven to earth. Oh, never let any one, who has the slightest reverence for antiquity, visit ruins that have the ill-luck to moulder near a watering-place. Cheapside and Co. will be sure to let loose their Vandals among them, and Clapham Common to profane their solitudes by the hungry clatter of her jaws. Conceive bottled porter popping and fizzing above the buried head of some heroic cavalier! It was too much of a burlesque, and without staying to explore them, I quitted the outraged ruins, as much annoyed as I should have been to see "Buy Warren's Blacking" chalked upon the walls of the temple of Theæus at Athens!

On my return home by the sands, I observed a crowd of people hastening along the wooden pier, eagerly watching a steam-boat which had just come smoking into the harbour with a tail as long and black as Satan's. As it was one of those cheap steamers, now so much in fashion, which advertise to take passengers for nothing or next to nothing, I took for granted that all Wapping was afloat; nor was I much out in my reckoning—judging at least from certain dialogues which I chanced to overhear between a smirking, double-chinned elderly man who had just landed, and some friends that were welcoming him ashore:—"Glad to see you; how did you leave Mrs P—and the little 'uns?" "Only so so; Mrs P—is too much of an invalid to think of taking such a voyage as this here just at present; and as for Poll, she's ill a-bed of the measles." "Ah, them measles are verry trying; however, we're glad you're come; you'll be so delighted with the place, you can't think; sich respectable company; reg'lar out-and-outers." "Indeed! then it's just the thing for me; I can't abide any thing as is low; none of your Gravesend or Margate quality for me, as I told Mrs P——t'other night when we were supping at Wauxhall; but come along; the sea has made me quite peckish, as the saying is,"—with which words the speaker joined his congenial cronies, and away they all trudged, arm-in-arm, towards the High Street. In a few minutes they were followed by the rest of the steamer's crew, who kept pouring in a broad stream into the town, mingling with its native population like the muddy current of the

Kennett mingling with the purer waters of the Thames.

"Ah, these steam-boats!" said I, soliloquizing, as I slowly wound my way up the cliff; "if they are beneficial in one sense, in another they are injurious to society, for they give wings to folly, stimulus to extravagance, and the directest encouragement to the pretensions of upstart vulgarity. They have already revolutionized the whole Kentish coast—sophisticated the Highland glens—and inoculated the Swiss Alps and the banks of the Rhine with the worst and most expensive tastes and habits of Cockaigne. Even this sequestered, and, comparatively speaking, unattractive spot, which, but two years since, was visited by few but the families of the county squirearchy—staid, domestic folk, whose notions of watering-place dissipation seldom extended beyond a ride on the sands, or an occasional ball at the 'Crown,'—is now fast becoming a mere appanage of the modern Babylon. Henceforth, it must have its tea-gardens and assembly-rooms—its raffles and races—its bazaars and Athenæums—its theatrical stars and last new opera-dancers—its Wellington Crescents and Paradise Rows, without number—and who knows, when it has gained the requisite population, but it may be raised to the rank of a borough—sport its Whig, Tory, and Radical faction—and become as noisy, feverish, and discontented as it once was the reverse! If mind in its march would but take common-sense along with it, such a consummation need not be apprehended, but it hurries on at such a devil of a rate that it fairly distances Reason. However, it is useless to complain. We are a generation of 'Young Rapiers,' and our national motto, like his, is, 'Push on—keep moving,'—no matter at what rate, or with what little judgment. Alas! the peace, the sedateness, the unaffected orderly habits of our forefathers are ill-exchanged for the feverish love of stimulus and novelty, the lust of pecuniary aggrandizement, and that headstrong, speculative spirit, which creates factitious wants and delusive hopes, generated by the present ungovernable mania

for steam-boats, and, more especially, railroads."

These crotchets engrossed my thoughts till I reached my friend's house, where I found—welcome apparition!—the cloth laid, and dinner awaiting my arrival. Up to this hour I had experienced no return of my old ennui, so enlivening had been the effects of fresh air and exercise; but now that the evening was about to set in, I began to shrink from the contemplation of the solitary, monotonous prospect before me. Accordingly, shortly after tea, finding that without some active employment every hour would appear twice its usual length, I adjourned into the Picture Gallery—it had furnished me with the means of amusement before, why should it not do so again?—and looked about me for some picture which might afford me a ready subject for illustration. While busied in my inspection, my eye chanced to fall on a small highly finished painting, in imitation of the Flemish school, which seemed to have been executed about twenty or thirty years since, and represented two figures who were seated in a ship's cabin, fast asleep, as though they had been overcome by each other's dull conversation, or else by the effects of too ardent a devotion to Bacchus, for a bottle of Hollands, half emptied, together with two spacious glasses, lay on the table before them. From his dress and aspect, it was evident that one of the sleepers was a Dutchman; the other struck me as having been intended for an Englishman; and from the circumstance of the masts of several Dutch-rigged merchantmen and a portion of a lighthouse being visible through the open cabin-window, I came to the conclusion that the vessel was lying in some foreign port—possibly Rotterdam—and that the lively Hollander had come on board to drink a parting glass with his friend the Englishman, previous to the latter's departure. Imagining this to have been the artist's notion, I set to and penned the following tale, in which it has been my chief object to inculcate a useful moral through the medium of fiction.

The Chapter of Accidents.

EVERY one knows, or should know, the small, old-fashioned house, with the row of dwarf elms in front, which stands at one corner of the street that looks out on the grand canal of Rotterdam. It is the snugest and tidiest of domiciles, fit abode for an orderly, pacific bachelor, and was accordingly tenanted by Mynheer Peter Klootz, a respectable citizen of Rotterdam, the whole course of whose life, up to the period at which this tale opens, was a striking illustration of the proverb, that "some men are born with a silver spoon in their mouths." Peter was one who had risen from small beginnings to a state of comparative affluence; he was by no means remarkable for sagacity; neither could he put in any claim to the praise of extraordinary enterprise or activity; nevertheless, the stream of his prosperity had never once known check nor hinderance. His relations invariably made a point of dying and leaving him legacies just at the fitting juncture; his goods were always disposed of in foreign markets to advantage; his home dealings were equally satisfactory; in short, he seemed born to get on, whether he would or no. He was fairly shoved up the ladder of prosperity. Equally fortunate was he with respect to character. It was not his fault that all the respectable folks of Rotterdam were constantly echoing the praises of Peter Klootz. He had no ambition—not he!—to be thought more moral, devout, or benevolent than his neighbours; he merely desired to keep the even tenor of his way, and jog-trot it through life, troubling no one, and untroubled himself; yet, somehow or other, he had achieved a reputation for being all that a Dutchman should be. The truth is, I repeat, it was his destiny to be lucky, and he could no more help it than an Irishman, in the exuberance of his affection, can help breaking his best friend's head at a fair.

Fortunate, thrice fortunate Peter! But no, not wholly so, for he was still a bachelor. This reflection occasioned him many a thoughtful moment; wherefore, on his retirement from business, having leisure to think of minor matters, he began to take into serious

consideration the propriety of looking out for a wife, who might mend his stockings when they require it—air his woollen hose—replenish his empty pipe—think highly of his worst jokes—get his meals ready betimes—keep his bed warm at night—and save him a world of expense and trouble by officiating in the triple capacity of nurse, mistress, and housekeeper.

Having well considered the nature of the article he wanted, he found—or fancied he found—every domestic requisite in the person of Miss Barbara Janson, the only child of a respectable civic functionary of Rotterdam. To this worthy man Peter made his proposals, and was accepted as his son-in-law, quite as a matter of course; for no father, who had his daughter's well-doing at heart, would ever have dreamed of rejecting the addresses of so exemplary a citizen as Mynheer Klootz—especially as, besides his other qualifications, he was of singularly engaging aspect, being as broad and compact as a Dutch lugger, with a countenance as serene as a sheep's, legs of equal thickness all the way down, and a temper which was as seldom ruffled as the canal that slept in front of his dwelling.

"And now that I have given my consent," said Miss Barbara's papa, as he was one evening talking over the matter with Peter, "let me congratulate you, my dear friend, on the happiness in store for you. With your noble and generous qualities, to say nothing of your handsome fortune"—

"Not so fast, Mynheer Janson. My fortune is by no means so handsome as you may think. Were it equal to what yours is, then indeed you might call it handsome, and expect me to make as noble and generous a use of it as you have always done, and I am sure always will do, with yours."

This sly hint convinced old Janson that his intended son-in-law was quite as wide awake as himself; so, dismissing all idea of further compliment, he said, "And now let's come to business. What settlements do you propose to make on my girl?"

"Well put," replied Peter. "I'll

settle on her, for her sole and uncontrolled use, just the same sum that you do, which I call acting liberally; for, of course, you will do your utmost for your own flesh and blood."

"Oh, of course," said Mynheer Janson, testily; "but, my excellent friend, do, pray, take into consideration the difference of age between yourself and my daughter. Barbara is only just turned twenty-four; and you are—say fifty or thereabouts."

"Fifty!" interrupted Peter, "no such thing; I shall not be forty-five till next month—just in my prime."

"Exactly so; nevertheless, I really cannot help thinking, considering the disparity of years between you and Barbara—you'll excuse my plain speaking, Mynheer, for I do it with the best intentions—that the very least you can do is to double the portion I bestow on my child. I know the world expects it of you."

"Can't help what the world expects," said Peter; "these are hard times, neighbour; not what they were when you and I were young—that is to say, younger than we now are."

"Very true—but business is business;" and, as he uttered this sententious aphorism, Mynheer Janson clapped his hands on his knees, and, bending forward, looked at Peter with his shrewdest and most commercial expression of countenance.

"I feel the full force of your remark," rejoined the sentimental suitor; "and, therefore, though I love your daughter as much as a reasonable man can be expected to do, yet I certainly cannot think of"—

"I'm afraid, then, we shan't be likely to deal."

"Humph!" exclaimed Peter; "sorry for that;" and was in the act of rising from his chair, when suddenly, through the half-closed door of an adjoining apartment, he caught sight of the pretty, plump face of Barbara, who was seated near an open window, singing a Dutch love-song, and jerking out one of the neatest little feet you perhaps ever saw. The sight of this bewitching apparition, and still more the sentiment she threw into the most melodious language on earth, had such an effect on the susceptible soul of her admirer, that he blushed, simpered, looked foolish, and heaved one of those profound, touching sighs which come so gracefully from a short, fat

man of forty-five, the thickest part of whose face is downwards, like a pyramid.

Old Janson marked his emotion, and adroitly observed, "I forgot to tell you that my girl is one of the best educated in Rotterdam. She sings like any cherub!"

"She does indeed," quoth the irrelative Mynheer Klootz.

"And as for settling accounts, and looking sharp after servants!"

"Ay, ay, that's the point I look to," interposed Peter, with vivacity.

"Then Barbara is the very girl to suit you—always supposing that you will take her education as a set-off against your settlement."

"Well, well, Mynheer Janson; in an affair of this sort I don't care to drive a hard bargain."

"It is to be a match then?"

"Yes, I undertake—you are rather hard on me though; upon my life you are—to double whatever sum you may think fit to settle on your child."

"Good; and I undertake to make her turn off that idle, penniless, young fellow, who has been dancing attendance on her for the last month. Of course you have given Barbara a hint of your intentions towards her?"

"Not I," replied Peter; "what should I do that for? You are her father, so of course I came to you first. But what were you saying about a young man just now?"

"Oh, a mere nothing, not worth repeating;" and so saying, Mynheer Janson abruptly put an end to the conversation, which was taking a turn he did not altogether approve, by pleading the necessity of coming to an understanding with Barbara without further delay.

When Peter called next day, he was introduced in form to the young lady as her affianced husband; and no sooner did the news of her intended marriage get wind, than every body said how lucky she was to have secured such a prize as Mynheer Klootz. He was none of your gay, thoughtless, young spendthrifts; but a man of sound, well-wearing qualities, who could not fail to make any woman happy. Would that Barbara could have thought so; but it was impossible; her heart was already lost beyond the hope of recovery!

After a fortnight's sedate courtship,

during which father and son were very nearly having a second split upon settlements, and the helpless victim was specially miserable, though she stood too much in awe of her father to reveal to him the secret of her grief, the wedding-day was fixed, and Peter at the very summit of his felicity.

On the evening previous to that eventful day, as he was indulging in a pensive stroll along the borders of the picturesque canal, he chanced to encounter an old acquaintance, with whom, in his days of trade, he had occasionally been in the habit of transacting business. He was an Englishman, but of Dutch extraction, who, having come to Rotterdam for the purpose of winding up the affairs of a deceased brother, was now on his road to the quay, where lay the packet in which he was to embark for London—he was a small merchant there, connected with the Rotterdam trade—the instant the wind should serve. The recognition was mutually agreeable; each had a hundred gossiping enquiries to make of the other; so it was agreed, after a faint show of resistance on Peter's part, that he should accompany Stubbs on board, and have an hour or two's social chit-chat with him, as the vessel, it was understood, would not set sail till late at night.

On entering the cabin the two friends set to, without an instant's delay, at serious, steady tipping; for Peter, generally speaking, was a thirsty soul, and his companion of a saturnine, dyspeptic temperament that stood in constant need of a stimulus. The generous liquor soon produced its usual good effects. Dull jokes were cracked, and still duller anecdotes told, till at length, after they had worn away an hour in various conversation, oblivious of every thing except the exceeding comfort of their situation, Peter began to feel an irresistible drowsiness steal over him; and after bobbing his head up and down, like a Chinese mandarin on a mantel-piece, he fell fast asleep, an example which was soon followed by his frisky associate.

Their nap had continued a considerable time—for a Dutch nap, like a Dutch story, is apt to be a lengthy one—when they were roused by a sudden, impetuous movement of the vessel. Our hero was the first to wake, and rubbing his eyes, hurried up on

deck with a view to return to land; but what was the worthy man's astonishment, when he found the ship under full sail, and the port of Rotterdam already dwindled to a mere speck in the twilight horizon! He could scarcely believe his eyes. What, on his voyage to London, he who was to be married early on the morrow! Was ever such a catastrophe!

For some minutes he stood like one planet-struck; at length, rushing up to the man at the helm, "Stop the ship," he exclaimed, "and put me on shore," unconscious of the absurdity he was uttering.

"On shore?" said the helmsman, with a grave, husky laugh, like the gruff ba-a of an old ram, "ay, ay, when we reach it, which will not be for some time, I guess."

Peter was yet about to reply with as much of indignation as was compatible with his nature, when the ship giving another heavy roll as she went off on a fresh tack, he was precipitated into the arms of Stubbs, who was staring open-mouthed beside him. On regaining his equilibrium, our hero insisted on seeing the skipper, a wary old man with a white fishy eye, from whom, however, he gained no more satisfactory information than that as they were likely to have a rough passage, he should not be able to set him on shore 'till they reached the Thames.

"Good God!" exclaimed the astounded Peter, "here is a pretty business. And I was to have been married the first thing in the morning! What will Barbara say—what will her father say—what will all Rotterdam say? I shall be pointed at as a madman, and hooted by all the little boys in the city. Oh dear—oh dear—what will become of me!"

At these words, all who heard him burst into vociferous laughter; but his companion gravely said, "Don't be agitated, Mynheer Klootz; who knows but we may have a short and pleasant voyage; though, to be sure, as the Captain says, it does look a fearful night."

"And what consolation is this to me?" asked Peter, sulkily.

"I do not mention it in the way of consolation, but of resignation, for what can't be cured, must be"—

Before he could complete the sentence, the ship began to roll and plunge in a most ferocious manner, infinitely to Peter's disgust and affright, who

with difficulty made his way into the cabin, where—it being by this time pitch-dark—he threw himself on the floor, in the hope of enjoying a few hours' repose. But sleep fled his eyelids, so incessant was the din overhead, and with such eccentric and intolerable vivacity did the smack persist in ploughing her way through the tumbling billows.

Towards morning the gale had considerably decreased, but the swell that it left behind it was even more annoying. A brisk movement may be endured, but the slow, heavy roll of a labouring vessel is enough to revolutionize the stomach of an Esquimaux. Peter was no sailor, and accordingly, shortly after daybreak, he began to experience certain premonitory twitchings in the epigastrium, that set him gaping like one who has just finished the perusal of Dr Bowring's Batavian Anthology.

His friend observed these symptoms, and assisting him to get upon his legs, said, "This is a very unpleasant predicament, Mynheer Klootz, but let us hope that, whatever else may happen, at least you will not be sea-sick."

Hardly were the words spoken, than Peter, cramming his handkerchief into his mouth, rushed up on deck, his face white as a plaster of Paris bust, and the cold sweat trembling on his forehead.

"My poor Peter!" exclaimed Stubbs, "I would not discourage you for the world, but I feared it would be so. When once these paroxysms begin, you have no notion how long they continue. I should not wonder if you were to be ill all the way to the Nore. Good Heavens, how blue your nose is! Are you so *very* sick?"

All this time Peter's head and shoulders were hanging over the vessel's side, while at intervals he kept exclaiming, "I shall die—I am sure I shall. And I was to have been married! Oh, my bowels!" and down went his head still lower than before.

Who has not suffered from seasickness?—that remorseless fiend who, sparing neither age nor sex, intelligence nor respectability, makes a point of setting at defiance all the decorums of etiquette, all the graces of attitude, all the claims of humanity. I have seen dignified statesmen, lovely women, poets of the most romantic and divines of the most spiritual cast of countenance, all huddled together at

a ship's side with a confusion truly humiliating, yellow as daffodils, and moaning as dismally as a north wind whistling through the key-hole of a back attic. Sea-sickness! The very word is an emetic, and I heave while I write it.

"My poor dear Peter," said Stubbs, observing the Dutchman's forlorn condition, "don't give way, but take it coolly, as I do. Is there any thing I can do for you? any thing you could fancy to eat or drink? Speak but the word, and you shall have it. What would you say now to a nice savoury bit of fat bacon?"

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the sufferer, turning towards Stubbs with an expression of countenance that might have melted the soul of an iceberg, "for God's sake!"—He could get no farther, but again drooped his head, like some delicate floweret bending under the influence of a hurricane.

But enough on this distressing theme; suffice to say that, after a tempestuous voyage, during the greater part of which Mynheer Klootz lay half-dead on the cabin floor covered over with a tarpaulin—for every berth was occupied—the ship entered the Thames, and for the first time Peter was able to uplift his head, look about him, and, as he eloquently phrased it, "pick a bit of something nourishing." On landing in the classical vicinity of Wapping, he put himself under the protection of Stubbs, who, accompanying him to a small hotel near the river, left him alone in the coffee-room, with a promise that when he had transacted some business which required his immediate attention, he would return and escort him to his own lodgings.

Unluckily for Mynheer Klootz, it happened that an inquest had been held at the hotel but a short time before his arrival on the body of a foreigner (name unknown) who had been found by the chambermaid dead in his bed from the effects of arsenic; and some of the jury, together with the surgeon who had assisted at the investigation, were still in the coffee-room, indemnifying themselves for the labour of enquiry by a bowl of rum-punch.

No sooner had Stubbs quitted him, than Peter seated himself, "like a star apart" from these sage gossips, in a retired corner of the room, with his head buried in the palms of his hands, while every now and then, as he bethought him of Barbara, a sigh, heavy

as a Parliamentary speech on the Budget, would force its way up through his thorax. While thus absorbed in reverie, the waiter happened to get sight of him, and struck with his mysterious manner, advanced to his box with the professional enquiry of "did you call, sir?" Whereupon Peter, pointing to an empty tumbler that stood near him, made shift to pronounce the words "shin and vater," almost the only English words—with the exception of "God dam," which every foreigner has by heart—with which he was acquainted. The instant the liquor was brought, Peter despatched it at a gulp—for his late calamity had endowed him with a twenty Dutchman-power of swallow—and before the surprised official could quit his presence, he made signs for another tumbler, which was presented to him by the landlord himself.

Mean-time the oddity of our hero's manner began, as was natural, to excite the attention of the jurymen. At first they contented themselves with merely staring at him; then, as his disquietude showed no signs of abatement, they shrugged their shoulders mysteriously, and at last fell to whispering together; while the surgeon beckoning the waiter, said something to him, which brought the landlord again into the room.

"Very suspicious," whispered the surgeon to Boniface; "can't say I like the roll of the poor gentleman's eye."

"You don't say so!" replied the landlord, with marked vexation; "here's another inquest, then, I suppose. It's devilish hard people can't make away with themselves in somebody else's house. I thought the gentleman's manner strange when I brought him his gin and water. But I'll turn him out."

"No, no; take no notice for a minute or two, but leave all to me; I know the way of these folks."

While this conversation was going forward, Peter, accidentally casting his eyes about him, observed every one in the room staring at him in a most significant manner, and, annoyed by such impertinence, he drew the red curtains of his box, which effectually screened him from observation. This, of course, added to the suspicions of the party, especially the surgeon's, who instantly quitted his seat, and stationed himself, together with the landlord, behind the curtains of the Dutchman's box,

through a small rent in which they could watch his motions undetected.

For some time Peter remained gloomily passive, sipping his gin and water by way of occupation until Stubbs should return; but finding that he could not drink away the headach which his late sickness had left behind it, he took out of his pocket a paper containing some soda powders, with which his dyspeptic friend had supplied him on board the smack, and was in the act of pouring one of them into his glass, when the surgeon, convinced by this that his suspicions were well founded, and that the unhappy gentleman was about to take arsenic, rushed forward and seized his tumbler, while, at the same moment, the landlord laid the violent hand of possession on his arm, exclaiming the while, "my good sir, my dear sir, for Heaven's sake don't!—good God, is not one corpse enough at a time? Why, I shall have every room in the house filled with them!"

This struggle gathered all the jury about Peter's box, who kept turning his eyes from one to another, as if he fancied they were all mad together; but when, despite his entreaties to be left unmolested, he found the landlord persist in holding him fast, he proceeded to extreme measures, and in the fierceness of his wrath applied his clenched fist to the publican's skull, which testified to the assault by a reverberation like that of a hollow drum.

"Hold him fast," exclaimed the surgeon, retreating discreetly behind the broad shelter of the landlord's back, "while I keep my eye fixed on him;" saying which, he popped his head over the other's shoulder, and looked at Peter with an authoritative and awful sternness, intended to cow him into submission. But this optical experiment was lost on the Dutchman, for he spluttered, stormed, and struggled desperately to free himself from the publican's grasp, whom the surgeon mean-time kept exhorting to perseverance in such terms as, "hold him tight—the paroxysm is on him—he's dangerous now."

And so, indeed, it proved; for ere the speaker could conclude his exhortation, down went the landlord on the sanded floor of the coffee-room, overturning the table in his descent, and depositing it on the foot of the foreman, who was only just recovering

from a fierce fit of the gout in his great toe. The exasperated jurymen, shrieking with torture, rushed in on Peter like a mad bull, and after a protracted struggle succeeded, by the aid of the surgeon, the landlord, and the waiter's white napkin, in tying his hands behind him.

Poor Peter! never did mortal wight look more perplexed or foolish than he did at this trying moment. All was an enigma to him, which became still more inexplicable, when his victors, having reduced him to a state of sulky inertness, drew up in front of his box, and proceeded to hold a council of war on him.

"He must be bled and put to bed instantly," said the man of medicine, "after which a barber must be sent for to shave his head. You see he's quiet now, which is the best time for operating."

"And who's to pay the bill?" enquired the cautious landlord. "I'm

sorry now I ever meddled with the poor gentleman, for I dare say he'd have gone away quietly enough if we had but let him have his own way."

"D—n him," said the ferocious foreman, "he's lamed me for a month at least, so shave his head by all means, and gag him if he cries out."

The discussion was still going forward, the surgeon insisting on bleeding, and the landlord with equal pertinacity on getting rid of the strange gentleman, when matters were brought to a crisis by the entrance of Stubbs into the coffee-room. To him our aggrieved Dutchman told his story, which being repeated to those who stood round him, the mistake was instantly cleared up; and Peter, regardless of the apologies tendered to him by the landlord and the surgeon, accompanied his friend to his lodgings, croaking all the way like a bull-frog in a Dutch marsh.

PART II.

About a stone's-throw from Russell Square there is a formal old-fashioned street, one side of which consists of small houses, the majority of which are usually let out in lodgings to the minor class of merchants, foreign as well as domestic, who, having no city establishment of their own, content themselves with a mere counting-house; or to single gentlemen, of slender income, from the country, who come one week and take wing the next. The other side consists of a quaint range of dingy buildings, vast in structure, aristocratic in aspect, with lofty entrance-halls, broad stone staircases, and sculptured doorways of a pattern now all but extinct. During the major part of the 18th century this street—or rather this side of it, for the other was not then built—was one of the favourite abodes of metropolitan wealth and rank; but its glory has long since departed from it, and few, save those in its immediate neighbourhood, know it even by name. Towards the west it expands into an antiquated square, the garden of which is laid out in the style of Queen Anne's days, with a wooden statue of a crowned king at one end, and a dumpy church at the other, hard by which stands a cobbler's stall; and eastward, it terminates in a

bustling thoroughfare—the only convenient way by which horses and carriages can approach it. Pass by this street at any hour of the day you please, and scarce a soul shall you meet with, except, perhaps, some prim old lady creeping stiffly along with a powdered footman behind her, or a veteran lawyer retired from the world, and anxious for solitude. It is a colony complete in itself, unknown to the world of fashion, and voted "low" by the upstart world of commerce, its aristocratic side being inhabited chiefly by sedate formal families of the middle class, who, too odd or too stubborn to fall in with the march of mind, still adhere to the faith of their ancestors by eating fish with a fork, and persisting in the vulgarity of Port after cheese.

It was in this street, recommended to him, no doubt, by the cheapness of the lodgings, its convenient distance from the city, and more especially by its grave, quiet aspect, that our hero's friend had taken up his abode. Hither, late in the evening, he brought the perplexed Peter, who, pleased to find himself in a tenement as noiseless apparently as his own snug one at Rotterdam, began to pluck up heart, and to speculate on the advent of supper,

which Stubbs had ordered on their arrival, with feelings approaching to complacency.

"At length," quoth he, as he threw himself back in a cozy arm-chair, and stretched out his legs to their full extent, "at length I shall have a few hours' quiet; and, Heaven knows, I deserve it, for never was man so villainously used as I have been within the last few days! But here's supper," he added, in a more playful tone, "this is consoling at any rate;" with which words he proceeded to discuss the cold ham and oysters with a steady determination of purpose that might have become an alderman at a turtle-feast.

When the tray was removed, a handsome allowance of Hollands, with a jug of hot and cold water, was placed on the table; and then, for the first time for half an hour, Peter found his tongue:—"I suppose the Rotterdam packet will sail to-morrow, or the day after at farthest?"

"The day after. But now that you are here, won't you stay the week out? I can supply you with every thing that is requisite."

"No, no; I must hasten back to Barbara, who will be in agonies until I return. Poor thing, what must be her state of mind, so fond as she is of me! Capital Hollands this—almost as good as we get at Rotterdam. Well, to think that I, of all men in the world, should have been mistaken for a—another glass, did you say? With all my heart," and Peter promptly renewed his acquaintance with the "old familiar" beverage. A pipe completed his enjoyment, and he continued smoking and tipping, and chatting between whiles, with uncommon diligence, till it was time to retire for the night, when his friend, having previously ordered the only vacant bed, which was at the top of the house, to be got ready for him, he retired to his attic dormitory.

Now, it came to pass in the middle watch of the night, when the stir and bustle of active life were dying away in the mighty Babylon; when the cats were squalling from the house-tops, the Jarvies slinking home, one by one, from their respective stands, and ghosts, burglars, and policemen were alone on the alert:—at this solemn hour it came to pass, that a colony of fleas, who had for some time been settled

undisturbed in Peter's bedroom, roused, doubtless, by the deep bass of his sonorous proboscis, took it into their heads to quit their hiding-places, and see what Providence, who feedeth the young ravens, had sent them in the way of provender. Being free-born British fleas, reared and educated under a tolerant and enlightened monarchy, they thought, plausibly enough, that they had a right to avail themselves of the first legitimate opportunity that presented itself of indemnifying themselves and their families for a long undesired abstinence from animal food—the bed having been for some nights without an occupant—and, accordingly, they pounced upon the slumbering Dutchman with all the voracity of a hungry Opposition, when the loaves and fishes of office are within its grasp.

The ventripotent vermin were in the midst of their meal, when "our fat friend" awoke, and guessing at once who were his tormentors, started up in his bed, and began scratching and swearing in a way awful to think of. But in vain he anathematized the invisible cannibals; in vain he slapped, first, one part of his face, and then another: no sooner did he dislodge them from his chin, than they were off with a skip to his nose; so that, at length, grown desperate with passion, he flung all personal considerations to the winds, and fairly "pitched into" himself right and left! But, alas, the more he contested the point, the more the fleas bit. They had no notion of a compulsory surrender; they had a sacred duty to perform—the providing for their own pressing wants—and they fulfilled that duty with a stern tenacity of purpose that left their victim no other resource than to jump, like a maniac, from his bed; dress himself as well as he could, and make his way down stairs into the supper-room, with the view to spend the remainder of the night in an arm-chair.

Unfortunately, when Peter reached the lower rooms, he found them locked, so he had no help for it—it being quite dark, and not a soul stirring in the house—but to make the best of his way back to his attic, and either walk up and down till day-break, or take a snooze on the soft boards of the floor.

By the time he reached his apartment, he was so overcome with fatigue and sleep, that he resolved to

try his bed once more; and turning to the right, instead of to the left, which he should have done, he threw open a door which chanced to be on the jar, and, without stopping to undress, flung himself with tremendous force upon the bed. In an instant he was horrified by a shrill scream, followed by cries of "Rape"—"Thieves"—"Murder"—which were promptly succeeded by a savage clawing of his face, from which, in trying to defend himself, he came down with a fearful crash upon the floor, dragging some one after him in his descent. His outrageous vociferations—for he was now convinced that all the devils in hell were let loose upon him—together with the hysterical shrieks of the unknown, who lay kicking and sprawling beside him, soon roused the whole household; and a light having been struck, in a few minutes Stubbs, the landlady, and one or two other lodgers, entered the room. What a spectacle there presented itself to their eyes! On the floor lay the astounded Dutchman, with the fragment of a she night-cap in his hand; and scarce an inch off him, a sour, hatchet-faced, elderly woman—the housemaid of all work—who had waited on him that night at supper!

"Upon my word, fine doings these!" exclaimed the landlady, addressing her servant, who was rising from the floor in an agony of fear and confusion; "but I'll pack you off to-morrow, you hussey—that's what I will, as sure as my name is Juggins. I'll have no such goings on in my house: and you, sir, arn't you ashamed of yourself to bring discredit on the establishment of a lone widow woman, as has lived here in respectability these thirty years and upwards?"

While the good lady was thus giving vent to her virtuous wrath, Peter rose from his recumbent position, looking as completely bewildered as Don Quixote, when he found himself in the Enchanted Castle; while Stubbs, who closely watched his bearing, said nothing; but with a grim, significant smile, laid his forefinger beside his nose. This expressive insinuation annoyed the Dutchman far more than the intemperate sallies of his landlady, the force of which he could only in part comprehend; and, letting loose the flood-gates of his wrath, he grinned like an ogre, smote his forehead with

his clenched fist, and hawked up the words, "Got dam!" Had he not opened this safety-valve, he must have burst!

Having partially relieved his anguished spirit, he next proceeded, with as much calmness as he could muster, to explain matters to his friend, who, in turn, explained them to the landlady. But the ears of the sceptical dame were, for a time, closed against conviction. The story of the fleas, she said, was all a fudge: nothing was easier than for a gentleman to walk into the wrong bedroom, and then swear it was the fleas as made him do it; but she knew better; she had never a flea in her house; and it was a shame and a sin to insinuate such things against a lone widow woman. Stubbs allowed her to have her own way; and when she was fairly out of breath with talking, directed her attention to the state of Peter's face, which bore undeniable testimony to the truth of his assertions as respected the cause of his abrupt egress from bed; his cheeks being puffed up, just as though he had got the nettle-rash, and his swollen nose bearing no faint resemblance to "the tower of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damascus."

As the landlady could not deny the force of this practical argument, she contented herself with sullenly observing, that she supposed the whole matter originated in a mistake; and peace being thus restored, all parties quitted the room, with the exception of the housemaid, who lay groaning beneath the bedclothes; and Peter, being provided with a light, made his way down stairs, and spent the rest of the night in an arm-chair.

When he met Stubbs next morning at the breakfast table, the Dutchman was unusually prolix and pathetic on the subject of what he called his unparalleled wrongs; but when he came to the episode of the fleas, passion wholly overmastered him, and he cursed the teasing but well-intentioned insects with an energy that would have done credit to Sir Joseph Banks. His friend endeavoured to console him by telling him that matters might have been worse, and that he ought to consider himself a remarkably lucky fellow in having had fleas instead of bugs for his bed-fellows. But Peter would not be appeased; luck or

no luck, he would subject himself, he said, to no more such visitations, but would leave London instantly—a vile, infernal place, where respectable strangers could not pass a night without running a chance of being eaten up before the morning! That his resolution might not have time to cool, he despatched his breakfast with all possible expedition, and then hurried off with Stubbs into the city, where he engaged a berth, though not without a shudder, in a vessel that was to set sail for Rotterdam early on the following day.

The remainder of his time he devoted to wandering about the old streets in the neighbourhood of 'Change—in the course of which peregrination he was hustled by pick-pockets, shut up in his hat by a mass of rubbish that fell down on him as he was passing under a scaffolding in Cheapside, and very nearly run over by a blind horse in a butcher's cart; and at dinner-time he returned home with Stubbs, in the fond hope that this night at least he might enjoy something like repose—a matter on which he was the more sanguine as he had managed to prevail on the landlady to accommodate him with another sleeping apartment.

After a good and abundant dinner, which—as such dinners always do—had taken off the sharp edge of Peter's affliction, and restored him to his usual state of phlegmatic tranquillity, the friends sat carousing till nearly nine o'clock, when supper and the unfailing Hollands were brought in, and these, together with a pipe, having been duly discussed, and the hour verging towards midnight, our hero again prepared to deposit himself between the sheets of a Cockney bed.

He soon dropped off asleep, and had the most delightful dreams imaginable. He was again at Rotterdam, settled as a Benedick in his cozy "messuage" on the banks of the canal, tipping and smoking "at his own sweet will," while Barbara sat making baby-linen at his elbow, and lots of young Dutch cherubs, round as tubs and rosy as beet-root, kept sporting about his knees, tying him to his chair—the darlings!—with their infantile, unsophisticated handkerchiefs, so that when he got up he carried his seat along with him, and indulged in a variety of equally sportive pranks which sit so gracefully

on childhood. From this bland paternal vision the happy sleeper was roused by a tremendous cry of "Fire!" and the abrupt scampering down stairs, half-a-dozen steps at a time, of the vinegar-visaged housemaid who slept in the room overhead. Aghast with awe and astonishment, Peter started up, in that doubtful, crepuscular state between sleeping and waking, which may be imagined but cannot be described; but finding that the din grew momentarily more boisterous, he made a desperate effort to rouse himself, and hurrying to the window, saw flames bursting out from the apartment just above him, occasioned, as was afterwards ascertained, by the housemaid, who, with the distrust natural to vulgar minds, anticipating a second assault on her person, had determined to sit up till daybreak, but falling asleep in her chair, had knocked down the candle, and by so doing set the whole room in a blaze.

Here was a predicament! The fleas were nothing to this. What was poor Peter to do? To rush down stairs he felt was his only chance, so huddling on his clothes, pitchfork fashion, he threw open the door, but was horror-struck on discovering that all hope was cut off as regarded that mode of escape, so suffocating was the black vapour—for the house smoked like a brewery—and so quick the rush of the lively flames along the wooden staircase.

The uproar had by this time become quite deafening. The quiet street resounded with the eager tramp of hundreds of amateurs of fires, the rumbling of the engines, and the springing of at least a dozen watchmen's rattles. Fear spread throughout the district. Russell Square was paralysed; Lamb's Conduit Street refused to be comforted. And all this while the half-frantic Peter was performing a gallopade up and down his room, and shouting aloud at every halt, like Garter King-at-Arms making proclamation of a new monarch. Common-sense came at last to his assistance, and dashing his night-capped head out of the window, he bawled out to the crowd below for a ladder.

His cries were heard and answered—the ladder was brought, and Peter descended on it, trembling in every limb, while the engines kept playing on him with beautiful precision, from

a laudable anxiety on the part of the firemen to put out any stray sparks that might be still nestling among his garments. When he reached the ground, dripping like a river-god, the crowd received him with cheers, and in the ecstasy of their satisfaction, the affectionate creatures would even have dragged him to the pump, had he not hinted his dislike of such supplemental ablution by a series of random kicks and cuffs that might have floored the Darlington prize-ox.

The "devouring element" being at length got under, and the crowd preparing to disperse, a benevolent baker who lived a few doors off, observing the disconsolate condition of the landlady and her lodgers, kindly offered to take the whole establishment into his house; and his offer being accepted, Mynheer Klootz—there being no other apartment but what was fully occupied—was popped into an unfurnished cupboard-like room with a small truckle bed in it, on which he instantly threw himself, in that state of utter obfuscation by which an "unfortunate gentleman" is apt to be embarrassed the night before he is hanged. He was soon again locked in the arms of Morpheus, but was roused at daybreak by a sense of heat perfectly suffocating. Had he been cooped up in the Black Hole at Calcutta, or, like Falstaff, in a buck-basket—had he been running for a wager in the dog-days, or crossing an African desert in a greatcoat and two flannel waistcoats—had he been a jockey in training, or a fat sprat in a frying-pan, he could not have melted at a more rapid rate. His entire dissolution seemed inevitable, so to give himself a last chance of life, the helpless victim of the Chapter of Accidents scampered down into the shop, and, on stating his extraordinary grievance to some men who were at work there, was informed, with that sardonic grin peculiar to journeymen bakers, that in the hurry and confusion of the moment he had been thrust, like Colman's Stout Gentleman, into a lumber-room right over the oven! There needed but this to convince Peter that the whole human race was in league against him, and flinging out of the shop with the breathless haste of Bunyan's Pilgrim from the Ac-

cursed City, he posted off, early as was the hour, to the place of embarkation, and was never once seen to smile till he again caught sight of the port of Rotterdam.

But, alas! his sufferings were not yet brought to a close. Misfortunes are gregarious. They never come singly. When he appeared among his friends to explain the cause of his mysterious absence, he found that a "reaction" had taken place in the public mind respecting him. Not a soul would believe that a man so staid, so sagacious, so regular in his habits as Mynheer Klootz, could by any possibility have been entrapped into a voyage to London without knowing it. It was evidently a premeditated business for the purpose of enabling him to back out of his engagement with Barbara. In vain Peter remonstrated, alleging that his quick return was a proof that he could have harboured no such sinister design—the "pensive public" would not be convinced—it had settled matters its own way, and was too busy or too lazy to investigate the case, and too proud to reverse its verdict. Besides, it was tired of overrating Peter, and was now resolved to underrate him, if only by way of novelty. Old Janson, in particular, was quite furious on the subject, and remembering the sharp discussions he had had with his intended son-in-law on the delicate question of settlements, was fully persuaded in his own mind that a more accomplished hypocrite never vegetated on the banks of a Dutch canal. Thus thinking, and without allowing himself time for sober reflection—for who that piques himself on his superior shrewdness can think calmly when he fancies he has been made a fool of?—he gave his daughter to the man of her choice, less, however, to gratify her than to spite Peter.

Gentle reader, how often, as in the case of Mynheer Klootz, has mere good luck given a man rank and character in the world's eye, and mere ill luck deprived him of them! Say what you will, in seven cases out of ten, in trifles as well as in the more important concerns of life, the best and the worst of us are alike at the mercy of the—CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

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A GLANCE AT THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF IRELAND.

"For what is Popery, but the ghost of the old Roman Empire sitting enthroned on the tomb thereof?"
HOBBS.

NEARLY two centuries have elapsed since, in 1641, thousands of murdered Protestants fertilized the fields of Ireland with their blood—victims of an atrocious massacre unsurpassed in the history of the world. The close of the first century which passed after that fearful time saw the family of Brunswick seated firmly on the British throne, and governing on the glorious principles of the Revolution. Rebellion, quelled in Ireland, was about to emit its last ineffectual spark in Scotland. Commerce, thriving in Ulster, was producing plenty in that ever peaceful district; and a firm but moderate government kept in check the ambitious designs of Popery, without oppressing the deluded professors of superstition. The national industry was exerting its beneficial influence on the morals and the minds of the inhabitants; taxes were light; justice administered impartially by a jury system; and war, with its horrors, was unfelt and forgotten. The character of the gentry still retained that chivalrous tone which so nobly refined the patriotism of Derry and the Boyne; but peace had softened the national manners, and a purer ray of feeling was stealing, with chastening influence, into the hearts of the lowly and the mean. The country's

prospects were bright and glorious; Ireland, united, though not incorporated, with Great Britain, shared all the honours of the mistress of the seas, partook all the glory of her deeds, and shared, too, all the perils of her contests. A National Church, which had included in its hierarchy such names as Ussher, Bedell, Jeremy Taylor, and Berkeley, promised to effect a gradual national amelioration; and carried its comforts and its attendant civilisation into every recess and every parish in the land. Harmony was established within, and danger was distant without. The benevolent Protestant dynasty, reciprocating allegiance by protection, secured loyalty from all, unsworn to a superior and blind obedience to the Romish See. The few scattered embers of discontent seemed to be dying gradually away; the grasp of Popery was relaxing even among the poor; and the patriotic people of Ireland might look forward with buoyant hope in anticipation that their native genius was destined henceforth to shine distinguished in those victories which peace hath, "no less renowned than war."

The second century is now closing, and presents to our view a state of things far different, and prospects

dark indeed ! Ireland is once more torn with intestine discord, is once more the prey of the spoiler ;

“ For man, enamour'd of distress,
Hath marr'd her to a wilderness ! ”

Rome reigns in all the pomp of reviving ascendancy, applying to itself the prediction that the grandeur of the second temple shall outshine the splendours of the first. Marching with a giant's strength to the summit of ambition, the presumptuous hierarchy is anticipating the speedy completion of its triumph. Their church is now an *imperium in imperio* ; its deeds are the standard of merit ; its will the sole source of punishment to crime. Its grasping hand is on the gifts of the altar, its foot on the very steps of the throne ! The Government, bound in slave-like submission, lies prostrate at its feet ; patronage is at its command ; the balance of parties in the Legislature completely at its control ! Year after year witnesses some new concession ; every concession gained is created a battery to procure more. “ *Protestant emigration is flowing out in a deep and steady current.* ” * The public money supports an university, established for the training of the Popish clergy ; the whole system of national education is conducted by Popish agents, on the principles of Bible-denying Rome. In every quarter of the land cathedrals, colleges, chapels, nunneries, are raising their bold and pompous fronts ; even the police force is tainted with sedition ; and this practical ascendancy of the Apostasy is but slightly concealed, in order to effectuate more readily still farther designs. An association, denounced by the Prime Minister, sits with all the importance of a Parliament, levies tribute, employs agents, organizes the disaffected, dictates to the executive authorities, and, in the name of the law, violates the law itself. A secret conspiracy, called Ribbonism, exists, betraying vitality by occasional eruptions, yet displaying its fearful policy by the consummate art by which it eludes continued notice, and escapes detection. The court is crowded with Papists. The Master of the Rolls in Ireland is a

Roman Catholic ; the confidential legal adviser of the Castle in Dublin is Mr Pigott, a Roman Catholic and the founder of the rebel association ; the Magistrates, the High Sheriffs, the assistant barristers appointed during the last two years have been generally Roman Catholics also. Three Papists who, as Members of Parliament, voted for Repeal, Mr Finn, Mr O'Dwyer, and Mr Fitzsimon, have received lucrative appointments, and resigned their seats. A fourth, Mr O'Ferrall, has been appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury ; a fifth, Mr Kennedy (the only English member who voted for the separation of the two countries), has been placed in a situation abroad of great trust and profit. The Irish Attorney-General is a Roman Catholic ; the Solicitor-General is one also. In England, the Treasurer of the Household, Lord Surrey, is the head of the Popish nobility ; the female attendants of the Court include, among other professors of the same persuasion, Lady Wellesley and Lady Bedingfield ; Mr Fraser of Lovat, the principal Roman Catholic in the north of Scotland, has been recently elevated to the Peerage. The persons calling themselves Bishops of the Church of Rome are constantly the leading guests at the vice-regal table. Above all, Mr O'Connell, the embodied agency of the Romish superstition, absorbs wholesale power, and possesses an acknowledged and paramount influence in the national councils.

“ In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand ;
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine ;
Turn'd by his nod, the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows ;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power ! ”

With undisputed authority he disposes of seats in the Legislature ; with reckless impunity he violates public decency, and sacrifices all op-

* Lord Stanley.

ponents on the shrine of his ambition. Naked in the deformity of his character; a brave, though a coward; a bigot, though a liberal; a beggar, though a "patriot," he usurps exclusive national attention, and sways the Cabinet, the cloister, and the Court. Like Esau, "his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him." He is the centre of disaffection, the recognised organ of democracy, the salaried agent of the Romish priesthood. Through him the thunders of the Vatican have regained their importance; through him the plans of Jesuitry are effected. He is despised and detested, yet feared and avoided; he bullies alike the mob and the senate; and, with matchless effrontery, condescends to patronise the British Government. Withal, he possesses a mean and paltry spirit, an exclusive adoration of Mammon, a base appetite for ill-gotten gold. It is now his pleasure to affect loyalty, and he utters "*Ego et regina mea*," with all the presumption substantial power can engender. Educated for a priest, he was instructed in all the cunning and artfulness so necessary for Popish ends; in youth, a bully without bravery, he gained a character for cowardice, which homicide has not eradicated; in manhood, a licensed libeller, he has procured the scorn of the good, and the worship of the bad; in old age, he is a destroyer, one who dedicates his last few moments of existence to evil purposes, which are secured by any means, whether of force or fraud.

Such is now the state of Ireland in respect of the position of Popery, and contrasted with the national situation one century ago. The question is, how a change so fearful has been worked? How, but by a timorous, hesitating, and crooked policy, a dereliction of those principles which have been the only safeguard of the British nation, as they are the only foundations of its constitution? By concessions made in a shrinking and cowardly manner—granted as instalments—given as measures of expediency, and consequently thrown away, like the money the Roman emperors paid the barbarians to retreat. Towards the latter end of the eighteenth century the franchise was granted to the Roman Catholics—in a few years more May-

noot was established—then came the Rebellion—then constant irritating agitation, followed by the Emancipation Act of 1829, subsequently by Reform, and shortly afterwards by the annihilation of ten bishoprics, the institution of a system of education favourable to Popery, and the assertion by the House of Commons of the right of the legislature to confiscate the property of the Church. Rapidly have these successive steps in the category of concession followed each other, and still more rapidly must they accumulate, unless firmer measures are speedily adopted. There is now no Protestant organization, for the Orange institution, as if dissolved by the spell of an enchantress, has melted entirely away. Its crime was loyalty, its sin having opposed repeal, checked the rebellion, and kept pure and unsullied a fervent attachment to the principles which in 1688 banished the Stuarts from the throne. That noble and loyal confederation has vanished—"it has fallen" (to use the eloquent words of Dr Chalmers on another subject) "by the hands of cunning and deceitful witnesses, at the mandate and by the authority of a lie!" There is now no barrier to Popish aggression but the House of Lords, and that illustrious assembly is threatened—another year may see the ermine adorning more Popish lawyers (and what *they* are, the ancestors of Mr Spring Rice and Lord Mulgrave have long since shown)—the stream of justice may be completely corrupted—the work of depopulation have gone on, and a straight path been made for the onward progress of revolution over the trampled liberties of a Protestant people. Already do the productions of the foreign press triumph in the prospect; the cause of priestcraft is prospering; the energies of Popery are restrung; and rancour, buried in our martyrs' tombs, is again appearing to embitter social life and abolish all freedom of conscience. The people of England have clasped to their breasts the vestment treachery provided, and the poison of the hydra has penetrated the vitals and infected every artery in their system. That which no foreign force ever could effect, that which the Invincible Armada in vain launched forth its strength to gain, that which Europe

in arms failed to consummate—the restoration of this favoured land to Romish allegiance—seems speedily about to happen. They have shorn the giant and have paralyzed his limbs—they have taken away our Protestantism, and with it our hopes, our happiness, and our power—and now we lie prostrate, distracted, and a prey, at the feet of those whose eagles have often quailed before the terrors of our banner and the majesty of our unspotted name. It is to no purpose the Peers rally round the constitution and animate its defenders with the well-known motto, “*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*”—it is equally in vain a bold phalanx in the other House of Parliament resists the movement and protects property from those who call national faith a cant, and religion from the desecrating grasp of all who abhor it, for still the tide sweeps on, and still the work of destruction goes forward—the statesmen of the day sacrifice their principles, the people forget their privileges, the executive abuses its authority, and bulwark after bulwark is thus swept away, bastion after bastion carried, without effort to the besiegers or honour to the besieged. The pressure from without keeps up its resistless force—it beats against the foundations of our National Church—it undermines society, levels law, distinctions, and property, crushes all obstacles, and, clothed in the specious garb of modern liberalism, carries with it nothing but discord and anarchy, the fire and the sword. It is in Ireland especially these evils are cruelly felt. Freedom of election is a mere name, education a farce conducted by those who love darkness because their deeds are evil—Protestantism is a bar to preferment—distinction in former sedition, in a tithe campaign, a repeal meeting, or (which is far better than either) notoriety as an escaped rebel of “98,” alone qualify for any post of honour or of enjoyment. Party feeling descending to exclusive dealing, wholesale intimidation, perjury at an election, a popular tumult, the publication of treason, libels, packed juries, sanction to crime, prædial outrage—these are things too common to be remarkable, and too general to be frequently punished. Death’s head-and-crossbones is the symbol of a

party’s deeds, and more than one murder at the recent general election testified the terrors of that infernal invention. The law is unpopular even with the peaceful, so that “it is safer to resist than obey it.” And in all this moral chaos the mass of the population have yet one object—the destruction of every institution time-honoured hands have reared, and of every fabric religion has sanctified and the Deity by his blessing has owned. The Conservative party, which in the last Parliament had forty-three representatives of the Protestants of Ireland, has lost ten of its most efficient supporters through a system of fraud, perjury, and intimidation, which knows no parallel, and which nevertheless, we are told, defies punishment. The chief governor in the nation is one who lives on the incense of flattery; and, like Nero fiddling while Rome burns, he struts and acts in the private theatre, or dances in the gay saloon, while the wail of misery and the emigrant’s tears and the sighs of the oppressed are pitied every where but by his sensual heart. The party supporting him is destitute of high character, of general intelligence, and of considerable wealth. The mob unites with the tribe of pensioners and placemen to do him reverence, and, impelled by the power of their combined forces, he plunges forward, heedless, aimless, and unprincipled.

We are told, however, by the Ministerial prints, that all the miseries of Ireland, the destitution of the poor, the influence of Popery, the authority of the demagogues, are amply compensated by her comparative tranquillity. Lords Mulgrave and Morpeth appeal to the calendar, and then exclaim, “Behold what conciliation has effected!” Lord John Russell echoes the cry, and the lawless join in one universal note of rejoicing at so decided a symptom of improvement. The triumph, however, is without foundation, for Ireland still is wretched, miserable, and disturbed. In one barony of the county Tipperary, in one single assize, the number of cases of murder was upwards of fifty, and this astonishing and horrible calendar existed under Lord Mulgrave’s *par excellence* tranquil sway. But if it be true that fewer offences are tried by

the judges now than formerly, what is the cause? Not the conciliation plan of the Whig-Radicals, not the alliance between the British Government and the debased Papist priests, but the change Lord Mulgrave's government has made in the tribunals before which certain cases are tried! Many hitherto included in the assize calendar are now sent before the County Assistant Barrister (answering to our Chairman of Quarter-Sessions), and thus away go hundreds of offences from the catalogue of crime, and hence the self-gratulations of the Whig authorities. Besides this, the conduct of the juries and witnesses is such that there now exists a great indisposition to prosecute; or if prosecutions are undertaken, peradventure Lord Mulgrave may visit the part of the country in which they occur, and, like Lord Grizzle in *Tom Thumb*, order a general jail delivery. Supposing that under these circumstances there is a diminution in the amount of publicly recorded crime; that is, that there is not *quite* so much iniquity, and that there are not *quite* so many punished atrocities as were noticed at the time of the Coercion Act, surely Lord Mulgrave and his myrmidons will not have the folly (we do not say the impudence, for there are no bounds to *that*) to declare that this is any argument in favour of a Pro-Popery Government? Grant the mob whatever they demand, pander to the priests, and it will indeed be strange if there is not thereupon a slight temporary lull in the storm of Irish rebellion! To assert that this diminution in outrage is a proof that national tranquillity is established, is to maintain a position palpably fallacious. So long as prædial criminality arises from political agitation, it is clear that concessions to the agitators must tend to take away the occasion for the continuance of guilt. But surely a Government has a higher duty than to buy that peace which it is sworn to *enforce* in obedience to the established laws? It is remarkably easy to purchase quiescence, if concession is to be the mode of securing it; but if so, why was not the repeal agitation stopped by the concessions demanded? Why were not the Dorchester labourers recalled when the political unions claimed their release? Why, more-

over, is not the Poor Law Act repealed, if the only policy statesmen can recognise is continued concession to agitation? Away with such miserable cant! Society is instituted for the protection of the weak against the strong, and shall might then be allowed really to make right; shall force, bluster, and intimidation secure what a sense of justice would deny; shall the violence of a mob be an argument more powerful than all the claims of all the complicated interests of the nation? Tranquillity gained by throwing out a boon to the powerful, by sending a sop to the whale, must necessarily be short-lived and delusive. It is an open confession of fear, it is a tribute to brute force, a sacrifice of reason, a policy worthy only of those mock statesmen and patriots who now cling to power, though its retention costs their characters, and destroys every vestige of their honour. The people of England are not, we venture to say, so credulous as to imagine that Ireland is one whit more *impartially* governed under Lord Mulgrave than it was under Lord Stanley and Lord Anglesea, or under Sir Henry Hardinge and Lord Haddington; on this score, then, Lord Mulgrave can claim no superiority; he pretends to singularity in one respect only, namely, that he concedes to priest and demagogue much they demand. He sacrifices justice to expediency; he shows the lawless that the best way to procure alterations is to display violence; he proves to the mob that it is not in vain they have murdered the innocent, destroyed cattle, burnt down farm-houses, depopulated districts, threatened the lives of the peaceful, and intimidated all. They are now reaping the reward not of patience, loyalty, and virtue, but of fraud, perjury, violence, and crime. The Orangemen and the Protestants have, during the whole period of Whig misrule, been quiescent and obedient. They have firmly opposed, but never wantonly insulted the Government, and never flagrantly violated the law. Ulster has been at peace, protected by less than a tithe of the police and soldiery required for other provinces; the voice of its inhabitants during the repeal mania never retorted with the well-merited rebuke, "Ye have sown the whirlwind, and may reap the

storm." Far from it; the Protestants almost to a man rallied in that emergency round the Throne, and declared for the Union. What is their reward? They are spurned, mocked, and degraded; every tale against them is published in the Gazette; every magistrate they respect is dismissed if the slightest accusation can be hatched against him; their church is robbed; their property is left exposed and insecure; their lives are often permitted to remain in jeopardy and peril. If they meet as they did in January last, lo! a protest is presented against their exercise upon one occasion of a constitutional privilege the Whig repealers use every day. If they petition, the tail, in Parliament assembled, cheer with rapture the impertinent lordling's sneer at "*a miserable monopolizing minority!*" Thus is sedition rewarded, and thus is loyalty requited. Yet never will the descendants of the gallant friends of William of Orange forget their duties, and herd with the base foes of the Brunswick family! The warm affections of a generous people still beat in their bosoms; the hallowed spirit which animated the martyrs who trode the scaffold, and tottered to the stake, is kindled in the breast of many a Protestant minister, and many a humble attendant at the worship of God. And the time may yet come when Queen Victoria may find how much more securely she reigns in the heart of the Irish Protestants her Government is crushing, than in the merely expedient and temporary loyalty of the Roman Catholics, who look on Englishmen as "Saxons," and herself as the descendant of an usurper. Distant be the day when experience may teach our virgin Sovereign to inspire with her presence, like Elizabeth at Tilbury, the bands arrayed in defence of Britain against a gigantic Popish conspiracy! But if it ever arrive, the lion-hearted defenders of Derry will have no reason to rest unequally in their fathers' tombs; for Protestantism, though discouraged, is not extinguished, and yet possesses an innate might, and an unconquerable vigour, such as shone resplendent and illustrious in our Ridley's, our Latimers, and Bilneys.

We know this language is unpopular. We are told to use language

more conciliatory, to speak more liberally,

—"in bondsman's key
With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness."

But we have nothing to conceal, either of sentiment or of policy. The present time presents prospects of the most dreary and dismal nature. The present is a crisis of intense and tremendous consequences; the fate of the Constitution, as it remains to us, trembles in the scale; the Church is put up to the highest bidder, and will be sacrificed to them who offer the Whigs the most support; the situation of the Irish Protestants in particular is replete with peril; and the monarchy itself, resting as it now does on the forbearance of its foes, is far from secure or safe. A struggle, therefore, may speedily come, and revolution may be the result; but we are willing to look on the brighter side, and to watch for gleams of light and rays of promise on the horizon. Let us then admit, for a moment, that we have overrated Popery's power, that we have magnified and exaggerated the national perils, and assumed Lord Mulgrave and his party to be worse than their motives actually prove them. What then? The fact still remains incontrovertible, that the House of Commons is at present at the command of the Roman Catholics; that these men have, by prior perjury, shown to what excesses their infatuation will lead them. No Ministry, in the existing state of things, can therefore retain power, which will not use it for Popish purposes, and stoop to bear the yoke of O'Connell. Then, whence can we look for aid? England has nobly done her duty at the recent elections; Scotland has retained her position despite Whig patronage; and perhaps more, in the present state of the representation, could not be expected yet from these countries. Is Ireland the source of hope? We answer that there has been a great but silent reaction in that country also. Among the supporters of the Reform Bill many have been found too honest to mean any thing by their political exertions, except adherence to genuine British principles—education without robbery, the Constitution without corruption, liberty without license, toleration without indifference, and reform

without revolution. Such men are the Marquisses of Downshire and Westmeath, Lord Caledon, Lord Donoughmore, Mr Hyde, Mr Naper, Colonel Forde, Sir Charles Coote, and many more of the most influential among the present Conservatives of Ireland. They are patriots like Lord Stanley, who know no rule for their conduct but a conscientious desire for their country's good. They supported the Reform Bill as a final measure; they received it in good faith intending, like Sir Francis Burdett, that it should not be made by factious men a stepping-stone for fresh organic changes. The accession to the Conservative party of these men is certainly most important, because it adds moral influence as well as large numerical strength. Yet let us not be deceived. The late Irish elections have proved that, notwithstanding the valuable increase of their power, the Conservative party is weaker in proportion than before; because the vast forces of the Papists have been combined, and the whole living mass has received an infusion of energy, which ere long must be most important in operation. And if the reaction have given strength to the friends of the Constitution, the Whigs, on the other hand, have thrown their weight in Ireland into the scale of the Papists. We have now to contend against the property of the Duke of Devonshire, of Lords Lansdowne, Burlington, Clifden, Fitzwilliam, Darnley, Bessborough, Cork, &c., as well as against the powers of the priesthood and the mob. We admit that, compared with the aggregate of Conservative property throughout Ireland, the Whig possessions are inconsiderable, yet in some places the scale has been turned by the latter. Thus in Galway, Lord Clanricarde's property being added to Popish tyranny and fraud, made the balance predominate for the Tail; in Youghal the Duke of Devonshire's influence caused the Conservative to fail by the paltry majority of eight; in Wicklow, Mr Grattan owed his slender majority to Lord Fitzwilliam. Still, however, it may be contended, that, considering the great respectability and wealth of a large proportion of the Protestants of all sects, who cannot be less than one in three throughout the whole population, more might have been done, and

more, consequently, may be expected. We fear this is an erroneous calculation, for many reasons, but principally for two.

1st, The intimidation existing in all parts of the country, prior to elections, during their continuance, and subsequent to their conclusion, completely annihilates the just influence of property where its possessor is opposed to the designs of the Popish priesthood. Many, indeed innumerable instances of this well-known fact might be adduced, but one or two will answer our purpose. In the county of Kilkenny, the landlords, during the Repeal agitation, almost to a man opposed themselves strongly to the wild and shameful project. The Whig Lords, Bessborough and Clifden, the Conservative Marquis of Ormond, the Earls of Carrick and Desart, Mr Tighe, Mr Kavanagh, Mr Flood, Sir R. St George, all large landed proprietors, used their best exertions to enlist their tenantry in the cause of the Union. The Whig member, Lord Duncannon, a popular and estimable man, personally respected and generally supported, from his long connexion with the county, and attentive care of its interests, solicited re-election. The Repealers were supported by scarcely a single man of any property or consideration; but the priests took the matter up; agitated, excited, and threatened. The result was, Lord Duncannon dared not to go to the poll, and a person void of influence, and perhaps unpossessed of a qualification, a Mr Finn, was triumphantly elected. The Whig journals, which had not then learned to praise intimidation, loudly condemned this flagrant case of coercion; they now deem priestly interference patriotic, and mob intimidation the result of pure liberality. Another case, equally bad, occurred at the same time. In the county of Cork the feeling of all the principal and influential inhabitants very much resembled the sentiment in Kilkenny; but in Cork the properties were much larger, and from there being many popular and liberal resident proprietors, the opposition to priestly dictation was stronger. On one side were ranged the Duke of Devonshire, with his enormous Irish estate, Lords Bandon, Kingston, Thomond, Bantry, Cork, Riversdale, Middleton, Arden, Shannon, &c.; a very large body of

influential inhabitants in the city of Cork, in Youghal, Mallow, Fermoy, Kinsale, and Bandon ; all the wealthy commoners in the county, the Longfields, Hydes, Smyths, Barrys, Jephsons, &c. On the other side were the priests, and with them none but the mob. What was the result? Mr Fergus O'Connor, who was, in three years afterwards, proved to have no sufficient property qualification, was elected without a contest! There are instances of priestly intimidation which at the time were keenly felt by the Whig party ; latterly, however, it has pleased them to adopt another policy, and to join with those who disturb all the relations of society by their fanaticism and machinations. At the present time, consequently, the insolence of the Popish priesthood receives the sanction of Government, and the extent to which it is carried appears still more glaring. In the evidence taken before the late Intimidation at Elections Committee, many cases were stated, which almost stagger credibility. It was proved that the pulpit was commonly used as the rostrum of political agitation ; that dreadful maledictions were heaped on all recusants who might dare to vote against priestly dictation ; and that the prospects of the future, as well as curses of a temporal kind, were used to terrify and overawe a deluded and superstitious people. The Radicals tell us to cure this oppressive state of things by the ballot ; but unfortunately for their prayer, it happens that in Ireland there are confessions to the priests as a necessary part of the Popish religion, and, therefore, the ballot would be no cloak, and would offer no security or secrecy. So long as the administrators of the law look tamely on, while the seditious openly and boldly despise it ; so long as the enervated hand of modern liberalism holds the rod of power, the lawless and the desperate will range undisturbed in all the wickedness of crime. A very cursory glance at the late Irish elections will demonstrate how alone they were carried. The Conservatives were made to feel they periled their lives by voting, and the Roman Catholics were equally taught that supineness and neutrality were sins against the majesty of the people. In many cases, as Limerick county, King's county, Galway, and Kilkenny

for instance, there was no contest, because awful civil dissensions and much bloodshed must have been produced, had the friends of the Constitution ventured to exercise a Briton's dearest privilege, the franchise. In some more places, where an election really began, a violent and sudden termination was necessary, from the excesses of the mob ; thus, in the town of Limerick, after two days' hard polling, after having been personally, grievously assaulted, and seeing no prospect of peace, but rather fearing an increase of disorder, the Conservative candidate, Mr Mansell, retired. Several others among the Conservative candidates, especially Mr Stafford O'Brien and Mr Dunbar, were assailed in the most dastardly and dangerous manner. In some instances no single member of their committees could walk in public safety, and in very many towns the military were compelled to protect the voters to the polls by regular escort ; and in Cashel, Sligo, &c. they were themselves, when unoffending, severely attacked by the infuriated populace. Major Wyndham, in the latter place, with very great difficulty escaped with his life. In Longford awful atrocities were committed in the name of "the sowl and liberty ;" in Coleraine and Newry, when it was found that Conservatism must triumph, the mob in despair resorted to every species of violence and tumult. Throughout the land murder stalked with its fell aspect and stealthy step, wreaking vengeance by many a hidden blow, or marking victims for future extermination. The lamentable case of the two butchered Protestant yeomen of Sligo, Allen and Mackenzie, is still fresh in public recollection, and their blood still cries to Heaven for retribution. But though this disastrous tale has thrilled every being capable of human emotion, let it not be thought that it is a singular specimen of priestly barbarity and mob mercy. No ; the state of Ireland prevents information being given of any offences which are committed in the much-abused name of public freedom ; or if a slower process of murder be adopted, and starvation, or incendiarism, or fear, be used as means to terrify existence, and gradually to extinguish it, shall it be said that there is less occasion for

sympathy than in a case which displays openly the blood of a slaughtered subject and the despair of a ruined family? The peculiarities of crime may vary in different districts—there may be more murders in Tipperary and more smaller outrages in Kerry—there may be necessity for Protestants saving their lives by pretending conversion in Cork or in Carlow—and there may be paramount occasion for Protestants instantly emigrating from Longford, Sligo, and Cavan. But the system throughout is the same; it is a system of intimidation, which assumes the character of one gigantic conspiracy against Protestantism, and amounts in its effects to an extensive persecution. Every where its evils are felt; distraction and disorder, terror and death, are its results; while the priests exult in the success of their diabolical and Jesuitical endeavours to embroil a nation in civil discord as a preparative for completing its conquests. “*Divide et impera*” is their motto. They render freedom of election and freedom of conscience equally vain and idle mockeries—they array men in deadly hostility with men—they check all practical and well-considered improvement—they render Ireland the continual abode of poverty by banishing capital and discouraging industry—they destroy all the distinctions of society, and trample on blood-bought rights, in the name of Popery and revolution. How then, we ask, can it be expected that the Protestants can be fairly represented? They possess indeed nineteen-twentieths of the landed property of the country—they contribute to works of benevolence considerably more than that proportion of property—they constitute a body of men unequalled perhaps in the world for liberality of feeling and generosity of deed, for patriotism, gallantry, and integrity; yet at an election they are comparatively powerless—they are hooted and mobbed at the poll—their tenantry march up, headed by some factious priests, and publicly vote against them in a body—their Roman Catholic labourers leave them, if the harvest is nigh—if they are tradesmen, a mark is set on the door, and wo to the man who enters! In the chapels in their neighbourhood they are held up by the self-called ministers of the Christian religion to

execration and odium. The mob are constantly reminded that “the Saxons” possess confiscated property, and that among themselves the men exist who possess the prior titles; and every man a Romanist, who has strength of mind enough, in spite of obloquy and danger, to vote as his conscience dictates, is shunned by his neighbours, and is liable to be pointed at (as many have been) *in chapel*, as an enemy to his church and his country. We may well marvel at the undaunted bearing of the Irish Conservatives amidst all this persecution and intimidation—we may indeed wonder that they venture forth so often at elections, defeated time after time, yet never dispirited or disheartened, though each contest augments their perils and increases their personal enemies. They have to contend against enormous power exerting the whole of its energies against them in violence and lawlessness. But it is not thus alone they suffer, for fraud is as forcible in its operation;—and this brings us to the second cause of Conservative ill-success.

2dly, The register of votes in Ireland is one vast compilation of fraudulent and fictitious votes. It is corrupt in every county—it includes thousands who have no shadow of a title to vote—it is manufactured by the rebel Association through the convenient agency of partisan assistant barristers and obsequious Popish perjury. In vain Conservatives contest electoral districts and attend sedulously to the registration, they are constantly met by hundreds of fagot-voters claiming property where they possess none, and ingeniously augmenting it where they do. By the Reform Act all persons with a clear beneficial yearly interest of ten pounds can claim to be put on the county register; consequently, if leaseholders possess a holding or farm which from good management has increased in value so that they can sublet it and acquire from a solvent tenant, over and above their rent, ten pounds a-year, they are entitled to the franchise; and so also, all possessors of advantageous leases (though the Radical haters of Irish landlords never would admit till now that there were such things), if they can in the same manner gain ten pounds per annum, are entitled to vote. This,

however, is not going the whole hog—it savours of the Conservative principle that property should be the foundation of the franchise, and it seems too indicative of Lord Stanley's Conservative spirit. The Rebel Association have therefore found it necessary to evade the plain meaning of the law, and to foist on the register all persons who will have the temerity and effrontery to swear they possess ten pounds clear yearly beneficial interest in lands, a cabin, a potato-garden, a cellar, or a pothouse, because by the sweat of their brows they succeed in making, while in possession of their leases, that sum in business and agricultural occupations. Lord Mulgrave and the Whig Government have not been backward in forwarding this extended conspiracy against the integrity of the register, for every where partisan revising-barristers have been appointed, and consequently the claims of the ragged regiment of Popish paupers are considered by men who have previously resolved to sanction them. The result has been the complete swamping of the whole body of *bona fide* freeholders. In several places the register has been doubled. Under these circumstances, the Conservatives, thinking themselves unjustified in following so bad an example, have appealed to the Judges on the subject, and ten of them (including the Whig Judge, Crampton) have decided against the ingenious device of O'Connell and the Rebel Association. The two dissentients are Messrs Perrin and Richards—judges who owe their ermine to the demagogue's praise, and who throughout life have been ardent thorough-going Radicals. The dissolution of Parliament occurred before an opportunity had been afforded of trying to purge the register in conformity with this decision, and the Conservatives are therefore compelled to apply to Parliament for that justice the Whig revising-barristers have denied them.

Now it must be evident, from the two causes we have mentioned militating against the constitutional—their voters being intimidated, and the whole ingenuity of Jesuitical fraud operating in favour of Popery—that, under existing circumstances, there is no hope of much progress being made. It remains then to consider what

means should be adopted by the Legislature, and what steps taken by the Conservative party, to remedy the evils felt, and to mitigate the perils encountered. We enter upon the consideration of this question warmly, though our general view of Ireland's prospects is most desponding. Present calamity should not occasion inactivity, nor the near approach of further misery banish every effort to avert it. We, therefore, join earnestly in all plans for Irish amelioration, and feel deeply interested in every scheme to alleviate its wretchedness and restore its peace.

First, then, we submit to the Conservative the question, *Why is the poll in Ireland permitted to remain four days in boroughs, and five in counties?* Equal laws for England and Ireland is, we are told, the meaning of the cuckoo-note, "Justice for Ireland." The poll in England is confined to one day in boroughs, and two in counties. Let the same law apply to Ireland; let the opportunities for intimidation be lessened; let the time for oppression be shortened. In the state of the law now, the priests have full time to mature their plans, to bring their forces to bear where they are most wanted, and, after having polled themselves, have ample remaining space to parade the towns, to tamper with the voters, and to disturb the district by agitation. Besides, the expense of a contest protracted to four days in a borough must be very great, and the bribery occasioned must be considerable. There is no pretence for saying that if the city of London can be polled in one day, that Youghal or Limerick shall have four; nor is there the smallest excuse for asserting that while two suffices the whole West Riding, with its four-and-twenty thousand voters, Carlow, with less than a tenth that number, must have five days to complete its polling. Surely the sticklers for equal laws will not object to equalize them in this respect. If so, they will only bring scorn upon their plausible professions. We have very little doubt that Dublin, and Youghal, and Kinsale would have been carried had the election not extended to four days; and the same remark applies to Armagh and Belfast. At first the Conservatives head-

ed the poll, and seemed secure of victory, as they were if the battle had been fairly fought; but four days afforded time enough to get perjurers to personate all the dead and dying. Priests posted to the timorous and wavering; the mob marked out the fearful and hesitating; and the Radical officers employed in taking the poll improved in insolence and trickery by practice. We are aware that many Conservatives object to the alteration of this law, but most of the experienced earnestly desire it; and our own judgment strongly coincides with the latter. At any rate, attention should be attracted to the subject, and it should be gravely considered; for if, as we believe, the alteration is advisable, there appears to be no sufficient ground for the Whigs to act upon in refusing it, if they were so inclined.

2dly, We say to the Irish Conservatives, *let not the late elections pass off without vigorous measures being taken to punish frauds, and to correct the evils experienced.* In every case where perjury can be proved, in every case where a committee of the House of Commons may detect it, let it be prosecuted. Discourage this system by all means; teach the lawless that they cannot offend entirely with impunity, albeit Lord Mulgrave administers the law. In every instance where bribery is shown to have existed, inform, and prosecute also. Whether there be election petitions or not, search for cases of bribery, and prosecute for the offence. A few penalties of £500 would teach the National Association's pacificators to be more cautious in future, or might cool their zeal in prison. Above all, we say, petition wherever there is a possibility of purging the register, and paving the way to a new one. We do not add, petition in Carlow, Dublin, Belfast, &c., for we know the advice is anticipated, and that in those places, and many more, nothing but gross misconduct on the part of Committees of the House of Commons can prevent the defeated candidates succeeding. We allude to other places, to Westmeath, to Limerick, to the town of Galway, to Cork, and to Waterford. Strike off the poll every man who has no right to be there; carry on a scrutiny; appeal to the Legisla-

ture against the prejudice and partiality of the partisan assistant-barristers; and expose, and, if possible, punish the gross intimidation of the priests. We do not say this, heedless or ignorant of the expensive proceedings we are suggesting. We look to England's aid, and we believe it will not be wanting. We cannot think that, at this important crisis, the Irish Protestants will be forsaken. They are fighting *our* battle, and not merely their own; they are the vanguard of the Protestant army. If they fall, it will not be alone. If sacrifices are not made now, they never will be; the mind which can remain callous at a conjuncture of affairs so critical as the present, will continue cold and selfish till the tomb perpetuates and rivals its frigidity. We hope better things than a deaf ear being turned to the demands of the Conservatives of Ireland for sympathy and succour. No cause is more truly noble than that in which they have been engaged; we may safely add, no contest was ever sustained with more true nobility of spirit, and more fervent, consistent devotion.

3dly, We warn the Irish Protestants not to droop or despair; *we bid them prepare for the future, not brood over the inevitable past. Nil desperandum.* Let the registers still be watched; *for money spent at the registration is saved at the election.* In the words of Sir Robert Peel, we say, "Register, Register, Register!" If the Papists persist in that system of exclusive dealing which they have adopted in the case of Messrs Guinness, the great brewers, let them feel that they have entered on a course of policy which they have far greater reason to dread than their opponents. Let British Protestants also learn to show more interest in the affairs of Ireland; let them buy property there, if it be only sufficient to give a vote; let them thus identify themselves more closely with their brethren in the Sister Isle. If a candidate have been defeated at the last election, let him be the chosen champion for the next time also; for adherence to the same candidate during two contests gives an advantage of the most valuable description. If there be no candidate, let one be selected at once, so that the constituency may be long ac-

quainted with him ; and in order that, in the event of any casualty, the death or the retirement of the present members, there may be the advantage of previous occupancy of the field on the side of the Conservatives. Prevent Protestant emigration ; organize and, by union, gain strength ; form Conservative Associations and Registration Committees ; and conciliate the people wherever conciliation is practicable, without the sacrifice of principle, or the concession of power they may not have discretion to wield.

These are measures which can have but one tendency, and that, the strengthening of the Protestant cause. But we are not sanguine enough to augur that our suggestions, or that any plans whatever can prove powerfully operative, while the Government of Ireland continues administered by men who are leagued with the basest of the land for paltry factious purposes. When the law protects property and life ; when voters can march up to the poll unawed by despicable demagogues,

“ Who bellow for liberty to-day,
And roar for power to-morrow ;”

when the revising-barristers are men of reputation and of impartiality ; when the statutes against perjury and persecution are sufficiently stringent and available, we may hope to see Conservatism prosper in Ireland. And if a Conservative Government at present ruled in England, we believe these blessings would be secured, and this result ensue. We are told, indeed, by those who have bullied us so loudly and so long, that if her Majesty's present advisers were turned out by the Legislature, and Sir Robert Peel were to come in, that Ireland would be in a state of insurrection, and he would be compelled to abandon the helm. We are not composed of sufficiently penetrable stuff to heed this empty and inane boasting ; we hardly think that the dauntless spirit of Wellington or of Stanley would be affected by it. The age of wonders has indeed arrived, if the British people may not choose their own rulers ; if those who pay five-sixths of the taxes may not have a voice in the selection of the public treasurers ; if those who compose two-thirds of the population may not determine what

course of proceeding is most politic and just. We apprehend that, for once, Popery has miscalculated the length of its tether, when it presumes to dictate to Great Britain what manner of Ministers she shall sanction. What if the lion of England be aroused, and stand up once more in the dignity of consummate strength to shake off the fetters with which Popery has entwined him, and to burst the bondage the slaves of bigotry have clasped over his majestic limbs ; shall the lord of the forest submissively crouch down again dismayed and defeated, because the hoarse voice of Babylon's mistress threatens with temporary perils ? Though Popery may hope otherwise, the heroic spirit of bygone days not only lives in the memory but in the heart of England—it is not dead but sleepeth. And Scotland, whose holy Covenanters have dyed many a field with sacred blood, and opened a perennial fountain of gratitude, liberty, and love, still boasts a recollection of her martyrs, and affection for her heavenly faith. Ages have passed since last the pure energy of Protestantism signalized its power in endurance at the stake, and gallantry in the battle ; generations have fallen before “ Death the skeleton ;” nations have been humbled by “ Time the shadow ;” but the empire which drove a perjured monarch from his lofty throne, and built its doubly-blessing freedom on holiness and order, still exists, and still contains within it thousands of the noble, the devoted, and the brave. In vain would Popery attempt to overawe the British people, or to combat their deliberate intentions ; and in vain, too, would the infuriated victims of Popish delusion assail even the Protestant colonists of Ireland, “ the Sassenachs,” whose ancestors have freely bled, and as often conquered against the vile usurpations of tyranny at home, and of Romish ambition abroad. We laugh to scorn the affected and strained bravado of the Irish clerical and secular demagogues ; we know that open sedition could be suppressed as it has been before ; that more bold rebellion could be quelled as it was when Popery had all the aid of Gaul ; and if another policy were adopted, and by extending crime the Papists tried to terrify the friends of the Protestants into sub-

mission, we are well aware that though crime would not be retorted, the unassisted power of the law would vigorously extinguish or check the disorder. Should such a contingency arise, and were Mr O'Connell, in his place in Parliament, to threaten the House of Commons with an augmented assize calendar as a bugbear, the question would arise, if he should not be made answerable for such a consequence? He clearly proves that he can establish comparative peace whenever he chooses; and we see no reason why he, therefore, should not be kept as a hostage for it. The "Liberal" party, however, say that the disturbances in Ireland could arise only from one source—her wrongs; and that it is only by redressing these tranquillity can be secured; that Sir Robert Peel and the Conservatives would not yield any institutions of the country to the insatiable appetite of the revolutionary faction, and, as a necessary consequence, agitation and discord must continue. We need scarcely say this is empty, unmeaning cant; but for the sake of any who may have been gulled, we will briefly expose it.

What are the wrongs of Ireland? First and foremost, the want of a poor-law. This is a Conservative measure; it was the favourite project of the late respected Michael Thomas Sadler—(clarum et venerabile nomen!)—and, though opposed by Lord Althorp, the Edinburgh Review, and the whole of the Whigs, was constantly supported by the Conservative party generally. The present Ministry professes to have taken it up, but so false are they in their pretended desire to forward the scheme, that it is more than probable they will be compelled, after all their bluster, to depute the task to the Opposition. Secondly, The existence of a Protestant Established Church. Are the Whigs prepared to abolish this "grievance?" They declare they are not. They are sworn, as Ministers of the Crown—but that goes for little in these days, as the Papists are so sworn also, and every one knows how religiously they act upon the Romish principle, that "every oath against the good of the Church (Popery) is perjury." The Conservatives, in supporting an Established Protestant Church, do no more than the present Ministers pro-

fect to do. What then is the difference; how do the Whig-Radicals remedy the wrongs of Ireland? By a petty, paltry system of half concession and half retention, of privateering and fair-sailing; by a continual cheating of conscience to save character; by attacking where they know they cannot plunder, by bullying when no one is afraid. They preserve the countenance of O'Connell by cheering him when he abuses the Church, and they retain their places by loudly vaunting their attachment to its principles; like arrant knaves they

"Hint a fault, but hesitate dislike."

The Papists tell them tithes must be abolished "in substance and in name." The Whigs consent to steal five-and-twenty per cent, and L.50,000 more for Popish education; and escape condemnation from their allies by protesting they have the will but not the power to steal more. But as to extinguishing the Church, they are as conservative as the Conservatives themselves. Indeed, as they know they rest under some suspicion, they profess the more loudly their purity. Thus Ireland can have no pretence for treating Sir Robert Peel's party as peculiarly opposed to redress of grievances, unless that emphatic title be given to a miserable instalment, with no hope of the rest. The only remaining grievance is the possession of a municipal system different to that enjoyed in England. But the Conservatives are by no means indisposed to grant equality of legislation in this respect, if similar equality be awarded in other matters. The Duke of Wellington has distinctly declared, that if Irish Church property be respected in the same manner as the income of the English and Scotch churches, there will no longer be any objection to the establishment of a liberal municipal system in Ireland. We will not now discuss the policy of this concession; we think experience should teach us to withhold more power from those who acknowledge their object to be the formation of "normal schools of peaceful agitation;" and we do not see why, in the present state of Ireland, the boroughs should be afflicted with annual elections and registrations, and the expensive formalities of new town-councils. We know that the

corporations were originally instituted for the protection of Protestant settlers—we believe them to be necessary for that purpose now—and when we hear loud outcries about the great abuse in the administration of corporate property, we remember that its whole amount in the sister country is not equal to the possessions of either Liverpool or London singly. Waiving these considerations, however, the fact appears plain and definite, that the Conservatives are willing to extend equal laws, so long as they are demanded, upon all questions ; *so long as similar legislation is not sought, in one instance, as a mean of producing dissimilarity in another.* There is, therefore, no foundation for the idle pretence that the Conservatives are peculiarly favourable to the perpetuation of Irish grievances. If the want of the ballot, the existence of the House of Lords, septennial parliaments, and a limited suffrage be considered evils, *these*, it must be remembered, are not confined in any degree to Ireland, for England shares them ; nor are the Conservatives particularly answerable for them, as the Whigs as vigorously contend for their continuance. Where, then, is the occasion for all the bluster and violence with which the Conservatives are assailed ; and with the increase of which they are threatened if, in conformity with the desire of the people of England, they ascend to power ? The most factious of the Whig-Radicals do not affect to believe that if Sir Robert Peel regained office, there would be any denial of practical justice, any increase of taxation, any extravagance, or any opposition to public works and the general details of improvement. Nor will it be denied that business would be more actively carried on than it has been under the weak and vacillating Melbourne Cabinet. Yet the policy of the Vatican demands that the dismissal of a fop like Lord Mulgrave, an accomplished idler like Lord Morpeth, and an insolent official like Mr Drummond, shall not be effected without national convulsion, and the general patronage of sedition. Such, at least, is the threat ; how much it deserves attention, or rather, how deeply it should be scorned, need not be stated. It is a betrayal of a desire to rebel ; it is significant of the very profound loyalty of the

Roman Catholics, who obey the law only when it suits their purposes ; and it may very safely be ridiculed by all who know that it is not the first time rebellion has broken out in vain, and disloyalty provoked a just and severe chastisement. The time is not ripe for revolt ; Popery had better not put forth its strength till it is matured ; for if it do, peradventure it may receive a check calculated not only to procrastinate, but, perhaps, effectually to annihilate that devoutly desired consummation. Premature exhibitions of supremacy are not so much to be dreaded by the Conservatives as by the Papists themselves, and some have sufficient confidence in the tact of those persons to believe, that no want of discretion will thus be shown. To oppose a Conservative Government by bellowing in the Corn Exchange, bullying in Parliament, libelling, agitating, begging for rent, committing perjury, and by other similar peccadilloes and diversions, is natural, and ludicrous, and impotent ; we can smile at their folly while we punish the offence. But if a Conservative Government were to meet a different species of hostility, the unconstitutional and barbarous endeavour to magnify crime for party purposes ; if the law as well as the authorities were systematically thwarted and overborne, it would be time to repress such flagrant proceedings by energy and vigour. We have, indeed, no expectation that such circumstances or such opposition will arise ; we have too much reliance on the sense of the people to suppose they would permit themselves to be permanently embroiled in continual discord and mutual slaughter, to answer the ends of any demagogues, or any faction whatever.

We are induced, from these considerations, to believe that if a Conservative Government were to succeed the present one, as we hope will shortly be the case after Parliament has assembled, and the election petitions are decided, there would be full security for its ability to govern and control Ireland. We confess that we look to this prospect as the only possible escape for that country from a revolution on the one hand, or a Popish despotism on the other. The Romish movement must be speedily stayed, or it will be too late to resist

it; the agitators must be deprived of their influence in the national councils, or the time will come when none can exist without them. And if that movement is checked, and that influence destroyed, we see no cause for subsequent despondency. Through the conservative policy of former Tory Governments, every thing calculated to lay the foundations of Ireland's happiness has been provided. She is incorporated with England, her manufactures have been encouraged, and but for the Popish agitation of the last ten years, would have extended widely; she is subject to no direct taxation; she has harbours formed by public money; she has long been yearly receiving liberal grants for every species of legitimate enterprise. The subletting system, through Lord Stanley's wise measure, is much diminished; emigration from overpopulous districts has been properly encouraged; and she requires only tranquillity, a respite from agitation, and relief from Radical excitement, to present a most tempting invitation to the importation of British capital and industry. But a firm hand and a watchful eye are necessary in all who undertake to rule her; they must look to the *interest* of all claimants for concessions as well as to their *professions*. Education on the principles of the Bible, poor laws tending to check improvidence as much as to relieve want, public works promising to open permanent sources of employment, must be introduced and supported; so that there may be no excuse for violence, and no apology for crime. Freedom of election must be secured; justice impartially and boldly administered; and habits of intemperance, rioting, and profligacy diminished and discouraged. Those institutions which are the sources of peace and the diffusers of comfort in English villages, must be more generally favoured and fostered; the savings banks, the self-supporting dispensaries, the friendly societies, the charitable visiting and clothing associations, must be introduced where they are unknown, and increased in the few districts where they are already prospering. Reform must take place in the domestic economy of the country. These societies already established by the philanthropist must be patronised and supported; the Irish Sunday School Society, the

Hibernian Society, the Irish Society, and all such admirable agencies, must be permitted to enjoy a fair and undisturbed field for their labours. The Government must, in imitation of the Duke of Northumberland in 1829, be hospitable, and its court the extensive and powerful auxiliary of domestic manufactures. The clergy of the Established Church must be protected in the possession of their rights, and enabled to regain the affection of the people so forcibly snatched away by the machinations of a designing faction. These things, combined with a ready and candid acknowledgment of all abuses where they exist, and a speedy correction of them where they are acknowledged, and where the remedy is not worse than the disease, cannot fail to benefit and to tranquilize Ireland. Protestantism then will regain its power; nay, more, will carry on the reformation so long uncompleted; for it wants but peace, and it solicits no advantage but a fair trial. Secure in its panoply of truth, and purified by the fire of persecution, it will evangelize and bless the nation; while baffled superstition, shrieking from the glorious light and liberty of the Gospel, will retreat into the dull cells of bigotry, or the congenial atmosphere of apostate courts. Built, like the British Constitution, by a slow process—by the cautious hand of experience—the fabric of Irish prosperity and freedom will attract the admiration of the globe. The character of the population, moulded by time and trained by discipline, will display no diminished genius, but will contain more stability and firmness. Gradual enlightenment will dispel the mists of prejudice and the gloomy sullenness of popular suspicion—the Union will be an union of hearts—the British empire one vast but peaceful phalanx of unconquerable power, and once more the champion of afflicted truth, the fane of benevolence, tranquillity, and religion. Then shall the harp of Ireland be vocal again, inspiring the inhabitants with patriotic fervour, and responding by its melody to the harmonious music of national gratitude and praise; and then may the requiem of buried disaffection peal forth to sound the glad note of triumph over the grave of miseries past, and discord forgotten for ever!

Our picture of contingent prospects may seem Utopian, yet we deem it true. We believe there is a possibility of Ireland's regeneration, and, believing it, we cannot paint too glowingly the glorious results of such a blessing. We are not visionary enough to dream that there will be any fulfilment of our anticipations unless there be a *speedy* change in the aspect of society. If the principle of evil continue much longer to flourish—if those who work the wretchedness of man and practically deny the authority of God, remain in the possession of usurped power, morality must vanish, liberty must fade, and anarchy or despotism inevitably ensue. We scarcely at present see any other expectation—the tempest has gathered over a fated land, and no sign seems to exist of its evaporation or decay. Crime is in effect wedded to power—iniquity allied with the law. Yet we venture, through the darkening elements, to gaze with an eye of faith on higher influences than those the unassisted vision can discern. We cannot think that Popery will be permitted to regain an ascendancy which in former times was the curse of Europe, or to triumph over virtue by artifices concocted in the alembic of hell—we cannot bring ourselves to distrust that Providence by which this nation's councils were once so pros-

perously and so happily guided. We bid the Protestants turn to the same source of hope, for a time will surely come when the good and the obedient will win their tranquil and holy triumph over the combined conspiracies that assail them. Let hearts be ready and affections warm; let those means which have formerly been used be provided now; for the fall of wickedness, through the agency of sanctified human influence, may even now be preparing, and the knell of abused authority be echoing through the vault of Heaven. We can hope no more. If Popery be not now checked, its progress henceforth will be one resistless and destructive march over every thing experience values, and all that time has honoured; its giant strides will measure again the length and breadth of boundless territory; its withering force will subdue the energies of man, and its poisonous doctrines taint and degrade his mind. Like the Phidian Jupiter, the form of Popery is sitting within the temple, and while inanimate is disarmed of peril; but if vitality be infused into its limbs, and action imparted to its system, so that the whole of its torpid strength can be exerted, it will burst the fabric that shelters and confines it, and trample on a dismal scene of desolation and ruin.

STRANGE HISTORY AND CONFESSION OF MADEMOISELLE GAUTIER.

* *MADemoiselle GAUTIER* was one of the greatest ornaments of the French stage at the beginning of the eighteenth century. She was of a tall and commanding figure, and her face, independently of the regularity of feature which made it a model for the sculptor, possessed such exquisite variety of expression, that she could accommodate herself with equal ease to the lightest comedy or the deepest pathos. Besides these professional advantages, she was a person of great accomplishments, being celebrated for the point and piquancy of her verses in the wittiest circles of Paris; and excelling no less in the productions of her pencil than of her pen. A person with such endowments—*young—beautiful—and at the very height of celebrity as an*

actress, needed nothing farther to excite the public curiosity as to every circumstance connected with her. And enquiry only served to add still more to the wonder with which she was regarded. Her bodily strength was prodigious. With the delicate looking hand, which seemed fit only for the graceful exercises of the fan, she could roll up a plate of massive silver as if it were a wafer. Nor did she hesitate to send a challenge to a trial of muscle to the Marshal Saxe, a very powerful man, who plumed himself on his Herculean strength. The challenge was accepted, and the struggle took place. It was agreed that the victory should be adjudged to whichever of the combatants first bent down the other's arm—both resting their

elbows on a table. In this trial the elbows touch each other, the hands being held up, and the victory depends entirely on the strength of wrist. After an arduous contest the Marshal succeeded in bending down the arm of his fair antagonist; but he was forced to acknowledge, that he had never encountered any one whom it had cost him more trouble to overcome. But the beautiful amazon did not restrict her exhibitions of strength or daring to her own country. In that dissolute age, and in so unscrupulous a profession as the stage at that period was considered, it is not to be wondered at if Mademoiselle Gautier shared in the general immorality. One of the most celebrated of her lovers was the great Marshal de Wirtemberg, who took her on one occasion along with him to the court of his relative the Duke. This prince had a mistress to whom he was passionately attached, and to whom, as the favourite of the sovereign, greater obeisance was, perhaps, made than if she had been his wife. But this humble subserviency did not suit the imperious temper of the Parisian beauty, who left no opportunity unemployed to vex and mortify the Ducal Sultana; and was so successful in attaining this object, that she received a peremptory order to quit the court and territory of Wirtemberg. Indignant beyond measure at this public insult, she brooded over projects of revenge, and suddenly quitted Paris, preserving a strict incognito, to wreak her vengeance on the cause of her disgrace. Through numberless dangers she arrived at last in Wirtemberg, and watched an opportunity for several days. Having ascertained that the favourite would be in a carriage on the public drive at a certain hour, she drove a caleche with a pair of very spirited horses, and having shown herself to her enemy, and cast on her a glance of as withering scorn as her majestic features could assume, she directed her caleche in such a way against the carriage of her rival, that she knocked off the hind wheel, and brought her to the ground. She then set off, full speed, on her homeward way, and having previously made arrangements for her flight, she succeeded in escaping the punishment which such an adventure would assuredly have brought down on her.

But some few years after this, and

while she was still in the full career of fame and fortune, Paris was thrown into tenfold astonishment by the astounding intimation that La Gautier had left the stage, the scene of her triumphs—that she had become devout—that she had renounced the world, and buried herself in a convent! The news was scarcely credible; but nevertheless it was true. It was discovered that she had devoted herself to the most rigid penitence, and assumed the veil in a nunnery of Carmelites, whose discipline was of the strictest and most unvarying kind. Various reasons were assigned for this unheard-of step, but the most likely one is, that a disappointment in the only instance where she had really loved had so disgusted her with the world, that she determined to leave it for ever. A disappointment of this sort acting on strong passions and an ill-regulated mind, is very apt to produce a degree of sourness and asceticism which the unfortunate sufferer too often believes to be religious. Vanity comes also to the aid of this delusion, and the reputation of sanctity is eagerly sought after as an alleviation to the wounds produced in the too sensitive heart by fickle or unrequited love. The only person who had inspired the beautiful La Gautier with real affection, or with a passion which she mistook for it, was the famous Quinault Dufresne, who was an actor on the same boards. Dufresne was the handsomest man at that time on the stage, and continued, long after the retirement of La Gautier, to be a great favourite in the characters of the higher comedy. After they had lived together for some time, the passion of La Gautier reached such a height that she resolved to marry the object of it. This condescension, she had every reason to expect, would have been received by Dufresne, who was at that time poor and dependent, with the highest gratitude; but whether the love he had entertained for her was now extinguished, or he had other reasons for his refusal, certain it is that he rejected the offer of her hand. From that moment the high spirit of La Gautier was crushed within her. The fire of her temperament was driven backward, and fed on her own heart. It was at this time she felt the first inclination to an altered life; and a distaste for this world, which she believed was

a longing for the next, made her turn her eyes to the stillness and obscurity of a convent.

At the same time, having once entered upon this mode of life, her strength of character enabled her to continue in it. Besides, hidden as she was from the thousand eyes of the theatre, she was now nearly as much the subject of conversation as before. The pious letters and religious exhortations of La Gautier were eagerly sought for. Her correspondence was courted by the highest in the land. The Queen herself carried on a frequent interchange of letters, and even of poems, with the recluse. When La Gautier was dying, the last note she wrote was a copy of verses to the Queen, imploring the benefit of her prayers. We subjoin the lines, as a specimen of the courtliness which the Carmelite sister knew how to intermingle with her piety:—

Thérèse † je t'entends !....une éternelle
vie,

Brise de mon exil les liens importuns.

Avec une prière offerte par Sophie †

Mon âme va voler sur l'autel des
parfums.

O Reine ! âme céleste et le charme du
monde,

Si sur moi tes regards daigneront
s'abaisser,

J'implore, en expirant, la pitié profonde !
Demande mon bonheur ! le ciel va
t'avancer !

A letter also, which she wrote to the Bishop of Rieux on the death of his brother the Count de Chamerolles, who had formerly been her lover, made some noise. In this letter, which occupied eight pages, she expresses some fears for the salvation of her former friend, but relies on the mercy of God in the most edifying manner, and concludes (with as much humility as a humble nun could venture such a step to her superior) by offering some good advice to the Bishop, whose life was any thing but canonical, or befitting his profession. The manner in which she became acquainted with the Queen was creditable to both. La Gautier, who was anxious to save others from the perils she had escaped, was desirous to get her nephew withdrawn from the stage,

where he was a singer, and admitted into the Queen's music band. In this she succeeded, and wrote a letter of acknowledgment to Moncrif, through whom she had obtained her wish. Moncrif showed this letter to the Queen, who was so struck with the religious sentiments of Sister Augustine de la Misericorde, the religious name La Gautier had assumed, that she sent her an assurance of her friendship and protection. All who knew her after she had become a Carmelite have spoken of her in the highest terms. She preserved the original buoyancy of her disposition, only her vivacity had been changed into fervour in her duties. She delighted in visits, and conversed with fire and energy. The Pope had given her a brief to appear in the parlour with her face unveiled ; an indulgence of no slight value to one who was still fond of admiration, and preserved a countenance still worthy to be admired. But when, in the course of years, the Carmelite had become almost forgotten, when she was blind and old, attention was again drawn to her extraordinary career by the appearance of an account of her conversion, written by herself. There is no clue by which to discover the person to whom this very interesting confession is addressed ; but it is evidently to some one who had begged of her a description of the change which she had undergone. The account was found among the papers of Duclos, the historiographer of France, and is now no where to be met with, except in a collection now before us, called "*Pièces intéressantes et peu connues*," which, though the editor, who rejoices in the initials D. L. P., is as profound a fool as can well be imagined, contains a great deal of very curious and useful information. It was published in 1786, and is now very scarce. From it we lay before our readers a translation of the confession of La Gautier, from which they will be enabled to judge how far the "conversion" arose from a rational repentance, or was the result of disappointed love, or a craving after notoriety.

"Recital of the Conversion of Mademoiselle Gautier, Comedian ; from

* Theresa was the patroness of the Carmelites.

† Sophie, one of the baptismal names of the Queen.

an original manuscript in her own handwriting.

"On the 25th April, 1722, a time when I was plunged in an ocean of pleasures, according to the destructive opinion of the world, and tasted a dreadful security in the very shadows of death, in which I voluntarily remained, I awoke at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, contrary to my usual custom. I recollected it was my birth-day. I rang for my attendants, and my dressing-maid hurried into the room, thinking I was unwell. I told her to dress me immediately, as I wished to attend mass. She answered it was not a holy day, knowing that at the very utmost my church-going was confined to the solemn feasts. I insisted, however, and she dressed me. I went to the church of the Cordelier, followed by my page, and taking with me a little orphan protégée of my mother's, whom I had adopted. I heard a portion of the service without any particular attention; but towards the 'Preface' an internal voice asked me 'What brings me to the foot of the altar? Is it to thank God for having given me attractions to please the world, and yet to transgress his laws every day?'

"This reflection on my monstrous ingratitude to my Maker struck me beyond expression. From the chair on which I was negligently reclined I cast myself on my knees upon the floor. After the mass was finished I sent home my page and the orphan, and remained sunk in an inconceivable abyss of perplexity. Suddenly I sprang up and went to the sacristy to demand a 'mass of the Saint Esprit,' to which a spark of faith, which all my disorderly conduct had failed to extinguish, made me have recourse in every imminent danger. The first words I pronounced while waiting for the priest were, 'Oh, my God! I am anxious to be saved—but what am I to do? I am bound by chains as difficult to be unloosed as they are dear to me. Help me then, oh God! To be illumined by thy light I will come every day to mass.'

"In short, after three hours of agitation, if I did not go home justified, I was, at least, determined to enter on a path that led to justification. Six months passed on with regular attendance at mass in the morning, and my accustomed gaieties at night. As I

had been rallied about my church-going, I disguised myself as a silly woman to avoid discovery. But my incognito was found out, and the railery was redoubled. I then recollected that text in the Gospel, 'One cannot serve two masters,' and determined, as the day of All-Saints drew near, to abandon the most dangerous though the most agreeable one.

"I began by dispensing with my dressing-maid's services at my toilette. By way of preparation for the retreat I meditated, I withdrew myself gradually from parties of pleasure, under pretext of indisposition; but the nearer Easter approached, which I had fixed on for making my retreat, my internal struggles became the more violent, so that my health suffered severely. A perpetual sickness, however, did not prevent my writing out my general confession. The necessity of finding a confessor determined me to confide in a virtuous relation who had often and vainly reproved my mode of life. She addressed herself to the Grand Penitentiary, who pointed out a zealous vicar of St Sulpice, which was my own parish. At first he rejected me, and refused me a hearing till I should have separated myself from the world. At last, however, touched by seeing me at his feet, where my tears and sobbings showed him the sincerity of my sentiments, he comforted me with the hope of God's mercy, and put me off till a future day when I should be more calm.

"What a day was that, oh God! It was the day when, for the last time in my life, the persons I loved the most tenderly were to be with me at dinner. But, however dear to me were my friends, they had now become less dear to me than my salvation.

"What I suffered at table to prevent my internal agitation from appearing, may be easily imagined. I felt Grace and Nature in every fold of my heart, when one of my friends said to me, 'You give us too good cheer for the Wednesday in Passion week,'—and another immediately subjoined, 'Tis because she gives us her farewell entertainment.'

"Feeling myself ready to faint, I rose from table, under pretext of having a payment to make which I had promised. The company rose at the same time, I was led to the

door, and when I had stepped into my carriage, my friends resumed their places at the table. But the first crack of the coachman's whip made me utter a scream so shrill and piercing that the company heard it, and prepared to run out to me. On this commotion I came back, and went into a lower room; and my dressing-maid deceived them by pretending that I was gone, and that it was the child they had heard screaming. I then got into the carriage again, and took refuge in St Sulpice, where my confessor was waiting my arrival. There, in spite of my agitation, I began my confession; and after a sitting of three hours, through which God alone could have sustained me, the confessor, truly touched with my condition, put me off till another day. I came back to my house, where I had only four days longer to remain. A feeling of desolation got possession of my heart and mind. I was lost and trembling, and demanded of myself, like St Augustine, 'Canst thou divest thyself of so many comforts and possessions—of so many kinds of pleasures, which, up to this day, have satisfied thy desires? Canst thou abandon this little palace to go and live in solitude in a miserable cell, and see no one but the nuns? Canst thou embrace, in short, and for the whole of thy life, a state as monotonous as obscure, which thou hast always hitherto detested?'

"But in that cruel moment I triumphed. At last the hour of my departure came. Monsieur Langlet, the curé of my parish, had often avoided me; I had always ridiculed and jested at his pious exhortations. His joy was now complete when he understood how merciful God had been to me. A part of the night was devoted to writing to persons with whom I was professionally engaged, and to the father of the child I had adopted, whom I sent back with 20 pistoles. I left my letters, with directions for them not to be sent to their address till mid-day; and to say to any one who called, that I had gone away for a long time. After which I went from my house, to which I was never to return, about five o'clock in the morning. But instead of the struggles I had formerly experienced, I now left it with as much tranquillity as at this moment I leave my cell to go into the choir. This was eleven

months precisely after that happy mass.

"I arrived in great tranquillity at Versailles, in time for the levee of the late Cardinal de Fleury and the Duke de Gesvres, my constant protectors, of whom I took my leave. From their lodgings I went to the royal chapel to hear mass; but during the service I recollected that there was a lady in the chateau whom I had violently offended, and, rushing from the chapel, I hurried to her house, and begged an interview with her in a lower room to avoid the éclat of her first indignation. Scarcely had she entered when I shut the door, and threw myself at her feet, which fixed her to the spot and kept her silent. In the posture of supplication which I still retained, I begged her to vouchsafe me her forgiveness; for that I was abandoning the world to do penance for my sins, and that I had thought it right to make a commencement with the most difficult of all the precepts in the gospel. The lady, recovering a little from what she had fancied was an illusion, said every thing to me which the pique of an angry woman could suggest. I listened to her in silence; and, when she had concluded, I merely said, still continuing at her feet, that I had come not to justify myself, but to entreat her pardon; that if she deigned to grant it me, I should leave her contented—but if she refused it, that God would be satisfied with my submission, but would not be satisfied with her refusal. At these words she gave me her hand, made me sit down, and we were reconciled.

"I left Versailles without having taken any nourishment, the action I had performed supplying me with strength. I went to Paris to the community of Sainte Perpetuate, where I had had a chamber furnished for me, as I intended to remain there till the inventory of my furniture and other arrangements were completed.

"On entering into that first retreat, I experienced invisibly that which happened visibly to St Paul; for instead of the scales which fell from his eyes, I felt myself transformed into a new creature. Mounting into that little chamber, I thought myself ascended into heaven. There all the past disappeared—house—property—friends—pleasures—all vanished from my re-

collection! The calm and internal peace which I experienced made me doubt whether my life, up to that period, had not been a dream. My cousin, who was melted in tears, and could not tear herself from me for fear of leaving me alone and finding me dead in the morning, could not comprehend my anxiety to send her away that I might taste at leisure the new pleasure of solitude. I told the superior that I had taken lunch in the morning, and begged her to give me for supper the remains of what the community had had for dinner. There was nothing but a little stewed carp, which I ate with appetite. Strange! for three months I could retain no nourishment, not even 'consommés.' I had even rejected a little rice-broth I had taken the night before for supper; but that reheated carp, and a few nuts by way of a dessert, not only remained on my stomach without any uneasiness, but I slept the whole night as peacefully as a child of eight years old—a thing which I continue to do even now.

"When my retreat from the world was known, every one assigned for it what reason he chose. No one could believe, that in the vigour of my age (I was then thirty-one), and the violence of my passions, I could have voluntarily embraced a life so opposite to the one I had left. My sale was advertised, and lasted fifteen days, during which all Paris crowded to the house, to convince itself of the reality of my flight; and every one returned touched and softened by God's mercy towards me. Many questioned my cousin, who had the charge of my temporal affairs, as to the place of my retreat; but as she was totally incommunicative, she was asked on one occasion to convey a letter to me, with directions to be careful that it got to my hands.

"This letter was from a friend, who exhorted me not to persist in the system I had so thoughtlessly adopted, particularly in the enviable condition I was in, and at an age when a change of sentiments is almost always inevitable, and repentance frequently comes too late. In proof of this many examples were cited, which would have been enough to frighten me, if God's grace had not sustained and strengthened me. From the sentiments which truly animated my heart, it is easy to judge what answer I returned.

"When my affairs were finally arranged, I set out, on Ascension eve, six weeks after my delivery from Egypt, for the Maçonnois, where I was expected by my friend my lady the Marchioness de Valadons d'Arcy. I had informed her of my resolution, and begged her to procure a place for me in the convent of the Ursulines de Pondeveaux, where I wished to reside as a 'boarder,' and totally unknown. For the idea of taking the veil had not yet entered my mind, and I had always had a great aversion to that mode of life, and, above all, for communities of females.

"On entering the diligence, I found that the companion of my journey was the commandant of Aubepin, who, being misled by my appearance, treated me with the most respectful attentions till we got to Saulien, where the Marchioness was waiting to receive me. This still further increasing his mistake, he begged me to inform him, who it was to whom he had had the honour of offering his attentions? I answered him very frankly that I should keep that a secret, less through vanity on my own account, than to spare him the reflection of having lavished his politeness on a person so little worthy of it. He took my refusal for a compliment, and renewed his entreaties. I said to him, 'Monsieur le Commandant, I give you my word that, on arriving at Lyons, you shall know who I am; and if I forfeit the esteem you have conceived for me, you will at least confess that it was not my intention to deceive you, and that my sincerity will obtain the pardon of my silence.'

"In fact I wrote to him immediately who I was—my resolution of returning to God—and begged him not to be offended by having refused to inform him before. He was so pleased with my candour, that, till his death, I had no truer or better friend. Scarcely was I installed in the convent of Pondeveaux, where the sisterhood had received me with every possible kindness, than the devil spread a snare for me. A person, whose name is well known to you, wrote that, as I had determined to lead a life of retirement, he begged me to accept one of his estates, which he mentioned by name, to end my days in it; and, in case of my agreeing to this, he would have the donation made out in proper form.

"I thanked him very cordially for his offer—telling him that, as I had quitted my own house, it would not be 'edifying' to accept of his; and that, however pure might be his intentions, they would be liable to misconstruction. The sisterhood had given me a large apartment, out of which I formed three small ones, expecting to reside there all my life. I assisted at all their services. I was grieved at the attentions they bestowed on me, because they were mislaid by a certain air of the great world, and the *embonpoint* which I had not yet got quit of, and considered me a person of noble birth. However, I undeceived them as I had done the commandant, and they redoubled their kindness. I spent my days in reading and praying, leading the sweetest life imaginable. I was, nevertheless, for the first six months of my residence at Pondeveaux, tormented by dreams which troubled me terribly every night. One day, finding myself alone before the holy sacrament, and grieved by these impertinent dreams, I addressed myself to the mother of God as if she had been present. 'Oh, holy Virgin! (I began with the same ingenuity as six months before I had spoken to God at the Cordeliers), they say that thou art omnipotent in heaven; that thou obtainest for sinners whatever they dare to ask. If, by thy intercession, I am delivered from the nocturnal vexations which I have suffered so long, and which fill me with such horror, I promise to fast on bread and water the eve of all thy fêtes, and to communicate at thy intention; to wear next my flesh till my death a cord of white wool, with knots on it; and to say thy Litany every day devoutly.' From that instant I was so tranquil, and retain so lively a gratitude to that mother of mercy, that I would shed the last drop of my blood in support both of her power and goodness.

"There happened at the same time a very singular incident, where the hand of God visibly protected that community. The night of St Anne's day, there was so prodigious a storm that every thing seemed about to be overthrown. The thunder which rolled above the roof of the house destroyed it entirely, and the garrets filled with corn were inundated. The water, passing across the boards, fell

in torrents into the infirmary, particularly into a room where an ancient sister was lying in a palsy. The others, who did not know on which side to turn, came to my chamber to beg me to assist them. I ran in nothing but my shift to the poor old creature's bed, whom no one had courage to touch. I lifted her easily, and was about to place her in my bed, which had escaped the inundation, when I found the door shut (with the key in the inside), and was forced to carry her elsewhere. The deluge I had been exposed to had put me into a condition as pitiable as it was ridiculous; and the sisters lent me one of their shifts, which was the first hair-cloth I ever wore. We went all together to the granary to save what we could of the meal that was falling on us half-kneaded, without being aware of the risk we ran. For, when daylight came, we saw the tiles hanging over our heads with scarcely any support; which was regarded as a true miracle, and attributed to my having founded a perpetual evening service in testimony of God's mercy towards me, and which had that very evening been performed for the first time.

"After ten months' residence at Pondeveaux, I went to Lyons to pay my respects to the late Marshal Ville-roi. The establishment at Auticaille pleased me exceedingly; and though no boarders were received there, my lord the Archbishop obtained that favour for me. I had been somewhat disquieted at Pondeveaux for having refused the visits of the old Count de Feuillars, who was governor of the town. At the same time my friend the Marchioness d'Arcy had disapproved of my being so retired, and of my considering an invitation she constantly gave me to spend the summer with her and her family at her estate as an interruption of my duties.

"I had my furniture, therefore, brought from Pondeveaux, without caring for the conveniences I had fitted up, and which had cost me more than two hundred pistoles. I was at nearly the same expense at Auticaille, looking on it as the last of my stations. I followed there, as I had done at Pondeveaux, the regular exercises of the order of St Mary; and had for my director Father Deveaux, whose orders appeared to me to be those of God himself. He began by recom-

mending me to rise at eleven o'clock at night, and to pray till midnight. I kept myself well awake in order to obey; but scarcely was I on my knees till I slept like a marmot, I know not till what hour. Seeing that that exercise was not adapted for me, he prescribed me another in a letter I received from him. He observed, that since I had so great a desire to expiate my sins, he advised me to make use of the scourge every Friday, for the space of a '*Miserere*,' either on the shoulders, or in the manner of the sisterhood, saying that they would lend me the necessary instrument at Auticaille, or if not, that he would furnish me with one himself. Never was any one so taken down as I was at the reading of that letter! I thought my eyes had deceived me. I read and re-read that precious epistle, always thinking I had been mistaken; but I always found it contained the same proposition. 'What!' cried I, with a sort of indignation—'the scourge! Just Heaven! what impertinence! The Beguines may submit to it if they like; but, for me, I will do no such thing. But what is to be done? It is God who speaks to me by his mouth; and if I disobey him? But the *Miserere* that he has prescribed, I have never read it. Well, I must learn it. I must submit to the minister of my God, and be resigned to every thing, since my salvation depends on it.'

"To prevent my shame in borrowing a scourge, I cut six or seven lashes of new cord, which I knotted in several places. While the sisterhood were at prayers I looked myself in, uncovered my shoulders, and let fall a storm of blows, the agony of which was so great that I felt almost senseless upon my face. I wept with rage, not devotion, determined to sing a pretty sharp song to my director flagellant. I passed the night, as it pleased God, without the power to close an eye, or lie on any side. In the morning I found my shoulders discoloured with whip marks, and went (almost out of myself with rage) to St Joseph's, to give my zealous director an account of what a submission to his counsels had produced.

"Alas! from the moment he appeared, his imposing exterior made me feel so weak, that I could not reply to his questions as to the cause of

my visit. The movement of my shoulders having sufficed to tell him enough, he at last made me confess it; and I frankly told him that I had accepted his proposition, though I had been scandalized at it at first; and begged him not to exact of me a repetition of the exercise. He promised it at once, assuring me at the same time, that before many days I should beg it of him on my knees, but that he would not grant it. 'Oh, as to that,' replied I, with some spitefulness, 'your beard will be pretty long before your prophecy is accomplished.' But notwithstanding all that, the good father was right; for I was no sooner returned home again than the shame of what I had done, and of my cowardice, made me alter my sentiments and language.

"Those pure virgins with whom I lived, and who joined penance to a life of innocence, spoke my condemnation; and my shoulders were not healed before I begged, with great humility, what I had so indignantly rejected. The good father, merely for form's sake, let me entreat some time; for he would have been very sorry not to have contributed to the mortification of that flesh, so plump and luxurious, and which even then I regarded so tenderly. He, therefore, furnished me abundantly with every thing I required, in order to make up for my former poltroonery.

"I should never have done if I entered into details of other adventures of the kind, which at first were difficult to me, but which gradually led me to the religious vocation for which at one time I had entertained so great an antipathy. The sisters, who were very kind to me, and whose kindness I shall never forget, were astonished that, since I submitted to all their observances, I did not offer to God the entire sacrifice of my liberty; on which I begged them not to speak to me of such an engagement, or I could no longer remain with them.

"They spoke of it no more; but they made me read the life of Madame de Montmorenci, who, after the melancholy death of her husband, took the veil at St Mary's. That great example affected me; I thought on it deeply, and consulted Father Deveaux, who assured me that the greatest sacrifice I had now to make to God was that of my liberty. But this was no new knowledge: I felt it very well

myself; but what surprised me was, that I found myself nearly disposed for it. This was in the month of July, 1724; and when I imparted it to the Lady Superior and some of the sisters, their friendship for me was greatly increased. I wrote some days afterwards to Paris, from whence I summoned my relation, that I might dispose of my property, intending shortly afterwards to take the religious habit.

"During this interval the history of the famous Rance, the founder, or rather the reformer, of La Trappe, was put into my hands.—But, great God! what a temptation! Scarcely had I recognised in that illustrious penitent so close a resemblance between the disorders of his youth and those of mine, than every gentle rule was displeasing to me, and I promised to God, in all the fulness of my heart, to imitate, as far as I was able, that penitent in his austerities, as I had done in the errors of his life. I would even have instantly flown to the Clair-ettes (females after the models of La Trappe), if Father Deveau had not assured me that I should find among the Carmelites all that I could wish for at La Trappe.

"I confided my design to the late Archbishop De Villeroy, who honoured me with particular kindness. He wished at first to dissuade me, but when I opened to him my heart, and assured him that I felt peculiarly impelled to satisfy the Divine justice, he was so penetrated with my condition, that he suddenly exclaimed, 'This is the finger of God! I will go and ask a place for you at the Carmelites.'—'But, my lord,' I replied, 'do not forget to tell them what I was in the world, for I do not wish to deceive.'

"He did as I required, and told them the profession I had exercised in the King's house, and at Paris, which staggered them very much. But the prelate having told them that he took their scruples on himself, the Mother Superior, who favoured my design, wrote to me that I had only to fix my day to come to the sisterhood, and immediately enter into the house.

"I was anxious that no intelligence of this should reach the ladies of Auticaille, for our mutual affection was so great, that I wished to avoid the tender reproaches which would doubtless have rendered our separation more distressing. I proceeded then to the

Carmelites of Lyons the 14th October, 1724, and wrote from thence to the Superior and sisterhood of Auticaille to ask their pardon for the secrecy of my action, which had proceeded entirely from a want of confidence in myself.

"It was thus that the Lord, out of his infinite mercy, made me enter the land of saints, eighteen months after releasing me from that of perdition, to which poverty alone had conducted me, for none of my relations had departed from Christian honesty and simplicity. It was only the trouble of my father which had reduced me, at the age of seventeen—well grown, and with a face which they called tolerably prepossessing—not to know what part to take. I had always had a horror of vice, and scarcely less of a proposition that was made to me to go upon the stage. On this I was told that such were only the prejudices of common people and bigots, but that the court and city thought otherwise, and viewed with different eyes those who exercised talents as useful as they were agreeable. Youth is easily persuaded! . . . But experience taught me how inevitable perversion becomes in that condition for those who are not guarded against all the quicksands that surround them. Without any other labour than that of the memory, one lives in opulence and continual amusements of every kind, so that the three last years I was at the theatre brought me, after all expenses were paid, forty-four thousand francs—What a bait to the heart that looks only to the present! and what mercy must that be that could deliver me from so voluptuous a life, especially in the full force of youth and of the passions!

"I will, nevertheless, confess, that I have there met with persons as estimable for their morals as for their talents—but I was not of the number; and I venture to say (to my shame, as well as to the glory of God, whose grace was shown more powerfully in my conversion), that it chose the least worthy object when it fixed upon me. In entering the holy mansion which shall see the end of my career, I felt that the Lord had fulfilled all my desires. He, nevertheless, permitted several wicked men to come to the gate of the monastery on the very first night, and do and say every thing that was possible to induce them to turn

me away. The prioress, after vainly endeavouring to identify them, informed the archbishop of the incident, who, better instructed, perhaps, found means to prevent a recurrence of such infamous attempts. A report was afterwards raised, that I was not born in lawful wedlock, which would be an invincible barrier to my admission into that holy order. I referred it to the curé of St Sulpice, who, besides an extract of my baptismal register, sent me a letter, in form of a certificate, which confounded the malice of the devil.

"These trials, and many more which I need not mention, far from discouraging me, served, on the contrary, to make me bless still more the mercy (*misericorde*) of God; so that I believed I could not do better than adopt it for my religious name. I then besought the prioress that I might live unknown, without any correspondence with my friends, or even my relations—which she thought proper to refuse me.

"I had begged her, from the moment of my entrance, to have no scruples, but to make me practise at the first all that I should have to practise in the end; seeing that I had lost so much time in the world, and that it was important for me not to lose a single moment in the bosom of religion. She deigned to yield to my entreaties, in exempting me from those prudent attentions which in all sisterhoods are bestowed on the newly initiated.

"They placed a broom in my hand the very day of my entrance. To do the washing, to draw the water from a deep well, to rub the refectory tables, to carry the jugs of water to the chamber of each sister, to wash the earthenware we used, to clean the kettles and the kitchen stove, were greater pleasures to me than my former enjoyments. After labouring at these employments four years, I had the making of all the *alpargates*, or cord-shoes, of the whole sisterhood; and the care of the clock, for which it was necessary to raise up three stones of prodigious weight every day by strength of arm. At this I laboured three years, when the toil having somewhat impaired my health, it was transferred to another.

"After my first three months' probation, I was admitted to the sacred habit the 20th January, 1725. My

lord the Archbishop was good enough to preside at the ceremony. In spite of the inclement season, the whole city was present, so difficult had it been for people to persuade themselves of the great change that had taken place on me; and, indeed, I could sometimes hardly believe it myself. The recollection of the past, and the view of the present, were quite sufficient to confirm me in my resolutions. The mercies from above rendered my former sins so much the more odious to me; my eyes were two fountains of tears—of tears the most sincere.

"Some days before my profession, God permitted Satan to trouble me more than ever, in painting the extreme importance of the engagement I was about to undertake, especially with a sisterhood, the very name of which had been always displeasing to me. But heaven vouchsafed me its support, and the mere approach of the oaths banished for ever all such ideas from my soul. I pronounced my last vows with a firm voice, and a joy that surprised all present; and that joy has never failed.

"Some time after my profession, however, God permitted the devil to tempt me on new grounds. Not, as at Pondeveaux, by impertinent dreams, but night and day I found myself in a state that horrified me. I had not, like St Benedict, recourse to thorns; still less to fire, like Martinieu; but it was to the equivalent of the one and the other, and the Tempter was confounded.

"My director, as he had promised me, left the rein on my neck; to add, therefore, to the habitual austerity, I joined all the others to it which my strength and courage permitted me to practise every day. I began by a vow to drink no wine, even in danger of death, if it needed only a drop to save my life. For twelve years consecutively, with the permission of Father Deveaux, and help from above, I exercised myself every day in making those members serve the justice of God which had formerly served iniquity. But a great illness having weakened me, I kept afterwards only to the austerity of the rule, and an entire submission to the decrees of Providence.

"I have to thank the Lord in an especial manner, that, from the day of my quitting the world till this present time, 10th August, 1747, I have never

regretted it one moment, in spite of all the trials I had to undergo, and all the contests I had with myself to overcome my extreme sensibility—contests so great, and having such effects on my temperament, that my hair and eyebrows, from jet black, as they used to be, have turned white.

"The violence and effervescence of my passions may be judged of by the extravagances and dangers I exposed myself to, in order to gratify them. What perils did not a young girl, of twenty or twenty-two, run in going from Paris to Wirtemberg, and back, in a post-chariot, at the mercy of one lackey and a postilion! That lackey, more timid and cowardly than I, came often to the chaise, particularly in the woods of Nancy and Sainte-Menchoud, saying, in a trembling voice, 'Mademoiselle, do you know we are among veritable cut-throats?' To which I constantly replied, 'Onward! march! fear nothing! you follow Cæsar and his fortunes!' One night, at an auberge, some one entered my chamber, and believing they came to announce the carriage, I summoned my lackey, but nobody replied. As the person was approaching my bed, I called out 'Robbers!' and the robber fled in alarm. I jumped from bed, but he escaped me. People came at the noise;—I accused the landlord, who excused himself on the plea of three carriages having arrived that night. 'Quite enough,' I said: 'let my horses be put to.' They did so, and I departed, without thinking any more of the robber. It is thus that God, by a remarkable providence, has always preserved me amid the accidents and dangers to which I exposed myself every day, spite of all the remonstrances addressed to me by persons as respectable from their rank as from their age and virtues. When they asked me 'if I ever went to the sacraments?' 'Certainly not,' I said. 'Ah, why not?' 'Because I don't wish to profane them, nor to give up my gra-

tifications before forty-five.' 'But have you never any remorse?' 'I?—no—why should I? I do no harm to my neighbour. As to the paradise to come, I leave that to those that like it, being quite content with the one I enjoy here as much as I can.'

"Frightful delirium!—dreadful blindness, which I shall always shudder at!

"Nevertheless, it is on this insensible creature that heaven has deigned to cast an eye of compassion, so powerful as to restore me to myself. For it had endowed me with a good disposition, a heart sincere and upright, feeling and generous, and susceptible of the most estimable sentiments, as well as of a just abhorrence of dishonourable vices. But the poverty of my family having made my education be neglected, how could I—still young at the moment I found myself free and without fortune, with a temperament all of fire—how could I, I say, be long what is called virtuous? At the same time, God knows what it cost me to cease to be so! He knows that, at nineteen years old, finding myself in Flanders, at the gates of death, I promised him—and most sincerely—to renounce the dangerous condition I had been forced to embrace, if I could only be ensured an annuity of two hundred livres. It *could* have been done—it doubtless *ought* to have been done;—but may Heaven pardon those who refused to do it!

"You have exacted of me this account of my extravagances, and of a conversion which people have had such difficulty in believing. Cruel recollections, which have cost me so many tears! Suffer me, in return, to exact your assistance in offering to God perpetual prayers, that he will crown his own benefits to me, in granting me such a perseverance in well-doing, as shall be able, at the hour of death, to expiate the evils that have dishonoured my life."

PANDEMUS POLYGLOTT.

It has been well observed by somebody, that any man could make an interesting book if he would only give, honestly and without reserve, an account of such things as he himself had seen and heard; but if a man should add to this a candid history of his remarkable friends and acquaintance, how infinitely would he enhance the interest of his own! Some folks call this method of biography prosy—Heaven help their unphilosophical short-sightedness! Wherein consists the charm of Benvenuto Cellini's account of himself, which nobody can deny to be the *ne plus ultra* of all conceivable autobiographies? Why, it clearly arises from these two sources: first, from his not scrupling to give a straightforward narrative of every shadow of an adventure he lighted upon, not hesitating a moment to tell the whole truth at least, however often he may be so obliging as to favour us with a matter of ten times as much as that same; and, secondly, from the number of persons and personages he introduces his reader to, from the magnificent Francis to the unhappy engraver (I think), whom he despatched in so judicious a manner by that memorable thrust of his dagger into the back of the poor man's neck, whereby he so scientifically separated the vertebrae, and interrupted the succession of the spinal marrow, to the immediate attainment of his laudable object—to wit, the release of his fellow-sinner from his worldly sorrows. Again, in the other sex, from the lovely and capricious Duchess of Florence, with her rings and cameos and trumpery, down to the frail fair one whose fondness for Benvenuto so repeatedly jeopardized his capacity for enjoying the same. But there is a third charm about the good artist's book, and this may, perhaps, outweigh the other two—namely, his introduction of the heroes and magnates of his age *en déshabille*. Truly, if he who can show us a king, two popes, a reigning duke or two, duchesses, nobles, courtiers, and cardinals by the squadron, all in dressing-gowns and slippers, be not set up in the high places among those who have delighted their fellows, wherewithal

shall a man claim that distinction? But I flatter myself, that charming as Benvenuto is, I must even supersede him by as much as learning is of more account than throat or marble-cutting, and learned men than heroes, &c.

But the world is not going at this time to enjoy the full benefit of my experiences. Let it suffice for the present that I afford mankind a glimpse of one of the most remarkable of men; one of those who leave their reputation as a legacy to their species, having had the uncommon forbearance to abstain from impairing the same in any degree by enjoying it themselves.

Without farther preface then, reader, give me leave to present to you Doctor Pandemus Polyglott, LL.D., Lugd. Bat. Olim. Soc., member of no end of societies, literary, antiquarian, historical, philosophical, &c. &c. I would give you his tail of initials at full length, if it were not that I have generally found the dullest people take most pains in this behalf—and the Doctor is not dull—and, moreover, he has won by his pen a tail so considerable, that it could not be doubled up in less than twice the space of that which the great Hero of the age, Wellington, has carved out with his sword, and which may be found occupying a good half page of the Army List. Besides, Dr Polyglott is a living character; and though now as fine a specimen of an octogenarian as may be met with in a June day's march, yet he has not done winning to himself those bright scholarly honours which so safely ensure to their possessors an enviable obscurity with reference to the generality of people.

The Doctor, though a colossus of mind, has had the firmness through life to forego all those mundane advantages which his wondrous powers must have obtained for him, had such been his pleasure; and as in early life he gave himself up to the allurements of classical literature, so with a constancy seldom rivalled did he in manhood, and in age still does he adhere to the same sweet mistress. The fruits of this affection are manifold, as some forty MS. folios testify; but while the Doctor lives, his intimates alone will have the benefit of

their acquaintance; for he is far too chary of his own personal comfort, too sensible of his own dignity, to sacrifice the one, or diminish his own proud sense of the other, by trusting the smallest of his learned labours to the caprice or indifference of a world engaged for the most part in pursuits which he looks down upon with pity, and would regard, if he were less good than he is, with contempt.

But these limits will not allow me to do justice to a tithe of the merits of my worthy Nestor; so, reader, we (you and I) must be content with what the allotted space will admit. You will not be surprised, after the slight insight I have given you into the character of Dr Polyglott's mind, and the extent of his erudition, to learn that the good cheerful old man is altogether "wrapt and throwly lapt" in reminiscences and thoughts, the beginning, middle, and end whereof are classical.

"Ay, ay, boy," said he to me (I am forty-five) one day, when I had been lauding and magnifying sundry of our own poets in his presence, "Ay, ay, boy, call 'em poets if you will—mere mushrooms—Shakspeare—didst ever hear of Sophocles?—Jouson—Bah!—poor neoteric stuff—vernacular.—There is but one good couplet in the language, only one."

"And whose is that, sir?" I ventured to ask.

"Pope's."

I was thunderstruck, so often had I heard the old man revile "Pope, the Anti-Homeric," as he delighted to call him, "the clipper of the old Greek's solid coin, to reduce it to the beggarly standard of wit's understanding."

ΣΑΦΙΚΑ.

ὁ φιλανθρωπος καὶ ὁ σιδηροκλιων.
Φιλανθρωπος.

πῇ βαδίζεις, πῶχῃ σιδηροκλιων;
ἢ θ' ὄδῳ ευφλῇ, σφαλῖρος ἢ ὁ κυκλῶς·
ψυχρὸς ἢ, κᾶχουσι πρὶς κυλῇ, καὶ
ῥῆμα γαλῆρος.

ὣκ ἀγανὸς οἶδι, σιδηροκλιων,
ὅστις ἐν διφροῖς μαλακοῖσι κλίνει,
δύνοι ὡς κραξάι "ψαλιδας ἵε θηγῶ
ἥδι μαχαιρας."

τίς δὲ σ', ὦ ται, ὥστε σιδηροθῆναι;

"Pope's, sir!" said I in wonder;
"pray, repeat it."

Slowly and deliberately did the Doctor recite—

"They who a living marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek."

Never till this hour had I dreamt of the possibility of the Doctor having read a line of English poetry, except in a translation, and I ventured to hint thus much.

"Not read English poetry!" said he, "why, half my amusements would be at an end were it not for your so-called poets—common plagiarists.—Not one of them but goes out on the highway to plunder the old Greeks and Romans. Oh! how I love to nab the filchers."

Here was new ground broken between me and the Doctor, and right well have I profited by it; in almost every branch of modern poetry have I tried him, and almost invariably has he shown me that our great men are but pickers-up of the crumbs that have fallen from the tables of their masters, of old parallel passages that most men can quote. But what astonishes me most, is the readiness with which the Doctor detects whole pieces translated from the more obscure ancients; many of them, indeed, whose works are generally believed to be lost entirely. Having been frequently startled at this, I thought I would set him with a poem, for which he could have no ancient parallel; accordingly, one evening, I read him, from the Anti-Jacobin, Canning's Knifegrinder.

"The varlet!" cried the Doctor, "reach me vol. 17 of the MSS."

I gave it him, and forthwith did he spread before my eyes the following:

SAPPHICA.

PHILANTHROPUS ET FABER FERRARIS.

DIALOGUS.

Philanthropus.

"Hinc ita quonam, Faber o egene?
Et via horrescit, rota claudicatque;
Flat notus; rimis petasus laborat,
Tritaque bracca.

"O Faber languens, patet haud superbis,
Appia ut rhedis habet otiantes,
Quid sit ad cotem vocitare cultros
Fissaque ferra.

"Dic, Faber, cultros acuisse quis te

τις τυραννος σ' ἀφίκεται ἡδίκη. εν ;
ἡ μίγας σ' ὁ γαιοκρατορ ; ὁ πριστος ;
ἡ κδικος αἰσχρως ;

ἡδίκησ' ὁ γαιοκρατορ σε θηρον
κτιμινωσ ; ἡ σ' ἐκδικαίους ὁ πριστος ;
ἡ κδικος λησῆς ἀπανηγχε σου το
καὶ δὲ ἀγνοια ;

(ὡς τὰ Τρομπαν "Μισροπον τα χρῆσας ;")
σημαλ' οἰκτοί' ἐν βλιφαρον ἱριουσιν,
ἐπισυν' ὡς πῆς ἐπὶ σὺ πιπρας
κυβοι αἰτίας.

Σιδηροκλιν.

μυτοί ; ὡς ποιοί' ἔπος ἐκ ἔχω ἴσ
ἐκ παλαιῶ δ' ὅτ' ἐπινοί' ἔχθεις,
μὲ γαλαροι ἡδὲ περισκελῆ ἴς
δρυψ' ἐν ἀγνοια.

ἀλλὰ βαδουχοί τοίς μ' εἰλοῖ ἀνδρες,
ἡγῶγοι δε μ' αὐτοίκα πρὸς δικαστην
χὼ δικαστῆς ποδοκακῆ μ' ἴθῃς
ὡς πλανηλα.

ἐν δὲ χαιροῖν μὲγα σοι προπινω,
ἐν πῶτα, ζῶτα δικας, εἰ σὺ δαῖς
δραχμ' ἔμουνγ' ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μοι ἴα μιν πο-
λίτικα μελλαι.

Φιλανθρωπος.

δραχμα σοι ; ἴαχ' εἰς αἶθρ' ἀπὸ λθι,
σχίλ' ὡς ἴσῃν κακα ἴσῃν αὐτοίς,
φασλ', ἀνιστῇ', ἀδοκιμας', αἰκίς,
ἐκτολίμ', αφερον.

Egit ? anne in te locuples tyrannus
Sæviit ? terræ dominus ? sacerdos ?
Causidicue ?

" Ob feras terræ dominus necatas ?
Aut tenax poscens decumas sacerdos ?
Lite vel rem causidicus malignè
Abstulit omnem ?

" Nonne nôti ' Jura Hominum ' Pâini ?
Ecce ! palpebris lacrymæ tremiscunt,
Inde casuræ simul explicâris
Tristia fata."

Faber.

" Fata—Dii magni ! nihil est quod edam,
Ni quòd hesternâ ut biberem in popinâ
Nocte lis orta ; heu ! periere braccæ
Atque galerus.

" Pacis occurrunt mihi tum ministri,
Meque Prætoris rapiunt ad aulam ;
Prætor erronis properat numellâ
Figere plantas."

" Jamque gaudebo tibi si propinam
Poculum, tete mihi dante nummum ;
Me tamen stringo, neque, pro virili,
Publica curo."

Philanthropus.

" An tibi nummum ? potius ruinam ;
Perdite, ulcisci mala tanta nolens ;
Sordide, infelix, inhoneste, prave
Turpis et excors."

SAPPHICS.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFEGRINDER.

Friend of Humanity.

" Needy Knifegrinder ! whither art thou going ?
Rough is the road ; thy wheel is out of order ;
Bleak blows the blast ; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches.

" Weary Knifegrinder, little know the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, ' Knives and
Scissors to grind O.'

" Tell me, Knifegrinder, how came you to grind knives ?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?
Was it the 'squire ? or parson of the parish ?
Or the attorney ?

Incolere tribus
Mortalium, quibus
Sunt verba fervoris
At corda rigoris.
Nobiscum vagare,
Fit domus in aere;
O Terræ puella,
Auricoma, bella!
Sis pars chorearum
Cum summâ nympharum
In nocte æstiva,
Sub Cynthia viva,
Dum Musica tales
Dat sonitus quales
Non quisquam audit
Sub sole qui vivit.

To dwell with creatures
Of mortal mould,
Whose lips are warm
As their hearts are cold.
Roam, roam
To our fairy home.
Child of Earth,
With the golden hair!
Thou shalt dance—
With the Fairy Queen
O' summer nights
On the moon-lit green,
To music murmuring
Sweeter far
Than ever was heard
'Neath the morning star.
Roam, roam, &c.

Great was the Doctor's glee at this detection, and greater was mine at his mode of making it known. Indeed all was glee with us that evening; and when we had returned home, and disposed of that *sine quâ non* of all sensible amusement-hunters, a light supper after the play or concert, or whatever it may be, and the Doctor's meerschaum (one of his Leyden habits) was in high puff, we naturally took to talking over the evening's entertainment. Of course the various performers passed in review, and, among the rest,

Phillips escaped not the hearty commendations of both of us.

"By the by," said the Doctor, "you called his 'Woman' a mutilation—have you the ballad as written by Withers?"

"I have," said I, producing a volume of Ritson's Collection.

"And here is its original," said the Doctor, laying his hand on one of the aforementioned vols. of his MSS. "Now let us read—begin thou"—and I began—

DR POLYGLOTT.

Anne ego depositis tabescam viribus expes,

Et patiar cum sit fœmina pulcra mori?
Anne meas pallore genas cura anxia tinget,
Quod petit alterius mala colore rosam?
Exsuperet splendore diem sine labe venustas,

Florigerumve parit quod nova Maia decus;

Illi nî videar qui sim bene dignus amatu,
Egregium refert quid decus omne mihi?

Anne ego collabi patiar mea corda dolore,
Quòd mansueta fuit fœmina visa mihi?

Ingenio vel quæ cùm sit bene prædita culto,
Ora simul monstret qualia adoret amor?

Si pietate suâ, si mansuetudine laudes
Turturis exsuperet, vel, pelicane, tuas;

In me nî pia sit, nî sit mansueta puella,
Quid refert pietas officiosa mihi?

Fœmina quòd præstat reliquis bonitate,
movebit

Ergone dum peream me muliebris amor?
Sint merita illius summâ dignissima laude,

Nonne igitur meriti sim memor ipse mei?

Actu si bonitas ita conspiciatur in omni,
Ut ductum e meritis Optima nomen erit;

Me nisi participem placeat bonitatis habere,

I.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheek with care,
Because another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery fields in May;
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pine,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with such goodness blest
As may gain her name of Best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?

Quid refert quantâ sit bonitate mihi ?
 Quòd Fortuna nimis videatur larga puellæ,
 Anne ego desipiens in mala fata ruam ?
 Mos est ingenium queis nobile, puraque
 mens est,

Exiguæ quandò comperiuntur opes,
 Quid cum divitiis facerent reputare salaces
 Qui gazâ sunt deficiente proci.

Et nisi fas in eâ talem mihi cernere mentem

Quid refert, quamvis magna, puella
 mihi ?

Magna sit, aut bona, sit mansueta aut denique pulchra,

Spem me non igitur destituisse sinam :
 In me, crede mihi, foveat si pectus amorem,

Ipsæ prius patiar quàm gemat illa mori ;
 Quòd si sincerè parvi me pendat amantem,
 In rem contemptæ fas sit abire malam :
 Scilicet ut placeat mihi ni sit facta puella,
 Quid refert cui sit facta puella mihi ?

Those that bear a noble mind,
 When they want of riches find,
 Think what with them they would do,
 Who without them dare to woo ;
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I though great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair—
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die ere she shall grieve ;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go ;
 If she be not made for me,
 What care I for whom she be ?

"A pretty tolerable proof of disregard to the Eighth Commandment, I think," continued the Doctor ; "but don't let us be too hard upon poor George: he was a fine fellow in his way, and, sorry as was the rubbish he perpetrated in aftertime, this song must be admitted to be far above much of the same kind of poetry at that day ;—it is, at least, a most excellent translation."

"Surely, sir," said I, "the author of that poem must have been proud of his translator."

"Possibly," replied the Doctor, "if he understood English ; but I suspect two bars to the author's enjoyment—first, his not understanding the language ; and, secondly, his not having lived to Withers' time. In short, the author is unknown. I take him to have been some one of the Belgic writers of the earlier part of the 16th century—Hadrian Marius, perhaps, or one of those bright satellites, revolving round the planet of Julius Cæsar Scaliger."

I ventured to suggest to Dr Polyglott the possibility of some more modern bard having translated Withers's English into Latin ; and reminded the Doctor of the great number of excellent songs produced about the date of that under discussion, viz. 1620. I remember particularly specifying Waller's "Rose," as of surpassing excellence in its line. But I had taken an unfortunate view of the matter: my first suggestion called forth from the Doctor a most vigorous expression of

contempt for my judgment. Good old man ! I think I see him now, as, *ὁ φησὶ ἰδών*, and emitting a fog of reek from both ends of his *écume de mer*, he curled his lip and cried, "Translate English into Latin ! Fie, oh, fie ! The world never yet held a fool capable of such absurdity. Why, sir, it would be to dress a lazar in a royal robe. But it is too gross a notion to be entertained—pooh !" and forth rushed another eruption of smoke and sparks from the bowl ; for his pipe was finished, and the act of refilling it alone restored him to sufficient composure to notice my mention of Waller.

"That 'Rose' you talk of," said the Doctor, "I know it well: that robbery of Waller's was the death of a professor at Leyden."

"How, sir ?" asked I, modestly.

"Thus," replied the Doctor. "Wästinstern, in those days Professor of Humanity, foolishly fell in love ; and disdaining, as in duty bound, if not in taste, the vernacular, wrote the original of the 'Rose,' upon the obdurate Frau Jacqueline von Krakertsting ; and it was rumoured, would have won her by it, had she chanced to have understood the language it was written in. Copies were multiplied among the literati, and much fame resulted to the Professor, who, upon the ill success of his forlorn hope upon the damsel, pined and became consumptive. One day a friend, thinking to delight him (for he was what is called an excellent English scholar) brought him Waller's

version, which was just then in high vogue; Wätinstern read and admired it; but finding that the Briton had not acknowledged the Batavian origin of his poemation, and, moreover, had omitted the fine pair of moral couplets which close it, fell into so violent a train of angry objurgation upon his meanness, that excessive wrath produced an attack of hæmophthisis,

WÄTINSTERN.

I, Rosa, purpurei flos jucundissime prati,
 Dic cui labe pari tempora meque terit,
 Illius laudes tecum persæpe paranti,
 Quàm pulchra et dulcis visa sit illa mihi.
 Dic cui flore datur primo gaudere juventæ,
 Gratia quæ verò ne videatur avet;
 Nescia fortè virùm si te genuisset eremus,
 Mortem tu laudis nescia passa fores.
 Nil valet omninò lucem male passa venustas.
 In lucem veniat protenus illa, jube.
 Quam petit omnis amor virgo patiatùr amorem,
 Nec, cum miretur, quis stet in ore rubor.
 Tum morere, ut rerum videat communia fata
 Rararum, fato conscia facta tuo.
 Parte frui fas est quam parvâ temporis illis,
 Queis tantum veneris tantaque forma datur.
 Sed quamvis moriari, tamen post fata peracta
 Qui fuit ante tuis frondibus adsit odor.
 Temnere sic discat Pletatem Temporis arma;
 Vivere Virtutem cum mera Forma perit.

"Hold thee," cried the Doctor, as I read the last stanza of the "Rose;" "why, how is this? Surely Waller did not translate Wätinstern's four last lines, after all?"

I replied, by showing the Doctor how Kirke White had added that stanza, and how it was found, in his autograph, upon the margin of his copy of Waller.

"There again!" cried my learned friend, "you see they are all alike; not one will acknowledge that he is a mere translator. I dare be sworn Ben Jonson, if he were alive, would deny his obligations to Joannes Secundus, Muretus, &c., for some of his best amatory pieces. You know, of course, how much he is their debtor?"

I confessed my ignorance of the matter.

"I thought as much," said Dr Poly-

glott. which, in a few days, carried off the Professor, who is reported to have expired muttering Martial's line:—

'Stat contrà dictque tibi tua pagina fur es.'

But here is Wätinstern's poem: place Waller's alongside it, and judge for yourself what cause the former had for his wrath.

WALLER.

Go, lovely Rose,
 Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.
 Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her beauties spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In valleys where no men abide,
 Thou might'st have uncommended died.
 Small is the worth
 Of Beauty from the light retired;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.
 Then die; that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee:
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wondrous bright and fair.
 Yet though they fade,
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise,
 And teach the maid
 That goodness Time's rude hand defies,
 And Virtue lives when Beauty dies.

glott. "I was led to suspect it, when I lighted the other day in a collection upon a little poem, professing to be an original of Ben's, and beginning, 'Take, oh take those lips away,' &c."

"Surely," said I, "that is genuine."

"Oh, surely!" replied the Doctor, with a smile, "as genuine a translation as possible of this poem of Secundus."

He handed me a volume of his MSS., and I began, according to his direction, to read.

"Stop!" interrupted the Doctor. "Do you know the English?"

"I do," said I.

"Well, then, repeat it, line for line, with the original, and you will be better able to judge how far the Englishman is indebted to him of the Hague."

I read as follows:—

CARMEN:—AUCTORE JOANNE SECUNDO
HAGENSI.

Hinc ista, hinc procul amove labelia,
Quam tam dulcè fuere perjurata;
Auroræ et radiis pares ocellos,
Luces mane novum e viâ trahentes.
At refer mihi basia huc, sigilla,
Frustrâ impressa tamen, sigilla amoris.
Oh! cela nivis ista colla, cela,
Ornant quæ gremium tibi gelatum;
Quorum in culminibus rosæ vigentes
Sunt quales referunt Aprilis horæ;
At primum mea corda liberato,
His a te gelidis ligata vinculis.

"It is very strange," murmured I, reluctantly forced to admit the Doctor's charge against "Rare Ben." "But how does it happen that this poem does not appear in any of the numerous editions of Secundus?"

"Oh! that is easily accounted for," answered the Doctor; "none of Secundus's works were published during his life. — Indeed it was probably owing to the piracy of a German bookseller of the 16th century that they were not suffered to perish."

I begged the Doctor to relate the story to me; and he continued— "Upon the execution of Sir Thomas More, you know, all Europe rung with indignant reproaches against the royal monster of England; and Secundus, then a spirited youth of two-and-twenty or so, wrote an epitaph and *nenia* upon the murdered ex-Chancellor. These were only circulated among his private friends (being considered somewhat too hard upon his patron, the Emperor's uncle, for publication), until a copy fell into the hands of the above-mentioned bibliopole, who printed and published the two poems in the early part of the year 1536; but the pirated copy was so unlike that which Secundus had written, that Hadrian Marius, in vindication of his brother's scholarship, had the poems printed from his own copy; and they were published during the same year at Louvain. Much posthumous fame accrued to Secundus from this publication; and in 1538 the men of Leyden gave the world the first edition of the same author's justly celebrated *Basia*. Secundus's works were now much sought after by the scholars of Leyden, and there are still several pieces of his preserved among the MSS. in the University Library. You will find copies of

SONG BY BEN JONSON.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears;
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in these icy chains by thee.

them all in that volume. This is among the number, and I, at least, have no doubt whatever of its authenticity."

I thanked the Doctor for his narrative, and hazarded an expression of surprise at his peculiar readiness in detecting this kind of literary buccaneering.

"My dear boy," replied he, "you can have no idea how general the evil practice is. Indeed I wonder other scholars have not taken up the cudgels in defence of the plundered Grecians and Latinists. Now you yourself might do the state some service in this respect if you would, and you cannot conceive how entertaining the pursuit is."

I modestly professed my incapability.

"Why, truly," said the Doctor, "you are not at present quick at detecting a plagiarism; but by practice and the aid of my volumes, you would in a few years become capable of filling my place in the learned world when I shall vacate it. But you must devote yourself to a severe course of study, ere you can hope to attain the requisite amount of proficiency. Why, it is a curious fact that I heard you not many days ago unconsciously chanting a bacchanalian ode of Cæsius Bassus."

"Me, sir!" cried I, in amazement; "why I thought there were no remains of that lyric extant?"

"So think many," said the Doctor; "but I know the reverse. Among the shockingly mutilated MSS. whence I rescued the Greek Sapphics, which I showed you the other day, beginning *παδίζεις*; *π.λ.λ.* was a very much injured paper MS. containing several fragments of lyric odes, one only of which I was enabled to make out entirely;

and that only after much toil, and by the aid of a good deal of conjecture. That ode I heard you vocalizing in its Anglicised condition, as 'The Glasses sparkle on the Board.' Come now, chant it again, and I will reward you

with the Alcaic original as an accompaniment."

I did as I was bid; and after this manner was the Doctor's assertion proved:—

CARMEN: AUCTORE CÆSIO BASSO.

En! poeta mensis compositis micant;
Vini refulget purpureus color;
Regnant voluptates, feruntque
Gaudia deliciæque secum.
Invitat Euhœ! nox; absit dies;
Indulgeamus nunc genium mero,
Mergamus et curæ vel atri
Quod superest cyathò doloris.
Sunt qui gravari tristitiâ ferunt
Vitam; sed o! ne credite fabulam—
An Liber effundit dolorem?
An Veneris lacrymas ocelli?
Omnis Catonum copia desipit
Vinctis volentum stringere gaudia;—
Si vita fert luctum, sodales,
Heus iterum! cyathò lavemus.
Poeta labi quàm rapidè monet
Tempus; quid ergò, quid sapientius
Quàm spargere in pennis Falernum,
Cùmque movet celeres morari?
Hæc nostra nox est; nos quoque floribus
Spargemus horas usque volubiles;
Mergemus et curæ vel atri
Quod superest cyathò Doloris.

SONG: THE GLASSES SPARKLE.

The glasses sparkle on the board,
The wine is ruby bright;
The reign of pleasure is restored,
Of ease and gay delight:
The day is gone; the night's our own,
Then let us feast the soul;
Should any pain or care remain,
Why drown it in the bowl.

This world they say 's a world of wo;
But that I do deny;
Can sorrow from the goblet flow?
Or pain from beauty's eye?
The wise are fools with all their rules,
Who would our joys control—
If life's a pain, I say't again,
Why drown it in the bowl.

That time flies fast the poet sings,
Then surely 'twould be wise
In rosy wine to dip his wings,
And catch him as he flies.
This night is ours: then strew with
flow'rs
The moments as they roll;
If any pain or care remain,
Why drown it in the bowl.

"And is that an ode of Cæsius Bassus, sir?" asked I; "what a pity you could not recover any more."

"Ah!" cried the Doctor, "it was a pity; the more so, as the MS. is unique."

"By the by," said I, "how did you discover it to belong to Bassus?"

"Why, thus:—Upon a very much tattered leaf, detached from the rest (the MS. was in the form of a book), I found the letters C . . . s B . . . i C . . . na; the hiatus are obviously to be filled up thus: Cæsii Bassi Carmina."

I own I was hardly satisfied; but I did not like to hazard offending my friend by a doubt; so I drew his attention to a copy of choriambics, with a translation appended, being the only

specimen of English poetry contained in the volume.

"Those poems," said the Doctor, in reply to my enquiries, "were a joint tribute from myself and our excellent and talented friend, Matthew Child, to the widow Schwartz, upon the loss of her only son, a youth of the highest promise. The lady was an Englishwoman; so, remembering the fate of Wätinstern's poem in former days, I determined to procure an English translation to present with my poem to my friend's widow. I selected my old friend Mat. for this office, and right well did he respond to my application. Come, indulge me by reading the poems, Latin and English." I read them thus:—

FILIOLUM MORIBUNDUM VIDUA ALLOQUITUR—AUCTORE P. P.

Eheu! hi gemitus, nate, tibi; vita relabitur;
Jamque olim roseis pallida Mors insidet in genis.
Amisere oculi jam radios; vocis abest melos;
Et fractus quasi flos turbinibus, præterit decus.
Actum est. Amplius haud corda micant—cum lacrymis parens,
Haud ingrata tamen, quod tribuit Jupiter, accipit:
Luctus corda premit; gutta frequens ex oculis cadit

Matris, dum tibi post fata patent ætheræ domus.
 Ridentem genetricem assoliti sæpe pedes sequi,
 Nomen blæssa loqui murmuribus lingua puertiæ;
 Auratæ niveus quas modo frons exhibuit comæ;
 Par labrumque rosæ; pallida Mors! hæc ubi jam latent?
 Dextrâ cæsa tuâ, quem facis heu! cuncta tenet sopor;
 Dum matri superest nil, tacitæ nil nisi lachrymæ,
 Aut vocem simulans hei mihi! vox Fantaseos tuam;
 Aut frustrâ in pueri, dum repeto, flere cadavera.
 Mox condet tumulus reliquias ex oculis meis,
 Dum vitæ miseram mæsta viam solaque persequar!
 Manes inter amans sedem habitat primus et unicus,
 Extremæque hodie tecum abeunt deliciæ, puer.

THE WIDOW TO HER DYING CHILD—BY MATTHEW CHILD.

That sigh's for thee, thou precious one; life's tide is ebbing fast,
 And o'er thy once all-joyous face death's sickly hue is cast.
 Thine azure eye hath lost its ray, thy voice its buoyant tone,
 And, like a flower the storm has crush'd, thy beauty's past and gone.

Another pang, and all is o'er—the pulseless heart is still,
 Meekly, though sad, thy mother bows to the Almighty's will;
 Grief presses heavy on my heart, my tears fall thick and fast,
 But thou—thou art in heaven, my child, life's chequer'd dream is past.

The busy feet that gladly ran thy mother's smile to greet;
 The prattling tongue that lis'd her name in childhood's accents sweet;
 The glossy curl that beam'd like gold upon thy snowy brow;
 The lip, meet rival of the rose, O Death! where are they now?

Wither'd beneath thine icy touch; lock'd in thy dull cold sleep;
 While all the joy a mother knows is silently to weep;
 Or start as Fancy's echo wakes thy voice to mock her pain,
 Then turn to gaze upon thy corse, and feel her grief is vain.

The grave, the dark cold grave, full soon will hide thee from my view,
 While I my weary way through life in solitude pursue;
 My early and my only love is number'd with the dead,
 And thou—my last sole joy on earth—thou too, my boy, hast fled.

"I read somewhere but a few days ago this very translation, without any hint of its being so."

"Impossible!" cried the Doctor, "Mat. is too honourable a man for that, and you may well be sure I did not publish it."

"Nevertheless," persisted I, "I could swear I saw it; and now I come to recollect, it is in this book." Taking up a volume of the Saturday Magazine, I searched, and lo! there it was at page — vol. —, signed, K. D. W.

"That beats all," cried Dr Polyglott, "K. D. W. then has robbed us both—hocus-pocusing Mat.'s translation into an original of his own, and plundering me at the same moment."

The Doctor was seriously affected; seeing which I recommended his pillow to him, the rather as daylight was breaking in—for, what with the meerschaum and the Latin, the Doctor had lost all ken of time, and the night had sped away like a winged dream. My young-hearted old patron took my hint and went to bed, and so our conversation ended—from the which, if our reader have derived neither pleasure nor profit, Heaven help him! If, however, he have enjoyed either the one or the other, or both, let him rejoice in the gratifying expectancy of farther revelations, in future days, of the learned lucubrations of Dr Pandemus Polyglott.

THUDDY JONES, THE CLEVER YOUNG MAN.

FOR about two hundred and fifty years the people of Merriton were remarkably proud of their pump. It told the story of Arion in a way so poetical, and yet so plain and simple, that the merest child in the town could understand all the beauties of it at once. The dolphin had evidently a prodigious ear for music, which the gentleman on its back gratified extremely by playing on a fiddle. Little Naiads looked up quite astonished from the four corners of the fountain; and no wonder, for Arion squirted such a long, strong, and continuous stream from his open mouth, that no conflagration could have had the smallest chance against him. He looked the personification of a fire-engine, and the *beau ideal* of a fiddler at the same time. He was of the Elizabethan style of architecture, and wore a four-cornered hat. A patriotic mayor, in the reign of George I., had added a full-bottomed wig; and it was evident, from the prodigious nose that had replaced the original (which, they said, had been demolished in the Civil Wars), that the sculptor of Merriton knew how to flatter, and had ornamented Arion with the proboscis of William III. At last, however, people's tastes became deteriorated. Some of the ladies thought that Arion ought to be clothed at the public expense; for, excepting the above-mentioned hat and wig, I forgot to remark that the adventurous musician had left all his clothes behind him before springing into the sea. Others, who were of an evangelical turn of mind, suggested that the fiddle should be taken away and a hymn-book put in its place. But the far greater majority had betaken themselves to other occupations, and did not care a halfpenny either about his clothes or his religion. Not that the inhabitants of Merriton were such a set of stoics as to have no subject upon which they were delirious and enthusiastic;—they could not have lived without something about which to rave; and after a constancy of two hundred and fifty years to a pump, a little fickleness, they thought, might be excusable, and so they betook themselves to rhapsodize, in a very preposterous manner, about the talents of Thuddy

Jones. His right name was Theodosius, but they liked him too well, and spoke of him too often, to call him by so long and strange-sounding an appellation. The extra two syllables—or three, as they may be pronounced—*dōsiūs*, would have been a serious waste of breath to people who had Thuddy constantly in their mouths. And certainly Thuddy was a clever young man;—nobody could doubt that for a moment who heard him spoken of by his mother. He was twenty-two years old, good-looking, good-humoured, with just the proper dash of wildness in his character to make him interesting to young ladies who were attracted by young gentlemen of the Conrad order, when Lord Byron was a little boy at Aberdeen. He spoke so deeply upon all subjects, whether it was the colour of a scarf or the discovery of the longitude, and seemed so perfectly at his ease, and with such a prodigious flow of words, that it was thought very extraordinary that Mr Pitt did not send for him, and put him into Parliament, that he might clap an extinguisher on Sheridan and Fox. And the wonder at this omission grew more and more every day, when it was discovered that Thuddy had devoted his gigantic mind to political economy, and had found out a way of paying off the national debt. He had also drawn out three or four plans of a campaign, by any one of which the Archduke Charles might have taken Bonaparte, and put him into a menagerie, to astonish the good people of Vienna. In short, his talents were very extraordinary; and there was not a human being in all the town of Merriton that did not think Mr Jones the cleverest fellow in England. His father and mother had, of course, the most wonderful dreams about the future prodigy. The old gentleman dreamed about twice a-week that Thuddy was Lord Mayor of London, and a prodigious man upon 'Change; for his own youth had been devoted to mercantile pursuits, till, having failed in the disposal of several cargoes of damaged potatoes, he had been appointed Consul at Timbuctoo, and retired on a considerable pension. The old lady's dreams were more ambitious

still. The princesses were at that time unmarried, and every night Thuddy appeared before her with a crown of gold upon his head, conducting, with an air of lordly politeness, the Queen of Wurtemberg or the Princess Mary;—but always, just as she was about to bestow her blessing on the lovely bride, the vision used to change, and the royal features were replaced, to her horrible discomfiture, by the puritanical visage of Miss Clara Crackenthorpe. I have said that all the inhabitants of Merriton thought Thuddy a miracle: there was not one of them half so intimately persuaded of this agreeable fact as Thuddy himself. But, poor fellow! how could he help it? From morning till night “he sat attentive to his own applause,” and knew that, in addition to the envy of all the men, he had the love and admiration of all the ladies. Such beaming eyes were turned on him at church!—such smiles lavished on him at every ball!—such snug confidential tête-à-têtes forced on him at every tea-party! Human nature, even in heroes, is not altogether perfect, and Thuddy was the most portentous coxcomb that ever was produced by that hotbed of coxcombs—a second-rate country town.

A profession was to be chosen. Thuddy hesitated long between the bar, the church, and the army; but at last delighted the hearts of his townspeople, by declaring he would be a physician. He sketched so neatly, and danced so genteelly, and smiled so agreeably, that every one saw in a moment he would soon rise to the top of his profession. There was no need for him to waste his hours in poring over musty old books. He seemed to understand every thing by intuition. His first examination was now about to take place; and he had gone up to London, determining to astonish the examiners by a display such as they had never seen. His parents were waiting with feverish

anxiety to hear of his success; their only wonder was, how any body could have the impudence to ask Thuddy any questions, unless for the sake of information; as to its being done with a view to discover the extent of *his* ignorance, such an idea had never entered into their heads. While waiting in this pleasant state of anticipation, the overjoyed parents received no less than two offers of marriage—not on their own account, for bigamy had never been heard of in the moral town of Merriton, but in favour of the all-conquering Thuddy. Mrs Jenkins offered him her only daughter, Matilda, and three thousand pounds. Mrs Williams, on the same day, offered her dear Susie, and the succession to the tea trade after the demise of her papa. Both were at once accepted; Matilda and the money by the lady, and Susie and the reversionary shop by the retired consul from Timbuctoo. It was a pity that nature had broken the die after moulding Thuddy, for it seemed there would have been ladies enough for half-a-dozen.

“Three thousand pounds is a very pretty fortune,” said Mrs Jones, “and though Matilda is a little high and mighty, and her eyes are certainly not a match, still with my Theodosius’s”—for Mrs Jones was the only person in Merriton who did not cheat her son of a single syllable—“with my Theodosius’s prodigious genius, they will soon become the chief people in the county.”

“Old Williams’s trade is clear five hundred a-year,” muttered the superannuated consul; “it will be a devilish time, I imagine, before feeling pulses will mount up to half the sum.”

“But then think of his talents!” interposed the lady.

“Ah! I had forgotten his talents; I was thinking on the rise on sou-chong.”

CHAPTER II.

Thuddy arrived from London, and walked from the inn, where he had left the coach, into the parlour, where his parents were in deep consultation; but, like an undutiful son as he was, he took very little notice of the gratulations of the seniors.

“Oh, Theodosius, we have so much to tell you.”

“Then make haste about it, old lady, for I haven’t a moment’s time. I am off this minute to the Falcon.”

“To the Falcon! that nasty horrid place, when we haven’t seen you for

so long a time; and you've told us nothing about your examination yet!"

"Tush, mother, what's the use of speaking about such trifles? I told you those medical fellows were the most jealous wretches in the world; I'll make them suffer for it."

"How? what? dear Theodosius; have the mean-spirited people not made you physician to the king?"

"King! we shall do very well without one. There was once a man of the name of Oliver Cromwell—I say no more."

"Oh! for Heaven's sake, dear Theodosius, don't raise a civil war; oh, forgive them!"

"I'll see them d——d first. No; I'll let them see who it is they have insulted. They would not even look at my 'New Finance, or the National Debt no incumbrance.'"

"Did you show it to *them*—to the doctors?"

"To be sure I did. I wished to save them trouble, and let them know at once who they had to deal with."

"And what did they say to it?"

"Why, nothing. They asked me what were the premonitory symptoms of apoplexy."

"The devil they did!" interrupted the consul, whose neck was not above an inch long; "then they are all alike, those surgeons and apothecaries, for that cursed little thin fellow, Watkis the cupper, is always hinting things of the same sort to me."

"But what did you say to them, Theodosius?" continued the mother.

"Nothing; what the deuce should I know about symptoms of apoplexy? No; I showed them my sketch of Brag's mill, with the crooked elm-tree above Merriton green."

"Did they admire it much?"

"Of course they did. How could they help that? but the spiteful rascals did not say a word about it."

"What a set of ungentlemanly wretches they must have been! And what else?"

"They asked me the properties of iodine; but I told them such absurd studies were below my notice, and offered once more to read them my paper on finance."

"And they were delighted?"

"No; a confounded fellow of the name of Abernethy ordered the door-keeper to turn me into the street, and

told me—*me*, Theodosius Jones—to pack up my ridiculous daubs and writings, and go to hell and be d——d."

Mrs Jones held up her hands in surprise, the old gentleman had disappeared after the disquisition on apoplexy, and Thuddy bit his lips, and then burst into a laugh.

"How they will be disgusted with themselves when they read my book in print, or hear me speak in Parliament! And when the end is come, and I have my court at Whitehall—eh! mother, how should you like to see me Lord Protector?"

"Lord what? Ah, you know you've always promised to take Merriton for your title, and I am sure Lord Viscount Merriton is a far prettier name than Lord Protector."

"Prettier perhaps, but not so pleasant—power! power! power!—magic words, mother, that will make old Abernethy tremble in his shoes. But I'm off; by'e, mother. Captain Drycrag is waiting for me at the Falcon and a few friends, for I promised them a dinner on my return from the examination. How they will enjoy my triumph over the Doctors!"

But as he was hurrying out his mother laid her hand on the door.

"Theodosius," she said, "my own Theodosius, I know you are very clever—cleverer than any body that ever was born—and I am not alone in that opinion."

"I believe not," replied Thuddy.

"No; Mrs Jenkins thinks so too."

"I had no idea she was so sensible a woman, that Mrs Jenkins."

"And so does Matilda."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Why do you laugh?"

"Why shouldn't I? Do you think I don't know that Matilda Jenkins thinks me the finest fellow in the world? Why, so do all the girls in Merriton. But what of that? You shall hear something very soon."

"What about?"

"About other people besides Matilda Jenkins, who, by the by, has a horrid squint."

"So, you have heard already? Who can have told you about Susie Williams?"

"What! Susie—little, fat, bouncing Susie—does she think so too? Upon my honour, those provincial

girls take an unpardonable liberty. What right have such people to fall in love with me?"

"Why, Matilda Jenkins has three thousand pounds."

"A-year? That might do; but even that is a trifle. You shall hear. Did you ever meet with the name of Esterhazy?"

"Never; but what shall I say to Mrs Jenkins?"

"Oh, leave that to me. I will see her in the morning."

"And Mrs Williams?"

"Her too. I'll settle it all."

"And Miss Crackenthorpe has sent you a new volume of tracts, with 'From a sincerely affectionate and anonymous friend' written in the fly-leaf. She told me not to tell who it came from."

"She wanted to tell me herself. I shall see her too. Be quite easy in your mind. I have a head that will

soon set every thing to rights. I could manage a kingdom as easily as Merri-ton; and I *will* too; for I can't help thinking that these brows were meant to support a diadem. I will not have the elegy in a Country Churchyard quoted against me. I will show the world what may be done by unassisted talent. No man who was really great ever continued little. If he has only one great quality, he may perhaps be unknown; but with all the three—the heart—the hand to govern nations and play the flute—obscurity is impossible."

Thuddy snatched up his hat and walked off to the Falcon, repeating to himself,

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire,

Hands that the rod of empire might have
sway'd,

Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre."

CHAPTER III.

There were many reasons that ought to have made Thuddy jump at the offer of three thousand pounds. One was that he had not a sixpence in the world, and was tremendously in debt. But his townspeople were so sure of his ultimate success, that they never suffered the least uneasiness from the non-payment of their bills. And yet to so susceptible a spirit as that of the young genius, there was something inexpressibly annoying in being indebted to any one for anything. It seemed a derogation from the perfect sufficiency of his gigantic talents to the production of any result. When he owed his tailor for a coat, or the host of the Falcon for sending dozens of wine, he felt it as a degrading thing that a person of his intellect should have had to be dependent on such miserably considered creatures as a publican and a tailor for meat and raiment. But the three thousand pounds of Miss Jenkins were "too vile, too low for his ambition." The Princess of Esterhazy with two beautiful nieces were at the neighbouring watering-place of Sunniborn Wells; and he determined to make a bold dash to become a Hungarian magnate, with a power of life and death over his serfs, and fifty or sixty thousand a-year. This resolution alternated in his mind with that

of sending his financial treatise direct to George the Third—displacing Pitt, taking England under his own charge, and strangling Dr Abernethy the very day he assumed the protectorate. But in either case the pretensions of the poor damself of Merriton were inadmissible. Miss Williams or Miss Jenkins had nothing to do with the noble of Hungary or the protector of England. But yet Thuddy, to do him justice, was very good-natured. He determined to find a lover for each of the girls, since he found it impossible to gratify their wishes himself; and, filled with these fine and philanthropic intentions, he proceeded next day to call on the respective mothers, to settle every thing with the most statesmanlike ability.

"I have called on you, Mrs Jenkins, to express to you how obliged I am for your kindness in offering"—

"Oh, la, Mr Jones, don't mention it. I'm sure 'twas a secret just between your mother and I—poor Matilda knows nothink about it."

"Happy, indeed, to hear it—poor girl, it will be a sad disappointment; but I am a man of honour, and could not interfere between her and a person who loves—doats on—adores—and admires her very considerably."

"Dear me! what's all this you say?"

Says I, t'other day to your mother, says I, our Matilda is certainly the cleverest gal in Merriton, and the largest fortune, too; so if you thought the young doctor"—

"Meaning me? I beg to inform you, Mrs Jenkins, I would not degrade myself by being any thing so low and uneducated as a doctor *must* be—no, not for worlds."

"Says I, if you thought the young doctor could manage to make himself agreeable to our Matilda, why, I shouldn't have no sort of objections to the match."

"Manage to make himself agreeable!—ha, ha. I believe there would be no great difficulty in that. But no, madam, I respect Miss Matilda—I do indeed, and you may tell her so—but I could not reconcile it to my sense of honour to step in before so meek, so humble, and yet so warm and devoted an admirer as Mr Parkins."

"Our curate?—Bless me, I never heard of his affection to our Matilda. How do you know about it?"

"He has made me his confidant. He sometimes applies to me to help him when he comes to a puzzle in the classics—but he is a first-rate scholar, I assure you; we don't often meet together in public, but in private he is constantly asking me for advice. He is poor, but what of that?—a gentleman, he is *my* friend; a scholar, and in love with Miss Matilda. If I offend you by rejecting the proffered hand, forgive me—I know you will; think of my regard for Miss Matilda, my consideration for my friend."

"Really this is a very strange thing. We have always both admired Mr Parkins; for though he is too humble and shy to come often out to tea among the genteel people of the town (he sent *me* an apology last Thursday), and is always pottering about among the poor, or teaching little blackguard boys to read and write, still Mr Parkins is a gentleman, and I will speak to him this very day—for I expect him at half-past two about my subscription to the clothing fund."

"You may, madam, but I beg you won't mention my name. I have a great objection to appear to intermeddle in things of that sort.—Good morning."

Having thus satisfactorily disposed of Miss Jenkins, he bent his steps to the residence of Mrs Williams. With

a bow that spoke several volumes of Almack's, he approached that very good-humoured and very embonpoint old lady.

"Well, here he comes!" she exclaimed the moment she saw him; "Susie, love, leave the room; it isn't decorious for you to be present at the declaration."

Susie, thus reminded, very quickly bundled up the old stocking she had been engaged in darning, and with a conscious look at the attitudinizing Apollo, rushed into the little parlour next to the kitchen.

"Sorry you have banished the fair cause of my visit," drawled Thuddy. "I wished to inform her of her happiness."

"Indeed! then your father has told you all?"

"He has, but alas! too late. Appalling circumstances of incontrovertible contrariety have precluded me from the enjoyment of your flattering prevention—for ever!"

"Prevention!—Mr Jones, junior—why, what on earth is there to prevent it? Susie is quite willing, and Mr Jones, senior, said he was amazing glad."

"But Captain Drycrag has expressed his determination to shuffle off this weary mortal coil and his quietus make, if the business is carried a step farther."

"A step!—the business is increasing every day; we've had several orders from very large retail houses only last week; but what has Captain Drycrag to do with it, and what does he want to shuffle, except the cards?"

"He is in love—red, roaring, desperate love."

"Well?"

"With Miss Susan."

"He? Why, he never saw her to my knowledge but twice, and both times he was scarcely able to stand."

"He has a little weakness in one of his legs."

"In his head, you mean. He was perfectly shocking, and smelt so strong of brandy, that he flavoured the whole room."

"'Twas to drown his despair. But trust him now—trust him for my sake."

"Oh, excuse me, Mr Jones, we never give trust."

"I mean, madam—believe that he is an altered character, that he drinks

nothing but water, and is devotedly, passionately, considerably attached to your daughter."

"Who is he?—is he a Captain?"

"He is *my* friend."

"But what is he Captain of?"

"Of the Staffordshire Locals—but he has retired from active service. He will be a superannuated general if he lives. May I bring him to the feet of the amiable Susan?"

"There can be no harm in bringing him to see us."

"But as an accepted lover? When shall we have the wedding? You make me quite happy! Ah! now may I say with the poet,

'—— with all my hopes at rest,
I gather bliss from seeing others blest!'"

Before the amazed old lady could recover from her astonishment, Thuddy had squeezed her hand with the most fervent gratitude, and rushed out of the room.

"Drycrag!" he said to a very red-nosed, small legged, seedily dressed man, who had been waiting for him at the door, "your fortune's made. You have nothing to do but walk in and carry off the prize."

"You don't say so? What lots of sherry we *shall* have, to be sure!"

"Ah! but I promised a great reformation in your behaviour—no more pipes—no more brandy."

"No, no—cigars and sherry will do just as well. But, I say, what a clever fellow you must be to have settled it all so soon! 'Twould have taken me a century."

"'Tis a way, I have—*slash, bang!* do it at once. I wish to heaven Pitt would take my advice."

"I wish to God he would, Thuddy, and put us both on the pension-list.

My eyes! wouldn't I have a cellar! I be hanged if I wouldn't breakfast on champagne—wouldn't I, Thuddy?"

"You will have tea for nothing; and Susie to make it for you. For me, I shall be far away."

"What! up in London for another go at the Examiners?"

Thuddy dropped the arm of his friend with a look of profound disgust.

"Well, you are a confounded fool, Drycrag. No—I shall be in Hungary."

"And I in clover—he! he! he!"

"But pshaw! you can't enter into my feelings. I tell you the Princess Therezina is within ten miles of us. What would be easier than for me to be introduced—to win her? I'll show her all my sketches—I'll play her a fantasia of my own composition—run off with her—marry her. 'Pon my soul, 'twas inconceivable impudence in Mrs Williams to cast her eyes on *me*."

"I think it was," said his friend. "But come, let us off to the Falcon. I want to drink Susie's health in a tumbler of cold, without"——

"No; I have many things to do. I'll join you in an hour."

"Well," thought the worthy Drycrag, as he walked down the street, "if these clever fellows are not a set of noodles, after all! Here might this tom-noddy of a fellow have had as much grub and drink all his life as he chose, if he had only taken a nice little girl into the bargain; and he goes off in search of some princess, and leaves the lady and all her expectancies to me. If I don't drink his health in an extra bottle every night, I'm a Dutchman, that's all."

CHAPTER IV.

In the mean-time Mr Parkins, the quiet and very gentlemanly curate of Merriton, had paid his expected visit to Mrs Jenkins. That lady received him with a degree of cordiality for which he could not account. After the professional part of the visit was concluded—and the lady's name inscribed in his book for seven shillings and sixpence—two half-crowns for self, as she expressed it, and one for dear Matilda—the young divine seem-

ed somewhat at a loss for conversation. But this was an embarrassment in no respect shared by the voluble widow.

"We've just had a call from your friend Mr Jones—Thuddy we call him among friends."

"*My* friend?—You mean the good-looking, red and white young gentleman who is studying medicine?"

"Oh yes. Come, come, Mr Parkins, no more secrets; he has told us

all about them hard bits in the classics; he's very good-natured, I'm sure, and would help any body."

"I am happy to hear he has been so communicative, though I scarcely thought you would enjoy his classical literature very much."

"Oh, but indeed we do. And he has told us other secrets besides. You see we know it all, Mr Parkins."

In saying this the lady fixed her eyes upon his face, with so very strange an expression of "knowingness," that the gentleman was very much puzzled how to understand her.

"Other secrets!" he said; "he must be a very entertaining young gentleman. But I must proceed in search of other subscriptions."

He rose, and was preparing to depart.

"Won't you see Matilda first?" enquired Mrs Jenkins. "Perhaps you would like to see her alone? I will send her into the room in a moment. She knows all that Thuddy told me, for I could not keep it from her a minute."

"Indeed! I had no idea Miss Jenkins also was a classical scholar. It must be a delightful study with such a tutor as Mr Jones."

"You had better see her, Mr Parkins. I know you are very bashful; but now that you perceive we are both in the secret, there is no occasion for you to be timid any longer."

Mr Parkins was indeed a retired and unassuming scholar—banished to the Siberia of a country town, without one person in his whole parish with whom he could form an intimacy. Very popular he was; for he was an excellent preacher, and attentive to his duties in every respect. Yet, popular though he was in his professional character, he had not hitherto been much liked as a neighbour, his worthy parishioners having in many cases mistaken his inability to enjoy the society of Merriton for pride; and some, as we have seen, for a humility which they could only consider to result from poverty. When he thus heard himself advised not to be timid any longer, he scarcely knew what to reply.

"I should be happy, my dear madam, to be consulted by Miss Jenkins. And if she wishes it, I can fix an hour for it this evening; but in the meantime, I fear I must hurry away, as I

have to visit a great many families on the subject of the fund."

"Is Matilda to consult *you*? That is rather reversing the usual custom; but I suppose you bashful gentlemen must be humoured. You are not rich, I believe?"

Mr Parkins bowed, and looked very much surprised.

"That is to say that you have nothing, absolutely nothing? I have heard that your father was a general."

"My uncle, madam, was a general. My father died young, before he had risen high in his learned and honourable profession. He was a sergeant."

"And your uncle a general! Well, what differences there is in families. That's just like what happened to ourselves: Mr Jenkins's brother never rose above being a clerk in the Vest Ingy Docks. Very 'xtordinary, isn't it?"

Mr Parkins bowed again, and was on the point of effecting his escape, when his egress was effectually barred by the entrance of Miss Jenkins herself.

"Matilda, lovey, don't blush so; I'm glad you've come in. I've been telling Mr Parkins all that his friend Mr Jones was a-saying to us this morning."

"La! mamma, you are very embarrassing—isn't she, Mr Parkins? Thuddy is a tell-tale, I'm afraid—isn't he, Mr Parkins?"

"I am not aware," replied the gentleman thus appealed to, "of any of Mr Jones's qualifications."

"Why, he told us," said Mrs Jenkins, "for there ain't no use mincing the matter, that you were poor—is that true?"

Mr Parkins bowed.

"That you were an excellent scholar, and a perfect gentleman—that's true, too?"

"The young man is very kind, considering how valuable his judgment must be upon both those qualities."

"And that he was your friend," continued the old lady, without perceiving the sneering tone of Mr Parkins's reply.

"I hope I have no enemy in my parish, though as to Mr Jones being particularly my friend, why"—

"Ah!" interrupted Miss Matilda—in whose eyes, it must be confessed, Thuddy was still the model of every thing clever and genteel—"you know

mamma, Mr Jones cautioned you against telling how often he assisted Mr Parkins in difficult passages of the classics."

"Classics again!" said Mr Parkins.

"Pray, what has the young gentleman been saying about classics? or helping me? or indeed in any way being acquainted with me at all?"

"Don't be so warm, Mr Parkins," replied the old lady, "it shall never go farther. We never will mention it again; and I hope Thuddy will still continue to help you, for you know he is prodigious clever; and the want of his help might be very disagreeable to you. But he is certainly your friend, and has your interest at heart. Hasn't he, Matilda, lovey?"

"Yes, mamma," sighed the young lady, and bent her eyes on the ground; "he certainly shows more interest on Mr Parkins's behalf than on that of any one else."

"He is very kind, I am sure," said Mr Parkins, biting his lips. "Pray, in what has he shown his friendship to me, besides in giving me his assistance in Latin and Greek?"

"So, you confess the assistance at last? Well, that's all right," said the old lady, evidently pleased; "and all the rest of his news must be equally true. Why, he has told me how fond you are of my Matilda."

"La! mamma, how can you say so, and me here?" shrieked the young lady, covering her face.

"My dear madam," replied Mr Parkins, "this is somewhat too serious a matter to be allowed to remain without a clear explanation. Your conversation to-day has certainly astonished me, but believing it was some unimportant mistake caused by the folly and vanity of this young Mr Jones, I was about to let it pass; but when he has gone so far as to introduce my name in connexion with any young lady's—however ludicrous such a thing may appear—I must put an end to it at once. I have told you, madam, in answer to your questions, some part of my family history. I add to it now, that I love another; that I never spoke three words to Mr Jones in my life; and that as he has been *plucked* in the very easy examination which qualifies a man to become an apothecary, I believe I should derive very little benefit from any assistance

he could render me in the study of the classics."

Before the two ladies could recover from their amazement, the irate divine had proceeded on his round. In a few minutes he recovered his equanimity, and only wondered at himself for being such a fool as to be angry at any thing an ass like Thuddy could do. But asses are the most provoking of all animals, especially when, like Balaam's, they have the gift of speech.

"What's the meaning of it all?" exclaimed Mrs Jenkins to the astonished Miss Matilda. "Did you understand what he said?"

"He said very plainly he loved another; so either Thuddy has imposed on us, or the curate has changed his mind."

"And no great loss either," replied the mother; "his father was only a sergeant. You will be far better, after all, with young Simms, the attorney, a very nice young man; and his father was clerk of the peace."

"But Thuddy! Dear mamma, what did he mean by talking so of Thuddy?"

"Jealousy, lovey. Thuddy is very clever, and very handsome; there's no denying of that; and young Simms is rather high-shouldered, especially the right one; but then Thuddy is prodigious wild, always singing and drinking down at the Falcon, and that there gal that lived at the miller's, they say"——

"Oh, what *do* they say, mamma?"

"Never mind what they say, Matilda. Thuddy will be a great man yet, I don't doubt that, but he's dangerous—very dangerous."

"But Mr Parkins said he was plucked—what's that?"

"Oh, Heaven knows! Some low slang, I suppose, that Mr Parkins learned from his father. However, think no more of Thuddy—pass him even on the street—I will ask Simms's sisters to tea, and every thing will be right."

A scene somewhat similar, or at any rate attended with the same results, was going on at the house of Mrs Williams; Captain Drycrag having waited a long time for his friend, and solacing his disappointment with sundry glasses of brandy and water, had become so elevated, partly by them, and partly by the good news that Thuddy had told him, that he

determined to sally forth and pay a visit in person to "the ladye of his love." Love, Miss Williams was well aware, was always painted blind; but she had never met with him blind-drunk before. A declaration, where hiccups supplied the place of amorous sighs, was not exactly to her taste, and with no little contempt for the red-

nosed lover, and indignation against the faithless Thuddy, she bestowed a very energetic dismissal on the first, and resolved to be revenged on the second by marrying a more humble admirer, her father's principal assistant, whom the vulgar would have called his foreman.

CHAPTER V.

Thuddy was fixed in deep meditation, with his arms crossed on his breast, his back leaning on the rails that surrounded the ancient well or pump, commemorated as his predecessor in the admiration of Merriton, when a gentleman with a lady on his arm sauntered slowly up the street towards the spot where he was standing. At a glance he perceived they were strangers, and by the peculiar curl and thickness of the gentleman's mustaches he saw they were foreigners. Something told him they were great and noble—the lady was tall and graceful—he felt that there was a conquest in store for him, and he resolved to introduce himself without delay. The strangers stood gazing for some time at the musical Arion and the enraptured dolphin. With a bow that had so often excited the admiration of the tea-assemblies of his native town, Thuddy advanced to the interesting pair, and made them the offer of his services.

"I perceive, sir," he said, "you are a stranger here. Will you allow me the honour to be your Cicero?"

"Je ne comprends pas Anglais tout-à-fait, sâr," replied the gentleman in very foreign French; "j'espère que vous pouvez parler Français, ou Allemand, ou Russe, ou Latin?"

Thuddy's modern accomplishments were extremely limited. His half-year's attendance at the school of M. de la Crique had sufficed to make him understand a few words of French, if spoken slowly and deliberately. He comprehended, in some measure, what the stranger said, and answered him in English, "French and Latin!—oh, of course—I understand them both—the others I have forgotten."

"Monsieur dit, mon frere, qu'il a oublié les autres langues, mais qu'il les comprend. Speak him in de Latin."

The lady smiled very sweetly as she said this, and Thuddy saw in a moment he had made a very favourable impression.

"The well, madam, or pump, as it is called, is very much admired. The carving is very old—of the days of our virgin Queen—you've heard of Queen Elizabeth, of course?"

"Die Königin von England, qui étoit die mörderinn Mariæ Stewart formosissimæ fœminarum?" enquired the gentleman.

"Ah! Mary Stewart!" replied Thuddy, somewhat perplexed. "She was Queen of Scotland. You come, I suppose, from the Wells. Much company, sir?"

"Great much peoples," said the lady, who seemed a better adept at English than her brother.

"People, I hear, of the highest quality?" added Thuddy, enquiringly; dukes, earls, even princes."

"Moi—je suis prince," interposed the gentleman.

"I have heard," said Thuddy, with a second edition of his bow, "the noble name of Esterhazy. May I ask if I have the honour to address the Bohemian magnate?"

"Nous—nous sommes d'Hongrie."

Thuddy heard only the last word, and as it was very much disguised by the pronunciation of the magnifico, he did not recognise it as the name of a country, but concluded at once that they were inviting him to lunch.

"Hungry!" he said—"permit me to conduct you to the Falcon. I happen to know they have some excellent cold beef; and if I go with you, I am certain you will be very well treated. I patronize it a good deal."

"Dominus invocet nos ad prandium," said the lady; "eamus—er ist ein narr und vielleicht hat geld."

"Sare, we sommes a vous—we com-

* i. e.—The gentleman asks us to dinner: he is a fool, and perhaps has money.

prend your pleasant sprache, und sie sind ein nobbman."

Thuddy could only make out from this that they accepted his advice, and considered him a nobleman. The lady was beautiful, and had such captivating eyes, that the sensitive young gentleman found them irresistible. He could not for a moment doubt that these were the great Esterhazies, and of course his doubt was quite as little that the lovely princess would be his—if he chose to ask her.

"Your Highness speaks Latin admirably. Pray, do all ladies in your country get such a learned education?"

"Ah, monsieur," replied the Princess, "chez nous omnes Latine loquuntur. Dux quidem lingue sunt; apud proceres Latina, apud vulgus autem Hungarica seu potius Scythica—nous sommes des grands barbares."

"Oh, yes, two or three," replied Thuddy, imagining, from the last word that the princess was enquiring for a perfumer's; "and if the prince needs his hair cut or whiskers curled, Tom Sniggs—you see his block in the window there—will do it in good style. The charge is only sixpence. But this is the Falcon."

In a few minutes Thuddy had ordered in a splendid lunch;—cold fowls, cold beef, and, on a hint from the princess, a couple of bottles of champagne. He exerted himself to the utmost; the strangers' knowledge of English seemed marvellously to improve; they complimented him on his talents; he sent home for drawings, and the princess begged them for her scrap-book;—for his flute, which the prince begged of him as a memorial of their friendship.

"By dad, sare!" said the Prince, "you are de cleverst man in de 'orld. Vy you not come to Hongrie and be prince?"

"Ah, sir, how can I be prince?"

"Vy, if you can pay off all de debt of England, you can make Hongrie rich with half of de money, and dey will make you prince, or king if you do desire."

"Do come, sare," added the Princess; "you will find us de true friend. We respect de talent. My brother is great man; and I—I will long for you to come."

Thuddy looked at her as she said this; it needed no more. He knew he had gained her heart; he felt sure of being a king.

"And these d—d low doctors!" he thought. "Good Heavens, if she should ever find out I was trying to be a physician!"

"Princess! loveliest! I shall be in Hungary in a week. When do you leave England?"

"To-morrow. De Emperor has written for my brother, and de Archduke has sent a letter to me."

"The Archduke! Ah, Princess, you will soon forget your poor English friend!"

"Never; no! I have a heart," said the Princess, casting down her eyes.

"My friend, what hour it is?" interrupted the prince; "bah! I have my watch forgotten."

Thuddy pulled out his chronometer—a very handsome gold one, which his father had purchased before the failure of the speculation in potatoes.

"'Tis half-past three, your highness."

"Is de watch good?—does he go always de just time?"

"To a moment."

"I have one, it is set all round him with de big diamonds and de empor's face in de middle, my friend; it is in my hotel at de Wells—give me dis one—I will send you de mine—you always think to me, and de diamonds is very fine."

"You honour me too much," said Thuddy, presenting the watch to the generous Hungarian; "you oppress me with the value of the gift, but"

"Ah," added the Princess, "you will repay it all when we meet in our castle. We have come here incognito to-day."

"By dad, my friend," exclaimed the Prince, "I have forgot to bring de money!"

"Oh, but I have a roulean of gold," said the Princess, putting her hand to the bosom of her riding-habit.

"Princess, would you break my heart?" said Thuddy; "no, no; do me the favour to allow me to stand treat."

"Ah, after all it is only a trifle," replied the lady. "You are a real nobleman; I see it in every ting as you do do; when you are de prince, and in our country"

"May I be the lover of?"

"Say no more at de present. Dere is nothing impossible to de genius and de handsomeness"

"I may hope?" continued Thuddy as he led her to the horse—a very thin-looking hack from the Wells. "I may hope, Princess?"

"I shall be more sorrier as you if you do not come to see us—to cheer us—to delight us, in our own land. I have a heart,—or rather I had one till to-day."

"Adieu, mon ami," said his highness; "auf wiedersehen dans mon chateau!"

"Vive, vale," added the Princess as she kissed her hand, and cantered off, "vive, vale, et memor este mei."

"At last, then, I have found people that can appreciate me!" so muttered Thuddy exultingly, looking after his new friends,—“a princess with fifty thousand a-year in possession; a throne in prospect; full scope for my abilities, on a stage large enough to show what things I am capable of; and that low rascal Abernethy, by Heavens! to call my drawings daubs, and order me to be turned into the street! I will claim him from the Government, and impale him and every doctor in London on the spikes at my palace-gate, or go to war with England—let them look out. They shall know who it is they refused a diploma to. Dear princess! what an angel!” His reverie was interrupted by a voice at his ear.

"I believe, young man, your name is Jones?" He looked, and saw the calm eye of Mr Parkins fixed on him with ineffable contempt.

"Yes, sir, my name is Jones, sir, at present."

"I merely stopt to beg of you, that next time you feel inclined to tell boastful and ridiculous lies, you will not make me the subject of them. Good day, sir. I pity you, and sincerely trust you will give up so very foolish and contemptible a habit; it would be too professional, you would think, if I reminded you of its being a sin. If you were a Christian, you would repent of it most bitterly; if you were a gentleman in mind or station, you would never have been guilty of it."

Thuddy stood as if transfixed! That such a lecture should have been addressed to him; that any one should have called him a liar, and denied that he was a gentleman; such a tremendous pitch of audacity it had never

entered into his head to conceive. But that all this should have been said to him by a person whom he really felt, in spite of his engrossing vanity, to be his superior; by a person for whom his good-nature had prompted him to find a wife with a fortune of three thousand pounds; and just immediately after he himself had accomplished his betrothal to a princess, and had a kingdom, as it were, thrown at his feet!—Thuddy was nearly choked; which may, perhaps, account for his not being able to utter a syllable till long after Mr Parkins had continued his progress down the street, and got completely out of hearing.

"I'll send a challenge to the pulpit-thumping scoundrel," he exclaimed at length, "and, luckily, here's Drycrag to carry the message. He can't accept the challenge, but it will show that I resent his insolence. Drycrag?"

"Hold your jaw, you confounded puppy," replied that worthy, staggering up in a very menacing attitude, "or I'll break every bone in your miserable body."

"How? this to *me*! What's the matter, Drycrag; do you know who I am?"

"The most contemptible lying rascal—hiccup—in the world. So off with your coat this moment and I'll pitch into you—hiccup!"

"You're mad, Drycrag; you forget my kindness to you."

"Get away, you empty mug! will you fight? You send me to Miss Williams—hiccup—with your cock-and-a-bull story of her being willing to marry me! Will you hold up your daddles, I say, and fight—hiccup—or must I tweak your nose?—eh?"

"Sir, Captain Drycrag, you shall hear from me in the morning, sir. I won't degrade myself by fighting with my fists. To-morrow—pistols."

"Just as you please; but in the mean-time—hiccup—as we *are* to do the genteel and shoot at each other to-morrow, I shall amuse myself by giving you—hiccup—a bloody good licking—hiccup!"

The warlike manifestations of the gallant Captain were interrupted by the landlord of the Falcon and his assistants, who conveyed the bellicose hero to a bed, and looked, it must be owned, with somewhat altered eyes on the musing Mr Jones.

CHAPTER VI.

His musings were now of a very complicated nature; but above them all, above the contemptuous looks of Mr Parkins, and the bullying threats of Captain Drycrag, shone the sweet face of the Hungarian Princess, and he reconciled himself to every thing. But the Princess was to leave England immediately. He had promised to join her in a week—but how? It is impossible even for geniuses to travel without money, and his ingenuity, vast as it was, could not discover the slightest prospect of his being able to raise a shilling.

Disparaging reports of his failure in passing his examination had got abroad among his townspeople. They began to think that Thuddy was not in reality so tremendous a prodigy as they had thought him, and it was observed that people looked with a prouder expression towards the pump on that evening than they had done for many a year. Arion was again the principal ornament of Merriton. And as we know that unfavourable rumours spread faster than any others, we can scarcely wonder if by six o'clock the universal town had come to the conclusion at every tea-table, that Thuddy was not only not at all clever, but that he was a complete fool. The innkeeper, the tailor, the tobacconist, the bookseller, and all who had hitherto rested quite contented with the name of Theodosius Jones, Esq. in their books for considerable sums, remembered now that his father was not legally bound for his debts, and considered the best thing they could do was to send in their bills immediately. By half-past six Thuddy was severely perplexed; he was threatened with arrest by five different tradesmen, and with a challenge from the irascible Drycrag, whom he knew when sober, or indeed only half-drunk, to be an admirable shot. His friends the Williamses and Jenkinases had, of course, cast him off; and there was no hope left but one. He remembered the book of tracts that had been sent to him by Miss Crackenthorpe! He went to his own room; packed up all the valuables he could find—not forgetting his essay on Finance—dressed himself to the greatest advantage, with shirt-collars sticking

considerably higher than his ears, and his chin buried in an ocean of neck-cloth, and proceeded, as the shades of evening fell over the streets of Merriton, to the residence of the devout young lady. Luckily she was alone. It was the witching hour of twilight—before candles are brought in to recall people to the realities of life and the knitting of stockings—the hour when the spirit gives itself up to reveries—an occupation in which Miss Crackenthorpe was sedulously engaged at the moment that Thuddy made his entrance noiselessly and unobserved. The age of Miss Crackenthorpe was somewhat against her. She was forty-four, the time of life, she herself believed, that united the attractiveness of girlhood with the maturity of feminine beauty.

"Alas!" she whispered, as if unconsciously, "Mr Snuffle is a sweet young man, and a charming preacher, but he hasn't the beautiful complexion and strong legs of Thuddy Jones. Ah, Thuddy, Thuddy, if his eyes could be but opened to the beauties of piety."

Thuddy heard these gentle aspirations, but took no notice of them.

"Miss Crackenthorpe—Clara"—he said.

"Ah, gracious! how long have you been in the room? How curious! I was just engaged in prayer. Ah, Mr Jones, if you knew the follies and vanities of the world!"

"But I *do* know them, Clara. Why do you call me by so formal a name as Mr Jones; you used to call me Thuddy long ago—and take me on your knee—and k——"

"Oh! gracious, don't talk of it, you should not recall such sinful improprieties; I've had grace to repent of them."

"But I was young then. I mean when I was eight or nine, Clara; we are both much changed."

"I am, I know. Oh! what happiness to know that I and two others are the only people in this town that know what religion means!"

"Doesn't it mean love, Clara!"

"Yes, my Thuddy; but only love to each other—that is, to others that are as highly gifted with religious holiness as ourselves. All things is allowable to us."

"That must be delightful. I have come to thank you for the book."

"What book? I assure you I sent it anonymously."

"But you said it was from a sincere friend. Are you my friend, Clara?" he added, taking her hand.

The hand shook a little.

"Too much so, perhaps," she whispered.

"Is it possible? Have I been blind to so much kindness all this time? Ah! Clara, how dull, as you say, are all the vanities of the world!"

"And sinful, Thuddy; because, as Mr Snuffle says, it is sinners as indulges in them. If the elect were to do such things"——

"Oh! that would alter the matter of course. But why do you never join the parties in Merriton, Clara? We have not so much beauty as to be able to spare the prettiest girl in the town."

"Me! Oh, Thuddy, if I thought you but sincere in what you say?"

"I am sincere, Clara; if you felt my heart you would know how it was beating. Clara, I have loved you for long."

"Have you? Then, dearest Thuddy, I may tell you the same thing. Ah! how Providence, you see, rewards the good. Come, dearest Thuddy, to my arms!"

The shades of evening had now darkened into night; and, before the candles were sent for, Thuddy had walked gaily towards home, with a purse well filled with long boarded guineas in his pocket, and a note from Miss Crackenthorpe to the clerk to proclaim the banns of marriage on the very next Sunday. But the note by some misadventure never reached its destination, the banns were never published, and Thuddy himself had most unaccountably disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

Thirty years had elapsed since the incidents recorded in this history; Europe had been turned topsy-turvy two or three times; kingdoms had risen up like bubbles on troubled waters, and been dissolved again. In short, the most extraordinary thirty years that ever the world had seen had come quietly to an end, when one day a weary-looking traveller seated himself on a bench at the door of a licensed beer shop, at the outskirts of the town of Merriton. He called for a pot of ale, and presently the sound of his voice roused from his drunken slumbers a withered-looking red-faced pot-bellied individual, who staggered up to where he sat, and commenced a conversation. The stranger seemed desirous of keeping aloof from the gentleman's society, but all his efforts were ineffectual.

"Have you travelled far, my boy? thirsty work travelling I assure you; here's your health, sir;" and the redoubtable Captain Drycrag paid his respects to the traveller's pot of ale. Blest, if you aint a proud sort of a chap, however; why don't you answer?"

"Because I have nothing to say, sir."

"Very good; don't be so glumpy

about it. Have you any business that brings you to Merriton?"

"No."

"Is it for pleasure you come here: for if it is you can't do better than take up your quarters here; the beer is very fine, and old Joey Mansell a capital hand at a song."

"Mansell."

"Yes; he kept the Falcon in High Street once; but old Joey was too good-natured, and gave too much credit. He was ruined by our clever young man."

The stranger said nothing, but buried his head in the tankard.

"He was a rum sort of a fellow our clever young man to be sure. I wonder if he's hanged yet."

"Who?"

"The clever young man to be sure. The rascal, I wished to shoot him once for a trick he played on me. If his nonsense had not made me too sure, and led me to drink a little too much, I should have married Miss Williams, and kept my carriage and footmen and all that, as Paterson now does. He was only her father's foreman."

"Miss Williams?"

"Ay; did you know her? Then he cheated a poor old maid of the name of Crackenthorpe out of hun-

dreds of pounds, as the old lady declared in her will, when she left all her fortune to her niece, the beautiful young Mary Crackenthorpe."

"Miss Crackenthorpe is dead?"

"Oh yes, to be sure. When Mr Seuffle sold the Ebenezer, and married the butcher's widow, she went out like the froth of a tankard. But that wasn't the worst of our clever young man. His father, the old consul, died in about a year after he ran off, and his poor old mother is starving somewhere or other. I believe she is now in the almshouses."

"How, what do you say? *My* mother?"

"Yours?—why, you're not surely our clever young man!—Thuddy Jones?"

"The same. I have been pursued by the malice of fortune; I have found nobody to appreciate my talents."

"Talents be hanged! say I. Give me a good heart. How surprised Joey will be to see you."

"I beg you will say nothing to him of my being here."

"Why not? Well, but I'm glad to see you're ashamed of yourself. And what has become of you all this time? There was a report you were gone off to marry a princess."

"She was an impostor. She and the man she called her brother were refugee Poles, in the service of a foreign nobleman. They were afterwards transported for theft."

"And have you got rich? I suppose you're come back to pay your debts?"

"I haven't a guinea in the world. Nothing, in fact, but my talents."

"Much good may they do you."

"I have a scheme of finance that would soon take off every tax."

"Bah! how much do you or I pay in the shape of taxes?—Drink."

"My mother's in the almshouse, you say?"

Captain Drycrag nodded, and emptied the jug.

"They will treat her well—I know they will for *my* sake. They must have a reverence for my name."

"Why?"

"As that of a man of genius, whose fame is known in almost every kingdom in Europe."

"In the police-offices, I suppose? Why, you're the same vain fool as

ever. Can you break stones on the road?"

"I dare say I can. There are few things I can't do; but I never tried."

"Go to our rector, Mr Parkins; he is very charitable; he will give you a letter to the way-warden, and money to buy a hammer."

"Me! Do you mean *me*? Have you forgotten that I am a man of talent?"

"Come, are you going to order some more ale? What's the use of your talent, when your mother's in the workhouse?"

"They treat her respectfully. But I will take her to my house when I have one."

"Wish you may get it. Who is to give you one?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Thuddy; "we have now a Government anxious to reward talent wherever it may be found. Haven't they made Spring Rice Chancellor of the Exchequer? Now is the time for ability to make itself known. I have nothing to do but send in my plan to the Prime Minister, and he will certainly give me an office—a commissionership, or something of that kind. I shall soon make my name as illustrious as that of Hobhouse himself; I shall rise through all the gradations—Privy Seal, Secretary, Premier. And now that we have a Queen upon the throne, who knows"—Thuddy looked at his companion who had quietly dropped to sleep. "Insensible brute!" he said; "he is a mere drunkard; but I may as well pursue my way to London."

So saying, he slung his bundle once more upon his back, and trudged manfully along the road, in the hurry of the moment and the grandeur of his expectations forgetting to discharge the reckoning for the tankard he had drunk. Captain Drycrag, on coming to his senses, made some little stir about the loss of a half-crown, which he declares was in his pocket when he went to sleep; but he was always a bad accountant. We have not yet heard of Thuddy's appointment to a post, but expect to hear of it every day. Spring Rice, we have no doubt, will take a great interest in his advancement, and with such support he need not despair of success.

LEGENDARY LORE.

THE PALACE OF MORGANA.

THE palace of Morgana was vast and beautiful, with many halls and galleries of marble, jet, crystal, and lapis lazuli; cornices of gay colours, mosaic pavements, continuous paintings of the most fanciful arabesques appeared on all sides, and through the florid windows which in that delicious climate needed no glass to close them, was seen the prospect of the large and lovely gardens. These were full of ancient trees, green turf, and beds of red flowers; and were divided by marble terraces from the wooded walks around. Many bright fountains played their diamond arches against the sun. All the birds of fairy-land flitted across the avenues or rested in the foliage. And beautiful statues, and pieces of fantastic sculpture were placed here and there in those pleasant grounds, or grew like alabaster lilies from unknown seeds beneath. In sight of these fair things many colonnades and domes rose amid the masses of foliage, for the assembling or repose of the happy inhabitants.

There, at a certain season which grave historians have generally omitted to speak of, were a party of young men and damsels. They spent their time in singing to each other, in gathering and braiding flowers, in sports and dancing, or in enjoying beneath the shade their light and gay repasts. Their life was fit for spring-time, full of courtesy and honour; and all evil was as far from the thought of those youths and ladies as was the appearance of aught foul or unpleasant from the abode in which they dwelt. Some of them were generally together, and of these no doubt one clung to another more than to the rest; and there might you have seen the soft sweet feelings of mutual love creeping into many hearts. Others were content to pass the hours more carelessly, conversing with all, or alternately with different persons; and taking almost as much pleasure from observing the signs of affection in those around them, as those whom they laughed at found in their own feelings. Among those whose regards and gentleness extended to all, and

did not fix on any one in particular, was the young and beautiful Lady Viola. Sometimes, when a band of her friends were sitting in the dreamy noontide shadow, or wandering slowly under the twilight, she would spring among them out of a thicket with her wild and airy dance, like a wind-tossed moonbeam, scatter among them a handful of orange flowers, and then start off again, too lightly for any foot to follow; and from some tangled depth of leaves, on the height of a rock, covered with ash-boughs, her voice would be heard in free and solitary song. She was witty, and merry, and courteous, and her words and her capricious presence were pleasanter to all than the beauty of any of her companions. But she gave equal looks to man and woman. Many hearts were entangled in the meshes of her brown hair; but on none had she ever bestowed a lock of it.

Among the noble and generous youths assembled in Morgana's palace was one less cheerful than the rest, whom the others, therefore, sometimes called the solitary; sometimes, from his powers of song, the Minstrel; and sometimes again, from the strange tales he told, and the feats he was said to have performed, the Magician. He often wandered in the woods, while the rest were sporting in the colonnades of the palace, or gathering fair nosegays in the gardens. And while they sat around a fountain, delighting themselves with song, and jest, and tale, he would be seen for a few moments crossing some dark avenue, and apparently lost in thought. Viola was the lady whom he chiefly sought to converse with. But her replies to him were generally light and mocking; and it was seldom that she would remain near him, or, indeed, near any one, for more than an instant. Once only it was noticed that at night, when the stars were shining with peculiar beauty, and the lordly planet Jupiter seemed to rule the sky, her voice was heard in long-continued and exulting song from the summit of a wooded cliff, and when it ceased, a pipe, known as the Magician's, au-

swered faintly from the dark river-bed below; and when it had sounded a few notes, appeared to re-awaken Viola's melody.

One afternoon the whole party were assembled under a huge horse-chestnut, covered with fan-like leaves and spring flowers. Near them was a large and finely-shaped Vase of Alabaster, adorned with exquisite sculpture of Nymphs and Bacchanals. The Lady Viola was peculiarly fond of it, and took care to crown it daily with the sweetest and brightest flowers. The different parties moved towards the Vase from many sides of the garden, gliding over the soft turf and the smooth marble of the terraces, and with their various garments glancing brightly under the evening sun through the openings of the thick foliage. Viola came bearing in her hand some mountain heath which she had newly culled, and which she now added to the garland of the vase. The others gathered round her, and one said,—while looking at the sculptured figures, “I wish I could make them move and dance.”

“Such things have been done,” said another.

“I wonder,” exclaimed a third, “could our friend the Magician accomplish such a feat?”

“Oh!” cried several voices, “I wish he were here; I would try.”

“I wish he were!” said Viola, in a low voice; and immediately the leaves of the neighbouring thicket rustled, and the Magician stood before them.

He seemed not thirty years of age. His black dress was laced with gold; a crimson cloak hung from his shoulders; his high forehead and large black eyes were shaded by a broad cap of the same colour, from under which his long raven hair fell over his shoulders, and gave him a wizard look, at which it might almost have been fancied, from the expression of his face, that he himself was quietly smiling. He held in his hand a pipe of ivory, wrought in imitation of a reed; and from it he was accustomed to draw such sounds as enchanted and filled with sad delight the guests of the invisible Morgana.

“You wished me here?” he said, to Viola.

“Oh!” she replied, “you must have quick ears. I thought you were at the other end of the garden.”

“Your wish,” he said, “expressed in a fainter whisper, would have brought me from the other end of the earth.”

While they thus spoke, most of those near them sat down on the grass, or on the carved and mossy-cushioned benches; and he said to Viola,—“But will you not sit, while I lie at your feet and hear your commands?”

She was in an unusually compliant mood, for she sat down at his desire. He placed himself as he had proposed, and addressed her again:—“Now, lady, how can I pleasure you?”

“Thus,” she said; “we were all wishing you here, to make the figures on this Vase move, as if endowed with life?”

“Is that all? I could teach a child to do that.”

He placed his instrument to his lips, and began to play a tune which none of them had ever heard before. It soon grew louder, and at each return of the strain some fast and wilder movement was added to it. All eyes were fixed on the Vase, till, from the very intentness of their looks, and the strong thrilling of the music, which they felt as if it shook the earth, they hardly knew whether the marble remained immovable, or even whether they themselves were not whirled around it. But after some minutes, all were satisfied that the figures actually glided on; the Nymphs and Satyrs wove their arms together in the dance, and shook their thyrsuses and garlands; and while the music sank, so as to be almost inaudible, the shapes completed their circle, and were restored to their former places and attitudes.

“Wondrous!” said all present; “he is indeed a magician.”

“This,” he replied, “is little. It is but to have learned an old-forgotten tune, which men of late years seem to have thought too good for them, and so have left it to the invisible powers.”

Viola said nothing, but he ventured to look at her, and the slight softening of the eye, and the faint flush upon her cheek, overpaid him for a thousand incantations. Soon she exclaimed, laughingly,—“If this be so little, could you not show us some achievement of your art which you consider really worthy of you?”

“Willingly,” replied he; and drew a single peculiar note from his instrument. He then begged her to touch

the ground beside him with a sprig of flowered myrtle which she held in her hand. At the sign, a fountain rose from the earth, and formed a crystal dome above the Magician, dividing him from Viola. Through its dazzling colours and swift motion his form could not be distinguished. Suddenly it sank again, and he had vanished. Not a trace of him remained, and the water had left no token behind it but a few drops of dew upon the myrtle—spray, which, after a moment's pause of astonishment, Viola kissed off, and then laid the graceful branch in her bosom. After this moment, the music of the pipe was again heard from the neighbouring trees; the strain was now more remarkable and quicker than before. A brilliant humming-bird shot from the forest, and hovered above the flowers of the Vase. None knew what to expect; but after several minutes, all started and grasped at those beside them. The Vase itself was now changing its form. Amid the flowers appeared a human face; roses, red and white, bloomed on the cheeks, the lips were like a blown carnation; the rich brown hair hung in clusters on the neck, and was crowned with flowers; the alabaster sculpture itself disappeared, and the form expanded, and became that of a figure suitable to the lovely head. The vision appeared to move very gently to the sound of the music, and to be so slight, that it might have risen into the air upon the evening breeze. Suddenly one of the ladies exclaimed,—“It is Viola!” and Viola herself rose in amazement from the turf, and confronted her image. They were exactly similar, except that when the setting sun shone on the neck and shoulder of the phantom, some of the spectators thought the flesh was slightly transparent. Viola was determined not to be daunted by the effort of power to which she had challenged the Magician, and looked at the figure and smiled. The blooming face smiled too, and bent slightly towards her; and the lady could hardly refrain from murmuring, while she beheld the copy of herself. “How exquisite! How lovely!” With a swift impulse she stepped forward to touch the face with hers. The music made a loud and vehement turn, and though to the bystanders it seemed that Viola kissed the mouth of Viola, the lips and face that were present to the eye and feel-

ing of the maiden became at the instant those of the Magician. She trembled and shrunk back. The music from the thicket changed its tune and character, and became more irregular and plaintive. The magic form lost its animation; the flowers and the alabaster returned, and the Nymph and her thursus were fixed again in sculptured beauty. Viola stepped close to the Vase, and leant her brow among the flowers on the brim, apparently sunk in reflection. The others expressed their wonder in hasty words and broken sentences; and when they could turn and look quietly round, the Magician was again in their circle. Viola raised her head with a thoughtful smile, still resting her hand upon the Vase, and thanked him for his labour. “But,” said one of the party to him, “could you reverse the charm, and turn Viola into a vase?”

“That also I would endeavour to do, if I had her permission.”

“You have it,” she answered, “provided you will not leave me in that shape, beautiful as it is, for I am more accustomed to my own.”

“No,” he said, “if I may but approach the vase and touch it, I can answer for again accomplishing your transformation.”

She nodded her assent cheerfully, and again he touched his instrument. He stood before her, and fixed his deep dark eyes on hers, which hardly sustained the look. To the thought of those around, the forms of both expanded and grew half luminous in the twilight. The music which he now produced, though not loud, was so keen and melting that it passed through the very hearts, and brains, and limbs of all, and trembled in every fibre of their fingers. It swelled and complicated its volume, and seemed to grow upward from the pipe, and spin around like a huge pillar between earth and sky. And now it was heard to come, not merely from the instrument, but from the hands, and head, and whole figure of the player, and every hair of his long black locks gave forth a stream of melody—Viola was rooted to the ground, but shook and wavered like a tree in a strong wind. In a few seconds the breathing, glowing maiden sank into a flower-crowned vase, as graceful and noble as the other which it completely resembled. The Magician seemed

exhausted by his efforts, and fell softly on the grass with his pipe beside him. One of Viola's friends whispered her companions, "Now were it a jest to prevent him from approaching, and thus retain her for a time as she is."

All assented, and forming a ring between the Magician and the transformed damsel, they danced laughing around, so as to make it impossible for him to approach. He gazed at them a moment, rose, and took water in his hand from a fountain near him, and scattered it over them. Instantly they sank in sleep on the green turf, and the last dim ray of sunset fell on their repose. He then began to whisper music on his pipe, rather than to play it, drew near gently to the vase, and gathering a sprig of myrtle from the garland, placed it next his heart. The lady swiftly emerged from her enchantment, and stood beside him in the clear night.

"Viola, can you forgive me?"

"For what transgression?" she enquired. "I have been but for a few moments in a dream."

"Was it a happy one?" said the Magician.

She cast down her eyes, and it was a moment before she replied.

"Not painful. But what is your offence?"

"Have you not lost your myrtle?"

She felt for it, and blushed to find it missing.

"Was it for this that you said it was necessary you should approach me in order to restore me to my present form?"

He coloured, smiled, and said, "you have guessed well. But you have not yet granted me pardon."

She held out her hand; he pressed it to his lips; and she questioned him anew.

"Tell me why you selected me for the object of your art, instead of calling some of your legion of phantoms out of nothing?"

"Have you," he replied, "no feel-

ing in your heart which makes you of greater importance to me than the fairest spirit that ever shot from a star to earth?" He paused for an instant; and as she made no answer, he continued: "I could indeed have called a multitude of beings out of air, all exquisite, all different, but I could not have given any of them a human heart to love me; and you are the first I have found whom I could love, and having in yourself an answering affection."

"Will you not release our friends?" asked Viola.

"They will wake," said he, "at the rising of the moon."

When the moon rose they awoke, but Viola and the Magician had departed from the Palace of Morgana. Their friends found lingering in their ears the fragments of a chant which they imagined they must have heard during their sleep, and of which this was the purport:

1.

Into the world of life away!

Away from the valley of pleasant dreams;

Through change and sorrow we now shall stray,

Where time no longer a sun-flash seems.

2.

Away from the blooming hours of joy
That ne'er were loaded with care or pain;

From a land where earth was all a toy,
And nought was real enough for man.

3.

We shall struggle, and toil, and mourn,
Our sky will often be dark above,
But within us the flame of song shall burn,

And still it will be our bliss to love.

II.

BENLOWE'S BOOKS.

The following narrative is extracted and arranged from papers preserved in ——— College, Oxford, and containing the Memoirs of a Clergyman who was its head during the latter part of the reign of Charles I.

In the College was an old building, the greater part of which was

unoccupied. Two or three rooms were waste, or filled only with lumber.

One or two contained a collection of old books, which remained there apart from the College library, because their contents were supposed either obsolete or pernicious. These were called, from the name of a master of the College in old times, Benlowe's books. He had bequeathed to the society considerable estates, and had set apart a small stipend for the librarian who should have charge of the collection, and who was always to be an undergraduate. The receiver of this salary usually occupied two rooms, opening with those reserved for the books, and his was the only inhabited apartment in the building. When I first came to the university there was no librarian for this collection; a state of things which will be easily understood by those who shall learn the history of its previous guardians. I was extremely poor, and hearing of the stipend allowed to the holders of the post, I applied for it to the then Fellows. The senior of them sent for me, told me that there were various idle unpleasant rumours on the subject of the building and the books; but added, that the situation was at my service if I chose to accept it, and to reside in the untenanted apartment. I readily agreed to do so, and soon removed to my new abode.

I had spent two or three weeks in it when I began to be inquisitive as to the duties of my office of librarian. I found that the door between my rooms and the rest of the building had been locked for years, and the old man who had spoken to me about the situation I then filled, was extremely reluctant to have it opened. At length, however, he gave me the key, and I soon took an opportunity of entering the old library. It consisted of two rooms, one large, and one beyond it much smaller, both fitted up in a very ancient and desolate fashion. The shelves were filled with mouldering volumes, deeply cased in dust and cobwebs. On the massy worm-eaten table in the middle of the larger room lay a bookstand, and on it a thin quarto volume bound in dark red velvet. I opened this, and found it to be nearly filled with writing, evidently by different hands. The contents, on a hasty glance, appeared to be curious; and as the daylight which penetrated through the dark and narrow windows was almost spent, and the chapel-bell

was ringing, I secured my prize, and without examining any of the other volumes, left the library and re-entered my apartment. The look of the rooms I had just been in was so dreary that I closed the door, and secured it behind me. As soon as the chapel service was done, I returned to the perusal of the old volume, which indeed had often occurred to my thoughts even during the prayers. From the fragments of description and narrative contained in it I learnt the following history.

More than a century ago, a young man of the name of Beaumont was keeper of Benlowe's books. For the first two years of his residence in Oxford he attended assiduously to the prescribed studies. He then began to addict himself peculiarly to Natural Philosophy. After examining for some time the simpler and more obvious materials and relations of things, the medicinal properties of plants and minerals, and the figures and courses of the stars, he was seized with a desire to learn the hidden secrets of Nature, and to obtain the higher powers which successful enquirers are said to have won in such pursuits. He was puzzled and perpetually baffled in these abstruse researches, and was often almost ready to give up his object in despair. In this humour he was sitting late at night, with a small lamp beside him, and looking despondingly at the inefficient instruments and useless materials which he had employed, when a light burst on him from behind. Looking round, he saw that the door, which had been closed for many years between his chamber and the library, had now flown open. The light came from the room beyond; and in it a female figure was standing with one finger on her lip, and beckoning to him with the other. Beaumont sat for some moments in amazement, and then rose and slowly drew near to the doorway. The lady seemed beautiful, but her features were partly shaded by a dark veil, and a full crimson robe fell in heavy folds around her apparently youthful form. As the student advanced she smiled slightly, and he entered the library. She became his instructress in the mysterious sciences that he loved; and with her he examined the volumes on the shelves, which were all filled with alchymy and physical wisdom. Under her gui-

dance he tortured and dissolved whatever rarest substance those sage authors referred to, and laboured in the dazzling hope of at length wresting the inmost principles of life from the elemental remains, as he supposed them, to which he reduced the substances of nature. Having spent several months in these enquiries, he was found in the old library a corpse. He lay beside his extinguished furnace, in which was a crucible containing a small portion of fine gold. But whether this was the result of a last successful experiment, or by what other means it had been obtained, no one could discover. A volume on the table exhibited many recipes and cabalistical sentences, together with notes describing his successive hopes and fears, and some of the strange incidents of the latter part of his life.

The apartments were now shut up for several years. But at last a young man was appointed to the nominal office of librarian over Benlowe's books. Davenant was not a laborious student, but of a flowing courtesy, and a lively and beautiful fancy, a poet with the dew of Castalia fresh on his lip. Bright and changing pictures floated for ever before his eyes. His outward circumstances, the real world around, appeared to be nothing to him, for he had wings, and could remove at will to Atlantis and Fairy-land. The dull course of his college often wearied him. He would fain have escaped from the regular return of stated and ungrateful employments. Whole days would he spend in the fields and woods away from all thought of the university. At night he would leave his chamber, and wander up and down the college gardens, watching the stars and the glow-worms, and listening to the nightingale. On one of these occasions he fancied that he saw a gleam of light from a window of the old library, and drawing nearer, it seemed to him that he heard a voice singing in a low tone some ancient song. He hastened in, and seizing whatever instruments were at hand, forced open the entrance. The large outer room, as seen by the moonlight, was swept, adorned and tapestried. As he approached the smaller chamber, he heard the voice louder and even sweeter than before. He opened the door with a touch, and found himself in a lady's bower, more

splendid than his fairest visions. She herself was lovely as a nymph, and gorgeous as a queen. A small coronet of diamonds sparkled on her thick brown hair; a necklace of rubies surrounded her white throat. She was embroidering on cloth of gold a picture of the flowers which bloomed in a vase beside her.

She blushed as he entered, but did not seem astonished; and when she had motioned him to a low seat near her, he entreated that she would not cease her song. She replied that she must first offer him hospitality, and poured some rich red wine from an emerald flask into a small goblet, and raising it to her lips, then offered it to him. He drank the delicious juice, and she seemed to him lovelier than before. I have done much for you, she said, in tasting the goblet, for the odours of my flowers is all the nourishment and all the beverage I require. Thus speaking, she took from her nosegay a beautiful rose, smelt it, and offered it to him. She then sang for him in her rich low tones one verse after another, and soon struck into a wild and passionate love-song to an imaginary mistress, composed by Davenant himself, but which he did not know that any one had ever heard. Thenceforth he was her frequent visitor. She showed him in the volumes of the library, which were all apparently poems and romances, many an amorous and antique strain, which charmed him far away to the lost islands and golden shores of chivalry and love. One day a rumour spread through the college that Davenant was not in his rooms, and could not be found. His tutor hurried in search of him, and passing through his apartment into the old library, found his pupil there seated on the floor, with a large volume before him. This contained various old rent-rolls, and by-gone leases of land, which the unhappy student maintained to be Sir Tristram's Autograph of the songs composed by him in honour of La Belle Isonde, during his wanderings in the forest, which, as Davenant said, were the more precious, because Tristram was the best minstrel of all the knights of the Round Table. He read as if from the book, in which assuredly no such matter was to be found, many fragments of ballads and songs really very moving. Beside him lay another and

much smaller volume, in which he seemed to have written down at different times much amorous poetry in praise of a Fairy mistress, mingled with histories of their loves. He was removed from the university, and confined in an hospital for maniacs; and the library was instantly closed again, as well as the other rooms in the same building.

Many years now passed away, and the library and its dependencies remained unoccupied, and even unentered. It would probably have been pulled down, but that the possession of considerable estates by the college was dependent, under the will of Benlowe, on the maintenance of the structure that bore his name. The tales with regard to it became, in the course of time, less distinct and terrible, and the daily increasing influence of the recent Reformation on the minds of men, more and more indisposed them to confer importance on ancient legends. In the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the college being crowded with students, the apartment of which I have before spoken was opened, its dilapidation repaired, and a young man of the name of Tindal was installed as librarian. He had been educated by a divine of severe principles, and was remarked for more than a usual share of gloom and asceticism. He devoted himself with extraordinary diligence to the study of the Scriptures and theological writings, and performed his religious exercises with fervid devotion and self-denying austerity. His health, after a time, gave way, and he became melancholy and timorous. He believed that he was haunted by visions—that the meaning of the Scriptures was hidden from him by a black hand which covered every page the moment he opened it—that his name was excluded from the Book of Life—that it had been better for him if he had not been born. Darkness and deep horror fell on him; he loathed the sun, which served, as he thought, only to light the road to man's destruction; and he shut himself up for the most part in his own chamber. In this state of mind he had spent a day in listless employment and dreary lamentation. After nightfall he threw himself on the floor, and addressing the Prince of Evil, exclaimed, "Oh! wouldst thou but seize me at once, and drag me

with thee to perdition, then should I know the worst, and be freed from this devouring uncertainty!"

He felt a hand touch his lightly, and, starting to his feet, found that a pale maiden, in a dark and nunlike dress, was standing before him close to the open door of the library. Her hair was parted smoothly on her white forehead, and hung long and unadorned behind her. Her mild grey eyes, unshaded by any head-dress, were fixed on him with a look of melancholy sympathy. She signed to him to follow her, and passed through the library into the closet beyond her, which was fitted up like a cell. On the small table a taper burnt beside an open Bible, and two rude chairs were placed near it with a small mat before each—apparently intended for kneeling. Tindall followed her as if in a dream. She sat down, sighed deeply, rested her head on her hands, and turned away her eyes.

"In the name of Him who is holiest, tell me," he exclaimed, "I conjure you, who you are, and wherefore you are come to me!"

"It matters not," she replied, "to know how those are named whose days are numbered, and their lives running on to sure destruction. Why disquiet ourselves in the vain shadow of this world, with its idle names and unrighteous distinctions? Is it not enough to know that we, formed in wrath and born in evil, must yet stand before the eternal Holy One? We are both, all, given over to despair; therefore must thou and I despair together. What is left to the miserable children of Adam but to read in this volume the record of our own hopeless condemnation?"

She turned to the book before her, and pointed to him with slow finger and dreadful words, page on page, which seemed to him all fraught with misery. Day after day she instructed him in the same black and impious lesson. From many books in the library, of which the whole contents were theological controversy or religious biography, she produced hastily expositions, denunciations of unlimited vengeance, or the confessions of those who, after a season of repose, fell into despair, in which they perished. Together the youth and the woman sang the songs of a desolate captivity, and bewailed the infiniteness of the gulf

between them and heaven. At length Tindall broke out one evening in the College chapel with frantic expressions of guilt and despair. On being conveyed to his chamber he was found to be in a dangerous fever, which afflicted him for several weeks. He had hardly regained a slight degree of health when he made his escape from his attendants, and wandered to the Continent, where he spent years in self-maceration and horrible penances, and in journeying from shrine to shrine. He was still, however, a young man when he returned to England, in the dress and character of a priest, and was executed for conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth.

From that time Benlowe's building had no occupant till I became a member of the College. My mind was so affected by these remarkable circumstances that, on becoming acquainted with them, I fell on my knees and prayed fervently to be preserved from temptation. I know not how long I was employed in this way; but I was roused by the noise and smoke of burning in the room. I found that my neglected candle had communicated with the papers on my table. The whole room was soon involved in flames, which rapidly extended to the rest of the structure. No vestige of it now remains.

THE INVOLUNTARY EXPERIMENTALIST.

THE destruction by fire of the distillery of Mr B—— in Dublin, some time since, will be in the recollection of many of your Irish readers. A circumstance happened to me on the night of that event, which, as I believe it to be altogether unprecedented, I will now relate. I am a medical man, residing in Dublin, and, on the night in question, was returning about half-past eleven o'clock from the neighbourhood of Harod's Cross, where I had been to superintend the administering of a hot bath to a patient, when the reflection of the fire on the sky to the north-west attracted my attention, and drew me to the spot. Mr B——'s distillery consisted principally of one long and lofty building, the western end of which was connected with a considerable pile of stores and offices that abutted on it at right angles, with a large addition, nearly similarly situated at the eastern end, which was just then in progress of erection. When I arrived on the spot, the court-yard presented a very animating spectacle. Three engines poured their streams on the centre pile of building, while two others played on the cross and window lattices of the adjoining stores, which were momentarily catching fire, and as fast extinguished. The court-yard was in a swim with water, which flashed back the light with an unsteady but dazzling reflection, as the firemen splashed through it ankle-deep. The captains of the several gangs, mounted

on their respective engines, stood over the heads of the labouring crowd, cheering on the exertions of the pumpers below, or shouting their directions to the firemen aloft, where they appeared plying their hatchets at an immense height among the smoke and embers. Excited by the animation of the scene, I took an active part in the exertions of those around me, and soon became thoroughly heated, as well as wetted in the service. Among other duties undertaken by the volunteers with whom I had associated myself, was the removal of a number of casks, to get at which it was necessary to cross a platform of masonry built round a large copper boiler in the unfinished end of the building. Over this platform there was a scaffolding resting at one side on the party wall which separated the new portion of the works from that which was already on fire; and through the holes in this party wall in which the ends of the beams were inserted, the flames were now communicating. I had crossed twice in safety, and was about to venture a third time, when one of the bystanders, who had witnessed my exertions, directed my attention to the dangerous condition of these timbers, several of their points of support being already burned away, so that the scaffolding hung smouldering and half-suspended from the new brick work, and threatened to pull down a great part of the walls on each side in its

descent, which could not now be far distant. I thanked my friendly warner for his advice, and had taken it so far as to retire a few steps from the inconvenient neighbourhood of the flames, when one of the firemen of the N—— Insurance Company got up on the opposite side of the platform, and signed for some one to come to his assistance. I gave a look at the nodding timbers above; they seemed still too deeply bedded in the masonry of the one building to give me any apprehension of immediate danger. I ran up the ladder that led to the platform on that side; but, just as I gained the top, a heavy fall of masonry took place from the angle of the pile nearly overhead. I escaped by the merest chance, but the ladder was dashed in fragments, and the rush of smoke and flame that followed through the breach thus opened completely hid the prospect on the side from which I had ascended. I became confused, and rushed forward, hardly knowing where I ran; but I had scarcely taken three steps in advance, when I heard the prolonged tearing crash of the timbers overhead, and next moment saw the beams topple, and the bricks and dust rise about their ends—in another instant I must have been crushed to pieces (pushed perhaps with the red end of a beam), for they were already descending before me—when the mouth of the open vessel, which, as I have mentioned, was bedded in the masonry at my feet, caught my eye. It was not more than three feet across; the chances were that the long timbers would fall athwart, not into it. There was an ample concave below, as appeared by the broad reflection of light on the new copper of its sides. Without bestowing a thought on how I was to get out, I dropped at once to the bottom of the hollow chamber. The metal reverberated, and the echoing sphere rung round me for a moment with a brazen clang—then crash, crash, with the dint of thunder, down came the blazing timbers—driving—rolling—rebounding—smashing all before them! I thought the copper would be crushed flat, but the masonry in which it was bedded protected it. One beam pitched end-foremost on the exposed neck of the vessel; the metal yielded, and drew out as before the first strike of a huge punch

—the whole concave groaned, and I thought it was all over with me. Instinctively I strove to cling to the side of the vessel—there was nothing to hold on by, and I reeled back to the little spot of level footing in the bottom, conscious, for the first time, *that I was in a trap, out of which there was no escape.* I had no time for reflection, for a shower of rubbish pattering on the head of the vessel, and falling in through its mouth, drove me again to seek for shelter at one side. How I clung so long, I cannot tell; but I did succeed in fastening myself to the overhanging concave, until a considerable quantity of bricks and mortar had fallen in. Immediately after, the main wall of the burning building—the only barrier between the space immediately above me and the flames—gave a crack, and tumbled over to the other side, causing such a concussion as made the very mortar leap off the floor in a cloud of dust, that, for a time, obscured every thing around me. Expecting each moment to be my last, with the instinct of one who awaits a blow which he cannot avoid, I shut my eyes and stooped my head, shrinking together, as may well be imagined, and trembling in every limb. The first thing that roused me was the glare of light from the flames, which now, unconfined by any partition, rolled overhead, flapping and labouring in the air, with such breadth and intensity, that their reflection made the whole concave in which I stood as bright as the inside of a gilt cup. I gave myself up to despair when I contemplated the fiery torrent which now over-canopied me—embers were falling from its borders like flakes of snow—a sound like the roaring of hungry lions proceeded from the midst of it—the heat, when I turned my face towards it, was intolerable—and I felt that to look at the sphere of burnished metal round me would soon melt the eyes out of my head. But it was only the first fury of the fire, tossed about as it was by the fall of the gable, that supplied a body of flame so huge and intense, and my presence of mind gradually returned as I found that its fury had soon so far abated as to enable me to bear the mitigated glare from the metal around me with comparative fortitude.

I now began to consider some means

of escape. The vessel was a hollow sphere of about fourteen feet in diameter, perfectly smooth, except at the joinings of the metal plates of which it was composed; but the heads of the rivets which held these together afforded no more hold than just enough to enable me to get footing a very little way up the curve at one side, out of the immediate glare of the flame that beat full upon the bottom. The only aperture, except the orifice at top, was that by which the contents were intended to be drawn off, but this was not much wider than the mouth of a large tumbler. To clamber out without the assistance of a ladder, or rope fastened from above, was impossible. Had there been a ledge on the rim of the opening through which I had descended I would not have despaired, for the clothes I wore would have furnished materials for a rope strong enough to support my weight, and one of the loose bricks that lay at my feet would have given me the means of making it fast above. I tried the experiment with a brick-bat attached to one of my suspenders, but though I easily swung it over the rim there was no ledge for it to catch on, and I was forced to give up all hopes of escaping in that way. I had now in a great measure recovered my presence of mind, for I perceived that there was no longer danger to be apprehended from the flame above, and I knew that the mass of brickwork which surrounded my prison was sufficient to protect me from all effects of the burning ruins of the scaffold around. I need scarcely say that I had already used every effort to make myself heard by the crowd, both by shouting at the top of my voice and beating the sides of my prison; but such was the noise caused by the crackling and roaring of the flames which still surrounded me on every side—for the ruins of the scaffolding burned fiercely where they fell, and strewed the whole platform with fire—that either I had failed to make myself heard, or could not hear the cries of those whom I called to in reply. Seeing, then, that I had no chance of an immediate escape, I made up my mind to compose myself as well as I could, and wait till the fire should burn itself out and leave a passage for my rescue.

I had remained in this resigned state for some time when the thought flashed across my mind, that perhaps if I called through the aperture of the stop-cock, mentioned above, my voice might be heard. The opening was in the very bottom of the vessel, and I had to kneel down on the rubbish to apply my mouth to it. My knees did not come in contact with the metal, and my hands were defended by thick gloves thoroughly wetted, so that till I brought my face close to the aperture I had no suspicion of the dreadful truth that I was now to learn—the copper was so hot that I could not bear it against my skin! I started to my feet, every pulse flying with consternation. I dare not think of my situation. I rushed desperately up the sides of my prison. I might as well have tried to scale the vault of the sky. I shouted, I screamed for assistance—the crackling growl of the conflagration was my only reply. I sat down on the little pile of rubbish that formed the centre of what I now felt was fast becoming a brazen furnace in which I was to be tried, and endeavoured to think. I put my hand to my forehead; I was bathed in a cold sweat; I pulled the thermometer I had been using, in tempering my patient's bath, out of my pocket, it stood at 105°! I placed the bulb of it on the metal; when I had touched it, the mercury rose with a rapidity that threatened to burst the tube, and I took it away, terrified at what I saw, and afraid to witness the whole truth. After sitting for some moments trembling and inactive, I burst into tears. I was, I confess, quite unmanned at the prospect of the torments I must endure, if, as I had every reason to expect, the metal around me should become red hot. My weakness, if weakness it could be called, prepared me, however, for seeking strength in prayer; and I prayed with a fervour long a stranger to my breast, that God would grant me fortitude to bear the trial he had prepared for me; and I thank God I did not pray in vain. Composed and relieved, I now stood up, and summoned all my resolution to look my danger in the face.

The thermometer had by this risen to 112°; but I knew, from the experiments of Fordyce and Bankes, that the living fibre could for a short

time bear a heat more than twice as great without permanent injury. A ray of hope lighted the gloom of my heart, as I ran over in recollection the various instances, with which my professional studies had rendered me acquainted, of living bodies bearing great degrees of heat. I recollected the case of the girl at Rochefoucault, who had gone into an oven where the thermometer stood at 288° . I called to mind Sonnerat's account of fishes living in the hot springs of the Manillas, in water at a temperature of upwards of 150° ; and taxed my memory to recollect the names of the plants which the same writer mentions as flourishing in the island of Lucon, with their roots in a thermal rivulet so hot, that the mercury plunged in its waters rose to 174° . I considered that, perhaps, the cause of the heat now surrounding me was no more than the reverberation of so great a body of flame as that overhead on the metal, and that as the flame diminished in volume, which it plainly did every minute, the heat of the copper might be expected to abate. But the continually rising temperature of the air, indicated as it too plainly was by the thermometer which I held in my hand, soon deprived me of the vague comfort

of such a surmise. I next endeavoured to form some estimate of the heat the metal must acquire before the contained air would rise to a temperature of 250° , which I supposed it possible that I might be able to bear; but, what with anxiety and confusion, I could make no approximation to an answer. These various processes of thought had, however, restored a certain degree of presence of mind, as may be judged from the fact, that, dreadful as the prospect was which I had before me, I was calm enough to make several memoranda on my tablets, with the purpose of attaching them to a weight to be tied to the end of my handkerchief, and flung out in the hope of letting it be known where I was. These tablets I have now before me; I have preserved them ever since, as a memorial of moments such as I trust have fallen to the lot of no other human being. I transfer the memoranda *verbatim*. It will be seen that many of the words are but half-written, and that in some places entire words have been omitted: but if any one would try the experiment of writing in such a situation, I daresay his composition would be scarcely more correct. I began thus:—

I am Doctor — of — St. If any one finds this, come to the copper in the new building, where I am burning to death for want of a ladder. Half-past 12 o'clock. Haste! haste! (Two such memoranda as this I had already flung out by weights attached to my suspenders, but they seem to have fallen in the flames.)

My will is in the upper left hand drawer of the bookcase. Let George — have the arrangement of my papers. I wish all the papers relating to —'s business to be burned (with several other memoranda relating to my private affairs, which I omit.)

I am wrapped in a cloud of steam from my wet clothes. The thermometer stands at 130° . It is now 26 minutes to 1 o'clock. The air is suffocatingly hot: I am drenched in perspiration. I will note all I can.

15 m. to 1 o'clock. Therm. 137° . 13 m. 139° . 10 m. 153° ! This is horrible. I can see the mercury mounting in the tube. The moisture from my clothes has all exhaled. They are now as dry as tinder, and hot and hard to the touch.

5 minutes past 1 o'clock. Thermometer 170° . Have taken off both my coats and laid them over the hole—the rush of air from it agitated the hot atmos[phere], and made it intolerable.

8 m. past 1 o'clock. Therm. 177° . My watch burning-hot. Have taken it out of my fob. The pencilcase begins to feel hot in my fingers. Strange to say, my body is still cool. —'s theory about the rad[iation] of heat must be erroneous.

13 m. past 1 o'clock. Therm. 195° . 16 m. past 1. Therm. 200° ! Have laid off every thing but my boots: could not bear the touch of any thing. Breathe cooler on exhal[ation] than on inhal[ation].

Thermometer 210° . Watch stopped, owing to expan[sion] of metal. Flame overhead decreasing. Light failing. Can see part of the copper changing to

a dull red. Water would boil now where I hold the pencil in my fingers. But for the rubbish, my clothes on [which] I stand would [take] fire. I have taken off my boots: the metal heels have left their mark singed in the cloth.

220°. I am to be roasted alive. My last wishes are with — and the dear ones. Oh, my God, have mercy on me and support her! I shall suffer greater pain than any other man but Phal[aris]. A dead ox would be baked if hung [where] I now stand.

228°. The soles of my feet are blister[ing]. One spot of the copper is quite red-hot. My vital[s] are turning to sweat. Gracious God, how long is this to last! I must shrivel soon now. God grant that I may die before the hot metal touches me! Oh my dearest —!

232°. Whoever finds this, take it to Mr — of — St., and leave all to his discr[etion]. The thermometer burns my hand—I have dropped it, and it [is] broken. The heat increas[es]. The smell of the metal is suffocating. I must soon stop.

The heat has increased very [much]. I can hold the tablets but a little longer. My vitals are drying up. The persp[iration] is coming slowly. I am blistering all over. [Good God, what have I done?] (*erased*). Have mercy on my soul for Christ's sake—O God, have mercy on my soul! I die, forgiving all my en[emies].

With almost the last effort I was capable of making, I put the tablets with a heavy piece of mortar (*but for the mortar I would have been burned to the knees where I stood*) into the end of my handkerchief, and flung it with all my force out of the mouth of my fiery prison. The agony I endured in moving my naked arm so rapidly through the hot air was almost insupportable; it was like stirring boiling water with it. So great was the pain that I had almost fainted; and when I felt the sickness and giddiness that precede a swoon, I was almost grateful for it; as I knew that if I fell on the metal below me, I would, in all probability, be deprived of life during my insensibility. But the symptoms of fainting left me—a prey to only more acute feelings of bodily agony. I stood with blisters rising on my shoulders, and the process of decomposition by fire actually beginning on the skin of my legs. The whole fluids of my body had been drained in secreting perspiration, and in supplying my lungs with the moisture necessary to enable them to preserve the temperature of the system. It is my firm belief that, had fluids remained in my body sufficient to supply the necessary serum, I would have been one blister from head to foot. Excruciating is a weak word to express my agony.

In this state my eye fell on the veins of my arm, where they appeared distended with their sluggish current in the red light. The flame drew

back, and left me for a moment in darkness—darkness made visible by the lurid glare of the copper, which, round the surface of the stopcock, now shone with a red heat strong enough to make the outlines of my horrid prison discernible. A dark thought crossed my mind—a thought engendered by the devil, but hardly in a hell more frightful. The heavy rolling flame swung back again on the burdened night-wind, and threw a flickering glare upon the singed mass of clothes on which I stood. I dragged up the trowsers, and thrust a desperate hand into the pocket—the stuff of which it was made was smoking with the heat of the loose silver it contained—but it was not money I was in search of—it was a knife! I grasped it—I half unclasped it—it burned the finger and thumb of my right hand as if I had closed them on a coal of fire. I flung the instrument of self-destruction from me, and cried aloud to God NEVER TO LEAVE ME IN TEMPTATION.

I did not cry in vain—there were voices above me—I heard them distinctly—I heard footsteps on the platform—they were gone—no, they were returning—they were coming to my rescue. Good God! how shall I describe the awful sense of a present Providence—the almost overpowering hope—the agonizing doubts—and then the joy, the gratitude, the delirious ecstasies which I experienced within the next half minute, as, in the pauses of the flames roaring (for it still poured through the building like a raging

river), the voices of my deliverers sounded louder or fainter, or like imaginary sounds, or voices of real beings, until at length that ladder, which was to me the welcome sight that ever the sun shone on, was lowered down by hurried and tremulous hands, amid the shudders of those who never expected to see more of the poor sufferer below than a heap of steaming blood-stained cinders? or how shall I attempt to describe the astonishment, the pity, the honest pleasure of those benevolent men, when they found that, although speechless (for in all my fauces was not as much moisture as would have enabled me to swallow the smallest crumb of bread, and my tongue lay in my mouth little better than a piece of dry sponge), I was nevertheless able to climb up out of that torrid atmosphere into which no fireman would venture to descend? I cannot do either, and I will not much longer dwell on this part of the night's adventure; suffice it to say, my last missive had fortunately reached its destination, and brought my deliverers to my assistance. They carried me in blankets to the hospital; here I received all the aid that medical ser-

vice could bestow, until sufficiently recovered to be transported to my own lodgings, where I remained, suffering from the effects of a degree of heat, such as perhaps no other human being ever endured and lived, for six weeks and upwards.

I am quite satisfied that had the thermometer not been broken, and had I possessed any means of suspending it (for I could not have held it in my hand much longer), it would have shown a temperature much higher than in the experiments of either Blagden or Bankes. I am sure a few minutes longer would have been certain death, so that I may safely say I have endured the highest temperature of any man on record. My bodily temperature, except on some portions of the scarf-skin, at no time rose above 110° or 112° , and during the latter part of my sufferings it was a great relief to my hands to place them on any part of my person. In fact, I have no doubt there was at one time a difference of 180° to 190° , between the temperature of my body and that of the surrounding air.

— Street, Dublin,
July 5, 1837.

EXHIBITIONS—BRITISH INSTITUTION, &c.

We are very grateful to the Governors of the British Institution for this year's rich exhibition. It has contained great treasures of the several schools. If we express a wish that those schools had been less mixed, it is because we think, their aim and objects being different, by a too near juxtaposition they injure each other. For instance, the common, the more visible truth of the Dutch and Flemish, and the less generally understood ideal truth of the Italian works, require, or rather produce, in the spectator different states of mind; between which there is no connexion, but actually a wall of offence, an incompatibility of immediate successive enjoyment. We say not this to disparage any, but merely to show that a separation is of advantage. Before we notice any particular pictures, we gratify our eyes with a general view. The rich yet subdued colouring, the lustrous jewellery of these old specimens of art, if we may be allowed the expression, throws a light of enchantment around. We stand awhile, like Aladdin at the first glimpse of the subterranean garden; nor is our expectation less than his. We have entered the North Room. No. 6, "Pope Gregory with St Francis and St Augustine—Guercino." This is a very richly coloured picture. Were all the heads portraits of the names they bear, it would indeed be a valuable work. This is one of those historical pictures which properly belong to the places for which they were painted. Where it is, this picture wants interest. How strongly does it mark the love of art, that works of this historical kind, the subjects of which scarcely engage a thought, are still highly prized.

No. 3, "Adrian Vandervelde, Landscape, with Cattle and Figures." How exquisitely this master painted his small figures, and how unfortunate is he in his general colouring; it is very rare to meet with a specimen by him that does not offend as a whole; it is so with this and another picture of his in this collection, No. 137, which is much out of harmony. He is too fond of a crude blue colour to oppose his warm lights.

No. 4, "Landscape, with Cattle and Figures—K. du Jardin," is a very ex-

quisite little picture. There are several by this master, and all pleasing. There is something rather weak in 155; yet how lightly and beautifully touched is the tree, it is very near being perfect of its kind. His great aim seems to have been to avoid the heaviness which we almost always see in Adrian Vandervelde, and occasionally in Berghem, all painting subjects of the same kind. The latter is, however, only so when aiming at a more pretending composition.

No. 7, "Merry-making—Teniers." This is a very pleasant scene of enjoyment. The pictures of this kind by Teniers have so much daylight and lightness, all bespeaking holiday, that they are gratifying from their cheerful air, and his execution is perfectly correspondent—for as his figures are unburdened of care, so are they most cleanly touched in with the happiest execution. There are no pictures that are more fresh and holiday like, with no visible labour whatever; the handling, as suited to the scenes, is perfect. These subjects were in great demand, and he certainly repeated himself not unfrequently. There is but one other piece by him in this collection, No. 131, "Landscape, Sunset." This is a most brilliant little picture. The sun-light is perfectly magical, and the richness of the colouring in trees, building, and figures is completely satisfying; yet, with all its power and richness, how simply and with what facility it appears to have been painted. It represents an old tower against the sunset sky, with trees below and light through them to the distance; the colour of the figures in the foreground, more opaque than the rest of the picture, greatly promotes the brilliancy of effect.

No. 8, "Philip II. of Spain—Titian." This is very richly coloured. The head appears remarkably small, and the expression is mean, selfish, and sinister, well suiting the worthless spouse of the bigot Mary.

No. 9, "A Rocky Landscape, with Banditti—Salvator Rosa." The effect of this picture is not quite pleasant, probably the sky is too light. This great master has some magnificent pictures in this Exhibition, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire;

but we will come to them in their order.

No. 10, "A Jew Rabbi." This is a celebrated picture; it is wonderfully painted. The whole face is in a low tone, with very bright objects above and below it in the drapery of the turban and the jewellery. This is doubtless intended to give the face the greater depth and power of thought; never perhaps was the act of thinking more decidedly expressed. The picture is very highly finished; we suspect it was painted for a very low light; judiciously placed, and alone, it would be probably one of the most powerful of pictures.

No. 13, "Study of an old Head—Schidone"—is too near the Rembrandt; it is dirty, and to our taste has little to recommend it.

We do not greatly admire No. 15, "Susanna and the Elders—Paul Veronese." It has been engraved, and, we confess, in its present state we prefer the print to the picture. The beauty of such a subject must consist in its colour and texture; here the one is hard and the other dingy.

No. 16, "View in Holland, with Cattle and Figures—Vanderneer and Cuypp." So it is called in the catalogue, and we suppose there is authority for the two names, otherwise we do not see why that of Cuypp should be added. It is a very effective picture, clear, and, by its management of distances and objects, varying a very simple subject; and by great variety in the yet single character of its sky, it becomes an imposing picture. You look into it and see more than it seemed to promise.

No. 18, "St Francis—Murillo." This has Murillo's too common fault; it is monotonous, and rather weak; but the head has earnestness, though perhaps it is not of a high character. The background is disagreeable and uncertain, as his backgrounds too commonly are. But we turn with great satisfaction to a little picture by him, No. 20, "A Monk blessing a Cripple at the door of a Convent—a model for a large picture." This is, in colour, as rich as Correggio's, and in all respects more like that great master than any picture we have seen. It has great decision and force; how very superior to his larger! There is a solemnity and almost mystery of colour in it, with perfect harmony, that while

it satisfies the eye, engages the mind to an imaginary enquiry.

No. 21, "Portrait of Lorenzo Pucci in his robe of office as Grand Penitentiary: it was for this Cardinal, who was a great favourite of Leo X., that Raphael painted his famous picture of St Cecilia—Raphael." This is a very remarkable picture: how dignified, and how perfectly unaffected! How unlike the pretension of many a portrait we daily see! It is painted with very great care, and apparently not in oil, yet not altogether distemper—probably a mixture of oil and water through the means of size.

We cannot very much admire the baby-house picture of "St Jerome in his chamber—Albert Durer, No. 22."

In No. 23, "Dead Christ—Guido," we much admire the figure of the Virgin, but not the dead Christ; and the angels are unangelic.

No. 24, "Landscape with travellers—Cuypp." We believe this is a very much admired picture, and highly estimated. In some lights, and by itself, it may express the intention of the painter, which appears to have been a peculiar and strong light of sun. Perhaps the effect is killed by the luminous colouring of the pictures about it. It is the simplest of subjects, yet, in its detail, painted with little attention to nature; the remarkably dark stems of the trees seem odd, and make the other parts weak, and even unfinished. It is too near the very finely coloured "Velasquez of Don Balthazar, son of Philip IV.;" and more particularly No. 27, "The Moses and the Burning Bush—Bassan." This is the finest picture by the master that we have ever seen. There is even a simple grandeur about the figure of Moses that supplies the place of higher dignity; the background is surprising in colour, and we want no other form; there appears an excavation in a rock, near which is the burning bush. The background is not dark, is of a greenish-brown tone, very solemn, not to say awful, on the one side, and goes off into the most unaffected distance on the other. A tall goat browsing on the leaves of a tree, unites both parts of the subject, and helps its simplicity. It is a picture of very great vigour.

After enjoying this picture, we must pass by many; we cannot stop to examine the hard Garofolo, nor Ostadet,

human beasts, and fish-cleaning subjects, that we detest, and heartily wish were never exhibited. Nor does Wynants demand a second look. "A town in Holland—V. Heyden, or Vandervelde," is very true and good; but as we would not stay in the town longer than we could help, so we pass quickly from the representation. No. 35, "Terburg,—A trumpeter waiting for orders of his officer," pleases more, for it is beautifully painted, and represents order, subordination, and authority, and propriety, and protection; all which are pleasing to the mind.

We pass to No. 36, "A Calm," by Vandervelde, rather weak, yet true; tame, as a calm may perhaps be; but soon get into trouble at No. 37, "Dogs quarrelling in a Larder"—Snyders. It is finely painted, particularly the brindled dog: may we never meet his fellow, and we care not if we never see him again.

No. 38, too, is a strife, but of another kind, "between Abraham's and Lot's herdsmen," which is very good for the master, Pietro da Cortona.

The next, No. 39, is by a master who never yet pleased us, either in subject or painting; nor should we care if all his laboured "Fish in a Larder" were with the "dogs." There is nothing like genius in these things.

No. 45, "A landscape with cottages—Sunset," has either been greatly rubbed out, or not rubbed in; in one case, it may be more of a *remnant* than a Rembrandt; and No. 44, "Rustic Courtship—A Vandervelde," is very unpromising for the marriage, for there is a lack of harmony before it.

We like not Greuze and his "Petite Pleureuse," No. 46; and 47, "The battle between Alexander and Porus—Berghem," is only a battle as far as it is confusion; in all else it is tame enough. Berghem was out of his element in the historical.

No. 50, "Reception of a Spanish Prince at a Monastery—Velasquez," is remarkable, considering the master, for a total absence of colour; it is mere light and shade, grey, not agreeable, and so resembles, especially in the principal figure of the Prince, Mr Buas's electioneering print, which may be seen on Radical pocket-handkerchiefs, that we verily believe he stole from this picture.

No. 51, "A Rocky Landscape, with Boats and Figures—Salvator Rosa." Our attention has not been sufficiently

arrested through some numbers, but now we acknowledge the hand of a master, and stay at his bidding. This is indeed a very fine landscape. It must be seen at its proper distance; for near, you will not see the intention of the markings in the rock, which, at a little distance, appears so highly finished, that it is positively rocky substance. It is of a very grand character; the shadows in the hollows are just what they should be; the trees, or rather fragments of trees, quite in character with the rock, acknowledged at one glance to be true to Nature, but no portraiture of minute parts. The subject is the inlet of a little creek, among rocks, the creek itself perhaps in a bay of the sea. It is enclosed; it is not easy to say what the figures are, but they tell wonderfully. At first look, we thought the picture rather monotonous, but after a while we would not have it otherwise than it is. So, in the painting, it does not exhibit that richness and brilliancy of substance we see in many other pictures, but a sort of half-distemper look: after a while, we are perfectly satisfied that it is best as it is. The sky, too, which is wonderfully dashed in, is in itself, perhaps, not of the most agreeable blue, certainly not ultramarine; as Prussian blue, which it much resembles, was not known in Salvator's time, it is probably Indigo. The more you look at this picture, the more you see to admire; the water is of the most refreshing coolness, and quite a deception, yet apparently unlaboured and free. Why is it that such a subject pleases us so intensely? It is not a scene of what would be commonly termed beauty; it offers no great display of peculiar richness, nor variety of colour; and as for the figures, we know not what most of them are about. It is because it has decided character; it represents the grand forms of nature in their retired wildness, and the colour and execution are of a piece with it; there is nothing little here; the lights and shadows are simple, and of bold sweeping lines, not broken up into prettinesses, as is oftentimes the case with subjects that affect grandeur. How ardently do we wish that this picture and its companion were in the National Gallery; and the more so, as we know none that would so much improve the taste of our landscape painters. We must pass by the in-

tervening pictures until we come to its companion, No. 98, "Jacob's Dream—Salvator." Highly as we have spoken of the "Rocky Landscape," we decidedly think this the superior picture; in general colour, texture, and surface, it greatly resembles its companion. The landscape part of it is much less, but what there is of landscape is wonderfully flung into the subject with a bold hand, and more would have been an interruption to the intention. The Dream—how shall we describe it? Jacob is lying down at the feet of two or three trees, in the corner of a stony foreground. The trees are only in part seen; on the opposite side is a sweep of rocky bank, reaching beyond the middle, and connecting itself with the very foreground. The centre of the picture represents a blaze of celestial light, round which, and partially across it, are rolling clouds, encircling the light; on one side of this centre, near Jacob, is the ladder of ascent—a common simple ladder—but so little seen, and with intervening cloud and angel, as not at all to offend from the commonness of the object; groups of angels, beautiful in form and variety of attitude, complete the subject. The light is evidently of a celestial glow, of that region where it is purest; the clouds are veiling it from the earth, and rather belong to the earth, and remind us of the passage describing divine power, "If he do but touch the mountains they shall smoke." The whole earthly scene is shrouded in the voluminous clouds that encircle the divinely inspired dream. The execution is wonderful, and agreeable to the bold and sublime conception. We could not but notice in this picture likewise some of those touches which made out parts with the greatest decision, but which, on a nearer inspection, appeared to be but accidental splashes of the brush. We conclude from this that he did not paint very near his canvas; that his brushes were of considerable length. Both these pictures look very much as if they were painted with a mixture of the distemper and oil vehicle or medium.

The two smaller pictures by Salvator, No. 53, "Jacob wrestling with the Angel," and 56, "David vanquishing Goliath," though rich in colour, are not pleasing. The figures are coarse. We want landscape, for

which, perhaps, these are studies to be introduced, and therefore there may have been little attention to nicety of character.

But we must not omit No. 55, "An old man meditating—Rembrandt"—which is wonderfully fine, perfect meditation, and a richness of colour, that is yet so subdued, that it not only not interferes with, but assists the sobriety of thoughtful age.

No. 57, "Landscape and Figures—Swanevelt," may be a pleasing picture were it placed elsewhere; but near the powerful Salvators it is not an easy task to fix the attention upon the weak pencilling and colouring of that master. But we are disposed to pay still less attention to the very unpleasing picture, said to be by Salvator Rosa, No. 59, "L'Umana Fragilita." It is most disgusting in subject, dismal and dingy, nor has it the bold handling of a master.

No. 61, "The Holy Family, with Angels bringing presents to the Saviour—N. Poussin," is very beautiful. The background of buildings is very good, and the whole in perfect daylight. If the angels did not look more like children than angels, the scene in which they are placed would be too natural. The dark drapery of Joseph, and strange hard outline it gives of his back, makes his figure rather ludicrous. Joseph seems to have been no favourite with the painters; they, in general, represent him unnecessarily old, and by no means well-looking.

No. 62, "Lady with a Fan—Rembrandt," is very fine. It is one of those powerful effects of reflected lights in which he sometimes indulged. It should be seen in a peculiar light, where all these reflexes would tell. Is there not a little indecision and want of clearness which would vanish if it were placed in a lower light?

We come to the first picture in the middle-room quite unprepared for its vulgarity, No. 64, "Five Boors at an open window carousing," detestable as art or nature; perfect bores.

No. 65, "Soldiers Gambling," arrests the attention, from its remarkably beautiful colouring. The grouping is good, and the figures easy. It is very freely executed, and with a freshness as if painted at one sitting.

No. 70, "A River Scene, with Boats and Figures—Cuyp," is rather heavy and monotonous for that master. The handling of Cuyp is very

strong, perhaps more so than his subjects would admit, had he not an aim at peculiar effects of atmosphere, to which all else is sacrificed; but if from change in colour, or accident, this effect be lost, his pictures are not always pleasing.

No. 71, "Landscape—Ruysdael,"—said to be painted at 12 years of age, is very true to nature, highly finished, with great depth, more than he adopted in his more advanced time; but we are incredulous as to the age. We know that many of his beautiful small pictures are said to have been painted at this early age; they are distinguishable by a raised leafage, as if forced into a substance by his vehicle; his after-works are smooth.

The next picture, No. 72, "A Sandy Road," by him, is very simple and beautiful—the sentiment is in the colour. The portrait, "Supposed to be John Lutina the Goldsmith—by Rembrandt"—is another proof of his wondrous power. He makes a history by his mysterious colouring of whatever subject he undertakes. This is not so much a goldsmith, but the life, the history of one. A good novelist might sit down before such pictures as these of Rembrandt's, and work them into wondrous tales, by mentally extracting incidents from the mystery of the colouring. No painter ever understood this power as Rembrandt did. More or less he ever made mystery his subject, nor would he detract from his magic, when more particularly his aim, by the enticements of beauty. When we reluctantly quit such a Rembrandt as this, we find we pass on rather rapidly—nor does "a Woman Paring Apples in a Kitchen—by J. B. Van Slingelandt," tempt us to stay, even by the promise of dumpings; but No. 80, "A Child receiving Religious Instruction—Rembrandt," arrests us again with its magical mystery. There is in the very colouring of this small picture the solemn religious feeling and almost holiness of experienced age, and the confiding docility of early youth. United as a whole, it is religious awe. The background retires into a most expressive obscurity. We look at it as we would take up a book of the Sibyls, with its many chapters, oracular and mysterious, of the past and of the future.

We turn to No. 81, and find the work of no less a master than Ru-

bens, "Christ's charge on deliver the Keys to St Peter,"—but a vain look here for the mystery such a charge should have imparted. The Christ, which should be wonderfully divine, is positively mean; there is no good expression in the heads; nor is there any thing to interest. It is one of Rubens's pictures of mere figures, with his peculiar handling and colouring, wherein and whereby nothing is told.

No. 83, "A Mountainous Landscape, with Cattle and Figures, on the Banks of a River—Bergheim,"—is very fine—painted with a full and rich pencil. The supremacy of the mountain over the scene, with its crown of clouds, is admirably kept up, and tends greatly to give importance and grandeur to the whole; all the numerous figures, many in a very subdued tone, are under its protection. A poetical character of landscape, but extremely simple, is well conceived and sustained.

We must pass on to five pictures of Gaspar Poussin, No. 89 to No. 93 inclusive. Of all the landscape painters, Gaspar delights us most. He was thoroughly skilled in composition, hence he was always certain. His colouring was always appropriate. He had so simple a manner, that he must have worked with very great rapidity. Hence his pictures sometimes appear, in a degree, as from a manufactory, but there is always, in some part or other, a pretty strong mark of genius, by which those scenes which at first view appear mostly similar, have some distinguishing feature; so that in fact he repeated himself much less than is commonly believed. Of these five we like the larger one with Sportsmen and Dogs the least—it is too long; the second distance monotonous, and not, perhaps, quite agreeing with the sides. In the smaller, No. 89,—"The Fall at Tivoli,"—the water is admirable—it is sparkling. We need not say it is not a view—the water is, without doubt, a study, but the scene is composed. These are pleasing pictures of this master, but by no means some of his best; we would have wished, in a collection in which there are such superb Salvator Rosas, a more choice selection from the works of Gaspar had been made—not but that we greatly admire these, but they are not of that consequence which many of his pictures so eminently possess.

We must pass on to two Murillos, No. 100 and No. 101. They are very different—the first is very vigorous—the other much less so. The head of the Spanish Girl is very natural, and finely coloured, and a subject he well knew how to paint; and though it be of low peasant character, it is not unpleasing. No. 101, "The Holy Family, with a group of Angels," is very good, but it has somewhat of Murillo's fault. There is little but the angels to mark the holiness of the family; yet the head of the mother is very interesting, and even sweet—the picture is rather weak.

No. 102, "Landscape, with Nymph going to Bathe—Both and Polemberg." We cannot quite understand the feelings of this picture. It is sultry enough certainly, that nymphs should wish to bathe, but we modestly think they should have a little more shelter.

No. 103, "The Infant Moses—Murillo,"—is more richly coloured than Murillo is in general—it is almost Titianesque.

No. 106, "Landscape, with a Mill, painted at the age of ten years—J. Ruysdael,"—is very rich in colour, and beautifully painted. We are incredulous as to the age; how pure must have been the medium with which this picture was painted, and we may say the same of the next.

No. 107, "Interior of a Room, with Figures at Cards."—The effect of the daylight here is wonderful, and the figures not being coarse and vulgar, the subject is not unpleasant—it is painted with great care and truth; the woman seen through the open door, and the parts beyond, well connect the card-players with the whole locality. The perfect keeping of all the distances is admirable.

The "Salmacis" of Albano, No. 112, has a general rich effect of colour, but for the size of the picture the landscape is too little considered, yet the figures are not large enough, if they are the principal objects. The distance, as likewise in his Europa, No. 117, is not good—it is a fault of Albano that his distances are commonly too indistinct, and have not that atmosphere they should have. The Europa is a good figure, and looks as if painted from Nature.

No. 115, "A Forest Scene—Hobbima,"—is very good—it is a simple subject, the skirts of a forest with a low cottage seen under the trees. The

management is very judicious—the light, which is not large in quantity, is put just where the thought of the spectator should be directed—the happy cottar's home—the favoured sunny spot; yet this occupies a small space in the picture, that it may have due modesty—a peaceful rest in unobtrusive light. This is the home poetry of the picture, and the colour, and light, and shade administer to it. The humble home, from its very smallness in the scene, seems sheltered by the forest; the trees, as sentient things, know it and protect it. The sunlight is no hot disagreeable glare, but such as content might bask in. The colouring is remarkably clear and powerful. The aim of Hobbima ever appears to be to impress one character strongly upon his common scenes. He seems, therefore, more careless of parts that are unimportant to this whole, and of minute detail, than are in general the painters of such homely subjects. His pictures, therefore, though beautifully painted, and possessing an admirable texture, are to be looked at not too near, for he generalized; it was necessary, therefore, that he should give a depth and power of colour, which he did with such judgment, that the eye readily seeks the proper distance. Lovers of elaborate detail will not relish the freer and bolder pencilling of Hobbima. His trees throw out their masses more for their power of colour and of shade, than for a display of distinct leafage. The united clearness, brightness, and yet depth of this picture are extremely gratifying to the eye.

How rich is this exhibition in Rembrandt's. Here, at No. 121, we come to another "Head of an Elderly Female." It is indeed a very surprising picture. It is wonderfully executed, very unlike, in the handling, the Lady with the Fan, that is more laboured, and reflected lights worked into it, with evident retouching. This is vigorously dabbed in at once from Nature, without an after-touch, and is as fresh and pure as when it came from the easel. How perfectly pure must have been the medium, that without a stain has left every tint and colour apparently unaltered. There is not the slightest appearance of an oily surface ever having been on the picture; in the hand and arm, where the white is dragged over the dress, the purity of the medium is very striking. The

simplicity of the attitudes of Rembrandt's portraits is very admirable: They never look as if sitting to be admired; it struck us as if they had an air of being standing figures; they always look unaffected and natural. We are come to the end of the middle room; nor are we disposed to turn back and be critical upon the Belisarius of Murillo, which we think most disagreeably vulgar. We, therefore, pass on to the "South Room."

No. 123, "Master and Scholar—from the Mareschalchi Collection at Bologna—Caravaggio." This is undoubtedly well painted, but we cannot conceive that it can have any interest. As family portraits, they may have had their value. Is not this sort of subject the abuse of the style called Historical? This picture is deficient in the strength for which Caravaggio was so justly celebrated. His powerful light and shade, and depth and choice of colour, render his works sometimes very grand; but does he not fail in individual expression? G. Dow is seldom pleasing, unless to those who prefer laborious finish to execution. No. 132 is not an exception. Schidone is often a happy imitator. In his Holy Family, No. 133, the Angels are very good, and like Correggio. After this, "A Man smoking" will not engage much attention—so we pass it.

No. 138, "Landscape, with Buildings and Figures—G. Poussin." This is a very simple subject, probably an exact view, but it is so treated as to be poetical. The little town is not ostentatiously set forth in any strong light, though it is sufficiently separated from the wooded scenery below it—all which is in the deepest repose of colour. A clear river winds among the trees, and a figure or two are on the banks. It is very sweetly pencilled, and coloured with great depth and transparency. The character of the scene is of retirement, not unconnected with social enjoyments of a quiet town. Pictures of this kind are unambitious; they do not force themselves upon the eye, but, like the scenes they represent, are to be sought, and when seen are enjoyed.

No. 139, "An Infant, supposed to be one of the Royal children of Spain—Velasquez." The eye rests upon this, gratified, not by the subject, but the colour. An infant enveloped in its bed-clothes, excepting the head,

does not promise very much; but in this extreme simplicity there is the boldness of genius. An inferior painter would have made his art more conspicuous in composition. The object of Velasquez was to portray the child, and he has given that, with its singularly intelligent expression, and nothing else. There is no nurse, no mother, no concomitants—every inch of the piece is the child, and for the child. We look at it till the strangeness wears off, and we become pleased with it even as a subject. We do wish this simplicity, which we have likewise noticed in the portraits of Rembrandt, was more attended to by our portrait-painters. It is a great thing to have a position that is not attitudinized, and in which the "sitter" might remain without fatigue; where the figure in Nature would be wearied with a position, the spectator will soon be wearied too, and regret the attitude cannot be relaxed. Here are two strange pictures of Bassan, No. 140 and 144, "The Deluge, and the building of the Ark." There is something very odd in his colouring, his green and red skies, the green probably owing to the use of verdeter. The mode of treating such subjects is singular; The creatures are collected as in a market of the commonest kind, while the colouring is in a great part ideal. There is in them a strange mixture of good and bad, something of the sublimity of mystery mixed up with trifling vulgarities. These are very unlike the Bassan we before noticed, The Moses. No. 141, "A fresh Breeze, with Men-of-War in the distance—Vandervelde;" and 145, "Fishing-boats, with Men-of-War in the distance—J. M. W. Turner," are evidently placed as rivals. They both are in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton. They are both fine pictures, but painted upon very different principles. The one is careful painting, smooth in execution, very transparent, indeed very successfully aiming at the very texture of the elements and objects it represents. The other is with a bold and dashing pencil, with little care for any thing but effect. The texture of all parts is the same, the surface is plastered; accordingly the sky, even at a considerable distance, looks rocky, and the water certainly not liquid; nor are there in it the long swelling and undulating lines which the water of the other beautifully exhibits; on the con-

trary, there are often abrupt terminations, for which it is difficult to account. Still the picture is very forcible, and would make a good print; but the companion by Vandervelde has not less force, and has many other beauties, particularly the very natural texture and character of sky and water, and the action of the vessels has more of life in it. In fairness to Mr Turner, it should be observed, this his marine subject is brought into comparison with a very fine specimen of a master who was most celebrated for his sea-pieces, and who painted nothing else.

We wish the old and modern works were oftener brought into juxtaposition—much might be learned thereby. Here is a good "Silence" by Schidone, No. 149. He always has power—and, like the great master he imitated, aimed at sentiment. We never hope to see any thing like an adequate expression in the divine heads.

No. 150, "Salvator Mundi," by Guido, is a very great failure; even the manner of the painting is disagreeable. No. 151 is a very charming "Landscape, and Figures dancing."—Moucheron. There are two spirited battles of Bourgoigne, or rather the "March of an Army and a Battle." The latter is by much the best. He has ever a bold pencil, is clear in his colouring, and his whole style has a strength particularly suited to his subjects. He takes the spectator at once into the confusion. His skies are always bold and fine. We have another instance in No. 153, "Our Saviour's Charge to Peter:" how weak is the hand of great painters when attempting divine expression!

No. 159, "The Virgin grieving for the Death of Christ, supported by Mary Magdalen," by Domenichino, does not appear to possess the high character always expected from that great master. It is a very fine subject, and Domenichino is unquestionably a painter of pathos—but is not here the *mater dolorosa* somewhat coarse, and Mary Magdalen not sympathetic? Perhaps no representation of such grief and sympathy will be satisfactory to any one who bears in mind the wonderful picture of Correggio of Christ before Pilate, in the National Gallery—never were grief and sympathy so wonderfully portrayed—and yet of sympathy we see but half the face—but it is perfect in expression. Here are two very

pleasing pictures of Watteau, in his peculiar manner: No. 180, "Conversation," and 181, "A Musical Party." Watteau, with his pencil, was a sort of court poet. He did an inconceivable thing—gave pastoral innocence to the hoop-petticoat. He encircled the silk coat with green leaves, and gave an air of simplicity to manners the most artificial. He made trees and lawns and fountains emulous of satin. His very plane-trees had been to the school of courtesy, and bent their polite boughs in most stately attitudes. It is this makes his pictures always pleasing, that they are of a piece. He furnished all things with a slight portion of each; so that you never question the propriety of their coming together. There is ever the same degree of sentimentality in his animate and inanimate objects. These are all making love after the court fashion. Nor, be it confessed, is it an unpleasant fashion. Agreeability was his aim; and as a colourist he is always charming. Watteau is perfectly original, and his style complete in itself. He, fortunately for himself, and, we think, for art (which should have its varieties, only let each be "*simplex duntaxat et unum*"), lived in days when the court was an object of love, and court manners of admiration. Since the "Three Glorious Days!" poor Watteau must have been very much lowered in the estimation of the Parisian public. We should not care to see his reputation and his works take shelter in England. Watteau originally acquired his peculiar style by painting the ornamental scenes for the opera. He was like the poor actor, who, without a guinea in his pocket, acts the part of the dashing baronet with his ten thousand a-year. Watteau's court-dresses and agreeabilities were to him only in his pictures and his imagination. He died exactly 200 years after Raphael, and at the same age, 37. Of these two pictures, the last, No. 164, appears somewhat damaged.

As we have omitted the mention of another Parisian, and of Parisian taste, we may as well here refer to him, and go back to No. 46, "La petite Pleureuse," and No. 127, "Le petit Bonheur—Greuze." The first of these is vile enough; the second like Nature, but—it is Greuze—Nature with the additional graces of Monsieur

Greuze. As an affected author always speaks of himself, so does Greuze more or less exhibit himself; that is, his own affectation. His faces look as if, in the midst of these sentimentalities, they were thanking the painter for his prettinesses. But his vanities are flimsy, unsubstantial—the very opposite to vigour. We should suppose Greuze's character to be very well hit off in a little work of that day, quoted by M. d'Epinau in a letter to l'Abbe Gagliani, 1771. The author of the little satire makes the pictures at an exhibition speak; among other pleasantries, is one directed against Greuze, who, it seems, had not exhibited. One of the pictures is enquiring for the absentee: "M. Greuze? —Il bonde—J'en suis fache, nous aurions eu le plaisir de repeter les éloges qu'il se donne," &c.

No. 162, Sea-piece—"A Squall coming on—J. Ruysdael." The painter may be excused, if his sky is very superior to the water. The former was an element he often accurately observed, and followed water only in mountain rivers and their falls, in which he is always admirable. This little picture is to be looked at for the sky, which is very true. It is sombre, lowering, and brooding mischief; we have an expectation in it, and therefore it is poetical. The water has too many short touches.

The "Marriage of St Catherine" is a subject of singular purity and beauty, and has been a trial of strength with most of the great Italian painters. This No. 163, "by Bonvincino" (called Moretto), is certainly not agreeable; nor to be endured by those who have in their mind's eye this subject by Raphael.

No. 166, "Head of our Saviour—Morales," is very finely painted; but we think it deficient in expression. In its manner it greatly reminds us of the Correggio in the National Gallery, Christ before Pilate. Works by this master are not common; the picture at Magdalen College, Oxford, Christ bearing his Cross, is said to be by him. The pictures we have seen by him have a solemn and a tender cast of colour.

No. 168, "The Crucifixion—Murrillo," is a very solemn little picture; it looks painted for adoration; and we should presume, from the peculiar mode of framing it, that it has been very precious. It has pur-

ple velvet close to it in the form of a cross. We suppose there is no painting beneath it, and that it was painted on, or as a cross. The purple of the velvet, with its difference of texture, makes the brown very solemn, not to say awful. We cannot dwell a moment on the "Country Surgeon," by Jan Steen—we have a hatred of his beastly subjects. But we are arrested by the "Adoration of the Magi—Jean Van Eyck,"—not because, as the catalogue asserts, "the two brothers Hubert and Jean are introduced looking through a window, and Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, is represented as the principal of the Magi." We should not stay to admire it as a work, for it must be considered one of the eccentricities of art, but we examine it with some curiosity as by the founder of oil painting, or rather we should say by the inventor of that medium, which all the great masters used, and which many, not without much show of argument, believe to have been lost! Van Eyck was born A.D. 1370. This picture, therefore, may have been painted considerably more than four hundred years. Its very antiquity demands respect. It is possible that this picture is not one of those painted in oil, for it is not always easy to determine that point; if it be, it well shows the preservation of the colours. We say it is not always easy to discover that pictures are painted in oil. We have recently seen one or two valuable ones, which on examination were found not to be in oil, or not solely oil, and would not bear a wet sponge. Perhaps nothing is more dangerous to an old picture, if the varnish be really all taken off, than to wash it with water; not only is there danger of some parts positively put in without any oil at all, disappearing, such as skies, more particularly perhaps in Venetian pictures; but it appears probable that there was that added to the medium, which makes it, and more readily in some colours than in others, unite with water. We have seen many pictures, said to be rubbed to the ground, *washed* to the ground; the greens, made probably with black and indigo, are very apt to vanish and leave the brown ground.

"A gentle breeze, No. 171, William Vandervelde," is very good. It is refreshing. But we have seen much finer by the master than most of his in this collection. He is always fas-

cinating; and the sea, and even ships, have always a poetry of their own, and W. Vandervelde has not his equal.

No. 172, "The Last Supper—Tintoretto,"—though not agreeable as a whole has some fine parts; nor has it quite the richness nor harmony of colouring we expect to see in Tintoretto.

Here we have, in No. 174, "The Marriage of Canaan," another Jan Steen, in which is exhibited to perfection the art of degrading and vulgarizing a sacred subject.

But we must not pass a Claude, No. 173, "Landscape, with Mercury and Battus." This is one of his very pleasing subjects; is richly coloured; but it does not appear to have quite that air and clearness for which Claude is so justly celebrated. Perhaps it is too hot, and may be cleaned with advantage, then the cooler tints might come out. Besides which, the stain of dirt, that is evident in the distance, tends to destroy the illusion of atmosphere. One would imagine that it was from pictures in this state that Coleridge entertained his strange notion of Claude, and fancied the difference between him and Teniers. We quote the passage from his *Table-Talk*, for it is curious, and more curious than true. "Observe the remarkable difference between Claude and Teniers in their power of painting vacant space. Claude makes his whole landscape a *plenum*: the air is quite as substantial as any other part of the scene. Hence there are no true distances, and every thing presses at once and equally upon the eye. There is something close and almost suffocating in the atmosphere of Claude's sunsets. Never did any one paint air, the thin air, the absolutely apparent vacancy between object and object, so admirably as Teniers. That picture of the Archers exemplifies this excellence. See the distances between those ugly boors! how perfectly true to the fact." Surely this refined criticism is unadvised. Is it not for lack of attention to the objects of each painter? Teniers' subjects were of a cheerful holiday out-of-door cast, and required a holiday clearness. The dignity of Claude's subjects required the greater illumination, which more vapoury skies produce, and these are the skies he generally represents; they give a richness and importance to all things seen under them. In certain situations such skies are some-

times oppressive—enough so, to allow for Mr Coleridge's exaggeration of suffocation; but are they in all? Such an atmosphere must be very different in a scene such as one of Claude's beautiful marine subjects, and within the reach of the smoking furnaces of a manufacturing district—or in London where "the full tide of human existence" (as we believe Johnson calls the passing and repassing of countless multitudes) is continually sending up to the already loaded air no small contribution of heated vapour.

No. 175, "A Woody Landscape, with Sportsmen—Huckart and A. Vandervelde,"—is very good, particularly the figures. A. Vandervelde is always seen to best advantage in the works of others, sometimes constituting their whole value; like the cuckoo, his offspring are in other nests. It is very strange that figures put in by him in the pictures of other painters are always perfectly in harmony with all around them, but scarcely ever so in his own. The trees in this scene remind us of Pinadier. We cannot stay a moment with Brouwer's "Boors Quarrelling;" well coloured beasts.

No. 177, "The Virgin of the Crescent—Murillo,"—has too much of the master's faults—it is fuzzy and disagreeable.

Here are two, by Berghem, that are pleasing, No. 180 and 181, "Hawking Party," and the "Alpine Pass." The figures in the former excellent—the latter beautifully painted, perhaps too brown in colour. Does not Berghem sometimes injure the agreeability of his pastoral by not being sufficiently and appropriately light in tone?

"The Holy Family,"—No. 182—Innocenzio da Mola—has a great deal of beauty, is very like Raphael, but hard; expression and character, simplicity and delicate feeling, make up for many deficiencies of art. Without something of these, what is it but labour, and what does it produce but the gratification of seeing something imitated?

The last picture in the Exhibition is a "Bacchanalian Boy,"—No. 183—Murillo—more richly coloured than in general we find them, but it has too much of his common cast to be Bacchanalian. Upon the whole, this is a very fine Exhibition. We spoke, in the commencement of our paper, of its general effect as extremely gratifying to the eye. If it be said our criticism of particular pictures does

not seem to correspond with that description of the general colour and texture, we have but one remark to make, which is, that though we may disapprove of individual pictures either in parts or as wholes, yet it is an extremely rare thing to meet with any picture, however unpleasant in subject or execution, of the olden time, which, from its texture alone, is not pleasing. We have compared the works of the old masters to jewellery—their paint is hard as iron, with the, as it were, innate brilliancy of precious stones. This fact (persuaded as we are that it does not arise from age, as some pretend), connected with other reasoning, has convinced us that we do not use their medium; and that it would be a

great thing if scientific men would direct their chemical knowledge to this subject, and publish an account of their experiments. We have many societies, to whom it may properly belong. The arts are of too much real importance for this matter to be longer neglected. There are those who might set the question at rest—the very common discussion of it shows that its settlement may be highly useful—and, at all events, is desirable. We had intended to have made some remarks upon some notes we made at the National Gallery, whose directors have at length made *another purchase*—but we have trespassed too long on the pages of *Maga*, and must reserve the notice to a future Number.

To Amateur Artists.

GENTLEMEN,—There are no greater lovers of art than yourselves, for you pursue it for its own sake; and you pursue it under many disadvantages. You want the constant excitement of being before the public; you cannot have fair criticisms on your works from private friends and flatterers, and live too much out of the world of art. Nothing is more necessary to advancement than frequent communication among artists, or the real lovers of art, and this you can with difficulty obtain. You paint pictures—few see them; you have but half the pleasure in your creations; the finest garden would become wearisome were it only visited by the possessor. It will be said, you may send your works to the Exhibition of the Academy. You may send *one* work, for by their laws they will admit no more, while the professional artist will have many to compare with your one; and it can hardly be expected that a society of professional painters will at any time afford the best, or a very good place to amateur exhibitors. And even your one picture will be sacrificed to display; painted for a private room in the simplicity of your taste, and without the dangerous temerity which the painting up to the exhibition-glare engenders, and without the power of retouching which the Academicians enjoy, your one modest picture will be lost, or more probably destroyed, amidst a heterogeneous mass, ambitious of attraction. You have, therefore, in reality, no place of exhibition; and for the com-

parative solitariness of your pursuit, your love can rarely reach ambition, which might give full energy to your power, and make it all-worthy in your own estimation.

Consider a moment what the art is—what it has made men—and see if it be not fitting the ambition of man to excel in it. How few of any rank, station, or profession, acquire an immortality to equal that of the great painters. If all the works of one of their greatest could be collected and were for sale, a principality could not purchase them. Is it great to draw forth, to exercise, and bring to maturity, genius in writings—to be the historian, the novelist, the poet? Be assured not less so to be the painter; but why is that great art now less fit than other arts to become the employment of your lives? Because, from the retirement with which it must be pursued, its great ends can scarcely be attained. It has no field for ambition—it wants its consequence—it is in danger of becoming an amusement merely, an inferior and secondary pursuit. And yet who are generally better qualified for unlimited success than amateur artists? You mostly have minds cultivated by education, and by that peculiar reading which is most favourable to generating and improving taste. You have more opportunities of travelling—of seeing the finest things in nature and art—leisure for reflection, for comparisons, for search after principles—and minds unshackled by the necessity of pandering to a fashion, or making it a

plea. It is because I am satisfied that there are among you men of dormant genius, in themselves admirably qualified to excel, but kept dormant from their too private occupation, that I now address you; and ardently desire to see your exertions increased for your own sakes, for your happiness, and for your fame. I will not throw away a word upon those who would think it presumption in you to vie with professional men who devote their lives to the pursuit, and who, they believe, must have more genius than yourselves (I would have some of you devote your lives to it likewise), as if an apprenticeship and drudgery of service were absolutely necessary to the acquirement of an adequate knowledge and power over materials. It is not presumption to suppose genius to be so far a common property that it is existent in any given number of persons—in yourselves as in others. Nor is it true that that part of the art which can alone be learnt, is so exceedingly difficult of attainment. The labour of this is greatly exaggerated. It is more the mind than the hand that must be practised—a love of the art will soon give the latter the requisite execution; and, indeed, the fault is too often the other way, that the hand has acquired too much for the head. I have known some of our greatest artists produce their best works very soon after they had seriously taken up the art. Many artists arrive at great manual dexterity, whose practice that way is detrimental to them. You well know that is the least part of the art. You have every advantage but one—remove the obstacle that now shuts you out from the world, and hinders you from becoming fair competitors for fame and honour; and I entertain no doubt but that you will, equally with professional men, show forth the fruits of great talents. I have hitherto spoken of the advantages to yourselves, allow me to lay some stress upon the advantages the art itself will derive from your hands. There would be just a noble emulation between professional artists and yourselves. They would hail an Exhibition solely of your works, as tending more than any other thing to promote a general love for art. You will greatly render it more estimable in the public eye; you will show it to be an object worthy of the highest ambition; and, I may add, that it will be expected of you that

you should rescue it from its meaner objects. Fashion is an ill word when speaking of aught worthy a high aim; but to use the intelligible phrase, you will make it a fashion; and, by so doing, most essentially serve the professional artists. You will create for them patrons among a class where none now exist; and you will engraft upon the education of the most cultivated a new study, that will give a value to every other, and that every other will assist. It is lamentable to see how many listless persons there are among that unfortunate class who are too wealthy to require occupation as a means, and have no stimulus to an intellectual and honourable pursuit. Every one whom you may be the means of rescuing from the inanity, perhaps the follies of life, will be grateful to you for a pursuit, and for bringing into palpable exercise powers they did not know they possessed.

I would have you establish an Exhibition of your own. I would not have you hire rooms, and have a merely temporary exhibition, but come before the world at once handsomely, and show you mean to become a permanent Society. I am persuaded that there are a sufficient number to establish the thing properly. Do we not see club-houses arise, costly structures, as if men were only seeking for a name by which they might be called together? why not have the Amateur Club?—or call it by what name you will; gather together a society, raise an establishment, with funds, and management, the details of which many to whom I write must be more conversant with than I can be; and lose no time in having preliminary meetings, that the whole may be organized and put in motion before the next spring.

I will venture only to throw out a few suggestions, which most readily occur to me in my reflections on this subject. I would admit of two sorts of members—the exhibitors and non-exhibitors. The former should have some exclusive privileges, and be subject to a less annual subscription, for they would principally raise the funds of the Institution by their Exhibition. I would have a common room for meeting and conversing on art, with a library of works on art. I would have portfolios of drawings, sketches, and studies of all kinds; and a room set apart for the public exhibition of sketches

and studies—a great desideratum. There should be great care taken in the admission of exhibiting members, that no mere pretenders undignify the Society. Let the admission be an object of honourable ambition, and none hastily admitted, nor without submitting specimens to a committee. Let the recommendation be from all members, but let the decision rest with a committee of twelve, to be chosen annually by all the members. Should any become professional, they may continue members, but not exhibiting members. They should be strictly and exclusively unprofessional. They are not to sell their works; but it is not meant to exclude them from the full advantages of having their works engraved, for that would be a check to their laudable ambition—a detriment to a most valuable and talented class of men—engravers—and a loss to the public. Every member of the Royal Academy and Society of British Artists should be freely admitted to the exhibitions, but not admitted to the evenings, unless upon the introduction of a member, any one of whom might enjoy the privilege of bringing one friend. As it is to be calculated that the Exhibitions would be profitable, it might be proposed, in the first place, by an accumulation, to raise a building fund, for the purpose of paying off advances for that purpose. I would not defer the building, but immediately set about that, by deposit subscription of members, and by such liberal donations as may be fairly expected to be made.

As the society is meant to be a permanent body, it should be viewed prospectively with regard to its funds. After liquidation of the building account, considerable sums may be dedicated to the promotion of art—in purchasing pictures, and causing works to be engraved—in offering premiums for composition to artists, and in many ways that may present themselves to the society. Every exhibiting member should make a donation of a picture painted by himself, as the Royal Academicians do, with the power of removing it in exchange for a better one, if he thinks fit, and the committee approve. Thus there will be a permanent picture-gallery, which should only be open to members, with

the power of introducing friends. It would be desirable that once during each year a course of lectures on art be delivered by one or more of the members, for which no money shall be received, nor any admitted but members, or those to whom they shall give tickets—the number of tickets to be limited; that a resident keeper, or librarian, be appointed, with an adequate salary. I have thrown out these few suggestions, without consulting the rules of any existing society, as they have occurred to me, not intending either to make all these of the utmost importance, nor to limit the rules. They will be very easily formed when the first meeting has taken place, which I would wish to see as early as may be; and I here entreat all influential lovers of art (whether practically painters or not) immediately to take this matter into consideration. It rests with those who have the best means of more effectually calling together all amateurs, to set about this business in earnest. As an humble individual, not resident in town, I can now do no more than call your attention to the matter. I will indeed yield to none in my ardent love for art, and should feel no little gratification should I, by this letter, be the means of forming such an establishment. I should be proud to become a candidate to be admitted a member; and in the meanwhile, should any influential persons, as I fully trust they will, take up the matter, and should they be desirous of communicating with me, I need not now add that their so doing would be to me a singular pleasure.* Gentlemen, I have laid before you an object, which, if prosecuted, will undoubtedly advance your own powers, and add to your fame and to your happiness; which will greatly promote the arts, and be of essential service to artists in general; and which will, I trust, materially improve the taste of the country, and bring into active and justly ambitious existence talents which are now buried, or dormant for lack of motive. Perhaps it may rest with you so to revive the arts in this country, that here they may assume their ancient glory.—I am, gentlemen, your obedient and humble servant,

AN AMATEUR.

* Any communications transmitted to me, free of expense, through Messrs Blackwood, will be forwarded.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. XII.

THE Irish elections are now over ; completing the whole of the elections for the United Kingdom, and the returns are of this order, as accurately as can be ascertained :—

		Conservatives.	Whig-Radicals.
England, . .	Boroughs, . .	146	181
	Counties, . .	101	43
Wales, . .	Boroughs, . .	6	8
	Counties, . .	12	3
		265	235
Scotland, . .	Boroughs, . .	1	21
	Counties, . .	19	12
		285	268
Ireland, . .		33	72
			
		318	340

Among those are six-and-thirty Roman Catholics from Ireland, with six from England, making in all forty-two, every man of them pledged to extinguish the Established Church by the mere conditions of Romish Christianity,—the whole thirty-six from Ireland virtually pledged to Mr O'Connell's will, three-fourths of them actually brought in by his influence, all of them bound to his policy by the hope of office, the possession of their seats, or the inevitable certainty of losing them on the slightest symptom of disobedience. Thus have all the predictions of Protestantism been verified. It was said at the period of the Emancipation Bill, that it would throw into the House of Commons a Popish majority—that it would extinguish the power of the Protestant Legislature—that it would raise any and every Papist demagogue to the head of power—and that under pretence of enfranchising Ireland, it would disfranchise England. All this has happened ; the people feel it, the Ministers proclaim it, and the Papists exult in it. If the will of England were to regulate the rights and powers of England, the Melbourne Ministry could not last a day. They would be in a minority of seventeen. On every great public question they would have four-and-thirty votes against them ; and this majority not made up of the hangers-on of office, the dependents on the Treasury, the gentlemen in waiting, whom the Home Secretary can order to their stands behind the

Treasury-bench like so many policemen, or the state whipper-in can drive up, upon an emergency, to the division, like so many straggling hounds to the death. But those were the gentlemen of England, the substantial landholders, the opulent merchants, the heads of the professions, the whole solid strength of English representation. Against those, stands Mr O'Connell, with his six-and-thirty Irish Papists, reinforced by Whigs and Radicals from the sister isle, amounting to seventy-three. And from what constituency have they been summoned ? We take their own showing. All the figures of barbarian eloquence have been lavished by their orators to prove the utter degradation of the lower orders in Ireland. All the mire of metaphor has been daubed upon their misery, all the absurd inflation of the O'Connell philanthropy has laboured to depict the dismal darkness of their minds, their utter want of education, the deplorable state of their cabins, and their desperate dependency on chance for their daily bread. Those are the very people whom Mr O'Connell himself agreed to exclude from the forty-shilling freehold vote, on the ground of their utter unfitness for taking any part in matters of elections. Yet it is this very peasantry who are now pronounced to be equally competent judges of representative qualifications with the people of England ; and this very peasantry, not merely advised but compelled by their priests,

under penalty of ruin here and hereafter, of excommunication from the altar, and abandonment to eternal sufferings, to act in direct and unreasoning obedience to the mandates of agitation. Must we not ask, is it possible that England can endure a Ministry established on such foundations? What can proceed from the lips of a Cabinet taught by such masters? What security for civil rights or public safety can be found in the possessors of power, which marches with the Radical on one side and the Papist on the other—the whole led on by a man already denounced by themselves as a firebrand, and followed by the shouts of the multitude of savage passions, desperate purposes, inveterate hostilities, and sanguinary superstitions of Papist Ireland? The accounts from the elections are dreadful evidence of the spirit which has been raised among that unhappy people. Intimidation, amounting from menaces to murder, the grossest corruption, and the most scandalous perjury, are declared by the Irish papers to have been the common means of canvass. Vast assemblies of the peasantry have been gathered under the superintendence of the priests, who, after haranguing from the altar, harangued in the streets—and insulting every decency of religion in the one, outraged every principle of allegiance in the other. The result has been, the extinction, according to those accounts, of all freedom of election, the substitution of violence in its place, and as the result of the whole, the return of a rabble of the O'Connell retainers to Parliament, utterly unknown to public life, utterly undistinguished by personal merits, but supplying all defects by an implicit subserviency to the command of the priesthood. And what does that command imply? That priesthood affect no disguise in this department of their office; they pronounce the Church of England heretical, and declare that it must be destroyed; they go beyond this, they pronounce all Protestantism heretical, and declare that it must be destroyed; they go farther still, they pronounce the Papacy the only religious authority on earth, and pronounce that their resistance will never cease, nor their animosity be reconciled.

Thus the whole question is before the people of England. The triviali-

ties of British party perish before it—the crisis equally concerns every man who despises the Cabinet, as a collection of imbeciles, or hates them as a conclave of hypocrites; who honours the Church of England as a noble, true, and powerful bulwark of religion in the land, or who giddily thinks that Independentism could fulfil the duties of the Church with equal safety to religion, and equal strength to the constitution. The contest is not even between Conservative and Destructive; it is broader still, it is between religious freedom and religious tyranny—between the right to possess the Scriptures, and the usurpation by which the Scriptures and the Christian are equally held captive. If Englishmen will be lethargic when such interests are contended for, they will not deserve to have a country, and they will not have a country; they will have offered the last insult to Christianity, and they will have Popery in its room. They will have courted the chain, and they will have that chain of fire.

For the purpose of rescuing us as much as possible from the consequences of the Irish elections, a proposal for subscriptions has been made in London, and in some of the principal districts of England. The object is simply to obtain justice for England, and justice for Ireland; also petitions against false returns involve expense in every instance, and it cannot be expected that individuals of the generally limited means of the Irish gentry can go on for ever purchasing back the violated rights of the national representation. But it is distinctly understood that there are at least ten cases among the Irish elections of such scandalous intimidation and notorious bribery, that they have not a leg to stand on before an English committee. There may be many more cases, which would give way on the first application of justice. We know that the adversaries of England and Protestantism are unscrupulous in their application of all means. We know also that this unscrupulousness is at once the resource of the knave, and the protection of the honest man; that it tempts the one into rash exposure, and gives to the other the means of ready retribution. It is also to be observed, that our enemies have behind them the English treasury; that

they have the whole mendicant fund in their front; and that they have boasted of their being able to meet with their purses the indignation of the people of England. The London committee for the subscription propose that they shall not ask from any Conservative more than a guinea, but will receive as much more or less as may suit the convenience of the individual. The very respectable name of Mr Andrew Spottiswoode, the Queen's printer, is at the head of the committee; the committee itself being composed of five-and-twenty gentlemen of well-known character in London; with one of the firm of the bank of Masterman for their treasurer. Thus, all the mere pecuniary details are in safe hands, and it now rests with the Conservatives in every town of the empire, who desire to take a share in supporting the Constitution, to form local committees, make the objects of this subscription known in their neighbourhoods, and spread through the population the plain statements, which must satisfy every man of common-sense of the necessity of coming forward. We should recommend classes of subscriptions of a minor rate; we should recommend a class of shilling subscriptions, and another of pence. No time should be lost, and no portion of the Protestant community of the empire should allow itself to be excluded from the opportunity of assisting in what amounts to the actual redemption of the country. Englishmen eager only to exempt themselves from trouble may say, all will be well without them; things will go on as usual; the nation will right itself; and the other commonplaces of paucity of spirit and laziness of mind. But these are doltish and degenerate Englishmen. Those men would have succumbed equally to Jack Cade or Cromwell, to Robespierre or Napoleon, to French invasion or Papist slavery. They save their sixpences, and trust to the activity, feeling, and manliness of honest men to defend them in their worthless security. But such men would never have obtained a Constitution, nor have kept it when it was obtained. It is utterly astonishing that such men should exist in a community which lives only by its superiority of vigour to all other nations, which conquered its liberty on-

ly by the noblest sacrifices, and which acquired its religion only by scorning to sink into the indolent submission that might have secured individual ease, but must have lost national Christianity. Of such materials were not the men whose names are consecrated to imperishable honour as the fathers of the English Church Constitution? They consented to the severest sacrifices; they expended their means, and nobly made of their earthly mammon the purchase of those everlasting institutions, where the patriot reposes in the gratitude of earth, and exults in the enjoyments of a sphere beyond chance or decay—even in the presence of those lofty and kindred spirits who watch over the fortunes of the Church of God, and crown its champions beyond the grave.

We say again to the people of England, that they have an innate strength more than equal to the exigency. Even in the simple matter of the canvass, if every Conservative in England would register his vote, the Conservative votes would be a majority of three to one; if every Conservative who registered would but take the simple trouble of giving his vote at the hustings, their numbers in the House would make a majority of three to one. For example, in London alone there are 18,000 persons entitled to vote. There never has been an instance where more than 12,000 voted! Thus 6000 voters actually nullified their own privileges; and not merely this, but they virtually assisted the Destructives; for that faction suffers no voter to sleep if it can gain any thing by his being awake. It leaves the lazy Conservative to his pillow, but it makes the lazy Destructive start to his feet, and march. These 6000 are Conservatives. Horsley Palmer's votes in the last election reached within six of Grote's; those six, and ten times the number being, besides, supposed to have almost as much right to vote as the man in the moon. On this ground a petition is already formed, which will probably send Mr Grote to study his speeches in his own counting-house, undisturbed by the laugh of the Legislature. But what would have been the completeness of the triumph if the whole additional 6000 had moved into the field? London

would have unquestionably brought in four Conservatives—gentlemen and men of ability—instead of the four Radicals who at present usurp her privileges, *non-represent* her citizens, and bring ridicule on her understanding. Who upon earth knows any thing of such men as the Pattisons or the Crawfords? They sit silent in the House from session to session, with their brains in their pockets, and their fingers in their mouths. What man gifted with the faculties of speech ever desires to sit out such a caricature of them as the blunderings and stammerings of Mr Grote, who probably talks Dutch from his ancestry, but who certainly does not talk English from his representation? Or who but must feel every string of laughter roused within him by the meanderings of Alderman Wood through every mischance of metaphor that ever lay before the feet of an unfortunate alderman? Mr Wakley, of conflagration memory, backed by Mr Duncombe, who canvasses from his cell, and jumps like a rope-dancer from the Parliament House across the river, soothes his legislative labours by Surrey air, and harangues on liberty from that peculiar sense of the possession which stimulates the patient in the gout by a periodical return to his flannels.

Again we say to the English Constituency, come forward and sustain the Irish. You have already interposed to protect the Church of Ireland against its plunderers. Now, do this for the Constitution which you have already done for the Church; fight the battle of the Irish Protestant, or rather, fight your own; for as surely as you suffer the Irish freeman to be trampled, so surely will the English be a slave. The time may be deferred a little, but the time will come. It matters not much to any man whether he must march in chains before the car of the tyrant or behind; the dun-geon awaits both, and the only difference between the calamity of the slave by misfortune and the slave by voluntary servitude, between the victim of necessity and the victim of choice, between the unhappy Irish Protestant, perishing with the commiseration of all generous minds, and the degraded English Protestant, sinking under the fate which he had earned, and abandoning the last and noblest consolation of

death, is the consciousness that his character survives the tomb.

A concert was given some time since, in London, for the purpose of raising a monument to the memory of Beethoven. Lord Burghersh, whose musical taste renders him active on such subjects, was at the head of the design, and a correspondence ensued with the German patrons of some similar celebration for the same object. No man of musical taste can be adverse to raising a monument to Beethoven, and no lover of genius can regret that the due honours are paid to one who has increased the fame of his country in any art whatever, but we wish that the honours had been paid while the great composer was capable of enjoying them, and that the money which is now to be expended on the monument had been expended on giving him bread. Beethoven seems to have been in singularly narrow circumstances throughout his whole career, and in the latter part of his life, if we are to judge by the representations in the public papers at the time, to have lived in great pecuniary discomfort. We recollect that an attempt was made to raise a subscription for him; but the attempt was of so trivial a nature, the subscription so little patronized by the great, and so little seconded by his own countrymen, that the result was a mere trifle, which, however, was received by Beethoven with much gratitude, as alleviating a state of painful privation. We do not blame England for this; she has enough to do with her own distressed and decaying artists, but we may well blame Germany, for if, putting all her princes and barons out of the question, her mere musicians had given but sixpence a-piece they would have made the unfortunate composer happy to the end of his days. But what moves our bile is, the affectation of pretending to feel such extraordinary anxiety to build a monument to a man who was treated with such extraordinary neglect while he remained upon earth.

Lord Burghersh's letter glows with enthusiasm for the renown of Beethoven. The letter of his correspondent, one of the Schlegels, if we recollect rightly, is an answering blaze. He protests that all Germany is interested in these posthumous honours to the great man; that the idea

does infinite credit to England, and that the ardour of Lord Burghersh, and his musical auxiliaries, will be imprinted on every fibre of the national heart. Again we ask, if all this is true, why was it so late? Is it that the donation which, put into the hands of the dying composer, might have restored him to life, makes a more showy figure in the newspapers, than if it had been quietly deposited in his own keeping; that concerts and celebrations, and newspaper advertisements, and correspondences, a dozen years after the death of the individual are flourishing affairs, by which bustling personages may buy the reputation of sensibility cheap? We say that, in every instance, comfort to the living is worth ten times the amount of compliment to the dead; that true honour is connected with true humanity much more than men generally think; and that those who suffer a man of talent to fret and freeze during his declining years, deserve no more credit for their sympathy, after the struggle is over, than for their sensibility while it endured.

That most unaccountable of all diseases, the cholera, is now ravaging Italy. The accounts from Rome are dreadful. The populace are dying by hundreds. It has proceeded with its usual strange deviousness through Italy. Beginning at Genoa, it destroyed a vast number of the population. Descending from the mountains, it passed along by the western shore, till it came to Naples. From Naples it made a sudden spring on Sicily, where it seems to have swept the land with a two-edged sword. Famine and faction were joined with its terrors; and Palermo was shaken at once by rebellion and pestilence. It is now, like the lava of one of the Italian volcanoes, pausing for a moment as if to consider where it shall next roll, and gathering its strength to burst along with new devastation. Another stream of this terrible disease has shot up towards the north, and is now filling Prussia with alarm. The deaths at Berlin are already upwards of a hundred a-day, and the heat of the German autumn threatens a melancholy aggravation of the mortality.

The cholera has three remarkable characteristics: its being utterly a

problem in disease, its making its way through every land of the earth, in sure yet capricious succession, and its uniformly exhibiting its chief violence on the populace. Though now known in Europe these five years, it has utterly defied medical science to form any exact judgment of its nature, or to supply any regular system for its cure. It leaves theory in the dark, and makes a mockery of all practice. If future ages shall discover its true theory, they will discover its specific cure, but hitherto, chance has been the best physician; and the cholera has triumphed in defiance of both chance and the physician. A second characteristic is its visitation of every country of Christendom. It has been said that Mahometanism is never free from the plague, it takes its regular circuit through the dominions that bow down before the great impostor. If not in Asia, it is in Egypt; if not in Egypt, it scourges Algiers; if not in Algiers, it is at Tunis or Tripoli. It then makes a detour to Smyrna again, slays along the coast of Asia-Minor, and making its way over the bodies of Rayahs and the turbans of Pachas, takes vengeance on the sons of Islam. In Constantinople, however, are its headquarters. The city of the Sultan seems always destined to have the fatal privilege of the plague. It subsides, but never perishes; sleeps, but never expires. In the most palmy hours of popular security it lurks in the gaberdine of some living Jew or in the bones of some dead Moslem; it suddenly starts forth, sweeps the lower population, kills the multitude by thousands, shoots over the bastions of the Seraglio, sweeps youth and age, the glowing Georgians and Circassians, the ancient governesses, ladies of the bed-chamber, and hoary-headed councillors of the Divan, in one fell swoop to the promiscuous grave, and sends a voice of mourning and woe through the whole Allah-worshipping empire.

Is the cholera to act the same wild, capricious, and terrible part in Christendom? Is it to be the Christian pestilence, never leaving the land, perpetually gyrating round the great circle, now smiting the North, now stooping on the South, now waving its funereal wings over the centre; then rushing with the speed of the wind to the outlying regions of America; then com-

ing with renewed violence and terror to cover the Italian plains and hills with corpses?

There is certainly a strong distinction between it and the plague, even in the character of its ravages. The cholera comes like a flash of lightning—strikes without warning—strikes an individual out of the crowd—strikes without our knowing why we should be singled—makes its next descent at the extremity of the horizon, and is gone. The plague has the steady march of a conflagration, seizes all in its way, and consumes all until the fuel is exhausted, and the wilderness or the grave quenches its consumption. There is another distinction—the cholera baffles all science in its theory, the plague in its practice. No man, even in the present advanced state of medical knowledge, has suggested a probable cause of the one—no man has ever achieved a systematic cure of the other. All is empirical in both, and those who have been rescued from either, have to thank chance and their constitutions. But why should the Governments of Europe be so indolent in the effort to counteract the cholera? What more useful or fitting employment for royal or national liberality could be adopted than a reward for the discovery of a safe treatment of this fearful disorder? The reward should be large—a pension at least adequate to competence for life, and a title of honour, if so required; and this reward offered to any philosopher or physician, of any country of the earth, who should succeed in making good the discovery. England, once the great benefactress of nations, and still the great seat of medical science, ought to take the lead; and the discovery would form, like vaccination, another illustrious claim on the gratitude of mankind.

The time, too, presses. The disease is now making a larger range through the very heart of Europe than in any of its earlier visitations. At the moment when it was supposed to be on the point of extinction, it has suddenly burst out with hideous mortality, and at the same time, in Berlin, Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Sicily, Rome, and Perpignan. From the region of the Pyrenees to Calabria, from even the Baltic to the Mediterranean, every city is threatened; and the disorder seems to rage with more than

its original fierceness. The enlightened mind of Mr Hume, and the wretched race who follow his cankered absurdity, may pronounce appealing to the name of the Deity as cant and humbug; but we say, may God avert the coming of such a calamity from England!

The sagacity with which Louis-Philippe has conducted his government, has seated him firmly on the French throne, at least until some new friend of the rights of man shall carry out his principle by firing into his bosom. He has plainly shown himself a better manager of the French than Napoleon. That clever despot professed, that though he knew right well what to do with Frenchmen in war, he was terribly at a loss what to do with them in peace. The secret of Louis-Philippe's government is, to trust nobody, to watch every body, and to keep down all. We are firm believers in the national value of a free press; but it must be such a press as we have in England, where the writers are free; in other words, where the whole body of writers are not an atrocious gang of unprincipled democrats, timid as mice before a tyrant, and insolent as rebels before a legitimate king. Nine-tenths of the newspaper press of France under Charles the Tenth had been pensioners, and sycophants, and the slaves of Napoleon, lauding with all their meagre souls the patriotism, the power, and the glory of a man who exhibited his patriotism by covering the land with dungeons, and his power by draining France of her men, by the half-million at a time, to bury them in the sands of Spain and the swamps of Russia; and finally displayed his glory by delivering their capital twice into the hands of an enemy, by delivering himself twice into the hands of an enemy, by delivering France twice into the hands of an enemy, and finishing the whole affair by going into a dungeon at St Helena, and bringing in the Bourbons riding on the cannons of the invaders.

Louis-Philippe reigns by having fifty thousand men ready within the beat of the drum from the Tuilleries, and fifty thousand more in the hamlets round Paris, ready, with knapsack on back, and bayonet on musket, to march into the city, and crush the Revolution makers at half-an-hour's notice.

When he finds the newspapers dabbling in treason, he commits them to the care of the law without delay. The scribblers have not a syllable to say for themselves, the jury find them guilty of course, the judge lays the hand of the law upon them, the jailer takes them into his safe keeping, they march off to St Pelagie, where they remain from six months to as many years, pay a fine from a thousand francs to ten times the amount, and when they emerge at last, have no other consolation than that which affords the least balm to a scribbler's heart, that they suffered for their country. But the grand question is, who is to succeed him? The young Bourbon has a powerful party in France. The recollections of the old noblesse are still alive; the people of France are fond of variety in their kings, coats, and mistresses. The people of Paris care for nothing under the sun, and would walk with equal good-will in the funeral procession of any king that ever sat in the Tuileries. But what is the Duc de Bordeaux doing? following the example of his uncle, Louis XVIII., and getting as fat as he can. He is said to have already contrived a royal protuberance of stomach worthy of the most eminent slumberer on the royal cushions since the days of Pharamond. In fact, we despair of the Bourbons, and we have no regret for the despair. They were a race extinguished by the course of nature; they were dying away inch by inch for nearly three hundred years; they never exhibited a great man since the Wars of the League; their character was washed away in Protestant blood, their manliness was burnt out in the flame of their own persecution. Richelieu and Mazarin were the substitutes for the declining character of their monarchs; the fierce and haughty ambition of the one, the keen Italian subtlety of the other, alone kept the throne from sinking into the contempt of Europe, by making it the terror and the hatred. Those two men were the Kings of France; their successor, Louis XIV., was left to himself, and lingered through half a century of power, only to show how unworthy he was of it for the hundredth part of the time. Louis XV. was a mere profligate, a worthless accumulation of gross appetites, base principles, and distempered en-

nui. As his predecessor had taken Augustus for his model, of whom he was a mockery, in all but his selfishness, so Louis XV. had taken Tiberius for his model, to whom he had no resemblance but in the brutishness of his vices. Louis XVI. was the victim of the two reigns; his unhappy end, of course, prohibits any remark on his memory. But it is clear that he was neither hero nor statesman. Louis XVIII. and Charles Dix were the expiring snuff of the candle; there was not among them even the flare that the expiring candle so generally puts forth to illustrate its last moments. They sank into the socket with a tranquillity worthy of their original lustre, and were no more.

The education of the Duke of Bordeaux has probably fixed the extinguisher on their ashes for ever. He is described in the foreign journals as a round-stomached, heavy-headed, obese young man, with his brains made of *adipoire*, and his blood olive oil. This, in some measure, is the fault of his sprightly mamma. She ought to have put off her trip to Vendée, and put him through a good, manly English education, when she had him here. If the boy had been trundling a hoop, rowing a boat, or playing single-stick at Eton, with now and then a foot-race after the Royal hounds, and regular cricket, he might have grown into something that would make the Orleans dynasty think of contingencies. Besides the sports which widened his chest without distending his stomach, and gave him vigour in his frame without balancing him, as Rabelais said of his critic, like a rope-dancer's pole, "lead at both ends," he might have laid in a little literature; have known what soldiers and senators did before the *grande nation* had learned to curl a periwig, or thought of any other tailor than the bear; have imbibed some of the daring spirit of the old Roman, and learned some of the lofty feelings of the old Greek, republicans though they were. In short, the half-dozen years at Eton, or Winchester, or Westminster, or Harrow—for we abhor Rugby, "*et id genus omne*," as a contemptible hole, since Arnold acts the mad Pythia on his stool, and screams nonsense from the rabble tripod—would have made a man of him instead of a monk, a soldier instead of

a smoker, a statesman instead of a *quidnunc*, and a prince instead of a *penguin*. Yet we impute no part of this ill luck to the individual. It was the fortune of the Bourbons that fell upon him, finished by the "ultra-spiritual fooleries of a family now descended into dotage." Louis-Philippe is still King; and it was but a week since that he brought an action for damages to his royal character against a Parisian "organ of the public mind," as they call themselves: in other words, an impudent scribbler, as every body else would call him, who, from his garret, in a paroxysm of *soupe maigre*, attempted to fulmine over the Tuilleries. The garreteer was fined, and we hope will be confined, until he learns better manners, and discovers that fellows who licked, and would still lick, the dust of Napoleon's boots, have no right to play antics now, and give the bodies of slaves the airs of freemen.

In the mean-time, Louis-Philippe is making a clever use of his daughters and his francs. He is marrying the young Orleannoises in all quarters to German Royalties, and dowering them, it seems, which must be an equal astonishment and rejoicing to the purses of German sovereignty. He thus gives the Germans an *interest* in his sitting on the throne of the Parisians. They feel that, if he were sent to seek his fortune, there would be an end of theirs. He is now *remitting* one of his sylphs into Wirtemberg, with an annual salary of L.24,000 sterling—a sum less by L.6000 a-year than that supreme patriot, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex condescends to accept from the nation whose burdens he so feelingly deplores, but which must exhilarate the Exchequer of the Wirtemberger to the most rapturous degree. The German has, therefore, a dutiful feeling, to the exact amount of L.24,000 yearly, in behalf of Louis Philippe. So goes on the system. The French King thus proceeds to plant a row of pensioners among his neighbours; and we should not wonder if the Duke of Nemours carried proposals with him to Algiers, for the black-eyed daughter of the Emperor of Morocco, and a letter of credit on the Treasury of the Tuilleries, to the full amount calculated to make a friend and pensioner of the illustrious Mahometan to the end of his days.

As the Ballot is now so great a favourite with the Radicals, we recommend the following piece of dexterity for their use; though we are by no means sure of the originality of the contrivance, as it is perfectly probable that it may have been an old invention of reform, and so forth, in our own land:—"At the election of the Municipal Council in one of the Rhine provinces in June last, it was found that there were 64 tickets in the balloting-box, giving a majority of 51 votes to the Mayor, who presided at this performance, for President of the Council, there being but 51 voters present. This not coming within the act of calculation nullified the ballot, and the whole affair was tried over again in July. We think that the inventors were rather too fond of their invention. On the second election 37 tickets were found in the box, though but 32 voted. The calculation was again unmanageable, and the successful Mayor proposed to solve the problem by taking the box home with him. This, however, satisfied nobody but himself and his partisans. A scuffle ensued for the possession of the box. It tumbled on the floor, the lid fell off, and lo! it exhibited a false bottom, so satisfactorily contrived, that any number of tickets being lodged in the false bottom previously to the ballot, a slight shake of the box would open that bottom, and let all the imprisoned tickets jump up and do their duty among their more regular brethren. The ballot towns pretend to be prodigiously scandalized by this violation of the purity of the ballot." But let this exquisite measure be once introduced among us, and we have too much respect for Radical skill to doubt that the German contrivance would be voted clumsy; that we should manage our false bottoms without the chance of their being detected; and that the best paying candidate would juggle his way through thick and thin with the nicety of the Emperor of the Conjurers himself. We think that the choice of a chairman for a municipal council would be exactly the occasion on which such a system would be most happily adopted among ourselves; and though among the amenities and sensibilities of the Papist character, the bullet might be preferred in Ireland to the ballot, yet we have no doubt that the

gallant reformers of Lambeth and Finsbury, the Tower Hamlets and Marylebone, when they shall be in a condition to choose magistrates and members of Parliament by the ballot, will honour their new found freedom with specimens of ingenuity that will throw the barbarians of the Rhine utterly into the shade.

The papers announce that Lord Prudhoe, the brother of the Duke of Northumberland, has written home to say that he is going with a party to Syria and Egypt; it being farther intimated that the party will probably cross the Desert to India. Travelling, doubtless, is very amusing; and though the Desert would not be much to our taste, it may be to that of others. But if we had the opportunity of meeting Lord Prudhoe and his party, we should be strongly tempted to ask, Gentlemen, have you nothing on earth else to do? Here three families of you have been known by name to be rambling through the wild, worthless, and profligate provinces of the East for the last half-dozen years. Science may be a good reason. But what have you contributed to science? What, in fact, have you contributed but paragraphs to newspapers, ridicule and rix-dollars to the rabble about you, and contempt to the rank which you are born to sustain, and the duties which you are expected to perform? To Lord Prudhoe, and others like him, we should be much inclined to say, My lord, your travels should be over by this time; you have a country. Do you know what is going on there while you are dawdling out life, time, and opportunity from Medina to Mecca, and from Mecca to Medina? Do you know that England is at this moment in a crisis which may be her ruin? You would feel indignant if you were told that you had no more of patriotism in you than a postman; and yet, if he travels daily, it is for somebody's service. But here you are rambling from one haunt of half-savage life to another, wasting the time which ought to be given to your country, the money which ought to be expended in your country, the patronage which ought to encourage the taste of your country, and the example which ought to confirm the principles of your country. Do you

think that the Providence which gave you the rank and fortune of a nobleman, and, above all, of a British nobleman, ever intended that you should have no better account to render of it than that you were spending year upon year without mark or use, lingering among the nonentities of pashas and bays, the nonsense of faquirs and dervishes, and the unutterable vilenesses that every where meet the eye in Mahometan life? Come home, my lord; leave such matters to men as obscure by nature as by fortune, to privileged spies, or revolutionary quacks, hackney tourists, speculators in mummies for the market, or general traders in iniquity. Take your place among the manly ranks of your manly countrymen; enter the Legislature, and show that you are fit to defend the place in society which has been allotted to you. Follow the example of your high-minded brother, and disdain to live a deserter from the cause of the Constitution, and an encumbrance to the name of your country.

We say this not so much to the individual as to the class—not merely to Lord Prudhoe, but to the rambling rabble. We cannot and we ought not to suppress our disgust for those who leave others to fight their battles, and while Englishmen at home are straining every nerve to guard what remains to them of civil liberty, are playing the *farniente* for life in Egypt, or Syria, or Arabia, or Palestine; or carrying their *canes* through half the globe. We ask, Of what use are those languid personages on earth? or if, instead of smoking their pipes along the shores of the Red Sea, they were laid under its surges, who would miss them?

No one can object to travels for discovery, for the sight of lands famous in story, for classic recollections, for purposes of humanity, or, in a certain degree, for giving the polish and spirit which an acquaintance with various modes of foreign life is qualified to give the gentleman.

"Mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes,"

is the praise of the wisest of the Greeks. But the point of our objection is the restless folly that is always running abroad—that makes life a scamper from country to country, and

disregards all the duties of station, all the honours of intelligent exertion, all the homefelt sensibilities and domestic benevolences that belong to the English landlord, and all the important services which are at all times within the power, and are now imperiously required from the British representative. We do not think that those offices ought to be cancelled even by the merits of feeding on *pil-lau*, and puffing *chibouks* every day of the 365, or of being able to talk of "the pasha's stud" with the familiarity of one of his stable-boys, or drinking sherbet in the hearing of the scandalous chronicle of ten seraglios.

Another point of still more importance, if possible, is the measureless pollution of mind which this rage for foreign travel, and especially Oriental travel, habitually produces. It would only stain our pages to touch upon the scenes which notoriously form a regular portion of Continental life. They are abominable, and we have no hesitation in saying, that the Englishman who can make up his mind to go on diletanteing it in the grossness of the moral atmosphere of the Continental cities, is unfit to breathe the air of English manners again. He had better never recross the Channel. There ought to be a Lazaretto for the importers of such pestilence. But Oriental life is doubly abominable; and yet we cannot discover much alarm on the subject in noble lords and gentlemen who make those regions of established depravity a regular haunt, and live in the sight and sound of all its horrible orgies with no more compunction than if they were the most innocent affairs in the world. Why should not men of character disdain to leave themselves open to the taunts of their country?

A remarkably impudent report has lately fluttered about the "fashionable world," as it is termed, amounting to the surmise of a very impudent part of that world, that the Queen-Dowager is about to marry, and that the happy man is to be Lord Howe. Lord Howe has been a widower about six months, we believe, and Queen Adelaide a widow only since the 20th of June, little more than two. The report has obviously given both parties credit for considerable quickness of movement, and corresponding dis-

regard of public opinion. Of course we allude to it only to discountenance it. But this is the day when the "rosy god," as Lord Palmerston calls his prototype, is pronounced to be all-powerful in the superior regions of Pimlico. The palace, in fact, is filled with such an assemblage of women, young and old, witty and Whig, that *espièglerie* is the order of the day. What, for instance, can be the life of a maid of honour? For the twelve hours of every mortal day she has not twelve minutes employment, except the very rational one of looking at herself in the glass, and at the officer of the guard out of her window. A levee comes once a fortnight to awake her out of her doze. Once in three months, perhaps, she moves from Pimlico to Windsor, adds its melancholy notch, like Sterne's captive, to her tally, and finds herself in Pimlico again. In the mean-time, etiquette, the empress of headaches, commands that this unfortunate victim of loyalty, sinecurism, and a hundred a year, shall sit as regularly at her post, as if she wore the uniform of a dragoon, and sat daily on a charger at the Horseguards' Gate, as performed in the part of the Marble Governor in Don Giovanni.

But have these "*vietimes cloitrees*," these caged birds of the Pimlico Museum, these imitation-nuns of the nineteenth century no tongues? Have they agreed to abandon the most imprescriptible of all female privileges—have they forfeited the first right of woman, that of talking upon all subjects whatever? No. And yet they languish under duress. Politics, for instance, that copious subject with which coffee-houses, common councils, and club-rooms overflow, are of necessity circumscribed. They are all, from the mistress of the robes down to the kitchen-maid, the mothers, wives, sisters, cousins, daughters, nieces and nondescripts of Whigs. For the patronage-aborring Whigs have not suffered any female, from the kitchen-wench up to the mistress of the robes, to touch a penny of civil-list money, without being able to prove her blood by at least four quarterings with the Whig Ministry. But, by a curious and yet natural result, all the women are thorough Conservatives. The nature of woman is generous, honest, and high-hearted; it hates the paltry,

the knavish, and the mean. This settles the question at once. They *must* abhor Whiggism in all its varieties; and Whiggism they do abhor accordingly.

It is notorious that the wives and families of all the Whig nobles are Conservatives; that they keep aloof, with double-distilled precaution, from the touch of that upstart Whiggism, which, on the strength of its political impudence, aspires to be received into polished society; that the Whig ladies stand to their arms by instinct on the approach of Whiggism, bowing and smiling as it may come, and give it the coolest of all possible receptions. But all this imposes silence on the sex. As the Persian says, "The lip of prudence is closed on the tongue of indignation, and the dagger of scorn is sheathed in the silken shawl of security." In plain English, their ladyships know well that, in the present crisis, Lord Melbourne acts the part of Duenna, and Lord John Russell as Soubrette, and that between both, every syllable uttered in the darkest corner of the darkest coterie would come to light, and instant fugitation be the inevitable reward of too much candour. Thus they *must not* be candid; and thus on politics they must play the part of mutes, *malgré*.

However, on other subjects, they have not yet been put under ban; and as Lord Melbourne has not yet proclaimed any restriction on Court gossip, they are driven to this resource with the avidity of a camel in the Desert to the well, muddy though it be. As Madame de Houdetot, in the day of the showy monarchy of France, said, that from the dulness of palaces there is but one escape—politics, too, having been forbidden in Versailles—"Excepté l'amour, tout en Versailles est terriblement ennuyeux," an universal spirit of matchmaking seems to be the grand substitute for spirits of all other descriptions. Like the revellers in the days of Noah, they are marrying and giving in marriage, at least in fancy, all day long. Thus we have alluded to a report of the Queen-Dowager's intended nuptials. This we shall set down as the "ne plus ultra" of easy invention.—Thus the little Queen, scarcely beyond girlhood, and with all the innocence of girlhood, is given over to a handsome allowance of reported suitors, at the

rate of about half-a-hundred a-week; and the chance has evidently stirred up the whole race of the Baron Tonder-ten-troncks, the whole landsturm of the pauper princedoms and pennywise potentates of Teutschland. They are now figuring by platoons in the list of dinner-eaters at Windsor. The English eye shrinks instinctively from those flat-faced, sallow-skinned, purblind, and smoke-dried Goths and Vandals, who, pipe in mouth and proposal in hand, come to "make matrimony" and fatten on the heirship of England. Whatever the party, who now not merely encircle, but circumvent the Queen, may wish—for of course the family calculation is, that she must be given to some of "our near and dear relations," the yellow-bristled crop of the wild man and the wild boar, the bearded barbarians of the Black Forest—we have our own reasons for relieving her Majesty from the slightest share of interest in the family speculation. We fully believe that she is aware of the whole system, and that if she is to have a mind of her own in the matter, she will scorn alike a Whig Ministry and a Whig marriage. Her Majesty goes on "winning golden opinions of all," except the Irish orators, who attribute to her the writing of their "Election squibs" while their canvass is still trembling, and deprive her of the renown of this new species of royal and noble authorship when they have rioted their way into Parliament. They then will bear no brother or sister squib-writer on the throne. She is still too young for us to expect the decision of an Elizabeth, but the time for this, too, may come. At present she exhibits all the qualities that should belong to a mind only wanting years to do other things. She has begun her career under singular difficulties for one so young. Elizabeth was twenty-five and Anne thirty-eight. Elizabeth had been schooled in the storm-teaching of adversity, and had learned the maxims of government in solitude, and of Protestantism within sight of the scaffold—severe teachers those, but guides to a reign of glory.

There are reports that Russia is busy in fomenting disturbances in British India. The ambition of this Government for giving herself trouble seems already extensive enough. She

has a war on her hands with Circassia, Poland is at her side as angry as a chained tiger, and as eager to break the chain. In the one she is forced to keep up an army of 50,000 men, the other has a whole army in garrison; upon her lies Turkey, which she watches with another army. And now, with Persia watched by another army, she is speculating on making India the exercising-ground for another; and the whole being rounded by her grand speculation of making the Mediterranean what she has made the Euxine and has nearly made the Baltic, a Russian lake, at the unquestionable certainty of a war with England in due season, which would as unquestionably merge into a general collision of all the kingdoms of Europe.

Can human guilt go beyond the crime of those who solicit war? If Russia ever sends a soldier across the Indian frontier, she will have opened the floodgates to an inundation of blood that it may be beyond all human power to stem. But if any one throne on earth is less justifiable than another in this homicide ambition, that throne is Russia. She has at this time the largest extent of solid land under her dominion that has belonged to any sceptre since the fall of Rome. The Emperor can travel five thousand miles ahead without passing his own frontier. His sceptre with one sweep touches the Baltic and the Pacific, the Pole, and almost the Line. But the condition of his empire is still more remarkably one which should prohibit ambition. Nine-tenths of it require all the fostering hand of a paternal Government. A hundred years of domestic tranquillity, and five hundred years of the whole devotion of imperial energies to bring out the energies of the people, would not be more than is absolutely necessary to the true developement of the capacities of Russia for strength, affluence, industry, and national happiness. Of all countries on earth, too, she has not merely the widest expanse for the noblest labour,—that labour which plants cities where deserts once were, fills the mighty morass with gorgeous fertility, pours population over the waste, and raises from the whole boundless conquest over nature and circumstance the trophies of public knowledge, intelligence, and virtue; but she has the securest means for its exercise. She has no jealous neighbours capa-

ble of taking her by surprise, or compelling her to intermit her peaceful objects in the preparative against hostile aggression. She has in her interior none of that heated and compressed population which, in other lands, ferments into civil war. The vast space over which her people are spread, the still vaster space over which it may spread without limit for centuries, preclude all national disturbance, all of that fretful passion for change which forces the eyes of other sovereigns to be perpetually painfully awake. With an empire spreading into every variety of climate, with seas, mountains, plains, and forests, all on a scale of the most magnificent nature, within her bosom; with fifty millions of men at this moment to rejoice in her protection, and send up their gratitude to her throne; what more could king or demi-god desire? But no, this is not enough; a crafty council, shivering among the swamps and snows of the Ladoga, the Cabinet of St Petersburg, think that this is not enough for the happiness of their Emperor. With three-fourths of Asia at his foot, he must sleep on an uneasy pillow until he has covered the Circassian mountains with the blood of their brave people; until he has crushed the throne of the Sultan in another mire of blood; until he has swept the Arab, the Egyptian, the Persian, and the Indian like a whirlwind, and left the marks of his ill-omened triumph on the shores of Bengal. If we do injustice to Russia, we do it only on the authorities of her own advocates; the German gazettes, notoriously in Russian pay, continually menace a war in India. The Russian military unanimously pronounce it a mere promenade, and calculate on its success as a matter of inevitable certainty. We desire to do no injustice to the character of the Emperor; but we see Poland crushed, Persia shackled, Turkey kept under the lash, and the last conquest fiercely urged, which, by seizing the whole chain of the Caucasian countries, must wholly usurp possession of the Black Sea, lay Asia Minor open to hourly invasion in the east, make the Euphrates a Russian river, the Persian Gulf a Russian dock, and leave nothing between her rage of conquest and British India but the crumbling barrier of a few native princes, equally ready to slaughter each other or re-

volt to the party who will bribe with the most lavish hand.

One characteristic of the Russian Cabinet is, the extraordinary quantity of diplomacy which it employs; it has more ministerial agents accredited to European courts than any other sovereign power of Europe; and for one public minister it probably has ten unaccredited, but much more active. It is infinitely to the disgrace of the foreign nobility, that they are generally grasping for official situations, and that where they cannot attain high and ostensible ones, they are scandalously ready to take low and unacknowledged ones. This is peculiarly the case in Russia, which abounds in princes, and which has probably ten spies for one minister. We take it for granted that, excepting a few of the higher nobility, the whole of the Russian men of rank who travel through Europe are, under one form or another, spies. Thus we have Russian nobles who come over to this country as regularly every year as the swallows; some smitten with the love of agriculture, others with an irrepressible taste for manufactures, others so enthusiastically fond of horse-racing and hunting, that they cannot live a season out of Melton and Newmarket. They come over with dashing equipages, a strong hunting establishment, and a full purse. Their bettings introduce them, of course, among the patricians of the turf; they are invited to the clubs, they dine at the houses of noblemen, the bottle circulates, the conversation flows freely, the Court and the Ministry, the politics of the country, and the characters of public men are talked of without limit, and without disguise. Some of these noblemen, perhaps, are ministers themselves, or at least acquainted with the objects of Government. Familiarity, capital claret, and long conversation, naturally let out every thing. The evening, at length, is over, and the club retire to rest, the Russian retires to his portfolio, writes his despatch, sends it surcharged with the news [of the day to his agent of correspondence in the metropolis, and has done his duty as a diplomatist for the next twenty-four hours. We name no names, but the domino will fit a dozen of the best dancers of the Mazurka, best players of *Ecarté*, and best whiskered Meltonians in the living annals of hunting and horse-racing.

A curious instance of this order is given, though so far off as India, by an intelligent correspondent of one of the papers. It seems that the Government of Bombay have arrested three persons ascertained to be Russian agents, and caught in the very fact of exciting the natives to insurrection. The despatches relative to this arrest have, says the same correspondent, been transmitted within this month to Downing Street. The letter states that, a few months since, a Polish Count, an *attaché* of the Russian embassy at the Court of Persia, had been employed on a peregrination through India. The Count travels simply, of course, as a tourist; his object is, professedly, to amuse his leisure and delight his eyes with the antiquities and beauties of the country. He first goes to Lahore, and after having visited the country of Runjeet Sing and his Commander-in-Chief, Allard the Frenchman, he is further to amuse his leisure by taking a survey of the whole of British India. One fact is known, that the Count is handsomely supplied with funds. On leaving Teharan, he took with him three hundred thousand francs, or twelve thousand pounds. We may be pardoned for doubting that this showy preparative was altogether the property of the little *attaché* to the obscure embassy of Teharan. The Count's history is also a curious one. He had held a commission in a Polish regiment. In the insurrection of 1830 he joined his countrymen, of course was beaten, ran out of the country, and came to London. In London he was a patriot Pole, and of course treated as one of the unfortunate brave; but after half-a-year's residence here, he suddenly slipped away, and made his appearance in St Petersburg, to the astonishment of all who knew that no Pole could return before an amnesty. It is not even clear that he had a passport. But in St Petersburg, to the additional astonishment of every one who knew him, the Pole not only escaped the punishment of a rebel, but he received the rewards of a meritorious servant. He was made *attaché* to the Persian embassy; he joined it immediately, applied himself to the language of the country, and some of the Indian dialects; and had no sooner made himself sufficiently fluent, than he was

despatched with his twelve thousand pounds to make his way and his observations through India. The question now is, for what object all those suspicions and irritating contrivances are put in practice? Is it to insult the feelings of England by the display of the Russian facilities for invading the country? Is it to keep the Indian princes in that perpetual excitement which is the most fatal to their own civilisation—or is it with the decided intention of attacking British India?

Let us suppose the case, that a Russian army poured itself in from the Persian frontier, while another force passed the mountains; that the whole were concentrated in the northern provinces, and that the tide of invasion rolled down on the British cities. Let us suppose further, that Russia succeeded in perverting the native powers, that she raised the fallen barbarism of the Mahrattas into life again, and with all the hordes of pindaries and plunderers, joining the Tartars of her own wildernesses, poured a flood of fire and gore through the regions fertilized and civilized by a hundred years' dominion of British laws, manners, and protection. What would be the gain to humanity? the whole "Golden Peninsula" must be instantly a scene of most desperate warfare. The British Indian army amount to three hundred thousand men, brave soldiers, capitally officered, and incomparably provided with all the equipments of war, masters of the country, in possession of all the fortresses, and acquainted with every mountain-path, river, ford, and masters in every quarter of the navigation of the great rivers. There can be no doubt that these three hundred thousand men, gallantly conducted, and thus fighting on their own ground, would be equal to twice the number of any troops that Russia could ever pour into the Peninsula. It is true that the dependence of Russia would be, not upon her own troops, but upon the multitude of Indians whom she might raise in armed bands to distract the British armies, harass their movements, and destroy them in detail. But what a scene of hideous slaughter must all this be; what thousands and tens of thousands of human beings must be trampled into the grave; what cities must be ruined; what havoc must be made of the labour of man; what noble monuments

of ancient skill and modern wealth must be levelled with the dust; what savage passions roused into flame; what utter extinction of the rising hopes of India, delivered over once again to barbarism! and all for what? If the British power could be finally broken down, can any man in his senses say, that Russia would be its successor? The soil, saturated with blood and covered with ashes, must be given over to barbarism; and the barbarism itself must be devoted to perpetual war, until all India was either grasped in the chain of some overwhelming tyranny, or the human race perished and sank away piecemeal, like the fragments of a corpse, into dust and pollution. But would Russia be suffered to fulfil this career with impunity? Where would the fleets of England be? Would the British thunders sleep? Where would the British armies be, while there was a spot of the British shores on which they could plant their foot? Would the swords of Europe be suffered to rust in their scabbards while the hammer of the Northern Thor and the club of Woden were thus crashing through the barriers to universal empire? The Eastern war would be but a prelude to the universal rising of the West in arms. What would become of the commercial growth of Russia herself during this period of foreign conflict? All the labours of the manufactory, the exchange, the mart, must be instantly at an end. Her nobles derive their chief revenues from the sale of their tallow, hemp, tar, and a multitude of things required for ship-building, for which their chief customer is England. It was the cessation of this commerce, through the frenzy of the Emperor Paul, that roused the nobility against him, and ended in taking his life. But if Nicholas were safe against such a feeling,—which he is not, and which no Russian emperor ever can be, until his country ceases to be a country of serfs ruled by a despotic king, and his people forget the desperate resources of barbaric vengeance in the perception of public right—what must be the hazards of Russia herself? Napoleon's invasion failed. But why? because his hour was come. His furious ambition had ripened and swelled till it must drop from the tree. And extravagant as this idea may appear, it

will be such only to those who know not the strong infatuation that actually sat upon him from the moment when the idea of the Russian invasion first found a place in his mind. Every man of his council remonstrated against it before he left France—every man of his generals shrank from it in the field. He himself spent whole nights of anxiety, calculating the hazards of the enterprise. But an evil spirit was on him, and he rushed to be undone.

But if Russia, with her deserts, her swamps, her forests, and the fortitude of a people undoubtedly brave, should finally repel an invading army, what must be the slaughters, the burnings, the havoc of personal happiness, the countless miseries necessarily following the steps of either a fighting or a flying army! She might be thrown back a hundred years in a campaign—and who would be the criminal? Her Emperor! And for what?—to add the whole East to the whole North, possess an extent of territory which no man could govern, and which no nation could keep; roll on in a tide of perpetual blood, to quench a blaze of perpetual insurrection; and, after a life of tempest, go down to the grave loaded with the curse of mankind!

But might not Russia be taught a lesson more direct still? What could prevent a British force of 100,000 men from setting foot on the shores of the Baltic, and never withdrawing till they marched on St Petersburg? Russia never had a force in Europe that could face 100,000 British troops, or half the number. She had seen one capital seized by the French, after a march across Europe. She might still, more suddenly, see another stormed by the British, after a march of a few leagues from the shore. The dynasty of the Czars might be carried back to a British dungeon, and the fate of Napoleon be repeated by his successor in the mad and wicked ambition of universal empire. Still we will doubt the rumours of Russian hostility. Her Emperor has too little to gain, too much to lose, too much to settle, too much to keep. If that Emperor is wise, he will play the noble part of a pacificator of Europe; if he is mad, he will exhibit as its assailant. In either case, England, if she could once throw off the nightmare of her worthless and

yet cumbrous Ministry, might defy him for ever. But India must not be touched. A Russian musket fired there, and the sound will ring round the globe.

The Irish blunder is *sui generis*; and it is not only of a class by itself, but it is of the best class. It always puzzles, which mere clownishness does not; but it always amuses by its oddity, its novelty, and its humour. Of this order was the exclamation of the Irish gentleman who, on getting a ten-pound prize in the lottery, and finding that the prize was less than the money which he had paid for it, cried out, "What luck it was that I did not get the L.20,000: I must have been entirely ruined!"

An orator, in the Irish House of Commons, was describing the inordinate love of praise which characterised an opponent. "The honourable Member," said he, "is so fond of being praised, that I really believe he would be content to give up the ghost, if it were but to look up and read the stone-cutter's puff on his grave."

"Contempt of money," was the expression of another. "The honourable member professes to play the philosopher. I can assure you, Mr Speaker, that if there is any one office that glitters in the eyes of the honourable member, it is that of purse-bearer; a pension to him is a compendium of all the cardinal virtues. All his statesmanship is comprehended in the art of taxing; and for good, better, and best in the scale of human nature, he invariably reads pence, shillings, and pounds. I verily believe," exclaimed the orator, rising to the height of his conception, "that if the honourable gentleman were an undertaker, it would be the delight of his heart to see all mankind seized with a common mortality, that he might have the benefit of the general burial, and provide scarves and handkerchiefs for the survivors."

The answer of one of the officers of the British brigade to the French King after an action, was long a source of amusement in France, and is still on record as an instance of the pregnant *brusquerie* of the sons of St Patrick. The King, in portioning out his royal praise, observed that one of the regiments had behaved with great gallantry, "as was evident from

the number of its wounded." "Yes, your Majesty," said the impatient and gallant Major, jealous for the honour of his own battalion, "*they* behaved well; but I may take leave to say, *we* behaved better; they might have had many wounded, and no blame to them, but *we were all killed.*"

This talent goes through all ranks. We remember to have heard a woman, who was scolding her brats for some pranks, exclaim, "Well, you two little villains, if I can make nothing of you, as sure as I live I will tell *both your fathers.*"

"My Lord," said a fellow condemned to be hanged for sheep-stealing, "all I ask of your Lordship is, that I shall not be hanged on a Friday." "Why?" asked the judge in surprise. "Because," was the answer, "it is always counted a mighty *unlucky day!*"

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex; "the only way in the world that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to *shut his eyes.*"

On the late importation of the coloured and figured French nightcaps, an Irish Baronet, who made a purchase of half-a-dozen of different patterns in Bond Street, was asked, "What he meant to do with so many?" "Why, to be sure, wear them all till I see which I like best." "What! in the dark?" "No; I sleep with a light in the room." "But how does that clear up the matter; if you are once asleep?" "Oh, the clearest thing in the world. From my cradle I had a habit of sleeping with my eyes open."

"Is there any ford here?" asked an English tourist who came suddenly to a full stop before one of the little mountain torrents of the west of Ireland.—"Oh, to be sure, your honour, there was a ford," said a peasant standing at the brink, and making a hundred grimaces of civility.—"When was it?" said the tourist.—"Before the bridge was built," said the peasant; "but when man and horse went over the bridge, the ford got out of the habit."—"Well, now that the bridge is broken down, I suppose the ford may have got into the habit again. Is it safe?"—"To be sure, your honour, all but in the middle, but that is nothing; and *if you can swim*, there

is not a better ford in the country."—"But I cannot swim."—"Then, your honour, the only safe way that I know of is, as soon as you get out of your depth, to *walk back again.*"

"If we go to law," said a wealthy landholder to his tenant, "we go into Chancery, and out of Chancery neither of us will ever get till we get into our graves."—"I am of the same opinion; I want to get into neither the one nor the other: so let us go to a reference," said the tenant; "and if the reference does not satisfy us, let the matter be settled, as usual, by an umpire."—"Well, be it so, but on this condition," said the man of wealth, "that, if he cannot make a decision, we shall have *umpires on both sides.*"

A spirited and intelligent tract, entitled "On the Essentials of good Skirmishing," has just appeared from the pen of Lieutenant-Colonel Gawler, late of the 52d Light Infantry. We are glad to take any opportunity of showing the interest which we take in the honour of the British soldier or sailor; and we think that, in this piping time of peace, at least, they cannot do themselves more honour than by throwing their minds on paper when they have any thing to communicate useful to their profession or to their country. The pamphlet is but of forty pages, and we should be glad to see it extended by the very clever author into a history of the British light division—that memorable and gallant corps, which distinguished itself on all occasions in the Peninsula, and which, take it for all in all, for its intelligence, activity, skill, and discipline (courage is the indigenous quality of the British soldier, whether flanker or battalion), was the perfection of modern soldiery. But this brief sketch ought to be in the hands of every officer, whether of the light troops or not. The gallant Colonel has been stimulated at the moment by the absurdities of some of those foreign tacticians, who lately seem to think that British light troops were deficient in intelligence. Foreigners have always written like blockheads upon every thing English; the reason is, that they write without knowing any thing of the matter. They have the misfortune of being wise in their own conceit, and talk nonsense, very much to their own satisfaction. Thus, thirty

years ago, it was a maxim in every foreign military work, that the English were no soldiers at all—that Englishmen could fight well at sea, a matter which the defeat of every fleet in Europe forced on their cloudy understandings; but as all foreigners are, of course, philosophers, and every philosopher has his theory, and every theory is the most incontrovertible thing in the world, the fact was established, that the English sailor and soldier were a totally different species of being; the former all that was alert, clever, and bold—the latter a heavy brute, nearly as wooden as the box in which he stood in St James's Park, and fit for nothing except to stand in that box.

The Peninsula opened their eyes a little, and when they saw the British lines habitually charging the French columns, and driving them like dust before their feet, they acknowledged that the British soldier could fight. At Waterloo, when they saw the whole French army, with the *grand homme* himself at their head, pierced, battered, and broken, by the British ball and bayonet, within two days after Blücher himself, and his brave battalions, for brave the Prussians are, were soundly beaten at Ligny, they came to the slow conclusion, that the British were capital grenadiers.

Still they have a little reserve of comfort; and General Gnsenau, and half-a-dozen other pamphleteers, Austrian, Prussian, and French, try to argue the point, that the British light troops are not equal to their own; they evidently making the mistake of conceiving, that because a German will sit on his horse, as a vidette, smoking, and with his eyes half shut for half a day, or a Frenchman would run ragged, robbing every hen-roost in a country, they are therefore superior to the English, who like to do neither the one nor the other, but who are glad to see their enemy, glad to be at work, and quick at finishing the affair.

Colonel Gawler takes up the matter in a business-like style, briefly shows that the British light troops have been always famous from the middle ages downwards, and famous from their superior activity, courage, and intelligence; that the battles of Poitiers, Cressy, and Agincourt, were won by the English archery; that they were

distinguished in the skirmishes of the American war beyond their German allies, and even beyond the American woodsmen; that in Hindostan, the flank companies of the battalions did three-fourths of the work, in breach or jungle; and that in the Peninsula, during a fluctuating war of eight campaigns, over hundreds of miles of the most difficult country, and fighting the best soldiers of Continental Europe, whose best troops were light infantry; the British light division were actually the pride and flower of the army.

Colonel Gawler accounts for the foreign misconception, so far as it is sincere, by saying that those writers have been accustomed to consider the light troops as belonging to the class of the "free corps," the loose, lawless freebooter; but the British soldier is a disciplined man. And in the words of the Colonel, "we glory in the difference, and affirm that stern discipline, and high soldier-like principle, must form the basis of thorough military efficiency, to the full as much in the light and extended services as in those of a more concentrated description. Free corps originate in long internal wars. Thus they may be formed in Indian fighting, from the Hungarian habit of marauding, and from the borderers of the Cossack and the Tartar." The Colonel says, the French skirmishers excel in active intelligence; every man manœuvres as if the fate of the day depended altogether on his conceptions; their ability in this particular he regards as springing in a great degree from the looseness of their instruction practice of all field exercise.—This, while it is ill calculated to make steady soldiers at close order, is well adapted to give free scope to the natural intelligence of skirmishers.—The true perfection in skirmishing is, *the preservation of order in disorder, and of system in confusion*; for the circumstances which accompany skirmishes of necessity produce almost always more or less mixture, inversion, and general irregularity. In hot contests over large extents of intricate ground, men of different companies, regiments, brigades, and even divisions, tangle with each other. Soldiers should, therefore, be drilled, *not indeed to fall into such irregularities on principle, but to be ready for*

them in practice. They should be made at times to skirmish in inverted companies, mixed companies, and mixed regiments—to form good skirmishing lines out of confused masses—to concentrate from similar mixed bodies into squares to resist cavalry, or into lines and columns for the purposes of charging or defending streets of villages, or other defiles—to extend again sharply, and to perform every necessary evolution, as if no mixture or irregularity had occurred.

The Colonel insists on the extreme necessity of ball-practice. In this, he says, there is a very wide field for practical improvement. The construction of the musket itself might obviously be improved. There ought also to be a scientific instruction in its use, and localities provided, expressly provided, for firing ball. He says, however, that it ought impressively to be remarked, that good practical aim is to be acquired not only in front of the target, but *to the full as much* in the every-day drill-firings with or without blank cartridge. In allusion to an opinion, common on the Continent, that light troops are required to exercise courage in a less desperate degree than troops in close order, the Colonel says that the reason is, that foreigners, when in extended order, systematically often spend much time in long shots and shy fighting, and give way as a matter of course before troops in weightier formations. In the British service this opinion does not prevail; there is no good reason why it should, and it is of great importance to the thorough efficiency of skirmishers that it should not. The British skirmisher is as much a grenadier at heart, with a green tuft in his cap, skirmishing through a wood with no close support but his trusty rear-rank man, as he is in designation when mounting a breach under a bear-skin, with ten thousand bayonets at his back.

After a variety of directions for keeping up the order of the skirmishers, he gives a short anecdote of a dashing affair in the Peninsula war. On the 10th of December, 1813, some of the piquets of the light division, in thick weather and a close country, were suddenly assailed by the heads of heavy columns. The division in the rear was scattered in straggling houses. One of the companies on piquet was forced back upon another

in support near the point of junction of two important roads leading directly into the cantonments. Both companies were instantly extended, without any support, into a thick skirmishing line; nothing less would have been effectual. The ground was held with little variation for at least two hours; two heavy attacks were repulsed; every round of ammunition was expended; the brigade immediately in the rear allowed to pack and send off its baggage, and steadily to take up its fighting position; and the piquets to fall back upon it without further molestation. Similar circumstances have often occurred, and may often occur again. The great maxim alluded to, therefore, has its exceptions; *and these, if carefully marked as exceptions, may sometimes with propriety be admitted into instruction-skirmishing.*

We hope, now that the gallant officer has broke the ice, that we shall have something of his military recollections. He must have seen a great deal that his country would wish to hear; and his manly style and patriotic spirit, even in this little pamphlet, prove that he could tell it with capital effect.

There is sometimes a curious humour in the Americans, and a quaintness of observation, totally unlike any thing European, and yet laughable enough. Who but an American humorist would ever think of defining climates and provinces by the ancient process, which has obtained such favour with all poets, from Homer downwards, who talks with such lavish beauty of the rosy lips of Cytherea, to Shakspeare, who sings, in his own exquisite melody—

“Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn:”

then to Milton, who makes his angels' lips wear

“Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue;”
and also makes our general mother confess, that

“Her husband she preferr'd before the
angel.
From his lip, not words alone pleased
her;”

down through the infinite gradation of poets since the golden days of English verse to our own, echoes of the echoes of past times?

"When a lover," says the American philosopher, "attempts to apply his lips to the cheek of his Nantucket fair one, you instantly recognise the native of the sea-coast in her answer. 'Come, sirrah, sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon.' Boston lies in a position where typhoons are less a figure of the plastic mind; and the Bostonian fair one appeals to the sense of civilisation by, 'I wonder you are not ashamed; our Nigger could not do worse.' It is, however, another venture, if the admirer approaches a beauty west of the Ohio. She has the spirit of the New Country, and though she may neither fling a tomahawk at the daring worshipper of her dark eyes, nor wring the scalp from his skull, she replies with, 'I reckon it's my time now,' and knocks him down. The quickness of her hand is equalled only by the flash of her eye, and he might as well expect to escape from the spring of a panther. When the maid of the Mississippi receives the salute, she exhibits the spirit of the region in her kindling cheek, and points to her rifle, of which he has had the precaution to draw the charge if he is wise, or has any regard for his brains. She then promises him a 'long shot' on the first opportunity. In Pennsylvania, the meekness of that region of close bonnets and drab-coloured corsets predominates even on this trying occasion. Tabitha raises her quiet eyes from the ground, for the first time in her life, measures the daring intruder within her bonnet with a glance as withering as the soft blue eyes of the fairest of Quakers can manage to give, and sayeth on this wise, 'Oh, oh, Jedediah! I am verily much astonished at thy assurance, Jedediah—oh, oh! Be sure, that for this indignity I will show thee up, Jedediah—oh, oh! Thy lip, even thine, hath touched mine, even mine, oh! oh! Jedediah!'"

The Voluntary system is losing its panegyrists, and even the rabble of schismatics are beginning to be ashamed of haranguing on the subject. They have been so thoroughly beaten on the question, that argument being at an end, and brawling having had its day, they growl in obscurity, and "bide their time." But if, by any calamity of the national mind, the Established Church should perish, what ragamuffin exhibitions would be instantly in the pulpit; what brute ignorance would supersede learn-

ing, and what savage absurdity would make the common habits of this chaos of sectarianism, which would then riot over the ruins of the Church, of religion and of common-sense together. We should undoubtedly have hundreds of performances like the following:—

In a late camp meeting near Bath, of some of the numerous schisms of Methodism itself, for nothing splits like sectarianism, a preacher haranguing the multitude proceeded, in the usual style of their oratory, to proclaim himself a sinner, nay, a horrid ruffian, wretch, miscreant, unfit to live; no man among those pious persons being supposed to be in a state of salvation, who had not confessedly been as close as possible to the exactly contrary state. "Hear me," he roared, "my fellow-sinners, I am the blackest of all sinners on the face of the earth!" The multitude, the greater part of whom probably could not distinguish a syllable from the distance, and the others could not understand, seconded the orator's pious declamations by crying at every pause, "Heaven be praised." "Hear and believe me," again vociferated the glowing self-accuser. "You see me here this day. I have been a liar, a thief, and a drunkard." "Heaven be praised!" roared the sympathizing people.

It is a well-known habit among those haranguers to introduce domestic anecdotes. They give the history of their wives, children, or neighbours, and indulge the innate love for gossip with some ridiculous story, burlesque or fiction, for the time. "I was, to be sure, a horrid sinner once," roared the reformed blacksmith; "but I am not so now. But 'tisn't so much I can say for my wife. Oh, she's in a bad condition. She's going to hell as fast as a horse can gallop." He paused. The regular response followed, and the announcement of his wife's gallop was responded to with a general "Heaven be praised!"

Of all the odd prejudices that ever made man absurd, the oddest is that which constitutes a fondness for old fashions. All dress constantly varies in Europe; and the dress of every quarter of a century not merely supercedes that of its preceding period, but makes it ridiculous. Yet, formed for fluctuation as it is, and unimportant as the mere fashion must be to any rational understanding, there is nothing in art or nature that seems to cling so

strongly to the recollections, nay, to become a part of the mind, as the most extravagant irregularities of old costume. There are individuals in existence still, who think that this world has all gone wrong since gentlemen began the disuse of hair-powder, and ladies gave up hoops. Among that generation the fall of the French throne is extensively accounted for on the ground of leaving off white silk stockings in the streets, wearing pantaloons instead of breeches, and dispensing with cocked hats and bag-wigs in everyday life.

We remember to have heard an old gentleman who had mixed a good deal in public life, say, that a vast deal of the eminence of the men of his time was connected with their costume. He spoke of the eloquence of the throne as it deserved. "But," said he, "it is impossible for any one now to form a just conception of its power. You should have seen the great orator in his rolled stockings, velvet embroidered, long-pocketed waistcoat, and bag wig; he was majesty itself—he was irresistible; no, I shall never see anything so grand."

We had no consolation for this mourner; the bag-wig day has certainly gone by. There were lately many venerable persons who preserved the relic of old times and tastes embodied in a pig-tail. This was a fashion in which personal vanity or personal pleasure could certainly have had no place; for what, under a dislocation of the neck, could enable the wearer to have even a glimpse of his own queue? It was treasured as a tribute to the days of auld langsyne. There are few of those mementoes remaining, they are lopped off, with the wearers, by the unrelenting hand of Atropos. Peace be with them! Lord Kenyon, one of the best men alive, wore a pig-tail, with heroic fidelity, till within his twelvemonth. But whether his hair or his heart failed; whether he thought that he had exhibited his homage for the last remnant of the age of wigs with sufficient vigour, or that the idea of a tail became obnoxious to him, since it has been so vilely plagiarized by the "Big Beggarman,"—he has utterly excised the queue, and now, in all seasons, in seed-time and harvest alike, carries a crop of his own.

But there are other fondnesses for costume, founded on other sympathies. The late Lord Kenyon, also a very

clever person, and one of whom the bar and the bench were equally proud in his day, was conspicuous for an attachment to his coats and breeches. Erskine protested, and was "ready to protest in any company," that the learned Lord's green coat was an acquaintance of his for at least a dozen years. This testimony is corroborated by a modern reminiscent: "When," says he, "I last saw the learned Lord, he had been Chief Justice for nearly fourteen years, and his coat seemed coeval with his appointment to office. It must have been originally black; but time had mellowed it down to the appearance of sober green, which was what Erskine meant by his allusion to its colour. I have seen him sit at Guildhall, in the month of July, in a pair of black leather breeches; and the exhibition of shoes frequently soled, afforded equal proof of the attention which he paid to economy in every article of his dress." To these unfortunate shoes Dr Dibdin bears a similar testimony: "Once in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfilment of a contract, on a large scale, for shoes, the question mainly was, whether or not they were well and soundly made, and with the best materials. A number of witnesses were called. One of them, a first-rate character in the gentle craft, being closely questioned, returned contradictory answers, when the Chief Justice observed, pointing to his own shoes, which were regularly bestriden by the broad silver buckle of the day, 'Were the shoes any thing like these?' 'No, my lord,' replied the evidence, 'they were a good deal better, and more genteeler!' The Court were convulsed with laughter, in which the Chief Justice heartily joined. But we should not have his dress complete, were we to omit the black velvet smalls, worn for many years, and threadbare by constant friction, which he used to rub with most painful assiduity when catechising or brow-beating a witness."

This was a different kind of polish from Sir Fletcher Norton's, who when pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial rights, chanced unfortunately to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point by an instance in my own person; I myself have too little manors." The Judge immediately interposed with one of his blindest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

POLITICAL PASTORALS.

No. I.—DANIEL.

JOSEPH. DANIEL.

JOSEPH.

DANIEL, secure from sixty seats to choose, (1)
 In brogue and Billingsgate you court the Muse.*
 I from the field in Middlesex retreat,
 And sigh to quit so dear, so cheap a seat:
 I'm fairly out! You, Daniel, as before,
 In sweet St Stephen's free to rant and roar,
 May teach her echoes, with the help of Sheil,
 To howl for Justice, or to shriek "Repeal."

DANIEL.

O, Joseph, from a saint these blessings came, (2)
 For still with us SAINT MULGRAVE is his name.
 To him we'll dedicate some festive lay,
 Sweet as the Morning of Great Patrick's day.†
 He lets my Tail and me range up and down,
 And work our will in county or in town.

JOSEPH.

I envy not, but marvel much: for here (3)
 The storm is such, a Whig can scarce appear.
 Myself, you see, a helpless outcast roam,
 And half my sheep are bleating for a home.
 Those hopeful twins, ah me! are left forlorn,
 Roebuck and Bowring, bare as they were born.

- (1) Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi
 Silvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avena:
 Nos patrias fines et dulcia linquimus arva,
 Nos patriam fugimus: tu Tityre lentus in umbra
 Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.

* The Epistolary or the Oratorical Muse is obviously here meant—we forget their names. The Muse is said to inspire any composition founded on fiction, even in prose, such as all histories of Ireland, O'Connell's Letters on the Dark Ages, &c. Daniel, however, has a more direct claim to connexion with the Muse, from his well-known and admirable skill in playing the *Lyre*. (Qd. by Printer's devil—Is this last word rightly spelled?)

- (2) O Meliboe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.
 Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus: illius aram
 Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.
 Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum
 Ludere quæ vellem calamo permisit agresti.

† "St Patrick's day in the morning" used to be the prevailing favourite at Irish patterns, fairs, and wakes. But since Emancipation has been brought home to the business and bosoms of Irishmen by a late *liberating* Tour of the Lord Lieutenant, that air, we understand, has been almost superseded by a new jig, intitled "*Mulgrave's Medley, or the Devil among the Jailers*."

- (3) Non equidem invideo, miror magis: undique totis
 Usque adeo turbatur agris. En ipse capellas
 Protenus seger ago; hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco.
 Hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos
 Spem gregis ah! silice in nuda connixa reliquit.
 Sæpe malum hoc nobis, si mens non læva fuisset,
 De cælo tactas memini prædicere quercus.
 Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix.

This mischief often, had I not been blind,
 Re-action round me boded to my mind :
 This the *Spectator*, in his croaking page,
 From week to week persisted to pressage.
 But, Daniel, tell us honestly how you,
 With Mulgrave, manage in the way you do ?

DANIEL.

The Whigs, dear Joe, I deem'd as bad and base
 As the worst Tories that e'er ruled our race ;
 But times are changed, my judgment I recall :
 Yet, might I dare to measure great with small,
 The Whigs of *thirty-seven* are sure no more
 The Whigs I scorned and scourged in *thirty-four*,
 Than this surtout, new purchased with my rent,
 Is the old coat I wore last Parliament.

JOSEPH.

What leads you thus with altered eyes to see ?

DANIEL.

Justice to Ireland ! Liberty to me ! (4)
 Justice at least to those I call my friends,
 And liberty to serve my private ends.
 In time they came, when my beard's whitening growth
 Disposed me more to corpulence and sloth.
 Too long restrained, at last I broke my chain,
 When Peel resigned and Melbourne ruled again.
 For, in the iron days of Peel and Grey,
 A curb was fasten'd on my sovereign sway :
 Though many a Raphael for my profit bled,
 And many a Ruthven by the nose I led,
 Though still the rent flowed freely to my hand,
 Yet patronage I never could command.

JOSEPH.

This was the justice, then, that Daniel sought !
 With this delicious bribe was Daniel bought !
 This boon denied, the Whigs his vengeance raised ;
 This granted, they were patronised and praised.
 The very benches, Daniel, felt the change, (5)
 And all the galleries pronounced it strange.

DANIEL.

What could I do ? 'twere madness to have spurn'd
 A golden hour that might not have return'd.
 'Twas then that Mulgrave first our wishes blest,
 And frankly answer'd to a frank request :
 " Yours is the power," he said, " reposed in me,
 I bear my office but as your trustee ;

- (4) Libertas : quæ sera tamen respexit inertem,
 Candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat ;
 Respexit tamen, et longo post tempore venit :
 Postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit.
 Namque (fatebor enim) dum me Galatea tenebat
 Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura pecull.
 Quamvis multa meis exiret victima septis,
 Pinguis et ingratis premeretur caseus urbi,
 Non unquam gravis ære domum mihi dextra redibat.
- (5) — Ipsæ te, Tityre, pinus,
 Ipsi te fontes, &c.

Buy, bribe, intimidate, supplant, beguile ;
 Reward the lawless, dignify the vile ;
 Clap where you will your hirelings on the bench,
 To cobble votes and give the laws a wrench ;
 Open the jails, let wholesome rigour cease,
 Command the castle, muzzle the police ;
 Rage, riot, rule ! from shame, from danger freed—
 But only *vote with us* in time of need."

JOSEPH.

Fortunate man ! your Tail will then remain (6)
 Unlopp'd by loss, elongated by gain ;
 And ample ev'n for you : though Ulster's race
 Are yet averse their fathers to disgrace ;
 Though here and there an Orangeman survives,
 And with the sweeping torrent feebly strives ;
 Though strangely blinded, Kerry and Tralee
 In their own Daniel can no prophet see—
 Ireland is yours, and England's realm obeys !
 'Tis yours, the quivering scale to sink or raise.
 Still on your gathering treasures you may gloat,
 The orphan's halfpenny, the widow's groat,
 While office showers her favours and her fees
 On kinsmen, comrades, menials, whom you please.
 Fortunate man ! still rising in your place
 You'll brave opinion with that brazen face :
 And last, not least, will hear without dismay
 The postman's ring, nor have the post to pay.

DANIEL.

Therefore, the Shannon to Belfast shall flow, (7)
 The Giant's Causeway round to Wexford go ;
 To draw their pay the Plunkets shall be loath,
 And my Tail fear the sanction of an oath,
 Ere I forget or willingly forego
 What thus to Mulgrave and myself I owe.

JOSEPH.

But we, sad exiles, must in haste retreat, (8)
 Some to concealment, others to the Fleet ;
 While some, ere long, their fate may teach to stray
 Far as the penal shores of Botany Bay.
 O shall I ever witness from afar,
 Forbid to share, the senatorial war,
 And well content with half-a-crown to buy
 Admission to the Stranger's Gallery !
 See how Reform her votaries rewards—
 I'm ousted by a Captain in the Guards ! (9)
 The Tory yoke again is on our necks !
 A gentleman's returned for Middlesex !

- (6) Fortunate senex ! ergo tua rura manebunt :
 Et tibi magna satis : quamvis, &c.
 (7) Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi, &c.
 (8) At nos hinc alii sitientes ibimus Afros,
 Pars Scythiam, &c.
 (9) Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit ?
 Barbarus has segetes ? en quo discordia cives
 Perduxit miseros : en queis consecimus agros !
 Insere nunc, Melibæe, pyros, pone ordine vites :
 Itæ meæ, felix quondam pecus, itæ capellæ !
 Non ego vos posthac, &c.

This is the bungling of those stupid Whigs—
 To this fine market have we brought our pigs !
 Now, Joseph, now, read up for a debate ;
 For others, check an army estimate !
 Go ye, my copying clerks, go all away.
 I can't employ you, even if I could pay !
 No more your nimble pens shall bless my sight
 To prove that right is wrong, and black is white,
 And boldly blundering, ev'n with Cocker by,
 Refute the rule that figures cannot lie.
 No more on some small vote not worth a souse, (10)
 Shall I a dozen times divide the House ;
 Or move for some impossible Return,
 As punctual Cinderella* cries "adjourn !"
 I've done : but O ! thus sentenced to the shelf,
 I'm sorry for the nation, not myself.

DANIEL.

Yet may you sit in Erin's verdant isle, (11)
 Kilkenny's member for a little while ;
 My warming-pan, till some Committee's voice
 Drive me from Dublin to another choice.
 It glads me much a shelter thus to lend
 To any seatless and subservient friend,
 And see dark clouds the prospect hover o'er,
 And coming changes cast their shade before.†

(10) *Carmina nulla canam ! &c.*

(11) *Hic tamen hac mecum poteris requiescere nocte
 Fronde super viridi. Sunt nobis mitia poma,
 Castaneæ molles, et pressi copia lactis.
 Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
 Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.*

* A gentleman in the last House of Commons, also returned to the present Parliament, earned for himself this appellation by the necessity which seemed imposed on him of constantly departing at the hour prescribed for Cinderella by her godmother in the fairy tale. We have always considered it a part of the moral of that elegant fiction to recommend early hours at public places.

† It is right to mention, that the pastoral here presented to the public does not appear exactly in the garb in which it was communicated to us. In its original state, it was composed in two varieties of the Doric dialect, appropriated respectively to the interlocutors in the poem, the one apparently of a Caledonian, the other of a Hibernian formation. We felt, that if inserted in that shape, its popularity might be limited to those who understand and appreciate the peculiar varieties of speech to which we have alluded, and that the general readers of *Maga* had a right to see it in as pure an English form as we could bestow upon it. At the same time, we are sensible that many striking beauties are lost in the process of translation, which it was hopeless to think of transplanting from their native soil. Those readers who can understand them will, we are sure, like ourselves, be much moved by the very natural and touching tenderness of the two lines with which, in the original, the last speech of Joseph concludes. They run thus—

"Hech, sirs ! it's sair to bide : but mind and tell
 I'm greetin' for my kintra, no mysel'."

Again, we think there is much felicity in the description thus given by Daniel in the original poem of the reception which Joseph would receive in Kilkenny, and which we have not even attempted to imitate.

"Och, Josey, joy ! they'll faste ye like a Queen
 On mealy prattles and the rale poteen !"

These lines tread very closely on Virgil's heels. We think the "mealy prattles" are no unworthy metaphor of Tityrus's "*mitia poma* ;" and we are sure that the "rale poteen" is infinitely superior to the Mantuan's "*pressi copia lactis*."

MINISTERIAL ALTERNATIVES.

EVERY day adds a new testimony to the fact, that the late elections have secured for the present the ascendancy of Conservative principles. We are not now speculating upon the question whether the Conservative party are immediately to regain place. That is a matter to which, certainly, we are not indifferent, but which is of infinitely less importance than the other question, whether they are possessed of power sufficient to save the Constitution. That the strength of their position will effectually achieve this object, during the new Parliament, is, we believe, universally admitted. We can produce witnesses to the fact from the most opposite quarters, and of the most unsuspected credit. We have, first, that species of witnesses denominated *facts*, which are generally considered the most veracious and the most unimpeachable. There is the *fact*, that, even in the last Parliament, no progress was made in any measure of invasion on the Constitution;—there is the *fact*, that Ministers looked to an accession of Parliamentary strength as their only means of maintaining their position;—and there is the *fact*, not only that they have got no accession of strength by the late elections, but that the new Parliament is more Conservative than the old one. The inference from these circumstances is inevitable and conclusive. We have, further, the evidence of opinion from parties competent to judge, and not likely to support our case, except on the compulsion of truth. We have the sentiments of the extreme Radical party, as embodied in the statements of the Spectator newspaper—an able, and honest, and inveterately democratic journal—which admits that the supremacy of Conservative principles is now certain; and as further proclaimed in the letter addressed to his former constituents by Mr Roebuck, a man of considerable talent, and, as far as we know, of perfect sincerity, who, after announcing that the elections had resulted in the defeat of the Liberal party, thus proceeds:—“Of the defeat itself no one in his senses now doubts. It may be denied by party writers in party journals—the expectant friends of the Ministry may publicly affect to talk of victory;

but in private to themselves and their friends the painful truth is acknowledged: the Tories have been victorious in the late contest.” We cannot doubt that Mr Roebuck has the means of knowing what he has here asserted, and we cannot believe that he would knowingly assert a falsehood. But we have, finally, the testimony of the Ministerial organs, and of the Ministry themselves. The tone of the Globe and Courier evinces plainly a conviction in its masters that Destructive principles are on the wane, and that the prospect of carrying the Government measures of the late Parliament is remote and contingent. Lord Palmerston, too, himself has condescended, in *propria persona*, to enlighten his constituents and the public on the subject, and completely confirms what had probably been before dictated from the same or a similar quarter to the functionaries of the Ministerial press. The views which his Lordship professes as to the prospects of Parliament are contained in two paragraphs in his address, which, when fairly examined, and taken together, convey a pretty intelligible indication that the Conservative party are not at least to be very speedily annihilated.

“The result,” his Lordship says, “has been to give to the Reformers a *decided and sure majority* in the House of Commons, *fully sufficient to secure the ascendancy of those principles of Government which you profess*, and according to which you desire to see the affairs of the country administered.”

“*It will undoubtedly be necessary for the Reformers to remain united; for by union among themselves, by perseverance against difficulties, and by patience under temporary delays*, the Reformers of the three United Kingdoms will ensure the steady progress of legislative improvement.”

In estimating the magnitude or sufficiency of the Ministerial preponderance in Parliament, referred to in the first of these paragraphs, little value, we presume, will be attached to the ideas of a Foreign Secretary, who was well content that the merits of his Spanish policy should rest on a majority of *thirty-six* men voting in a crowded house in support merely of the *pre-*

rious question. We can believe, however, that his Lordship flatters himself that there is now a majority for Ministers fully sufficient to secure the ascendancy of those principles which are professed both by his Tiverton supporters and by himself: the principle, namely, of postponing in the exercising of their public functions all considerations of credit or honour, to the desire of emolument and advantage: the principle that transferred the borough of Tiverton by a bargain and sale, from its former to its present possessor, and which is the same principle that has transferred Lord Palmerston, like a bad shilling, to every successive administration on which he could thrust himself for the last quarter of a century.

But although, in the first paragraph above quoted, the Ministerial majority is declared to be fully sufficient to secure the ascendancy of those principles which would satisfy the member for Tiverton and his free and independent constituents, the second paragraph seems to imply more doubt as to the adequacy of that majority for carrying any particular measures. We shall not criticise either the language or the logic of the noble lord, as we might do, but shall merely observe, that the sole meaning we can attach to the passage last above quoted is, that union will undoubtedly be necessary among Reformers, not merely, as his Lordship seems to say, because union, perseverance, and patience will constitute *one* means of attaining the legislative improvements at which he points, but because those qualities will afford the *only* means of doing so. If the object could be attained otherwise, union might be useful, but it could not be necessary.

It is here acknowledged, therefore, that not only must a union be maintained among parties who are confessedly divided on many vital points, but also that even after that union is secured, there are still difficulties to be encountered, and delays to be sustained, which require the exercise of perseverance and patience on the part of those, who, if experience be a rule, are not universally gifted with at least one of these qualities. Of the great progress which his Lordship has made in all of the virtues mentioned, there can, of course, be no doubt. That his Lordship is ready to enter into union

with any body of men who will make him the usual consideration; that he is possessed of the greatest *perseverance against difficulties*, so far as regards adherence to place, and can display the most sovereign *patience* under any delays which may postpone the period of his retirement, are facts which no candid and observing man can call in question.

When the Ministry think it necessary thus to prepare their supporters for difficulties and delays, it is obvious that the accomplishment of the innovations for which those supporters have been so long looking, cannot be considered as very near at hand.

The same inference is manifestly deducible from the demi-official, or semi-demi-official production lately published as to the "Domestic prospects" of the country, under the Ministry, or rather of the Ministry at the bar of the country. That piece of arrant and impudent fustian is too insipid to have attracted any notice on its own merits; but its sentiments and its fate are at once demonstrative of the Ministerial weakness as against their opponents, and of the Ministerial difficulties as amongst their friends. The pamphlet in question was plainly intended as a *feeler*, to ascertain the general sentiment as to the great Whig principle, that measures are of no consequence in comparison with men, and that every object whatever is worthy to be sacrificed for the mere maintenance of the Whigs in office. "All parties," it was said, "those for Ballot—those for Extended Suffrage—those for the Abolition of Church Rates—those for *grand plans* (!) of Public Education—those for the Appropriation Clause—those for Municipal Institutions in Ireland—those for yielding to Canada a more democratic form of Government than at present exists there, should one and all enter upon the new Session with this conviction thoroughly impressed upon their minds, that there is not one of these questions, *no not one*, which is not secondary to the *great object* of maintaining Lord Melbourne's Cabinet free from *every species of embarrassment*!"

This was a bold announcement: but alas! the result was similar to what we have observed in the case of a snail coming right against a stone-wall. The state of the pub-

lie mind, in regard to the proposition in question, was found to be of the most impenetrable possible stuff, and the venturesome but feeble *antenne*, which had thus been put forward, were forthwith withdrawn in the utmost precipitation and alarm. The pamphlet-writer is disclaimed as a mere volunteer, who knows nothing about the matter; and Ministerial assurances are given forth by their daily organs that no such impudent and hopeless attempt is to be made upon the national simplicity. Every man of sense, however, remains convinced on the one hand that the "Domestic prospects" were a Ministerial manifesto; and on the other, that Ministers, shameless as they are, would not have made such a barefaced attempt, unless they had felt themselves reduced to the utmost extremity of need.

We think we are fully warranted in saying that the different testimonies above collected, corroborate strongly the conclusion at which we ourselves have arrived, that the late elections have yielded a decided triumph to Conservative principles, by which we mean a firm assurance of legislative resistance to all innovations upon the fabric of the constitution in Church and State.

Some of the same authorities, however, which we have just quoted for a different purpose, seem to prove equally that Ministers intend to retain their places as long as they are allowed. The letter of Lord Palmerston amounts to a plain indication of this purpose; and the "Domestic Prospects," as well as all the other Ministerial *media* of communication with the public announce a similar intention.

It being thus declared, what might indeed have been *a priori* demonstrated, that Ministers are to remain in office if they can, it becomes a question what course of policy they mean to pursue. The possible resolutions which they may adopt in this respect seem to be three-fold.

1. They may do as they have done hitherto.
2. They may become more Conservative.
3. They may become more Destructive.

Which of these lines of conduct they may adopt, seems to us a matter of more

curiosity than importance. We look upon all of them without much alarm, and are convinced that they must all end in the same result, the success of the Conservative cause, and sooner or later the establishment of the Conservative party in office. But it may be worth while to follow out this speculation, and endeavour to anticipate the *modus operandi* by which each of these Ministerial methods of proceeding may lead to the conclusion which we anticipate, and so devoutly desire.

I. First, then, Ministers may act in the new Parliament exactly as they did in the old.

This supposition implies that they are to bring forward their former measures of Irish Church-appropriation, and of English Church-appropriation in the shape of the Church-rates scheme; while at the same time, they are to oppose the Radical measures of Ballot, extension of the Suffrage, reform of the House of Lords, and other similar propositions. The principle of this system is, that the Conservative and Destructive parties are by turns played off against each other, the Ministers manœuvring and wheeling about with the agility of a troop of light horse, sometimes joining with the one side and sometimes ranging themselves under the banners of the other. This trimming and balancing between opposite parties on vital questions, after the fashion of a country-dance or country bumpkin, where the gentleman sets alternately to different partners at opposite corners, is so imbecile, so laughable, and so entirely contrary to the principles of human nature, that we scarcely expect to see it longer persevered in. Practical common-sense so plainly leads to the division of political parties into two great sections, substantially agreed among themselves on essential party questions, that this anomalous attempt at a *juste milieu* will, sooner or later, come to an end, either by the intermediate party amalgamating permanently with one or other of the great divisions, or by that party meeting with the fate which proverbially attends the sitters between two stools. It seems clear to us, either that the Whigs must in the end give way to the Radicals, or the Radicals to the Whigs, or that those parties cannot exist in combination together.

But supposing that Ministers were

to pursue, what we think, an improbable course, by persevering in their political see-saw, it appears to us that such a resolution would ultimately benefit instead of injuring the Conservative cause. This, we think, will become clear from one or two considerations.

1. The working of that system would not, in the present state of the legislature, be directly injurious to the Conservative cause. The propositions of the Radicals would be negatived in the House of Commons, as hitherto, by the united forces of the Whigs and Conservatives; while the Ministerial measures of Church innovation, if carried at all in the Commons, would not be carried by any such majorities as could in the least degree help them through the House of Lords. The avowed Ministerial nostrum for coercing the Peers, is to send up measures which have been carried by overwhelming majorities in the Commons. We presume it will not be said that the Ministerial majorities now will be more overwhelming than those which proved so unavailing in the last Parliament. The majorities *against* Ministers in the House of Lords will be a very considerable *multiple* of any majority for them in the House of Commons. In such circumstances also, the only other expedient, of swamping the Upper House by extensive creations, is more desperate than ever.

2. The fruitless and hopeless perseverance of a Ministry in measures of an agitating tendency is so injurious to the country, and so unprecedented in constitutional history, that it must soon excite the alarm and disapprobation of reflecting and patriotic men among their own supporters. It is one thing to support a measure on its own merits, and another to sanction its perpetual discussion by the Ministerial party without a prospect of carrying it. Such a system, pursued on the part of men in power, is attended with so much irritation, so much excitement in men's minds, so much danger to property and the law, so much interruption to useful business, whether in or out of Parliament, that upon seeing honestly that the measures in question cannot be achieved by constitutional means, candid and prudent men will pursue the obvious course pointed out by such a position, and will insist on Ministers bringing their own

measures into harmony with the voice of the legislature, since they cannot persuade the legislature to harmonize with them.

3. The fruitless and hopeless perseverance of a Ministry in measures which they declare to be essential, is so ludicrous to the spectators, and so humiliating to the actors in such a drama, that it could not fail to produce in the public mind strong impressions favourable to the Conservative cause. Men would cease to attach any meaning to words that never became things. They could not conceive the vital importance of matters which they so long contrived to go on without feeling the want of. Every successive announcement of the Ministerial attempt, made in the knowledge that it was to fail, would excite either inextinguishable laughter, or an irrepressible tendency to yawn. The feeble and forlorn perseverance of the Ministerial efforts would excite contempt among men of spirit, and suspicion among men of honesty. It would come to be universally questioned whether the mere desire of pay was not the only motive that could bear up against such indignities. Their supporters would get ashamed of being dragged night after night to do work that ended in nothing; their majorities would dwindle into minorities; and they would go out amid the general disgust of a high-minded and generous nation, without a hope of ever reviving.

II. Ministers may change their present policy, and become more *Conservative*.

We hope, for their own sakes, that this resolution will be their choice. It is yet open to them, at a sacrifice, indeed, of consistency—at a sacrifice, perhaps, of such honour as they still have to boast; but not at a greater sacrifice, in these or in any other respects, than would be inferred in an opposite course. If they will make the new reign and the new Parliament a pretence for abandoning all assaults upon the Constitution and the Church, and religiously abstain from such measures of excitement and agitation, as there is no reasonable hope of carrying through the legislature, we sincerely believe that they have a fair chance of remaining in power for some time longer—at least, we consi-

der it to be their best chance of doing so. They will in this way retrieve and atone for much of the mischief they have done, and the time they have wasted. They may be assailed by their Radical allies with abuse; they may be held up by them as traitors; but this is little more than they are at present accustomed to. On the other hand, they will undoubtedly receive the conscientious and effective support of the Conservative party. Coalition with them, indeed, is out of the question; the past conduct, the present characters of the Ministry, forbid that step. But votes, assistance in divisions against the common enemy, support of that kind they may receive, if they qualify themselves for it, unbought, unbribed, far more cheaply and honourably obtained, and far better worth having than ten times the support that O'Connell can sell them.

We need not offer arguments to prove that the adoption by Ministers of a policy in any degree more Conservative than at present would greatly promote the end to which we now look—the security of our institutions from destruction.

III. In the third place, Ministers, while they change their present policy, may become more *Destructive* in their views.

We freely confess that had such a course been before pursued, we should have trembled for the result. We hope, indeed, that the national feeling would not have sanctioned it; that at no time could a Ministry have unequivocally unfurled the banner of revolution without encountering successful resistance, and deserved punishment in the loud indignation and determined patriotism of the British people. But we own that had the attempt been made immediately after the passing of the Reform Bill—when old landmarks and restraints were removed—when the great Conservative party was so generally unpopular, and so deeply depressed by defeat and despondency—and when the revolutionary portion of the community, so unduly encouraged and called into action in achieving that measure, were flushed with triumph, and fleshed in their prey, the Constitution would, in our opinion, have been in greater danger than it ever before encountered. It is certainly due to Lord Grey, and to those

moderate and conscientious men who supported him in his own cabinet, and who, like himself, subsequently seceded from the Whig Ministry, that by their means the progress of democracy, the pressure from without, was, in many respects, arrested at the very time when its advances were most probable, and would have been most fatal. It is also most justly due to our own friends to claim for Sir Robert Peel and his supporters the honour of having pursued, towards Lord Grey's Ministry, as indeed towards their successors, a course of opposition the most pure, the most patriotic, and the most unfactionary that the history perhaps of any country ever presented. Owing to these causes, and owing to the providential circumstance that the conduct of the Melbourne Government, from first to last, has been as weak as it has been wicked, we rejoice to think that we can now look upon any adoption of destructive measures by that Ministry with comparatively firm eyes and fearless hearts. Their utmost majority in the House of Commons does not, according to their own calculation, exceed forty, giving them all the doubtful men. This is scarcely a sufficient stock to trade in Revolution upon; but it is equally certain that, at the first announcement of plans indisputably Revolutionary, they would be deserted by a sufficient number of moderate men to reduce their majority to a negative quantity. Many Ministerialists, who have gone grudgingly along with them even in their present career, would stop short at once when a bolder course was commenced, and would give their presence and support, where their hearts probably now are, in the ranks of that party who are united to resist further change. The idea of any second dissolution of Parliament is plainly out of the question; and Ministers thus failing in their attempt, and having nothing to fall back upon, would at once lose both influence and office.

In this event, the Conservative party, increased in numbers, and in possession both of the House of Commons and of the House of Lords, would, we think, be able, not only to maintain the Constitution for the present, but to gain further time, and secure an effectual hold over the feelings of the country, that would permanently rally round them, in sufficient numbers to

command the constituencies, those men of respectability, intelligence, or property, who are not already enlisted on their side.

If we were to speculate on the course which Ministers are most likely to pursue, we own we should be inclined to say, that while they avoid every thing approaching to a manly or decided policy of any description, they will observe a sullen neutrality on Constitutional questions, and endeavour to be as *liberal* as they can in their general professions, and in their exercise of power and patronage. We cannot doubt that their hearts would prefer that line of conduct which would maintain them in office with the least possible trouble and embarrassment. Their *beau-ideal* perhaps would be, never to see the face of Parliament again, to shut up both the Houses, and silence for ever both Tories and Radicals. This great object seems to be pointed at in the "Domestic prospects," where there is a tirade against the rage of legislation which characterises the present day. "The prurient desire," says the able and judicious pamphleteer, "for perpetual and hasty legislation is one of the maladies of the age. *We should try to cure it.* Heaven knows that our statutes are already too voluminous. *Somebody has said, that if the Legislature were to go to sleep for two or three years, no great harm would be done.* So far as the enactment of new laws is concerned, such a state of *legislatorial hybernation* (1) might be without prejudice to the welfare of the country; and were it not that the active control of Parliament over the *executive* is absolutely essential to the safe working of the Constitution, *many sound thinking men would be very much disposed to wait for additions to the statute-roll, until the edifices about to be constructed on the banks of Old Father Thames should be completed.*"

There, gentlemen Reformers, there is a fine compliment to you for the past, and a cheering prospect for the future. What do you say to Conservative principles of legislation, compared with the system of *Legislatorial hybernation*, in which you are to suck your paws like so many polar bears for a winter of a few years' duration? This would, no doubt, be convenient for the existing Ministry; but, unfortunately, the Constitution of the

Country forbids that expedient. The supplies must be voted: their own salaries must be provided for. Parliament must therefore be convened. But the less it does, when it is convened, so much the better. No need for any acts of Parliament at all: no need of discussing political questions. All parties should be contented with things as they are, and with the inestimable blessings of a Reforming Executive, who are to pass no Reforming measure. To talk liberally—to do nothing offensive to any body, and to hold on by O'Connell's Tail, this, we are convinced, is the real system on which Ministers are bent. We can readily conceive already executed between the parties something like the following deed:—

"ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT between Viscount Melbourne for himself, and all who may adhere to him, on the one part, and Daniel O'Connell for himself, and all Ireland, on the other part.

"It is contracted and agreed between the said parties as follows:—

"1. The said Daniel is to enjoy the whole patronage and Government influence in Ireland, under deduction of such offices and emoluments as may be necessary for supporting the family of the Right Hon. Lord Plunkett. Assistant Barristers to be furnished as at present.

"2. The said Viscount, and the Members of his Government, are to draw and receive their salaries as heretofore.

"3. The said Daniel, with his whole parts and appendages, is to support the said Viscount in all places and emergencies, subject to the explanations after given.

"4. The said Viscount and his afore-said are not to be required to support any Radical measure or proposition whatever, under the denomination of Ballot, Extended Suffrage, Abolition of Flogging, or the like.

"5. The said Daniel, and his afore-said, as well as such portion of the Scotch Ministerial Tail as may be agreed on, shall be allowed leave of absence from divisions in the House of Commons when not absolutely needed, and shall further be permitted to vote against the said Viscount, and in favour of Radical or other propositions, when and so often as it can be ascertained, beyond doubt, that there will be an attendance of Conservative Members

sufficient to neutralize their said votes, and prevent the said Radical or other measures from being carried.

"6. The said Viscount and his aforesaid are not to be required or expected to carry or bring forward any one bill or measure of any description whatsoever, for England, Scotland, or Ireland, or the Colonies thereto belonging."

Could such a treaty as this receive the ratification of a majority of the House of Commons, however small, how happy would these respectable persons be! But there are difficulties in the way of such a scheme, as it is daily becoming more doubtful whether any very considerable portion of men, responsible to intelligent constituencies, will make knaves and fools of themselves merely to preserve the Whigs in office and O'Connell in power.

In estimating how far a Ministerial attempt of this kind would likely be successful, it is natural to enquire how it would be received by the Democratic portion of the House of Commons. This class of politicians seems at present divided into two sections, who may be described as the Whig-Radicals (if, indeed, that term does not embrace the Whigs themselves) and the Radical-Radicals, who have somewhat strangely been denominated the Tory-Radicals, from their extreme aversion, we presume, to Toryism—*lucus a non lucendo*. That the Whig-Radicals, of which the *Examiner* seems at present the organ (*quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!*), will without a murmur subscribe to any compact whatever that the Whigs and O'Connell may make, we do not doubt. That the Radical-Radicals (represented by the *Spectator*) will bully and bluster at any such compact, so far as based on the plan of doing nothing or doing little, we are firmly assured. But that any of the Radical politicians will thoroughly throw off the Whigs, while they exist separate from the Conservatives, we cannot believe. We have the utmost possible distrust of the animosities which are sometimes exhibited between the Whig and Radical factions. We never look upon them as sincere. We suspect that both interest and inclination attach the Radicals to the Whigs. So long at least as the Whigs bid a single penny more in the auction of liberality, they

will be preferred by the Radicals, and, we own, honestly and rightly preferred. Nay, we rather think, independently of any thing to be gained in that way, that the inveteracy of the Radical enmity against the Tory party is such as to make their feelings towards the Whigs almost approach to something resembling affection. Their quarrels accordingly have a strong similarity to those of lovers. They always end in a reconciliation, often in a closer embrace than before. *Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est*. Or, if we may not quite compare them in tenderness to lovers, let us say that they are like man and wife, fighting, it may be, and calling names between themselves; nay, perhaps, mortally hating each other with greater bitterness than any can do that are not so nearly connected, but firmly combined by the *esprit de corps*, or *esprit de famille*, to resist the intervention of all third parties in their disputes. We anticipate no direct benefit to the Conservatives from the apparent hostilities which may thus occur. Any attempt at interference between them, one way or other, would probably bring upon us the treatment which awaits all intermeddlers in family affairs, whether intending to allay the feud or to blow the coal. The fate of Monsieur Robert, when interposing between Sganarelle and his wife in the *Medecin malgré lui*, is so amusing and instructive a lesson in such cases, that we may be forgiven for here inserting an extract from the scene itself:—

"M. Robert.—Hola, hola, hola; fi, qu'est ceci, quelle infamie! peste soit le coquin, de battre ainsi sa femme.

Martine.—(Les mains sur les côtés lui parle en le faisant reculer et à la fin lui donne un soufflet.)—Et je veux qu'il me batte, moi.

M. Robert.—Ah, j'y consens de tout mon cœur.

Martine.—Dequoi vous mêlez-vous?

M. Robert.—J'ai tort.

Martine.—Est cela votre affaire?

M. Robert.—Vous avez raison.

Martine.—Voyez un peu cet impudent, qui veut empêcher les maris de battre leurs femmes.

M. Robert passe ensuite vers le mari, qui pareillement lui parle toujours en le faisant reculer, le frappe avec le même bâton, le met en fuite, et M. Robert dit à la fin.

Compere, je vous demande pardon de tout mon cœur : faites, rossez, battez, comme il faut, votre femme ; je vous aiderai si vous le voulez.

Sganarelle.—Il ne me plaît pas, moi.

M. Robert.—Ah ! c'est une autre chose.

Sganarelle.—Je la veux battre, si je le veux ; et ne la veux pas battre si je ne le veux pas.

M. Robert.—Fort bien.

Sganarelle.—C'est ma femme, et non pas la vôtre.

M. Robert.—Sans doute.

Sganarelle.—Et vous êtes un impertinent de vous ingérer des affaires d'autrui. Apprenez que Cicéron dit qu'entre l'arbre et le doigt il ne faut point mettre l'écorce.

Ensuite il revient vers sa femme, et lui dit, en lui pressant la main.

O ça, faisons la paix nous deux. Touche-la."

If there is any chance of the Radicals opposing or deserting their Ministerial friends, it lies in the possibility of their conceiving that ejection from office would make the Whigs more Radical. The last event of this kind produced the adoption of the Irish Appropriation Clause, which the Whigs had previously resisted. It may occur to the Radicals that another course of the same rough medicine might produce an equally powerful and beneficial result. We have no doubt, indeed, that it would. The Whigs, once again out, would probably agree to any terms whatever to get in. But it might not now be so easy to effect that object. It is, therefore, we think, very problematical whether the Radicals will hazard the experiment.

But while we have thus little or no expectation of any serious practical disunion between the Whigs and Radicals, we consider, that the event supposed, of the Whigs remaining in power only to administer the Government for themselves and O'Connell, and do nothing or little in Parliament, would indirectly have a most beneficial effect on Conservative prospects, in whatever way the Radicals might act in reference to that system.

If the Radicals sanction by their support the Ministerial principle of neutrality towards our institutions in Church and State, the most beneficial results will ensue on the state of public feeling. If they do so quietly and contentedly, the fervour of political agitation will rapidly cool down to a

Conservative temperature on all hands the masses throughout the country, whom the tendency to democratic croachment is most deeply seated, will turn with disgust from their former leaders, and either abandon the contest in despair, or maintain it so feeble and distractedly as to be no longer dangerous. Nothing contributes more to allay popular turbulence than to discover the hollowness of political professions ; and to see noisy and boisterous demagogues settle down, either into actual placemen, or into the equally degrading position of dumb pliable hangers-on about a Court Minister. The effect will not be materially altered, although the Radicals should continue to storm and rage against the passiveness of Ministers provided their anger is confined to words alone, and their votes are always ready to maintain those Ministers in place. The only difference would be that in this case they would probably add an intenser feeling of ridicule to the emotions which their conduct now excite.

It seems to us a great mistake to suppose that the country is composed entirely, or for the most part, of political partisans. There are always many individuals who hang but loosely on the skirts of any party : and, perhaps, the great mass of the community have no party feeling at all, and are fixed or detailed political opinions, are mostly influenced, when interested, does not interfere, by general ideas what is generous or sordid, noble or mean. This is the audience which the several political parties in the state have mainly to address themselves, and in their hands the decision of the contest chiefly rests. They have almost always the power to tilt the balance, into whichever scale the weight of their approbation may be thrown ; and we own that we cannot but appeal to such judges at present with the highest hope and confidence. There is a truth, solidity, dignity, in the Conservative cause which cannot fail to strike all impartial minds while the whole system of Whiggism is so false, so hollow, and so ridiculous, that it must revolt even one who possesses either principle or judgment, or taste.

We think, then, that upon a general review of our prospects, we are justified in saying that while, on the

hand, any attempted convulsion would lead directly to the establishment of a Conservative ministry, by the voice of the present Parliament, every other course now open to the Whigs tends more or less either to the same point, or to the still more important object of allaying agitation and consolidating the foundations of Conservative principles. Ministers, we think, cannot long persevere exactly as they have been doing. They will be foiled in their own House of Commons if they attempt to be more violent; and if, either with or without the support of the Radicals, they become positively Conservative, or negatively so by abstaining from revolutionary measures, their conduct will equally contribute to establish the great Conservative maxim, "That the BRITISH CONSTITUTION, as it exists, is sufficient for every necessary and useful object, whether of beneficial legislation, executive government, or popular protection; and that the force of public opinion and individual talent ought exclusively to be directed towards measures of an administrative and practical kind, instead of being wasted on the fruitless or dangerous promotion of organic alterations."

We think we can foresee that this great truth is destined daily to gain more ground in every quarter, and that even those who are not mentally convinced of it will be compelled to pay it homage in their actual conduct. O'Connell himself, mischievous as his conduct otherwise is, seems involuntarily to be helping forward the same principle, by virtually acknowledging that the laws as they stand are substantially sufficient to give "justice to

Ireland," if administered as he thinks they should be.

We have dwelt little in these observations on the probable accession of the Conservative party to power, because we feel that this is of far less moment than the security of our principles generally, whatever Ministry may be in office. The Conservative party can well afford to *bide their time*, if the way is thus to be paved for them. It is quite obvious, however, that the more that Destructive principles and passions subside, and the more clearly it is fixed that any Government must be carried on within the limits of our existing Constitution in Church and State—the more, in short, the question is reduced to this issue, Who are the fittest and best men to serve the Queen and the country, and the most likely to effect practical improvements, as distinct from constitutional innovations—the more sure and certain is the ultimate ascendancy of the Conservative party. On the personal qualifications of Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Stanley; as compared with Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell, but one opinion, we suppose, exists any where: that opinion is only obscured or distorted at present by the false lights of a delusive popular principle, which, we have ventured to say, is fast disappearing, and from which ere long the nation will awaken, as from a dream, to a sober and steady perception of the true value of those great and patriotic men.

We say, then, to our friends, as we have already said in reference to these elections, "Be of good cheer." * Ours is the great cause of reason, order, li-

* We rejoice to observe the spirited and encouraging tone which our friends generally are assuming in their celebrations of the late contest. Let our principles be boldly and clearly announced on all occasions, and their progress will be greatly aided. We have been much pleased in this, as in every other respect, with the speech of Lord Ramsay at the dinner given to his Lordship at Haddington, on his election for East Lothian. We greatly rejoice in seeing this talented and amiable young nobleman enlisted in the ranks of our Conservative statesmen. His appearance formerly, when he unsuccessfully contested the city of Edinburgh, impressed all ranks of men and parties of politicians with a high admiration for those abilities, and that firmness and high principle, which we have no doubt will speedily distinguish him in the public sphere in which he is now to move. On the occasion of the dinner at Haddington we have also to thank Mr Robertson for an excellent speech on our present position, as well as an able and indignant answer to the imputation of disloyalty thrown upon the Tory party by Sir John Campbell—an imputation of which the presumption, we venture to say, was only equalled by the absurdity.

erty, and religion, against passion, anarchy, democracy, and godlessness. Let us not fear that these mighty principles, which are identified with the welfare of our country and the progress of human civilisation, can be abandoned of Heaven's care, or can in the end fail to reign supreme in the hearts and understandings of the British people.

"Despond who will—I heard a voice exclaim,

'Though fierce the assault, and shatter'd the defence,

It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
The glorious work of Time and Providence,

Before a flying season's rash pretence
Should fail; that She, whose virtue put
to shame,

When Europe prostrate lay, the Con-
queror's aim,

Should perish, self-subverted. Black and
dense

The cloud is: but brings that a day of
doom

To liberty? Her sun is up the while,
That orb whose beams round Saxon Al-
fred shone:

Then laugh, ye innocent vales! ye streams,
sweep on!

Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest
Isle

Toss in the fanning wind an humbler
plume."

ORIGINES DU DROIT FRANÇAIS.

BY M. MICHELET, CHEF DE LA SECTION HISTORIQUE AUX ARCHIVES DU ROYAUME.

THIS is a most curious and interesting work. The object of its author has been to show the laws, which society in its progress has developed and elaborated into the expression of severe logical reason, in their earliest shapes, whilst the fine reasonings they contain were hidden, embryoed, as it were, in symbols. Being brought then, by his subject, at once among the symbols of antiquity, the reader is led to contemplate, without much preface or preparation, the most exceedingly remarkable feature of ancient history—the ingenuity, the luxury, and the profusion of significant imagery which primitive, or gross and barbarous people, were accustomed, in early and dark epochs, to superadd to every circumstance and event of life. It is not surprising that rude nations should have framed laws to meet their social wants; but it is very striking, if not surprising, that their legal rites and forms should express much more than the purposes they had actually in view, and prefigure, so to speak, many meanings which in more modern times have been plainly enunciated. But, indeed, we find this peculiarity—this manifold significance of type, characteristic of all the mental phenomena of unlettered periods. The Pagan mythology affords the most illustrious example of this. So rich are its fables in plastic senses, that many persons have found symbolized under them the recent doctrine of scholastic philoso-

phy; and it is impossible not to believe that they really did contain meanings which went far deeper than their superficial import. The host of fabulous creations immortalized by Homer surely implied matters far above the scope of childish credulity; and the vast expenditure of inventive fancy exhibited in these adumbrations, for so they may be called, have always appeared to us as constituting the metaphysics of the young and uneducated world. The abstrusest truths are often, in those primal epochs and works to which we allude, touched and shadowed forth in emblems and poetic imagination, as if they were perceived but could not be analysed, and were personified and materialized because they could not be deduced logically from premises to conclusions. Poetry is here, then, seen in the light of one of its most pregnant definitions—as *the hieroglyphics of philosophy*. Early ages being the least philosophical, are, in the sense we have given to the word poetry, necessarily the most poetical; and from the same sense or definition, it results that poetry will ever endure whilst truths or emotions exist which philosophy cannot explain. If ever all of the universe, of which we have cognizance, should be thoroughly understood, poetry would be no more. It is just, however, this poetic apprehension of truth of which we speak that distinguishes early generations. The ultimate truths which philosophy

arrives at are apprehended by men long before they can be *excogitated*. They appear to be originally in the mind, but only to get, in process of time and of exercise, into the understanding. It takes many ages to bring man to a competent use of his reasoning faculties, but there is a divine principle within him distinct from, though the *substratum* of, these faculties, which seems to anticipate from the beginning their latent and most refined discoveries. It is Coleridge, we think, who, in one of his lay sermons, has made the distinction we here insist upon between the understanding and that divine principle to which he gives, in a peculiar sense, the name *reason*, which constitutes, he says, *the image of God, in which man was created*. And this we hold to be a most profound and luminous thought, of which history abundantly proves the justness. For we find nations sunken into, or never having arisen out of, the deepest barbarity, lighting, nevertheless, without effort, and at once, on the subtlest and most prolific verities; and, as if, at the same time, to show their ignorance and the wisdom which is antecedent to knowledge, embodying in rude symbols truths which they had neither intelligence to express in words, nor to comprehend in any other guise than in that of external material signs.

We believe that in the above observations we have not considered too curiously the symbolical character of the ancient and the middle ages. M. Michelet, in his work now before us, enters upon the subject much too deeply and minutely to be followed by us within the space which we can allow to this article; and we fear that any abridgement or abstract of his reasonings on a topic so essentially unsubstantial would be unintelligible to our readers. We shall, therefore, confine as much as possible the extracts we are about to furnish to passages which exemplify strikingly the rich significations which barbarians put into their ceremonies, painting, as it were to the eye, doctrines or ideas which their posterities have adopted as the results of philosophic enquiry. The following extract will show this:—

“The Duke of Carinthia was not allowed to sit upon his marble throne till he had given money. This dona-

tion was the *Coemptio*, the purchase of his right. Nowhere does the sovereignty of the people (as a sleeping abstract annunciation) appear more haughtily declared than in this formality. It bears the seal of a remote antiquity, of an Homeric or biblical simplicity. The Duke walked towards the marble throne in the dress of a peasant. But the real peasant already occupied it, attended by the sad and severe symbols of the labouring people—the black bull and the lean horse. Then commenced this rude dialogue. And who so proudly dares enter here? said the peasant. Is he a just judge? Has he the good of the country at heart? Is he born free and a Christian? He is, and he will, answered the Duke. I demand then by what right, retorted the peasant, he will force me to quit this place? He will buy it of you, was the answer, for sixty pennies, and the horse and the bull shall be yours, &c. No less ancient or deeply significant was another part of the same ceremony. Whilst the Duke brandished his sword towards the four winds, whilst he sat with his face to the sun and conferred fiefs, three families had a right to mow, to pillage, and to burn. The interregnum of the sovereign power was thus represented as the sleep of the law; and the people saw in this form that they must make haste to abdicate, and to give themselves a defender.”

It cannot be expected that all the legal forms of olden times should have come down to us bearing as perfect and as intelligible a signification as the one we have just cited. The great majority of these forms have varied so frequently that it is sometimes difficult to trace their original import.

“It is curious,” says M. Michelet, “to follow the biography of a symbol—to remark, for instance, how the sacred element, the earth, represented at first the cession of land; how the black soil, covered with grass or green branches, appeared as a witness between contracting parties; how the branch, in the progress of civilisation, became a *baton* and sceptre; how the grass became a straw (*stipula*), and how the straw has given us the verb to *stipulate*.”

The habit of invoking Nature, which is at present only retained by poets was no doubt in ancient times a judicial

ceremony performed in all prosaic earnestness. A tree planted on the occasion was often made to witness an engagement between two persons, or a mound of stones was raised, or a well dug, to recall perpetually to remembrance some great event or some legal contract. Such facts as these are often solemnly recorded in the Bible. But barbarous nations also seem to have considered themselves not very distantly separated from the animal creation. An old law mentioned by Manore runs thus:—"If a man who lives alone is attacked in his house after the Ave Maria, and if he kills the robber he shall pluck three straws from his thatched roof, shall take his dog, or his cat, or his cock, and when he has brought either of them before the judge and sworn, he shall be declared innocent." Thus we find vegetable and animal nature constantly appealed to by our remote forefathers. The external world was the great book from which they derived all the signs which were needful for them to carry on the more solemn and impressive business of life. Nature furnished them in dumb shows with their eloquence, their poetry, and their philosophy.

The formalities by which a murderer during the middle ages was condemned is very remarkable, and full of ingenious types. There was one way, indeed, in which he might escape condemnation, which was to cover the body of the murdered man with gold or silver; but in case he could not do this, he was obliged, according to the Salic law, "to bring twelve witnesses to swear that neither on the earth nor under the earth he possessed any property which he had not given up. He was then obliged to enter into his house, take up from its four corners a handful of dust, then placing himself on the threshold, with his face turned towards the interior of the house, throw with his left hand the dust over his shoulders upon his nearest relation. But if his father, or his mother, or his brother, had paid any thing for him, he was to throw the earth upon the sister of his mother, or upon the sons of this sister; or, if he had no such relatives, upon his three nearest cousins on his father's or his mother's side; then, having no covering but his shirt, ungirdled and uncombed, with his staff in his hand (*palo in manu*) jump over the

hedge." This was to signify that the doors were barred to him, and that another occupied his place. The following was the sentence immediately afterwards pronounced upon him by the judge:—

"Hear, guilty creature! From this day forward I withdraw from you all honour and all right of country. I give your body to every passer-by, your fief to your lord, and your inheritance to those who have a claim upon it. Your wife is legally a widow, and your children orphans. I put you out of the pale of justice, grace, and peace. Where all men find rest and security, you shall find none. We banish you to the four quarters of the globe. We exclude you from the four elements which God has given to men for their consolation. We adjudge to the crows, and to the ravens, and to the birds and beasts of prey your flesh and your blood, and to our Lord, the good God, your soul, if he will receive it."

"Then followed the savage song of the gibbet,

'Baillon d'aubepine à la bouche,
Au col baguette de chêne,
Les cheveux au vent,
Le corps au corbeau, l'âme au Tout
Puissant !

"Rejected by his family and his tribe, the wretch, with his staff, as a wandering Jew, and with *iron shoes* on his feet (see the *SAGAS*), threw himself on the wide world. If he arrived at the sea to embark, he was only allowed to rest himself during one flux and reflux of the tide. A broken leaky bark cast him, perhaps, like a famished wolf, on some southern coast. Or traversing the great German forest, an ocean of wood, he might follow the torrent course of the Danube, and abandon himself to the Devil or the Huns, or sell his body and his soul to the perfidious Turks.

"Returning, it might be, after the lapse of many long years, old, and rich in coin, to learn what had become of his widow, or his son, whom he had left in the cradle, the white beard, the strange visitant of the quiet hamlet, with his foreign aspect, and with an accent and manners to make the natives gape and wonder, would be unrecognised by his earliest playmates and acquaintance—happy if those of

his own blood did not lay snares for him, or his own son provoke him to mortal combat. 'Alas!' said the aged Hildebrand (a man, the record of whose miserable fate has been preserved in old German traditions), 'I have been a wanderer for sixty summers and sixty winters, and now my son must be my murderer, or I must be his.'

"The adventurous life of the outlaw, his heroic calamities, have been the theme of song among all people. What do I say?—his adventures have formed the day-dreams and passionate desires of those who had become wanton in their commonplace happiness. Exile has been sighed for: 'Arva beata petamus arva, divites et insulas.'

"The banished man of ancient times had indeed a perspective of romance and hope before him, which was denied to all others. By depriving him of his country, the world was conferred upon him. Outlaws, cadets, and bastards: these have been the founders of empires."

The romantic lot of the exiled criminal, who was transformed often, in the olden epochs of the world, from a murderer into a hero, has led us, in the above instance, somewhat beyond the bare examples of ancient law-forms to which we had intended to confine ourselves. We now return within our prescribed limits. M. Michelet ranks his examples under different heads: under those of birth, marriage, property, rank, &c. &c.; but as we cannot follow him through all the divisions of his subject, we shall take our illustrations here and there, without any regard to the order in which they have been arrayed, as they happen to strike us by their singularity or piquancy. A Roman and a Grecian marriage ceremony are described in the first passages we light upon.

"The patrician wedding of Rome, *confarreatio*, bears a striking analogy to the Indian marriage. The woman (*matrona mater familias*) occupied at Rome a much more elevated station than in Greece. The marriage, *confarreatio*, was consecrated by the grand pontiff or priest of Jupiter, before ten witnesses. He gave to the betrothed pair a cake, compounded of flour, water, and salt. The head-dress of the bride had a round shape,

like that of the vestals. On her head was placed a sprig of marjoram in flower, and under her robe was hidden a little wreath of vervain. She wore a purple veil, and her tunic was tightened round her by a sash or belt of lamb's wool. She was borne away out of the arms of her mother, and carried over the threshold of the conjugal mansion without touching it with her feet. When her husband asked her, on entering his habitation, 'Who art thou?' she replied, 'Ubi tu gavis ego gaia,' (*gaia* means a cow, or earth fit for cultivation). She was then seated on a fleece, and, having brought with her a distaff and spindle, wove round her husband's door a tissue of woollen hangings or drapery."

M. Michelet distinguishes ancient marriages into two sorts—the *sacerdotal* and the *heroic*. By the former, which prevailed in the East, and among the patricians at Rome, the woman was honoured; by the latter she was considered as a very inferior being, and was either purchased or carried off by force.

"Homer," says M. Michelet, "calls virgins *αλφειόβουαι*, that is to say, drivers of oxen (to their parents). In the time of Aristotle marriage was considered no longer under the same point of view. The ancient Greeks, said he, were barbarians, they bought their wives *ἐνέχυρον* (Arist. Polit. ii. 8.) with arms in their hands. This custom was general among the ancient Germans, and the expression to *buy*, for to marry, was preserved in Germany till the end of the middle ages; but let us speak of the ceremonies which were in use among the Greeks.

"At Athens it was the custom to place a pestle under the door of the conjugal house. One of the young bride's-maids held a sieve in her hands, and the bride herself carried a vase fit to burn barley. It was only at the approach of night that she betook herself to her new habitation. On the arrival of the wedded pair, figs were thrown on their heads, and torches lit. With one of these torches the mother of the bride burnt the gauze veil which had decked the head of her daughter. The married couple then being shut up, ate together in a corner; and the husband unloosed the zone of his wife. During the whole night an assemblage of young people kept

up a riotous noise without. On the third day the wife visited her father, received his presents, and those of her relations and friends, and gave herself a rich dress to her husband, who presented her in return with gifts called *ἀνακαλυπτήριος* (from the verb *ἀνακαλύπτειν*, to discover). It was then only for the first time that he was permitted to see the features of his bride. The new wedded pair then offered a few tresses of hair to Diana, or to the Parcæ. In Beotia the woman burnt before the door of her husband the shaft of his chariot, to show, no doubt, that he must never abandon her."

Coming now to later times, we cannot forbear to give the admirable form of words belonging to the marriage ceremony, which is found in the manuscripts of Rheims, of the year 900, in those of Rennes, of the year 700, and of Arles, of the year 400. No translation could do justice to the following solemn and sublime passage:—"Pater mundi conditor, nascentium genitor, multiplicandæ originis institutor, qui Adæ comitem tuis manibus addidisti, cujus ex ossibus ossa crescentia parem formam admirabili diversitate signarent; hinc ad totius multitudinis incrementum, conjugalis thori iusta consortia, quo totum inter se sæculum configerant, humani generis fœdera nexuerunt . . . ut unum efficeris ex duobus, et pari pignore soboles mixta maneret, tunc per ordinem flueret egesta posteritas, et priores ventura sequerentur. . . . Deus per quem mulier conjungitur viro, et societas principaliter ordinata eâ benedictione donatur, quæ sola nec per originalis peccati poenam nec per diluvii est ablata sententiam. . . . Floreatis rerum presentium copiis, fructificetis decenter in filiis gaudeatis pereuniter cum amicis."

The donation of land, and the right to possess it, was frequently acquired formerly through singular formalities. As far as one could cast a lance, at one or three successive jaculations, marked in a circle the property of the person to whom the lance belonged. The right to fish in particular parts of rivers was obtained in the same way; and fishermen were entitled to dry their nets on the banks of streams as far as they could throw a nail from the water, taken out of the rudder of a fishing boat. Another way of appro-

priating ground was to buy as much of a prince or feudal lord, sometimes at a heavy price, as could be enclosed within the skin of an ox or other animal. This was a very ancient custom. Dido is represented by Virgil as its inventress.

"Mercatique solum facti de nomine Byrsam,
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo."

But there was still a *third* method of becoming a landed proprietor: "Witekind de Corbie relates that a little after the invasion of the Saxons one of their young men bought, for its weight in gold, of a Thuringian enough of earth to fill the skirt of his coat. Having reduced this earth to dust, he scattered it on the ground over a wide circuit. From that moment the Saxons considered all this space as legally acquired, and defended their countryman against the Thuringians. The Emperor Henry, also, it is said, gave to one of his followers all the land which he could sow with a measure of barley. And this measure was found enough to sow all the territory which was called afterwards the County of Mansfeld."

A curious old chronicle (*Chronicon Novaliciense*) mentions another strange way in which land was obtained. "Charlemagne gave a feudal possession to a Lombard musician by a singular right. The musician was to ascend a lofty mountain, and there blowing the horn, as far as its sound could be heard, the land and its inhabitants were to belong to him. The blast was loudly sounded, and the Lombard then hurrying down the mountain traversed the country in all directions. Of every one he met he asked, Have you heard the horn? and to those who replied Yes, he gave a slap in the face, saying—You are my man. From thence came the name of *Transcornati*, which the descendants of these people bore for a long time."

Another droll mode of ascertaining the extent of an undefined gift of territory is recorded in the *Golden Legend*. "Dagobert having given to St Florent the city which he inhabited and its dependencies, the Saint begged to be informed by the King precisely how far this possession should reach in length and in breadth. As far, replied the King, as you can ride in a circle, on your little ass, whilst I am bathing and dressing, shall be yours.

Now St Florent knew well how long the king remained in his bath; so he mounted his ass in haste, and trotted overhills and through valleys as speedily as if he had been mounted on the best of steeds, and was at the appointed moment again in the presence of the king."

"The limit of territory disputed between hostile parties was often decided by two men running from given points to meet each other. The spot where they met was the adjudged boundary. In the Hessian traditions, decisions of a similar kind depend upon the course of animals: for instance, a blind horse let loose would determine in the place where he stopped a contested frontier, or a craw-fish, which moves backwards, would mark its corners and circumference. Thus, in the romance of the Fox, two rams, Belin and Bernard, set out upon a race. They invite Isengrin (the wolf) to sit as a judge between them."

Some of the antique forms of paying homage to a feudal superior were very comic. "In one of the lordships of France the peasants were obliged to bring a canary bird to the chateau, placed on the top of a carriage drawn by four horses. In Austria a noble vassal was to present, every St Martin's Day, to his superior two pots of flies. Another nobleman in Franconia offered to his lord, as a mark of homage, a grasshopper. When the Abbot of Figeac made his entrance into the city of his abbacy, the Lord of Montbrun and Larogue received him dressed as an Harlequin, with one leg bare. When the abbot descended from his horse, the same person held his stirrup, and when he sat down to table waited behind his chair, to fill his cup with wine. The Lord of Pacé had a right to summon all the pretty women of Saumur and its suburbs every Trinity Day before him, and they were to pay him, each, four farthings, and a chaplet of roses. Those who refused to dance with his officers were to have the family arms marked on their bodies with the point of a needle. In Provence, buffoons, dancers, mimics, and minstrels were to perform their tricks, and show their skill before the lady of the chateau. A troubadour was obliged to sing his romance to a new air to be entitled to pass a night in the manor house. Any pedestrian, with or without shoes, might

claim a lodging by making four summersets; a Moor might enjoy the same privilege by throwing his turban in the air, and counting six sous whilst he stumbled and fell down to the gateporter; and a Jew had free entrance and hospitality, by putting his shoes on his head, and repeating, *bon gré mal gré*, the *pater* in the patois of the country; a horseman was obliged to watch his arms half the night for the service of the châtelain; and the conductor of animals to a fair was in duty bound to stop before the chateau, and make his monkeys play their tricks, and his bear dance to his flute, before he could proceed any farther. By a law of St Louis, jugglers, and bearwards, and ape-leaders, were exempted from paying any custom-duties on entering cities, on the condition that they amused the gate-porters, by the performances of their animals, or sleights-of-hand. The jugglers, however, might be quit with a song."

Our readers will be pleased to have a description of an Irish regal palace and household of the Milesian epoch. "The palace of Tamar (in Ireland) was, time out of mind, the residence of Conn, of the hundred battles; it was the abode of every king who governed in Tamar, from the time of Niall of the Nine Towers. It was built on the sacred number three; for the king had made a vow to construct three towers. The palace of Laogaire was only the third part of the palace of Cormac. During the reign of Laogaire, it contained only three hundred square feet, fifty apartments, with fifty men in each; fifty chambers for the guards, and twenty men in each. Its height was thirty cubits; the diameter of the court which surrounded the palace was seven casts of a lance. The circumference of the palace was equal to the diameter of the court. It had seven entries. Within it were one hundred and fifty ordinary cups; fifty drinking horns curiously inlaid with gold, and fifty goblets, curiously engraved, for the special use of the nobility. The height of its candlesticks was five cubits. Within its walls were lodged seven astrologers, seven historians, and one Druid, one jester, one comedian, and one professor of music. In the court, only one carriage or chariot was permitted to remain at a time, to prevent confusion. Under the

reign of Cormac, the palace of Tamar covered nine hundred square feet ; the diameter of its court was seventeen casts of a hance ; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments, and one hundred and fifty dormitories for the guards, with sixty men in each. It had twelve porches, twelve gates, and a thousand guests in each wing, besides princes, orators, men of science, engravers in gold, in silver, and in stone, with artists, and gentlemen. In the banqueting hall, there were twelve tables on each side, with sixteen waiters : eight for the astrologers, historians, and secretaries, at the bottom of the saloon, and two for each table at the top. In this hall there dined daily one hundred guests. For each repast two bullocks, two sheep, and two hogs were killed. The name of the refectory was *Bruidhean*. The quantity of mead and butter which was consumed daily surpassed all calculation. In the palace were twenty-seven kitchens, and nineteen lavers for the hands and for the feet. Every one was obliged to wash every day ; there was no exemption from this painful ceremony."

By the Welsh laws of the same period as that of which we have just written, it was provided, " that there should be fourteen men, as sorts of fixtures, in the palace of the King ; four were lodged on the ground floor, and ten above. To the King was reserved the place nearest to the fire ; after him came the torch-bearer, then the guest, then the foreigner, then the presumptive heir, and the fourth place was occupied by the falconer. On the other side of the fire was seated the chaplain, whose business it was to bless the meat, and chant prayers for the family. At his left was the seat of the chief judge ; the principal bard came next. The blacksmith of the court had his place on a bench apart behind the priest. The *Major Domo* was seated at the bottom of the hall near the door. The house-bard was on the right of the *Major Domo*. The master of the horse stood near the fire by the King, whilst the chief huntsman stood on the other side of the chaplain. The house-bard had particular privileges. A horse was always at his disposal. He received from the King his linen, and from the Queen his woollen clothing. He had a right to a seat by the *Major Domo* in three

great festivals, that he might strike his harp in a post of honour. His first song was always for God, and the second for the King. If the Queen desired a song, the bard was to sing whatever she desired ; but in a low voice, that he might not disturb the gaiety of the society. He had a right to a chess-board made of shells, and might claim a ring from the Queen. Any one who insulted him was obliged to pay six cows, and one hundred and twenty sous of silver ; and his death, if he were murdered, was avenged by the forfeiture of one hundred and twenty-six cows, which the assassin was forced to surrender up, or undergo other punishment."

In the extracts which we have now given to our readers, we have not, we are perfectly well aware, been able to make out clearly, except in a few of them, the theory which Mons. Michelet's work is intended to illustrate, and which we commenced this paper by explaining. Our limits suffer us not to do this, for, to accomplish such a purpose, it would be necessary to take all his examples as a connected whole, duly classed and carefully reasoned out, into consideration ; therefore we have contented ourselves with selecting passages, perhaps more entertaining than edifying, the force of which, as evidential of M. Michelet's general argument, can only be perceived in conjunction with others, from which they are here necessarily separated. In order, therefore, to show the solemn and philosophical scope of his work, and the high raised imagination which has stooped to the details we have furnished, we will add the following paragraphs from the preface. It must be borne in mind that all the ancient forms and customs of which we have above given examples in the way of anecdote, are, in the ingenious theory of M. Michelet's book, regarded as *symbolical*, and such, in a peculiar sense, we have no doubt they are. The prefatory passage we allude to is as follows :—

" There are two questions with respect to legal symbols : their *nationality* and their *age*. The latter is of difficult decision. It has been well said that there are three ages in history ; the *sacred*, the *heroic*, and the *human*, or in other words, the sacerdotal, the military, and the critical. In the first age law appears as a sub-

stance, as an immovable symbol; in the second as an act; in the third as an intention. But generally one nation expresses strongly but one of these three. Thus, among Asiatic people, India represents the sacred age, Persia the heroic age, and Judea the human or critical age." (Our readers will think this last a strange assertion, but Mons. Michelet invariably supposes that those who read his works have gone through the same train of thought as himself, and therefore noting down its results, he cares not to indicate the process by which he has reached them.)

"It is not easy always to determine to what age a symbol should be referred. One may generally recognise clearly enough a sacerdotal or heroic character; but rarely can one assign dates to symbols. Their origin was so natural and so necessary that they seemed to have existed always. Whilst they were in use they were unregarded, and as soon as they became obsolete, they were forgotten. But that which renders it especially difficult to fix the age of symbols, is that such a particular symbol, such a poetic fact which might naturally be attributed to a very ancient epoch, is discovered in modern barbarism. In the East especially, it is impossible to fix the period in which they originated. Five hundred years before our era, Xerxes was in love with a tree and decked it with bracelets, whilst, during the last century, Nadir Shah whipped a tree till he had found a treasure which had been stolen under its shade. Which of these two facts is the most ancient in its origin?

"We have studied the juridical symbol under the two points of view, of its age and its nationality, which diversify it infinitely. Nevertheless, whatever variety may be discovered, unity predominates. It is an imposing spectacle to find the principal legal symbols common to all countries, throughout all ages.

"In truth, to one who considers not the human race as the great family of God, there is in those multitudinous voices, out of hearing of each other, and which, nevertheless, respond each to each from the Indus to the Thames in reciprocating sounds, wherewithal to dismay the intelligence, to strike the heart and spirit of man with consternation.

"Transporting was the emotion which I myself experienced, when, for

the first time, I heard this universal acclaim. Unlike the sceptic Montaigne, who so curiously ferreted out the customs of different nations to detect their moral discordancies, I have found a consentaneous harmony among them all. A sensible miracle has arisen before me. My little existence of the moment has seen and touched the eternal communion of the human race.

"Fraternity of nations, fraternity of ideas, I distinguished them both in the analogy of symbols. All is derived from a remote antiquity; all has a common source. Ideas the most diverse in their developments appeared before me identic at their birth. I saw arise from the same channel all the rivers which, reaching the level of their embankment, separated and branched out over the earth. '*Omnia sub magna labentia flumina terra.*'"

M. Michelet is certainly a man very highly endowed. Learned, and devoting his life to laborious research, his imagination and enthusiasm seem to derive aliment from studies which usually tame and sober the most ardent minds. The most prosaic facts, the most arid details, are ignited by his fancy, and shoot forth the most beautiful and spiritual meanings. We believe that if M. Michelet had been born in any other country than France, he would have been a very great poet. He has written three volumes of a History of France, which in its conception and execution is one grand chant of heroic poetry. His history may be the worse in the common estimation (though we will not say it is), for the high raised strain of animation in which it is written, but certainly the genius of the author is shown to be unsuitable to his task.

We will say the same with reference to the work before us. We do not mean, however, to affirm that an imagination and a heart susceptible of ready kindlings should not belong to the historian and the philosopher.

We would maintain the contrary proposition stoutly. But we believe we discern in M. Michelet such an ascendancy of the imaginative faculties that every subject which he touches becomes at once etherialized; it loses its common-place, matter-of-fact, substantial reality, and is converted, as it were, into a vision or a poem. Now this kind of optical illusion is what in a real poem we expect to be

entertained with; but in a philosophic enquiry, or a historic narrative, we resist it indignantly as an imposition. Then again we are sorry to say that our author is terribly infected with the German mysticism. This is the vice that blights and defaces all his works, and defrauds him of, or at least greatly diminishes, his popularity. It is the plague-spot on his intellect, and till he purges or burns it out he can never do justice to his own great capacities. We have no doubt that a man so erudite and accomplished as M. Michelet never writes without having ideas in his mind which are tolerably distinct to himself; to his readers, however, his conceptions are often very dim and very distant. We profess, for instance, not to comprehend the following passage:—"The Creator made man like himself, that is to say, a creator. Man also creates his own image. A symbol himself, he is the creator of symbols." Here is another passage of the like kind. The meaning of the writer when, after a brown study, we think we are about to apprehend it, "*tenues vanescit in auras.*" "Abraham," he says, "was the ancestor of that agricultural people who afterwards divided Judea among their twelve tribes. The two races of shepherds and agriculturists betrayed early the mutual antipathy which ever held them at variance. It broke out between the two brothers, Isaac and Ishmael, the Jew and the Arab, the agriculturist and the shep-

herd. From this source also sprung the wars between the Egyptians and the Hyksos, that long and obstinate struggle of which Egypt has perpetuated the memory by one of the great temples of Thebes. The shepherd is, in fact, in the eyes of the labourer, a vagabond, an enemy, a sacrilegious person. He respects not the earth, the sacred earth which drinks the sweat of man, and gives him bread to eat. The labourer is wedded to the earth; he is her legitimate husband; the shepherd is her faithless lover. The labourer feeds on her grain and fruits; his laborious and innocent life is not at the expense of other living creatures. The shepherd lives on death; he eats flesh, he drinks blood, he loves war, and fears not to shed the blood of his brother." What a pity it is that the signification of this extract, of which we fancy we have a glimpse full of beauty, should be left an *enigma*!

We intend shortly to call the attention of our readers to M. Michelet's History of France, when we shall be able to exhibit his powers in a light which will command high admiration. We believe, indeed, that we have in this paper exhausted all that can be said in dispraise or disparagement of that gentleman's works. When we return to them again we shall have the more pleasant task of setting forth their merits much more prominently than we have been able to do on the present occasion.

OUR TWO VASES.

PERICLES, we believe it was—as usual we forget the words—who likened the state of the land, on the extinction of—you know how—the Athenian youth, to a year without a spring. Such a year has been this of ours; for leafless were April and May, and birds' nests were visible in hedge, bush, and tree well nigh on to the very middle of June. Yet the birds sang away among the buds as vernal as we remember them ever to have done in shadowiest covert hid in earliest season; and, fearless in their familiarity with human faces, so clothed the bare boughs with the music, that nothing was seen or felt of winter in the jocund groves. Summer came one night from Heaven to earth; and morning beheld her all at once, in all her glory, seeming as if she did not miss her sister, or remember that such a creature had been wont to hail her descent, and linger with her awhile delighted in their common bowers. Alas! we fear that though "beautiful exceedingly," Summer has no heart. No heart! oh! say it not—with those still smiles asleep on the woods—those tender shadows as of grief and pity on the mountains—that gloom over yon abyss, solemn and sacred as the grave. She loveth our earth and us—and how reluctantly has she been preparing—for a whole month—to take without utterance her last farewell. Gone! nor haply may our eyes ever see her more. So seems to say Autumn with the first melancholy rustle of her yet unfallen leaves embrowning all the cliffs from Roslin Chapel to the Caves of Hawthornden. "The sere and yellow leaf" we love not now to look on as we did of yore—for age shrinks from sights that youth rejoiced in—and the sense of beauty then dars not to delight in emblems of decay. Nor shrink we from them in a mere selfish fear; for love, though stronger than death, seeks not to gaze on images of death even in insensate things, and shuts its eyes with a shudder on what was once so lovely in the splendour—better able to endure the utter lifelessness of the winter woods!

Yet October cannot justly be called a winter month—and we acknowledge

it is often the merriest month of all the year. We are almost sorry that we have come into town—and purpose for several Saturdays and Saturdays to ruralize—nay, in our new pea-jacket we shall not dread to beard November himself—and we need not tell our Auncient of the Glen that, if we be spared, we shall hear his Christmas fire "go roaring up his chimney wide," and take our part in the Christmas carols. Since, then, October is a merry month, let Maga too be merry,—and the readers of Maga; nor shall we be sad but glad to know, that with shout and hollow all youngers whom old Christopher loveth out-or-in-doors are making roof or welkin ring. We shall listen among the solitary mountains of our soul to the softened echoes—still ourselves as a stone—but like a dodder'd oak quick not dead—and the power, though not the joy of life, yet strong in its heart.

And there are OUR TWO VASES! with our forefinger could we write their names on the dust on the lids—CLIO—EUTERPE. What! have OUR TWO VASES lids? And why not—as well as your Two Eyes? We forget which is which—and shall be mistaking Mirth for Melancholy, Melancholy for Mirth. No great mistake either—for they like to change places, and how often stand they side by side!

Rumours have reached our ears that the drawing of our Lottery in March was not a fair one—that we were partial—and selected our favourites—bringing to light none but pets. The charge is false as Erebus—for Chance was presiding goddess—and who ever heard of her having been actuated by selfish considerations? But speak of the printer's devil, and he appears. Now, Beelzebub, bare your arm to the elbow, and alternately skim the surface, and dip deep. You really ought to wash your hands twice in the three years—but next time you will have to scrape. "What awful paws, prophetic of your end!"

Here, as you are a sinner, Sonnets. Our excellent friend THE ATLAS reprimanded us for saying that we knew no sonnets of the day, after Wordsworth's, superior to some—nay

many of "The Sketcher's"—taunting us with having praised them so because he belonged to the *Clique*. Not so; we may be mistaken, but such is our unbiassed judgment—and we are confident that, would he but read them *all*, our critic, whom we highly esteem, though his name we know not, would think of them as we do, and retract his sarcasm. *Clique* is not the right word—it should have been Constellation. He is not "of ours;" and yet we praise him to the

skies, for he is a star—and we should be happy to see him shining in his place, in that unoccupied part of the region close to the south of our Tail. But whose *are* the Sonnets? Chapman's—and him—albeit of our *Clique*, *i. e.* Constellation—our Atlantean critic allows us to laud. Let us know by return of post what you think of them—to us they seem very fine indeed—original in conception and in execution felicitous.

SONNETS.

BY M. J. CHAPMAN.

I.

Mute is the Minstrel's wonder-moving shell !
 But while his weeping friends and lovers lay
 In the lone sanctuary his honour'd clay,
 The stricken world reverberates his knell.
 Closed is the life he spent in doing well—
 He that most loved his kind has pass'd away
 To that unchanging clime and cloudless day,
 Where in the Lord's light the Redeemed dwell.

Around his memory grow unfading bays ;
 He needs no pyramid of brass or stone ;
 The mighty maker lives in his own lays,
 The world's love, and his nation's benison :
 Add to the name of noblest bard this praise,
 The noblest patriot of old Caledon.

II.

Hush'd is the Shepherd's voice that often woke
 The gladsome echoes of sweet Yarrow-dale !
 But Beauty soft and Manhood stern shall fail
 The glorious land, ne'er bent to tyrant's yoke ;
 The fox shall litter and the raven croak
 In Norland Athens ; wae!ful weir and bale
 Shall sweep the mountain and deform the vale,
 Before his name be lost to Scotia's folk.

Bonny Kilmeny ! is he now with thee
 In Faery land, afar from haunts of men ?
 Or is the tuneful Swain with Mary Lee,
 Of heaven's vast orb a happy denizen ?
 Our Ettrick Shepherd's gone ! long it may be
 Ere Doric pipe, like his, be heard again.

III.

Look how from yonder Mountain's rocky urns
 The frolic springs leap out on every side ;
 Now to the fall their silver currents glide ;
 A foaming cataract now, down-thund'ring, spurns
 The rocks below ; and now a river turns
 Through glen, dell, flowery field, with gentle tide :
 In various moods no less diversified
 Was sportive, fiery, headstrong, gentle Burns.

While against tyranny his fierce notes rung,
 Loud was he as the trumpet's call to slaughter ;
 When his wild harp his hymns to Nature flung,
 Fitful and sweet as Music over water ;
 And when of Beauty's rosy charms he sung,
 Soft as the tones of Albyn's loveliest daughter.

IV.

When England's Morning Star of song was set,
 Ere Spenser's Queen was born, out of the drear
 Two Stars ascended the dim hemisphere ;
 When the two Roses, in one blossom met,
 Twined with the Thistle's rubious coronet,
 Those Northern lights in glory did appear,
 Like Angels springing from a sepulchre,
 Their Brightness streaming up through Night's deep jet.

Dunbar and Douglas ! yours it was to nurse
 The new-born flame of song through weal and woe ;
 Ye made your country glorious with your verse,
 E'en when she droop'd for Flodden's overthrow ;
 Wherefore the grateful Muses re-imburse
 Your toil with love that makes your fame still grow.

V.

It is a glorious thing to feel secure :
 In solitude or 'mid the world's rude din
 Against all fears to be sustain'd within ;
 To make sweet music of thoughts just and pure,
 While we regard those ills we must endure
 As roots from which immortal joys begin,
 Recovered from the soil of mortal Sin
 By Him, whose banner is our coverture :

Glorious to see things as they are, and stand
 On Truth's serenest hill-top, far above
 The mists of Error, where o'er shifting sand
 The uneasy travellers in mazes move,
 While from our Pisgah we behold the land
 Of Promise, bright with God's eternal love.

VI.

Lamented Youth ! so frank and brave ! so young,
 So suddenly cut off ! one moment here,
 The next in the vast realm of Hades drear !
 Fall'n like a bud, by cruel violence wrung
 From the green stem to which its sweetness clung,
 What blighted forms for thee Woe's livery wear,
 How many hopes lie wither'd on thy bier,
 How many hearts are by thy death unstrung !

But thy dear kin, true to the Christian creed,
 Grieve without murmurs, in their sorrow wise
 Not without hope their bruised bosoms bleed ;
 Earth they resign, and turn to purer skies,
 Believing they shall see their *broken Reed*
 Reflourish, like a Palm, in Paradise.

Curious coincidence ! In the self-
 same paw another series of Sonnets
 by another hand—with the signature
 R. W. H——, from Leeds. A good

many years ago—perhaps six—nay,
 we suspect more than six—there ap-
 peared in *Maga* some Sonnets on the
Giant's Causeway, which we supposed

—without any assignable reason—to have been written by the late Michael T. Sadler. A note appended to these informs us that those were from the same pen—and we only wonder what the writer can have meant by abstaining for so many years from Maga's loving and chaste embrace. Such conduct is alike culpable and incomprehensible; and we trust that, in future, he will be more regular and assiduous in his *devoirs*. We—old, chair-ridden Christopher North—thank him from our hearts—for taking us along with him in his flights—like a tom-tit between an eagle's wings. If it were not for that everlasting—we beg pardon—immortal Wordsworth—the LAKES, and all that belong to them, would be our own—*jure divino*—for we are the heir apparent to the

“Sole King of rocky Cumberland.”

But Wordsworth never will—never can die; and so we shall be cheated out of our due dominion. We cannot think this fatherly treatment of such a son—and yet in our loftiest

moods of filial reverence we have heard ourselves exclaiming, while

“the Cataract of Lodore
Peal'd to our orisons,”

O King! live for ever!

Therefore, with the fear of the Excursion before our eyes, we took to prose, to numerous prose—ay, though we say it that should not say it, to prose as numerous as any verse—and sprewed such scenes

“As Savage Ross dash'd, or learned Pous-
sin drew.”

Here an English lake—there a Scottish loch—till Turner grew jealous, and Thomson flung his brush at one of his own unfinished mountains. When lo! a miracle! Creative of grandeur in his very despair, he stood astonished at the cliff that came prerupt from his canvass, and christened itself “the Eagle's Eyrie,” as it *frowned serenely* upon the sea maddening in a foamy circle at its inaccessible feet.

But let that pass—and now for the sonnets.

SONNETS WRITTEN AMONG THE MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF CUMBERLAND.

I.

Ye mountain surges! mimic mountain main!
How on each other do ye seem to roll!
How doth one pulse your every sweep control!
While bursts from crest to crest your booming strain!
The tempest-rack drives on its thundering train,
And wakes your countless outeries with its crash;
While melted into torrents on ye dash
As though a real ocean! Now again
Is hushed the furious elemental dint!
Ye stand, like Adamants, in column'd piles
With chisel'd fluting and unfolded tint,—
Or like a warrior guard in concave files,
With heart of iron and with face of flint,
Protecting beauty shrined in these soft lakes and isles!

II.

Ye are not one alike! In fork and fell,—
With spire and dome,—ye climb your way above,
As tho' in emulation proud ye strove
To spurn most distant each retiring dell!
Lightnings have scathed your peaks, but could not quell
Your giant mass! However fierce the storm,
With plastic power it varied every form,
And moulded to detail this spectacle!
And were this all, how noble 'twere to gaze,
'To call each height by its own rank and shape,
While with a rising joyance of amaze
We saw, as sudden pass and gorge might gape,
A scale to try where still in richer blaze
Earth shoots sublime to Heaven's blue waves her loftiest cape!

III.

But Ye are more ! the monuments of power,—
 Typing the soul's best attributes of might,
 Like you, most native to celestial light
 Which ye reflect through days's extremest hour !
 And when in wreaths of haze your summits lour,
 Ye speak of mystic and eternal things,
 Mingling with heaven on those solemn wings,
 As if to its most fearful point ye'd tower !
 Ye tell of God ! The mountains may depart,—
 The hills remove,—how moveless is His throne !
 Forth from their searchless seats the voids may start,—
 His love would fill the void Itself alone !
 Your strength is His ! He stamps your symbol-art,
 And writes it on your tablets of un mouldering stone !

IV.

My soul swells through you ! On you live once more,—
 Whether in flowing outline ye dispread,
 Or heave on high the thunder-rifted head,—
 The awful chronicles of sacred yore,—
 When kindred summits of another shore,
 Through all their grandest character of range,
 Exposed Redemption's History wondrous strange !
 Why didst thou shake to centre, Sinai hoar ?
 Upon thy terraced platform, Zion ! rose
 The great Jehovah's fix'd and loved abode.
 And there where Carmel still in beauty blows,
 Was re-establish'd the eternal code !
 Tabor rejoice !—O Calvary ! what throes
 Are thine ! Fair Olivet, from thee ascends our God !

V.

Ye to me always were a life intense !
 My youth disported on your cliffs at ease,—
 My cheek unfurrow'd then ! flush'd in your breeze ;—
 While infancy reposed 'neath your defence,
 Still would mine eye trace out the uplands whence
 Ye left our nether earth, and then combined
 With your proud barriers other worlds behind,
 The curtains of unknown magnificence !
 How my mind teem'd with your sublimity !
 —Its transcendental thoughts were *then* its life,—
 And as it wrought itself a passage free,
 Present and past, like flow and ebb in strife,
 Chafed up its yearnings to their last degree,
 And my heart strangely grew with feelings new and rife !

VI.

Ye are not strown in vain ! Ye have a voice
 Articulate, sonorous, often sweet
 When silvery runnels tinkle, mix, and greet,—
 But when ye overhang in beetling poise,
 And cataract from on high shouts to rejoice,
 And the reverberating thunder wakes,
 And the deep-groaning belted forest shakes,—
 Then with that rousing clang, that blitheful noise,
 Swell to the Lofty One your anthem peal
 Who tunes your mighty music ! Low incline
 Your heads where stateliest brightest scraps kneel !
 Thus pay the adoration all divine,—
 Plains, streams, and woods, with you shall vie in zeal,
 Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Scawfell, ye Great Chieftain Trine !

VII.

Since eye first rested on your glorious heaps,
 What looks of youth and age, of grief and joy,
 Have turn'd toward you, nor found that ye could cloy,—
 And yet the fondest in its burial sleeps,
 And from its orbit the foul reptile creeps !
 What awful changes roll on at your base !
 Nathless the turmoil strives in vain to raze
 Your rock-foundations, or to bow your steeples !
 For all is else inconstant,—though it seem
 Firm and trustworthy, 'tis the wind and cloud :
 And Hope is the poor image of a dream,—
 The husbandman the empty air has plough'd,—
 The pilgrim faints on the false mirage-stream,—
 And there is only left the grave, the bier, the shroud !

VIII.

Blest trance of calm ! A Sabbath sunset stays
 With fondling pleasure o'er thee, mountain sea,
 Purpling each crag, illumining each tree,
 And on the Mere's soft banks and gentle bays
 Streaming a flush of richly pencilled rays !
 O sweet among these grandeurs 'tis to find
 A little band of Christians disciplined,
 Teaching the echoes simple songs of praise !
 For even *here* is sin, and grief, and care.—
 Ah, it is not by nature we can rise
 To Thee her God ! However bright and fair
 This lovely outward world, the sinner flies
 To surer refuge, and with humbler prayer,—
 Another Temple seeks where there is SACRIFICE !

"And look through Nature up to Nature's God," is one of the noblest of lines ; but it is the Theist's—the Deist's creed. Wiser still are they who in the Book of Nature can read the "Written Promise;" and such discernment is humbly and reverently expressed above in the concluding strain, which deserves to be called Christian Poetry. Assuredly the spirit breathing there is sincere—and will be sympathized with even by such as have not been blessed with the same faith, and in humility fear to call themselves believers—how far removed from them who in pride dare to glory in another name !

What delicate penmanship ! No mistaking a female hand. Charlotte Hawkey—the only sister—ask not how we know it—of five brothers now deceased, each of whom had the honour of distinguishing himself in his

Majesty's service, in which they were all wounded, and three out of the number lost their lives. Had we any influence at the Admiralty, we should not be mute on behalf of one who has such claims on her country's gratitude—and whom these papers prove to be a lady of fine accomplishments and a "superior mind." Mayhap our page may meet the eyes of those whom such intelligence may prompt to reward the services of the dead by kindness to the living—and surely the following beautiful lines flowed from a heart in imagination familiar with the sea. They are worthy of the sister of those five gallant brothers—and possess a simple pathos that must touch every heart. We must omit the notes from Ellis's Narrative of a Tour through Owyhee, and leave readers to understand or conjecture of themselves some of the allusions.

A VIEW IN THE ISLAND OF TANNA.

Sea wanderers we, our "wave-worn" bark
 O'er many a league of ocean past,
 And many a spot 'twas ours to mark,
 Where ne'er before was anchor cast.

Lone creeks and bays our boats explored,
 Our steps were first on many a strand,
 By which our lonely vessel moor'd
 Rode the sole work of human hand ;
 Ours were the only footsteps seen,
 By long lagoon and deep ravine !

At other times the light canoe
 Issued from thickly shaded nooks,
 While its wild occupants would view,
 With timid, and yet curious looks,
 Our hardy seamen, whose bold eyes
 Show'd as much wonder but no fear,
 As they stood gazing with surprise
 On the war-club, or long light spear,
 Which well its bearer knew to dart,
 With aim unerring, at the heart.

Paddling with skill his little proa
 Laden with fruit, the islander,
 Bearing aloft the plaintain bough
 His flag of truce, would oft appear.
 Such milder groups 'twas ours to meet,
 'Mid scenes so beautiful and lone,
 That even their memory is sweet,
 And cherish'd in our distant home ;
 And one fair spot above the rest,
 Seem'd mark'd by Heaven to be blest.

It was an island in the far south sea,
 The bread-fruit and the feathery cocoa-tree
 Hang their light foliage o'er the sparkling wave,
 Whose surf leaps playfully its shores to lave,
 Flinging its brightness o'er the coral shoal,
 While skies all brightness canopy the whole.

And close beside the ocean nature's hand
 Hath wove a bower of trees, which circling stand
 So thick, that on their glossy leaves the dew
 Hangs in its freshness half the long day through ;
The long unclouded day, for summer's smile
 Is given unceasingly to that fair isle.

Beneath the shade in careless posture lay
 An island chief, whose dark eye seem'd to stray
 At times across the ocean's bounding foam,
 But to return with fonder glances home,
 And rest with looks of tenderness and pride
 On a young maiden seated by his side.

The graceful Pa-la wrapt its folds around
 Her slender form, her brow with flowers was bound ;
 And there she sat, so beautiful—so still—
 Can that young bosom e'er have felt a chill ?
 Yes, mark the braid of black and glossy hair,
 Affectionate remembrance bids her wear.

And that sweet feeling makes her ever seek
 The *ora roa* in a spirit meek ;
That found, she hopes she may embrace again
 The parted friends whom now she mourns in vain ;
 Yet she is happy, and that passing shade
 Has but her loveliness more touching made.

Our onward course soon bore us far away,
 The isle of Tanna in the distance lay ;
 Bright rose the stars—the undulating swell
 Which rock'd our parting vessel mingled well
 With the last echoes of our kind " Farewell."

With gentle hand we return the rest
 of the fair manuscript to its Vase ; but
 here is a page of delicate penmanship
 too, but different, and we could venture
 to quote it before perusal, so
 charming the character of the letters,
 that look as if they understood and
 felt what they express. The verses
 are by Archdeacon Spencer, copied
 for us by a lady of rank whom we
 know not that we are permitted to
 name.

MIDNIGHT—WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

Midnight is on the earth !
 Flowers that in darkness bloom
 Teem into odorous birth
 Beneath the solemn gloom.
 O'er palace and o'er stall
 Her dewy curtain spread,
 Mantles within its pall
 The crowd of living dead.

Midnight is on the sea !
 A soft and sweet repose
 Steals o'er the untroubled lee,
 Noiseless as falling snows.
 Hush'd in their ocean caves,
 The winds their sleep prolong ;
 Or, rising to the waves,
 Expire in dreamlike song.

Midnight is in the heaven !
 The planets of the air,
 To her as vassals given,
 Wander, and worship there !
 No sound comes from her throne,
 Piled in those lofty skies,
 Calmly she broods upon
 Her own sweet mysteries.

Yet in her silence deep
 Their breathes a language fraught
 With spells to wake and keep
 The energies of thought.
 And on her awful brow
 Strange characters appear,
 The portraiture to show
 Of the advancing year.

Night is a fearful book,
 And on her darkling skies
 Did seer and magi look,
 Searching earth's destinies—

But gone that dangerous power
 To antique Science given—
 The planetary hour
 Rolls on—unmark'd in Heaven !

The night is Memory's sphere ;
 In light and shadow cast,
 On her dim disk appear
 The lost—the loved—the past.
 The fond ones of our youth
 Hasten'd to life's sad bourne ;
 Dear to the heart's deep truth,
 Dream we of their return ?

Ask of the phantoms pale
 That haunt the hollow sky ;
 Ask of the fitful gale
 That mourns and passes by ;
 Invoke the spirits home
 Unsearchable, unseen,
 Where do the wanderers roam ?
 Are they as they have been ?

Silence is on the land,
 No voice comes from the sea,
 No spell can reach thy strand,
 Thou dim Eternity !
 Fled like the cloudy rack
 With morning's early breath,
 Night yet shall bring them back,
 The last late night of Death !

What ! another of the same ? No ;
 from an Oxonian—" The Martyr Stu-
 dent." It is a mistake, we fear, to
 think that merit is always modest, but
 in this case it is so, even though the
 writer, whose signature is somewhat
 uncertain—we read it J. T. C.—is of
 Brazen-nose. His fears were unfound-
 ed. The lines were suggested by an
 extract from a MS. letter, which it
 pleases us to transcribe :—" A few
 hours before his death, a volume of
 Dr South's Sermons was observed ly-
 ing open by his bedside, in which he
 had underscored the following pas-
 sages with a pencil :—" It is the philo-
 sopher that is pensive, that looks down-
 wards in the gesture of the mourner.
 It is the open eye that weeps."—" But
 study, it is a weariness without exer-
 cise, a laborious sitting still, that
 wracks the inward and destroys the
 outward man, and like a stronger
 blast of lightning, not only melts the

sword, but also consumes the scabbard."

THE MARTYR-STUDENT.

Alas ! 'tis vain :—this wasting lamp
(Oft emblem of life's fleeting fire),
The trembling hand—the brow's chill
damp
Bid me from learning's task retire.

Delusive Power ! thy richest light
With pain o'er man's weak vision
sweeps ;
Thy brightest rays distress our sight ;
" It is the open eye that weeps."

Why droops that flower ? alas ! the
ray
Which bade its morning petals
spread,
Made it, in noon's fierce heat, decay,—
Drank up its moisture,—bow'd its
head.

Are *these* the price of wisdom ? THESE ?
This aching head,—this inward
smart,—
No rest by night,—by day no ease,—
This anguish of the fainting heart ?

But hence such thoughts ! who that
hath tasted
The streams that from thy fountain
flow,
Though dimm'd his eye,—his form
though wasted,
But thirsts still deeper draughts to
know ?

Health may have fled ;—but without
thee,
Health were to him a thankless
boon ;—
Wealth may have perish'd too ;—yet
he
Craves for thy lasting wealth alone.

Still keep thy seat through coming
years
Where silent Isis pours his waves :—
Where Wolsey's tower its form up-
rears,
High o'er the walls which Cherwell
laves.

And ye, who in fair Oxford's vale
Shall live,—forget, while yon glad
bell

Sounds on the passing evening-gale,
It sounds the Martyr-Student's knell.

Beelzebub, my boy, God of Flies though you be, 'tis not fair to sleep with your mouth open, and we devoutly trust that blue-bottle will give your Infernal Majesty the colic. Snoring ! you look as if your design was to get yourself superseded ; but the sole consequence of your somnolency will be the stoppage of your quarter's salary—so no more shamming Abraham, but be up and doing—more manuscript. There, sir, read *that*, spunkily—and by all your hopes of butter and brimstone, don't stutter and shame Dr Browster. Know, Bub, that this song of Silenus is by J. A. of Wadham College, Oxford, and as he may be one of the examining masters when you go up for your little-go, if you spoil it by your elocution you may lay your account with being plucked. We suspect that he is the same J. A. that took the Newdigate a year or two ago—but won't be positive. By the way, this year's Newdigate—the Gipsies—by Mr Stanley, son of the new Bishop of Norwich, is a remarkable composition—the best prize-poem since Heber's Palestine. Mind your emphasis.

SONG OF SILENUS.

The merry stars are glancing
Through the black shadows of the
waving boughs ;
The merry dewes come dancing
Thickly upon my ivy-crowned brows :
This quaint dell is dark and deep ;
But old Silenus will not sleep.
The downy bats, in mazy rings,
Wheel through the twilight on their
noiseless wings,
And the ivied owls salute
The peeping moon with answering
hoot ;
All besides is hush'd and mute.
The peeping moon—ha, ha !—she
shines
Through the mists and through the
pines,
Between the peaks of Mænalus.
I have watch'd her shining thus
When she came to sport and toy
With the dreamy Latmian boy,
When all the Dryads and the Fawns
Slept on the flower-empurpled lawns :
But old Silenus did not sleep,
Albeit he had drunken deep.

Iacche, oh, Iacche ! through all my
glowing veins

The genial fire of inspiration reigns :
 Wake, wake, ye jocund strains !
 When Harmonia was wed, a banquet
 was spread
 Under the cliffs of Cithæron.
 There the Olympians, in number un-
 number'd,
 Radiant in beauty, with raiment un-
 cumber'd,
 Flock'd to the festival—softly re-
 clining
 In the deep forest, whose dim leaves
 were shining
 With light that outstream'd from that
 dazzling array.
 There sate in glory the young god of
 day,
 And Juno the queenlike, and Venus
 divine,
 And the joyous lords of war and of
 wine,
 And the Sire sublime, with his awful
 brows,
 And Hermes bland, with his crafty
 glance,
 And the man-god crowned with pop-
 lar boughs,
 And Dis, with his gloomy counte-
 nance,
 And the God of the sea, and his god-
 dess too,
 With her wily eyes of violet blue,
 And all the powers of the woods and
 waves
 From glimmering glens and sea-
 wash'd caves,
 Naiads and Dryads, and Sylvans and
 Fawns,
 All on the turf of the sloping lawns,
 Round about in a circle sate ;
 The woods, in amphitheatral state,
 Upcar'd a wall of verdurous gloom
 Around that roofless banquet-room.
 Nigh overhead, in a piny copse,
 I slept on one of the mountain tops,
 And long had slept, as is my use,
 But that the odour, subtle and bland,
 Which every where the gods diffuse,
 Came like a breeze from the spicy land
 Imbathing the sense in nectarean dews ;
 It floated, it streamed through the forest
 wide,
 And all that had withered was vivified,
 Ay, even the bells of the tiny flowers
 That had drooped to death in its deepest
 bowers.
 I leapt at once into life and sense,
 When I felt its quickening influence—

Deep down below through a haze of
 light
 That wondrous wassail met my sight.
 I seized my flute—and the mighty
 strain
 Fell on their ears like a distant rain,
 And I heard through the air that floated
 between us,
 " Listen, oh, listen, 'tis the song of
 Silenus !"
 And as I changed the stops, I paused
 To watch the passions my strain had
 caused.
 Once when I sang of a race sublime
 Who were elder than Death and strong-
 er than Time,
 And of a Titan chain'd to a rock,
 The Sire seem'd struck with a thunder-
 shock.
 And when I sang of the impious wars,
 Bacchus look'd stern, and so did Mars ;
 Only Alcides proudly smiled,
 And Juno seem'd more than reconciled.
 When I changed my note, and in softer
 strain
 Spake of love and his silken chain,
 And of the souls that chain had bound,
 Venus blush'd, and Diana frown'd—
 I felt not the frown, but that lovely
 blush
 Made the hot blood to my old heart
 gush.
 I dropt my reed, and downward leapt
 Through the steep forest—what then
 befell,
 How I feasted, and where I slept
 On that glad night, I will not tell.
 Already the moon from the midnight
 sky
 Seems to look down with an angry
 eye.
 Fear not, Diana, my song is over,
 Away, away, to thy Latmian lover.

Not every-day kind of poetry *that*,
 Beelzy, and your elocution has done
 it justice. Wet your whistle from the
 spout of the kettle—we know you like
 it hot and hot. Now hear us read—three
 pleasant epigrams from the Greek by
 William Meleager Hay. Some peo-
 ple will have it that he is no less a
 personage than Christopher North—
 but the lads of the Edinburgh Aca-
 demy know better—and so does the
 Rector, Archdeacon Williams, who,
 were we Prime Minister, should be the
 next Bishop.

SATYRUS.

Ἡ καλὸν αἰ δάφναι—κ. τ. λ.

Ay—'tis a goodly sight—those verdant bays
Whose roots are water'd by the silver rill
Which 'neath the glade's far-spreading greenery strays—
In whose deep foliage Zephyr sports at will :
To the way-faring man a safe retreat,
From thirst, from labour, and the noon-tide heat !

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

Ἰέλας ἐν κήρῳ αἰγῆς—κ. τ. λ.

THE GOAT AND THE VINE.

A kid's rock-leaping and thick-bearded spouse
On the vine's tender branches once did browse ;
And while he gnawed the juicy bark around,
These words were heard to issue from the ground :—
" Gnaw on, poor wretch, devour my fruitful shoots :
Still in the earth far-deep are fix'd my roots,—
From which sweet nectar yet shall upward glide—
To sprinkle thee when to the altar tied."

AGATHIAS THE SCHOLIAST.

Ω πόλι, πῶ σίε—κ. τ. λ.

ON TROY.

Where now, O City ! be thy walls effaced ?
Where the slain oxen's horns thy fanes that graced
Where Venus' alabaster vases ? Where
Her stole of golden woof so rich and rare—
And image of Athena native there ?
War, time's confusion, the strong hand of fate,
Have clutched thee,—and behold thine altered state ;
O'erwhelm'd by envious gods, yet still thy name
And glory ever must endure the same.

Thank you kindly, thou most officious imp, for you have handed us a scrap by our old friend ORIELENSIS, the music of which " imposes silence with a stilly sound."

THOUGHTS OF YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

In youth's first dreamy prime,
When nought we reck of time,
And hours fly on wings of joy away,
Could we then dare to look
On fate's mysterious book,
What heed to that dark page would
young blood pay ?

" Bright are those loving eyes
With smiles for us to prize,

Say, can the world show forms more trim and fair ?
And is it soothly said
That damask cheek must fade,
And brightest eyes grow dim and wan with care ?

Be 't theirs to pine for joy,
Whose years have brought alloy,—
Hence gloomy thought and dark imagining ;
Why chill our boiling blood
In sorrows' murky flood,
Why plume for time his ever-waving wing ?

'Tis past—why droop ye now,
Whence, whence, that alter'd brow,
Do eyes, so beaming once, look kind no more ?

Has fragile beauty flown,
Or are ye left alone
Where happy comrades cheer'd the
way before?

Enough—I read your tale—
But you will not prevail
To warn the eager train who crowd
behind;
The world still hurries on,
Eager to be undone,
Eager to seize the good it ne'er can
find.

The elegance of these lines is their least merit—for they have manifestly flowed from the heart of a wise man. Unambitious as they are, let no one call them commonplace. Truthfully and simply to moralize in verse requires the genius of goodness—and the experiences of a virtuous and religious life.

Are we awake, or in the land of dreams? A rosy-cheeked boy, with blue eyes and golden hair, standing between our Two Vases, with a naked arm reposing on each, in the natural grace of innocence, and smilingly watching our face for a signal to dip his hand into poetry, as if it were ungathered flowerage glistening with morning dew! Our guardian angel in shape of a human child. That swarthy imp has vanished, if indeed he had been here, and was not but an image thrown off from our melancholy temperament under the influence of the region lying beneath the Bridge of Sighs. O prettiest Peep-of-day Boy, let thy little right-hand drop into Euterpe, and it will not fail to enclose a poem lovely as the lily or the rose!

ALFRED DOMMETT. Who he may be we know not—for his genius flourishes nowhere but in *Maga* before our eyes—but we have heard it said that he is a *Templar*—and if so, then of a verity is he one of the Swans of *Thames*. We could almost believe the "*Forest Beauties*" a vision of our own, recorded in our own words—but it cannot well be—for we do not remember having been in the *Backwoods of Upper Canada*. Stories have been whispered in our own ears by staring people, utter strangers to us, of adventures of ours, not a little extraordinary, inasmuch as they were credible only on the supposition of some one or other of the great laws of physical nature having been for a time suspend-

ed for our sake, such for example as the law of gravitation. Some folks are so fidgety that they are for ever at tempting to "trace the story to its source." Now no story has a source—or rather, every story has a hundred sources, all like as pease—and the traveller, involved among them, gets "*perplexed in the extreme*." Many valuable lives are lost in those fool-hardy enterprises undertaken for the sole purpose of tracing stories to their sources. *Cui bono?* Suppose, for a moment, a story traced to its source. It does not thereon cease to be a story, but continues flowing through a populous and cultivated country, aggravated by a thousand tributaries, while you are standing, far away from home, with not a creature near you but your own impatient shadow beside a source the size of a nutshell. Therefore we say again that we never were in the *Backwoods of Upper Canada*. It must have been THE TIGER.

THE FOREST BEAUTIES.

WRITTEN IN RECOLLECTION OF A SOJOURN IN THE BACKWOODS OF UPPER CANADA, IN THE WINTER OF 1833 AND 1834.

Let me their lovely forms recall!
I love them each—I love them all!
The First, she is a maiden tall,
With swan-like neck—a neck of snow;
A slender rounded form, an eye
Mostly in modest dignity
Down dropt, albeit of loving glow;
A mien so proudly unpretending,
The lofty with the lowly blending!

The Second is a gentle creature,
More rustic—yet as sweet of feature!
Reserved, and sparing of her speech;
Yet eloquence, no voice could reach,
Inatils a face, whose features fair
Seem all absorb'd in eyes and hair—
Such large dark eyes—such long dark hair!

Her long dark hair luxuriant, wound
With classic taste her head around;
With taste she knows not of—so rare!
With carelessness surpassing care!
Her eyes—their darkly burning light
Doth overflow the pupils bright;
And when downcast, fills all between
The dark-fringed lids with jetty sheen!
Dear eyes, their earnest tenderness
Not sweet reserve can quite suppress!

Oh dearest! for therein you see
 Love struggling with timidity!
 What though habitually an air
 Composed, nay, almost grave, she wear,
 A rebel glance will now and then
 Steal upward from its crystal den,
 And tell, in spite of her control,
 Her deep devotedness of soul!
 Her lip—her cheek—oh! words are
 weak

To paint her lip, her brow, her cheek!
 Not form'd by perfect rule, yet far
 More lovely than more regular!
 Who would not change the beauties
 shown

On canvass oft—so oft in stone—
 For features fresh, wherein may be
 A sweet peculiarity?
 For lineaments in which we trace
 A marked, an individual grace—
 Something we do not elsewhere find
 In loveliest of womankind!
 But, oh! that *something*! no one
 knoweth

From whence it comes, wherein it
 gloweth!

In conscious strength it seems to sit,
 Defying us to fathom it!
 Love—curious wonder—and delight
 So rouse each other—so excite—
 We gaze with joy, again, again,
 That almost deepens into pain,
 So much we long, yet strive in vain,
 The subtle secret to explain!
 So torture thought to make it tell
 In what consists, wherein may dwell,
 The sweetness we can feel so well,
 The fascination of the spell!

The Third is lively, young, and gay;
 In form—oh what more like a Fay!
 With eyes of sweetly glimmering grey,
 Whereon long lashes blackly lie
 Like fir-tree tops on moonlit sky!

Dear maidens! what though ye were
 bred

Where forests like an ocean spread,
 Your friends—your models—such as
 live

In Backwoods, where no polish is,*
 I know no charms dense cities give,
 Of heart or person, that ye miss!
 So well you know your proper due,
 Your own, and that of others too!
 Retiring still, still self-possess'd,
 With unassuming prudence blest,
 And cheerfulness, the quietest!

With softness, spirit, so combined
 As both to rouse and soothe the mind,
 Is yours—a modesty refined;
 And ye are simple, frank, and kind!
 Of tempers so sedately sweet
 That grief or pain you seldom meet!
 The thorns that harsher objects tear,
 Wound not the soft elastic air!
 Content's a thing to you unknown,
 Because it is so much your own!
 The insect bred within the rose,
 How sweet its home it never knows,
 Until, on scentless breezes tost,
 It learns too late the fragrance lost!

Farewell, sweet Maidens! when alone.
 Far down beneath the torrid zone,
 Dear thoughts of you shall with me
 glide,

Like stars that travel by our side
 At midnight when we swiftly ride,
 Stop when we stop, observant, true,
 And when we move, move onward too!
 Farewell! Farewell! my native shore
 I seek, and ne'er shall see you more!
 Not see you, but remember still
 With love depending not on will!
 I *could* not, if I would, forget
 A place I leave with such regret!
 I could not *coldly* call to mind,
 Dear friends, so beautiful and kind!
 No! I shall love, where'er I roam,
 Those kind dear friends, that far off
 home!

West Springs, Virginia, July, 1834.

And what right had we to say that
 we could almost believe that vision to
 have been our own, and recorded in
 our own words? None at all. Yet
 we have seen such sights, and pictured
 them in such colours in dreams. In
 sleep all men are poets, but the name
 is allowed only to them who are so
 when wide awake. A fly comes buz-
 zing over our bed, and the moment he
 settles on our nose we cease to be a
 poet. We catch him, and keeping
 him enclosed in our palm—for never
 had man in his character less of the
 Domitian—we relapse into the world
 of sleep and song, and pity poor Shak-
 speare. It is not the "agility" of the
 soul in sleep—Lord Brougham's ar-
 gument—that to us proves its immor-
 tality—but the divine delight of dreams,
 so far beyond its power to create to
 itself in the waking world. And it's

* This, of course, refers to a period previous to the influx of emigrants into these parts, who have carried the polished manners and many of the comforts of Old England into the depth of American forests.

terrors too! No waking hell on earth so dreadful to the sinner as that whose gates are opened by the hand of Sleep. In that doleful region Conscience is Remorse—and to him who has undergone that torment, the vulture gnawing man's liver seems but an image of sensuous suffering which might be endured with scorn.

Corduroy breeches we have often worn, but corduroy roads never, though we have been a good deal jolted on our journey through life. We rejoice to be spun along royal macadamized roads to philosophy at the rate of fifteen knots, lolling back with our arms akimbo in our barouche behind four blood bays with black fetlocks, and on each forehead a star. Curse—or, if that be too strong—confound all rail-roads. Only think of a train of five hundred bagmen shot from London to Liverpool within the ten hours—and thence with equal velocity, in detached parties in all directions, so that there is no safety in remotest places, or rather no remote places in the Empire at all, all places being “drawn into frightful neighbourhood,” and London in the immediate vicinity of John O’ Groats! Our sole hope now is in a series of shocking accidents on a great scale. Yet our sole hope is but a faint one, for no imaginable mangling will induce a manufacturing and mercantile people to moderate the velocity of their rate of transit, when all they have to do is to turn a pin. We have rarely known an evil cure itself, or a chimney devour its own smoke; therefore we shall be off with Alfred Dommett, and enjoy the corduroys of the Alleghanies.

FANCY IN A STAGE-COACH.

WRITTEN AMONG THE ALLEGHANIES,
1834.

ADDRESSED TO—WHOMEVER THE
READER LIKES BEST.

There is a weary listless hour
For those who roam by land or sea,
When most they sink beneath the
power
Of travel's dull monotony.
When jarring boat or jolting stage
Have been a torment many a league;
When pleasant views no more engage,
And sights and sounds alike fatigue!
What then can rouse, revive, attract?
'Tis Fancy! her green grafts endue

The worn-out stem of barren Fact,
And bid it bloom with joy anew!
But most of all those day-dreams dear,
Which own the lordship of the will,
Most dear are those which feign *thee*
near,

My love, my fond employment still!
Suppose to-day, some cruel fate

Had made that tender frame, those
frail

And delicate limbs, the costly freight
Of our rude coach, which crawls
like snail

Across the Alleghanies' brow,
Where rocks through flowers their
grey heads thrust;

Suppose the searching heat as now
Burn'd on the cheek—the stifling
dust

In yellow clouds obscured the view;
The jolting coach incessantly

From side to side our bodies threw;
And then wert thou alone with me—

O gentle creature! could'st thou bear
The troubles of the painful way?

To see such gentle creature there,
Alas! were greater pain than they!

What could I do but make thee rest
Within my arms, around thee
spread—

What else but make my anxious breast
A pillow for thy precious head!

With planted foot, now *here*, now
there,

Observant meet each sudden shake—
And firm and quick, with cautious
care,

The force of each concussion break?
And when the sun's remorseless beam

Had made thee weak and very faint,
How would I bless the limpid stream

That still with self-conversing plaint,
Survived a six-weeks' summer drought,
And fill'd its streak'd and sandy
track

Across the high-road pencill'd out,
With spirit neither dim nor slack,

By heat, by thick dust uneffaced
(Fair type of cheerful innocence

That meekly walks misfortune's
waste!)

And water I would gather thence,
For want of better cup to choose,

E'en in the bright tin pail, I wis,
Which for their horses drivers use

To dip in wayside brooks like this;
And putting back thy raven hair

With tender skill by true love given,
Would I not bathe thy temples fair,

So white, with veins as blue as
heaven?

Nay—make a fan of chestnut boughs,
And bid the winnowing breezes woo

Those soft-seal'd lids, those meek
curved brows,
Sweet cheeks, and lips unparted
too ?

Oh ! I would nurse thee, I would
brood

On thy distress with fondness
fraught,

With searching watchfulness that
would

Anticipate thy very thought !
With more devoted, delicate care
Than mothers give, than infants
ask—

Delight so deep, such rapture rare
Would so endear the gentle task !

And I would soothe thee all the while
With broken words of whisper'd
love ;

And thou at last woul'd'st faintly smile,
And those full lids would slowly
move

Their fringes—and thy languid eyes
Would yield one tender thankful
glance,

Then close again : but I would prize
Thy looks revived—thy countenance
Resign'd, though faint—in tranquil
rest ;

Not now exhausted—pallid—sad ;
And gazing on those features blest,
How thankful I should be—and
glad !

Then would my lips sink down on
thine,

For their sweet warmth and soft-
ness burning,
And cling, until they grew to mine
With thirst as deep, with kindred
yearning !

I hear thy heart's thick panting then—

Nay, Fancy ! wherefore thus de-
ride me ?

The coach has stopp'd—and worldly
men

Are talking politics beside me !

Cherub mine ! for ours thou art,
" thy beauty makes us glad." 'Tis a
wonder thy being here ; yet we have
ceased to wonder ; so familiar in one
hour hast thou become with all around
thee in this lonely room, as if thou
wert native here, and not a child of
Heaven. Oh ! speak not—for we fear
to hear thy voice. At moments we
can hardly bear that smile ! 'Tis not
the sunshine that envelopes thee, for
the sunshine dazzles ; and that light is
milder than moonlight, or that of a dewy
star. Where dost thou sleep ? or dost

thou ever sleep ? Those eyes look as
if they might never close—perpetual
their open beauty—nor needing their
radiance the restoration of slumber—
nor ever bedimmed by a single tear !
God in heaven bless and pity us—for
at our words thou weep'st ! We know
and feel now, that thou art even a
child of earth.

What ! a whole lapful at once ?
CRYSTALS FROM A CAVERN ? 'Tis
the unmistakeable handwriting of that
New Contributor—but all is in verse—
and though we knew he was a poet,
we hardly expected *this*. Child of our
soul ! take thy seat at our knee—and
look in our face while you listen—
that we may the more profoundly feel
the whole meaning of these beautiful
words.

THE MOSS-ROSE.

1.

Mossy rose on mossy stone,
Flowering 'mid the ruins lone,
I have learnt, beholding thee,
Youth and age may well agree.

2.

Baby germ of freshest hue,
Out of ruin issuing new ;
Moss a long laborious growth,
And one stalk supporting both.

3.

Thus may still, while fades the past,
Life come forth again as fast ;
Happy if the relics sore
Deck a cradle, not a bier.

4.

Tear the garb, the spirit flies,
And the heart, unshelter'd, dies ;
Kill within the nursing flower,
Scarce the green survives an hour.

5.

Ever thus together live,
And to man a lesson give,
Moss, the work of vanish'd years,
Rose, that but to-day appears.

6.

Moss, that covers dateless tombs ;
Bud, with early sweet that blooms ;
Childhood thus, in happy rest,
Lies on ancient Wisdom's breast.

7.

Moss and Rose, and Age and Youth,
Flesh and Verdure, Hope and Truth,
Yours be peace that knows not strife,
One the rest and one the life.

Child! kiss the old man! No chasm is between us—no abyss. These eyes can close—and thou art asleep.

“Childhood thus in happy rest
Lies on ancient Wisdom's breast.”

—Wisdom! Alas! for the wise in their generation—better for their memory that no epitaph be on their tomb!

A song sung in a lowly voice will not disturb thy slumbers—and so still art thou now, that thy breath is inaudible as that of a flower folded up for the night. We make tunes of our own, forgotten soon as ceases our tremulous and somewhat broken voice, for every sweet song that touches our heart or takes our fancy; no measure in such moods comes amiss, but falls at once into music; though we cannot pretend to emulate an Irish friend of ours, who used, he said, when singing in solitude, to accompany himself on the flute.

And with his mysterious strain
Would entrance thy weary brain,
Love's own music, dearest!

5.

No Phoenix, alas! will hover,
Sent from the morning star;
And thou must take of thy lover
A gift not brought so far:
Wanting bird, and gem, and song,
Ah! receive and treasure long
A heart that loves thee, dearest!

We have more than once somewhat savagely denounced that unhappy class of compositions in verse with which the *Annals* have been infested, beginning with the cuckoo-like iteration of—the Sea! the Sea!—the Winds! the Winds!—the Moon! the Moon! &c. No silliness can be more disgusting—yet we forgive and forget the many small shabby sinners for sake of the following most noble stanzas “constructed on that model.”

THE DEAREST.

1.

Oh! that from far-away mountains
Over the restless waves,
Where bubble enchanted fountains,
Rising from jewell'd caves,
I could call a fairy bird,
Who, whene'er thy voice was heard,
Should come to thee, dearest!

2.

He should have violet pinions,
And a beak of silver white,
And should bring from the sun's dominions
Eyes that would give thee light.
Thou shouldst see that he was born
In a land of gold and morn
To be thy servant, dearest!

3.

Oft should he drop on thy tresses
A pearl or diamond stone,
And would yield to thy light caresses
Blossoms in Eden grown.
Round thy path his wings would shower
Now a gem and now a flower,
And dewy odours, dearest!

4.

He should fetch from his eastern island
The songs that the *Peris* sing,
And when evening is clear and silent,
Spells to thy ear would bring,

THE AGES.

1.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
So long a time has worn away,
And o'er the hardening earth appears
Green pastures mix'd with rocks of grey;
And there huge monsters roll and feed,
Each frame a mass of sullen life;
Through slimy wastes and woods of reed
They crawl, and tramp, and blend in strife.

2.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
And o'er the wide and grassy plain,
A human form the prospect cheers,
The new-sprung lord of earth's domain.
Half-clad in skins he builds a cell,
Where wife and child create a home;
He looks to Heaven with thoughts that swell,
And owns a Might beyond the dome.

3.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
And lo! a city and a realm:
Its weighty pile a temple rears,
And walls are bright with sword and helm:
Each man is lost amid a crowd;
Each power unknown now bears a name;
And laws, and rites, and songs are loud;
And myriads hail their monarch's fame.

4.

A thousand years—a thousand years !
 And now beside the rolling sea,
 Where many a sailor nimbly steers,
 The eager tribes are bold and free.
 The graceful shrine adorns the hill ;
 The square of council spreads below ;
 Their theatres a people fill,
 And list to thought's divinest flow.

5.

A thousand years—a thousand years !
 We live amid a sterner land,
 Where laws ordain'd by ancient seers,
 Have train'd the spirit of command ;
 There pride and policy and war,
 With haughty fronts are gazing slow,
 And bound at their triumphal car,
 O'er-master'd kings to darkness go.

6.

A thousand years—a thousand years !
 And chivalry and faith are strong ;
 And through devotion's sorrowing tears,
 Is seen high help for earthly wrong.
 Fair gleams the cross with sunny light,
 Beneath a dim cathedral arch ;
 'Tis raised, the burgher Staff of Right,
 And heads the stately feudal march.

7.

A thousand years!—How swift the chain
 That drags along our slight to-day !
 Before that sound returns again
 The present will have stream'd away,
 And all our World of busy strength
 Will dwell in calmer halls of Time,
 And then with joy will own at length,
 Its course is fix'd, its end sublime.

Shelley was a poet, but not a great one. No great poet was ever purposely obscure. But he hugged himself in clouds of his own raising—when all around was clear as day. Shakspeare is never obscure—it is only the text that is corrupt—nor Isaiah the Poet. As for Prophecies, they are clear only when fulfilled—and then but to eyes touched by an angel. Shakspeare's soul, reflecting human life, was like Windermere in the state spoken of by Wordsworth—

" All that *uncertain* imagery received
 Into the bosom of the *steady* lake."

You may look for hours down such a beautiful and glorious abyss before you well know what you see—for all is there "in most admired confusion" that earth and sky can shadow. But all in truth is orderly—all is clear—and you must not find fault with the Creation.

Shelley's Lament for Keats contains some very beautiful passages, but we question if it has ever drawn a tear. True that there are thoughts "that lie too deep for tears," but in the profound of the soul ; and when brought forth up into the day, they brighten or darken it, because by their own radiance, or their own gloom, they are all at once made intelligible in love or awe, in dread or in delight, and we feel that the poet has given us a revelation.

The poem we quote now is superior to any of Shelley's. It does not need, but it deserves a commentary—and only to the eyes of the uninitiated will it seem obscure.

WAIL FOR DÆDALUS.

1.

Wail for Dædalus, all that is fairest !
 All that is tuneful in air or wave !
 Shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest,
 Haunt with your lamps and spells his grave !

2.

Statues, bend your heads in sorrow,
 Ye that glance 'mid ruins old,
 That know not a past, nor expect a morrow
 On many a moonlight Grecian wold !

3.

By sculptured cave and darken'd river
 Thee, Dædalus, oft the nymphs recall ;
 The leaves with a sound of winter quiver,
 Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

4.

Yet are thy visions in soul the grandest
 Of all that crowd on the tear-dimm'd eye,
 Though, Dædalus, thou no more com-
 mandest
 New stars to that ever-widening sky.

5.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
 Our loftier brothers, but one in blood ;
 By bed and table they lord it o'er us
 With looks of beauty and words of good.

6.

They tell us and show us of man victo-
 rious
 O'er all that's aimless, blind, and base ;
 Their presence has made our nature glo-
 rious,
 And given our night an illumined face.

7.

Thy toil has won them a godlike quiet ;
 Thou hast wrought their path to a lovely
 sphere ;
 Their eyes to calm rebuke our riot,
 And shape us a home of refuge here.

8.

For Dædalus breathed in them his spirit ;
 In them their sire his beauty sees :
 We too, a younger brood, inherit
 The gifts and blessing bestow'd on
 these.

9.

But, ah ! their wise and bounteous seem-
 ing
 Recalls the more that the sage is gone ;
 Weeping we wake from deceitful dream-
 ing,
 And find our voiceless chamber lone.

10.

Dædalus, thou from the twilight fleest,
 Which thou with visions hast made so
 bright ;
 And when no more those shapes thou seest,
 Wanting thine eye they lose their light.

11.

Ev'n in the noblest of man's creations,
 Those fresh worlds round those old of
 ours,
 When the seer is gone, the orphan'd na-
 tions
 Know but the tombs of perish'd Powers.

12.

Wail for Dædalus, Earth and Ocean !
 Stars and Sun, lament for him !
 Ages, quake in strange commotion !
 All ye realms of life, be dim !

13.

Wail for Dædalus, awful voices,
 From earth's deep centre mankind ap-
 pal !

Seldom ye sound, and then Death rejoices,
 For he knows that then the mightiest
 fall.

Our modern poetry has been ac-
 cused of want of thought—of want of
 intellectual power—and perhaps not
 with absolute injustice. But the
 charge is not true if brought against
 the best of Cowper, Crabbe, Words-
 worth, Byron, and some others, and
 at once falls to the ground. Our
 modern poets of a lower order show
 little mind, but much feeling and
 fancy ; while our modern poetasters
 show nothing but facility of smooth
 versification acquired by perpetual
 practice, and though sometimes ad-
 mirable, not more so than such skill
 at marbles—a more complicated game
 than most people are aware of—as
 may be seen exhibited in the pave-
 ments of our town and city streets, by
 performers in other natural and ac-
 quired powers on a level with ordinary
 urchins. It is fortunate for them that
 they have no thoughts—for a single
 thought would give them a perennial
 headach. Nor do we believe that
 their stomachs are so constantly out
 of order as they would fain make
 believe—though we cheerfully grant
 to some of them such inspiration as
 dyspepay in fretful patients may pro-
 duce.

Here *are* THOUGHTS IN VERSE—
 call them CRYSTALS FROM CAVERNS,
 or by any other name you choose.
 We take twenty out of some three-
 score, and in good time the rest will
 see the light, for the hand of our
 “ sweet little cherub ” will be sure to
 fall on them—and at this moment
 at our beck he is dropping them into
 Clío.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

There is a World of Death beneath our feet ;
 There is a World of Life above our heads ;
 Here ruins, graves, dry leaves, fallen blossoms meet ;
 There God in light and air his glory spreads.

FAITH AND FRIENDSHIP.

Still let me love thee, though thou art no more
 Such as when first we learnt our boyhood's lore ;
 Though all thy many thoughts and feelings gone
 Have left thy pale and shivering Self alone,
 Yet art thou still an image that recalls
 What once thou wert in youth's illumined halls ;
 Still, when I see thee not, the faith will rise,
 In Power, unowned by thee, beyond the skies,
 To lift thee far those early dreams above,
 And fill and light thy soul with Life and Love.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Darkness is death to Light, and when it dies,
Man with his taper bids the ghost arise.

THIS WORLD.

This world is all a symbol ; Man alone
On earth both knows and is what there is shown.

THOUGHT AND DEED.

How swift and bright the Thought ! but slow behind
The dull Work lags, and mocks the fervid mind.
Yet still the Work is good : to One alone
The wing'd and blooming phantom Thought is known ;
But the pale image to earth, sea, and air,
Proclaims an unseen Spirit hovering there.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Time is that desert-mist in which we see
The shapes and colours of Eternity.
The morning breezes roll away the show,
And all it seem'd endures and lives below.

LIFE.

Man on an isthmus stands ; on either side
A lake of wondrous aspect opens wide.
Forms from a magic glass he casts on each,
Lively as Thought, and voluble as Speech ;
And while the shadows on the right-hand lake
Drop as from clouds, new tints of light they take,
To fair enduring Pageants smoothly rise,
And sail away to join the Eastern skies.
But o'er the left-hand pool the phantom-train
Spread from the sad Magician's glass in vain ;
Like stagnant slime they lie, or tost and broken,
Perish like words by poison'd madness spoken.
The narrow land is Life ; the left-hand flood,
Time and its Death, the right Eternal Good.

GOOD AND ILL.

Two tasks are ours, to know and understand
Evil and Good, and name their various band ;
But worthier far, with cheerful will to choose
Whate'er is Good, and all the Ill refuse.

THE FUTURE.

'Tis well the Future is not ours, but His,
With whom Time is not. Therefore have we trust,
That what shall be may overleap what is,
Though all that's most in man be less than dust.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

That man's a shadow, old Experience cries ;
The earthly shadow, wiser Faith replies,
Of an eternal substance in the skies !

SOMETHING AND NOTHING.

Dust are we, by the one Almighty hand
Thrown into Being ; but a grain of sand
On the waste margin of Infinity
Is more than boundless Chaos ; such are we.

ENQUIRY.

What boots enquiry ? By the will of Heaven
One clear appointed path to all is given ;

To do for all what all around us need
 Alone is Virtue, and is wise indeed.
 Ay! but what are the needs of all, to each
 The enquiring heart alone avails to teach;
 For every passion claims its own desire,
 And these to feed but adds new flame to fire.
 The peace, the hope that Conscience still denies,
 Its voice commands to pray for from the skies.
 This is the need of us and all, and this
 To teach is Duty, and to know is Bliss.

PLANTS AND MEN.

What is a Leaf? It is a little world,
 Torn from the whole, and so to ruin hurl'd.
 What is a Seed? Within that boundless whole,
 Itself a world, a live unconscious soul.
 What is a Flower? It is that life in bloom,
 Issuing with shapely light from Nature's gloom.
 What is a Fruit? The blossom's corpse, and both
 Cradle and embryo of another growth.
 What then is Man? The leaf without a root,
 Torn from the whole; or else seed, flower, and fruit
 He may be either as he wills to be,
 Entomb'd in dust, or like the flower set free;
 And nobler far, not only lives and grows,
 But God's own Life partakes at once and knows.

THE PAINS OF KNOWLEDGE.

As up the Tower of knowledge slow we rise,
 How wide and fair the opening landscape lies!
 But while the view expands the path grows steeper,
 The steps more slippery, and the chasm is deeper.
 Then why climb on? Not for the prospect's beauty,
 Not for the triumph, but because 'tis duty.

HOPE AND FAITH.

Hope without Faith! a blind man's noonday dream
 Of light that ne'er has lent his heart a gleam.
 Faith without Hope! an open eye by night,
 That looks, yet sees not, though endow'd with sight.
 But Hope and Faith in one, the vision clear,
 Of sportful child, and grey prophetic seer.

ONE LIFE IN ALL.

A vision of great caves, and blasted pines,
 Of endless snows o'erarching lava mines,
 Of clouds from whence the unseen eagle screams,
 Where lightning flashes through the red moonbeams,
 This on the formless flat of daily life
 Fills all my soul with Nature's awful strife.
 Does then some sorcerer on the mountain's head
 Convulse with spells the distant land I tread?
 Can he with glaring eye, and wither'd hand,
 By fateful word my bosom's cells command?
 Oh! deem not so. 'Tis not a human breath
 Wavering an instant on the brink of death,
 That thus can teach my thoughts to heave and quake,
 And bid new worlds within my world awake.
 The same dread Life that thrills in every vein,
 And makes each fibre own its ghostly reign,
 Works, too, with deep immeasurable power
 In wilds remote, where savage tempests lour;

Through waves and rocks, through mountains, clouds, and winds,
 In one unending chain all being binds ;
 And joining high and low, and best and worst,
 Present and future, last alike, and first,
 Its chief dominion claims, where human thought
 Mirrors all else in all existence wrought.
 Here Life repeats whatever earth includes,
 Of glowing wealth, or stormy solitudes,
 The sky with phantoms fills, or bids them go,
 And paints creation in a moment's show,
 Here loves to image all its might, and roll
 Planets and suns through man's capacious soul.

THE FLOWER AND STAR.

The Flower beheld a Star above,
 And long'd to reach its airy love,
 But long'd in vain. A dewdrop fell
 Into the soft and fragrant cell ;
 And then the star was imaged there,
 As if it dropt from upper air ;
 And gliding down from Heaven, has come
 To find on earth a kindred home.

JOY IN EVIL.

A painted lazar-house—a dome-crown'd tomb
 Jangling with festal bells—the sunset's bloom
 Brightening a lonely ship in ocean sinking,—
 Such are the symbols born of mournful thinking,
 When I behold the Joy of canker'd minds,
 And Evil's plumes that flaunt on summer winds :
 For Death at these with hoarsest laughter raves,
 And Hades answering thrills in all his caves.

WHERE TO LOOK.

Bend not thy light-desiring eyes below ;
 There thy own shadow waits upon thee ever ;
 But raise thy looks above to Heaven, and lo !
 The shadeless sun rewards thy weak endeavour.
 Who seeks the dark is dark ; but turn towards light,
 And thou becom'st like that which fills thy sight.

NATURE AND GOD.

Is not the world a perfect Heaven below,
 Exclaim'd my friend, would we but think it so ?
 No, I replied, the world by Nature's law,
 Is Hell in harness, and compell'd to draw,
 Forced within bounds, and turn'd to heavenly uses,
 By Him whose will from evil good educes.

FAITH IN PERIL.

This outward life, with all its busy forms,
 Whirling like flakes of snow in Alpine storms,
 Confuses, chills, and in a shifting grave
 Entombs the spirit that the Eternal gave.
 Yet look through these to Him, undaunted strive,
 Through drift and darkness, saving Faith alive,
 And He will be beside thee still, uphold,
 Enlighten, cheer, with Love, and Hope make bold,
 And in worst hours of fear, before His eye
 The mountain-ice and gulfs of snow shall fly ;
 Thou on His rock shalt stand secure, and raise
 Thy wings towards Heaven, and hear its songs of praise.

THOUGHT AND LOVE.

The more by Thought thou leav'st the crowd behind,
 Draw near by deeper Love to all thy kind ;
 So shall thy heart in lowly peace be still,
 And earthly wisdom serve a heavenly will.

NATURE INEVITABLE.

O ! Nature, I have sought to turn from thee,
 And other worlds within myself to see,
 But there I found again in dim disguise
 Thy meditative brow and ever youthful eyes.

" Thoughts ! That like spirits trackless
 come and go"—

is a fine line of Charles Lloyd's. But no bird skims, no arrow pierces the air, without producing some change in the Universe, which will last to the day of doom. No coming and going is absolutely trackless ; nor irrecoverable by Nature's law is any consciousness, however ghostlike ; though many a one, even the most blissful, never does return, but seems to be buried among the dead. But they are not dead—but only sleep ; thought to us who recall them not, they are as they had never been, and we, wretched ingrates, let them lie for ever in oblivion ! How passing sweet when of their own accord they arise to greet us in our solitude !—as a friend who, having sailed away to a foreign land in our youth, was thought to have died many long years ago, may have suddenly stood before us, with face still familiar and name reviving in a moment, and all that he once was to us brought from utter forgetfulness close upon our heart !

An hour ago we wrote down the word—Remorse. Here is a Lyric, by the same pen that has now been enriching our pages, that awakens many of the dreadful thoughts that lie couched in that passion like wild beasts driven into one den, then tearing one another to pieces, or rushing forth with howls into the wilderness.

REMORSE.

1.

Shade of the past !
 Why wilt thou not lie still within thy
 grave ?
 What ominous hell-born blast
 Has driven thee forth from thy sepulchral
 cave,
 Where thou a corse wert cast ?

2.

Thou crimson hand,
 Why dost thou rise between my soul and
 peace ?
 By thy gaunt fingers spann'd,
 The moon and all the stars their shining
 cease ;
 Thou darkenest sea and land.

3.

Thou art a fitting ghost,
 Like my steed's tramp, or like my vessel's
 wake,
 Following from coast to coast ;
 And circling all things like the eternal
 snake,
 Thou turnest all to frost.

4.

Thin as thou art,
 Unclogg'd and universal even as air,
 Thou hast the presence swart
 Of some great iron pyramid ; thy stare
 Loads like a rock my heart.

5.

In thee I see
 Not one but many faces ; yet all have
 The same dire eye, on me
 Too coldly fix'd for hate, which I dare brave
 Although a fiend's it be.

6.

'Tis not a power
 From which I stand apart, and nerve my
 breast
 Full swollen for battle's hour :
 From my own heart their strength my
 enemies wrest ;
 Before myself I cower.

7.

Dear God in heaven ! me seems
 A whisper pierces through the rout of pain,
 Subduing all its screams :
 Faint as the music of a bee, again
 It rises o'er my dreams.

8.

It cries, In vain, O man,
 Thou seekest to undo the accomplish'd
 past :

Not even heaven's highest can
Repair one miserable moment's waste,
Sin stands where it began.

9.

Let former agonies dwell
In their abyss. Through Faith to Hope
and Love
Rise thou, and all is well.
The Past can never reach thy home above;
Quit then its native hell.

We never could write a song or a
sonnet worth a dole in our days—
nor yet a ballad. Southey, Scott,
Campbell are the best at a ballad of
our living Minstrels. Here is a spirit-
stirring one—still from the same pen.

ALFRED THE HARPER.

1.

Dark fell the night, the watch was set,
The host was idly spread,
The Danes around their watchfires met,
Drank deep, and fiercely fed.
They feasted all on English food,
And quaff'd the English ale;
Their hearts leapt up with burning blood
At each old Norseman tale.

2.

The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,
And Guthrum, king of all,
Devour'd the flesh of England's beeves,
And drank high festival.
Each warrior proud, each Danish earl,
In mail and wolf-skin clad,
Their collars white with plunder'd pearl,
Their eyes with triumph mad.

3.

A mass beside each king and lord
Was seen with blood bestain'd;
From golden cups upon the board
Their kindling wine they drain'd.
Ne'er left their sad storm-beaten coast
Sea-kings so hot for gore;
'Mid Selwood's oaks such dreadful host
Ne'er burnt a track before.

4.

From Humber-land to Severn land,
And on to Tamar stream,
Where Thames makes green the towery
strand,
Where Medway's waters gleam,—
With hands of steel and mouths of flame
They sack'd the kingdom through;
And where the Norseman sickle came,
No crop but hunger grew.

5.

They loaded many an English horse
With wealth of cities fair;
They dragg'd from many a father's corse
The daughter by her hair.
And English slaves, and gems and gold,
Were gather'd round the feast;
Till midnight in their woodland hold,
Oh! never that riot ceased.

6.

In stalk'd a warrior tall and rude
Before the belted kings;
"Ye Lords and Earls of Odin's brood,
Without a harper sings.
He is a simple man and poor,
But well he sounds the lay,
And well, ye Norsemen chiefs, be sure
Will ye the song repay."

7.

In trod the bard with keen cold look,
And glanced along the board,
That with the shout and war-cry shook,
Of many a Danish lord.
But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,
Soon bent on him their gaze,
While calm he gazed, as if to learn
Who chief deserved his praise.

8.

Loud Guthrum spake,—Nay, gaze not thus,
Thou Harper weak and poor!
By Thor! who bandy looks with us
Must worse than looks endure.
Sing high the praise of Denmark's host,
High praise each dauntless Earl;
Praise those who stun this English coast
With War's unceasing whirl.

9.

The harper sat upon a block,
Heap'd up with wealthy spoil,
The wool of England's helpless flock,
Whose blood had stain'd the soil.
He sat and slowly bent his head,
And touch'd his loud harp-string;
Then raised his face, and boldly said,
"Hear thou my lay, O king!"

10.

"High praise from all whose gift is song
To him in slaughter tried,
Whose pulses beat in battle strong,
As if to meet his bride.
High praise from every mouth of man
To all who boldly strive,
Who fall where first the fight began,
And ne'er go back alive.

11.

"But chief his fame be strong as fire,
Be wide as is the sea,
Who dares in blood and pangs expire,
To keep his country free.

To such, great Earls, and mighty King !
 Shall praise in heaven belong ;
 The starry harps their praise shall ring,
 And chime to mortal song.

12.

" Fill high your cups, raise loud the shout,
 At famous Ragnar's name !
 Who led his host to bloody rout,
 When he to Humber came.
 His men were chased, his sons were slain,
 And he was left alone.
 They bound him in an iron chain
 Upon a dungeon-stone.

13.

" With iron links they bound him fast ;
 With snakes they fill'd the hole,
 That made his flesh their long repast,
 And bit into his soul.
 They tore him all with poisonous blows,
 They burrow'd in his breast,
 While still he sang and cursed his foes,
 And long'd for Odin's rest.

14.

" Great chiefs, why sink in gloom your eyes ?
 Why champ your teeth in pain ?
 Still lives the song though Ragnar dies !
 Fill high your cups again.
 Ye too, perchance, O Norseman lords !
 Who fought and sway'd so long,
 Shall soon but live in minstrel words,
 And owe your names to song.

15.

" This land has graves by thousands more
 Than that where Ragnar lies.
 When conquests fade, and rule is o'er,
 The sod must close your eyes.
 How soon, who knows ? Not chief, nor
 bard,
 And yet to me 'tis given,
 To see your foreheads deeply scarr'd,
 And guess the doom of heaven.

16.

" I may not read or when or how,
 But Earls and Kings, be sure
 I see a blade o'er every brow,
 Where pride now sits secure.
 Fill high the cups, raise loud the strain !
 When chief and monarch falls,
 His name in song shall breathe again,
 And thrill the feastful halls.

17.

" Like God's own voice, in after years
 Resounds the warrior's fame,
 Whose deed his hopeless country cheers,
 Who is its noblest name.
 Drain down, O Chiefs ! the gladdening
 bowl !
 The present hour is yours ;
 Let death to-morrow take the soul,
 If joy to-day endures."

18.

Grim sat the chiefs ; one heaved a groan,
 And one grew pale with dread,
 His iron mace was grasp'd by one,
 By one his wine was shed.
 And Guthrum cried, " Nay, bard, no more
 We hear thy boding lay ;
 Make drunk the song with spoil and gore !
 Light up the joyous fray !"

19.

" Fierce throbs my brain"—so burst the
 song—
 " To hear the strife once more.
 The mace, the axe, they rest too long ;
 Earth cries my thirst is sore.
 More blithely twang the strings of bows
 Than strings of harps in glee ;
 Red wounds are lovelier than the rose,
 Or rosy lips to me.

20.

" Oh ! fairer than a field of flowers,
 When flowers in England grew,
 Would be the battle's marshall'd powers,
 The plain of carnage new.
 With all its deaths before my soul
 The vision rises fair ;
 Raise loud the song, and drain the bowl !
 I would that I were there !

21.

" 'Tis sweet to live in honour'd might,
 With true and fearless hand ;
 'Tis sweet to fall in freedom's fight,
 Nor shrink before the brand.
 But sweeter far, when girt by foes,
 Unmoved to meet their frown,
 And count with cheerful thought the woes
 That soon shall dash them down."

22.

Loud rang the harp, the minstrel's eye
 Roll'd fiercely round the throng ;
 It seem'd two crashing hosts were nigh,
 Whose shock aroused the song.
 A golden cup King Guthrum gave
 To him who strongly play'd ;
 And said, " I won it from the slave
 Who once o'er England sway'd."

23.

King Guthrum cried, "'Twas Alfred's own ;
 Thy song befits the brave :
 The King who cannot guard his throne
 Nor wine nor song shall have."
 The minstrel took the goblet bright,
 And said, " I drink the wine
 To him who owns by justest right
 The cup thou bid'st be mine.

24.

" To him, your Lord, Oh shout ye all !
 His meed be deathless praise !
 The King who dares not nobly fall,
 Dies basely all his days.

The King who dares not guard his throne,
 May curses heap his head ;
 But hope and strength be all his own
 Whose blood is bravely shed."

25.

" The praise thou speak'st," King Guthrum
 said,

" With sweetness fills mine ear ;
 For Alfred swift before me fled,
 And left me monarch here.
 The royal coward never dared
 Beneath mine eye to stand.
 Oh, would that now this feast he shared,
 And saw me rule his land !"

26.

Then stern the Minstrel rose, and spake,
 And glared upon the King,—
 " Not now the golden cup I take,
 Nor more for thee I sing.
 Another day, a happier hour,
 Shall bring me here again,
 The cup shall stay in Guthrum's power
 Till I demand it then."

27.

The Harper turn'd and left the shed,
 And shook his locks of brown,
 And one who mark'd his visage said
 It wore a ghastly frown.
 The Danes ne'er saw that Harper more,
 For soon as morning rose,
 Upon their camp King Alfred bore,
 And slew ten thousand foes.

Our little guardian angel is gone,
 and the room looks desolate. Our
 Two VASES have sunk through the
 floor, and we feel as if in unfurnished
 lodgings. A few leaves lie scattered
 on our desk, but we have not the heart
 to read them ; and though wakeful,
 what is left for us but to lie down and
 endeavour to be dead. Should our
 endeavours fail, then let us repose on
 our laurels. Laurels indeed ! Oh !
 for a couch of heather in Glen-
 Etive !

What leaf is this ?

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Enjoy the Future free, secure,
 By no foreboding cursed,
 But leave the Past to me ; 'tis sure
 At least I know its worst.

So speaks the gloomy, faithless heart :
 Wiser methinks 'twould be
 To cry, let all beside depart,
 So Hope remain with me.

Yet even this is scanty lore :
 Hope ne'er with man will dwell,
 If Memory have not built before
 The Angel's earthly cell.

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POETRY BY OUR NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

AGE is the season of Imagination, youth of Passion; and having been long young, shall we repine that we are now old? They alone are rich who are full of years—the Lords of Time's Treasury are all on the staff of Wisdom; their commissions are enclosed in furrows on their foreheads, and secured to them for life. Fearless of fate, and far above fortune, they hold their heritage by the great charter of nature for behoof of all her children who have not, like impatient heirs, to wait for their decease, for every hour dispenses their wealth, and their bounty is not a late bequest but a perpetual benefaction. Death but sanctifies their gifts to gratitude; and their worth is more clearly seen and profoundly felt within the solemn gloom of the grave.

And said we truly that Age is the season of Imagination? That Youth is the season of Passion your own beating and bounding hearts now tell you—your own boiling blood. Intensity is its characteristic; and it burns like a flame of fire, too often but to consume. Expansion of the soul is ours, with all its feelings and all its "thoughts, that wander through eternity;" nor needeth then the spirit to have wings, for power is given her, beyond the dove or the eagle, and no weariness can touch her on that heavenward flight.

Yet we are all of "the earth earthy," and, young and old alike,

must we love and honour our home. Your eyes are bright—ours are dim; but "it is the soul that sees," and "this diurnal sphere" is visible through the mist of tears. In that light how more than beautiful—how very holy—even this world appears! All sadness, save of sin, is then most sacred; and sin itself loses its terrors in repentance, which, alas! is seldom perfect but in the near prospect of our graves. Temptation may intercept her within a few feet of her expected rest, nay, dash the dust from her hand that she has gathered from the burial-place to strew on her head; but Youth sees flowery fields, and shining rivers far-stretching before her path, and cannot imagine for a moment that among life's golden mountains there is many a Place of Tombs!

But let us speak only of this earth—this world—this life—and is not Age the season of Imagination? Imagination is Memory imbued by joy or sorrow with creative power over the past, till it becomes the present, and then, on that vision "far off the coming shines" of the future, till all the spiritual realm overflows with light. Therefore was it that, in illumined Greece, Memory was called the Mother of the Muses; and how divinely indeed they sang around her as she lay in the pensive shade!

You know the words of Milton—

"Till old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain;"

and you know, while reading them, that Experience is consummate Memory, Imagination wide as the world, another name for Wisdom, all one with Genius, and in its "prophetic strain"—Inspiration.

We would fain lower our tone—and, on this theme, speak like what we are, one of the humblest children of Mother Earth. We cannot leap now twenty-three feet on level ground (our utmost might be twenty-three inches), nevertheless, we could "put a girdle round the globe in forty minutes,"—ay, in half an hour, were we not unwilling to dispirit Ariel. What are feats done in the flesh and by the muscle? At first—worms though we be—we cannot even crawl—disdainful next of that acquirement, we creep, and are distanced by the earwig—pretty lambs, we then totter to the terror of our deep-bosomed dams—till the welkin rings with admiration to behold, sans leading-strings, the weanlings walk—like wildfire then we run—for we have found the use of our feet—like wild-geese then we fly—for we may not doubt we have wings—in car, ship, balloon, the lords of earth, sea, and sky, and universal nature. The car runs on a post—the ship on a rock—the "air hath bubbles as the water hath"—the balloon is one of them, and bursts like a bladder—and we become the prey of sharks, surgeons, or sextons. Where, pray, in all this is there a single symptom or particle of Imagination? It is of Passion "all compact."

True, this is, not a finished picture—'tis but a slight sketch of the season of Youth—but paint it as you will, and if faithful to nature you will find Passion in plenty, and a dearth of Imagination. Nor is the season of Youth therefore to be pitied—for Passion respires and expires in bliss ineffable, and so far from being eloquent as the unwise lecture, it is mute as a fish and merely gasps. In Youth we are the creatures—the slaves of the senses. But the bondage is borne exultingly in spite of its severity; for ere long we come to discern through the dust of our own raising, the pinnacles of towers and temples serenely ascending into the skies, high and holy places for rule, for rest, or for religion, where as kings we may reign, as priests minister, or as saints adore.

We do not deny, excellent youth,

that to your eyes and ears beautiful and sublime are the sights and words of Nature—and of Art her Angel. Enjoy thy pupilage, as we enjoyed ours, and deliver thyself up withouten dread, or with a holy dread, to the gleom of woods, where night for ever dwells—to the glory of skies, where morn seems enthroned for ever. Coming and going a thousand and a thousand times, yet, in its familiar beauty, ever new as a dream—let thy soul span the heavens with the rainbow. Ask thy heart in the wilderness if that "thunder, heard remote," be from cloud or cataract; and ere it can reply, it may shudder at the shuddering moor, and your flesh creep upon your bones, as the heather seems to creep on the bent, with the awe of a passing earthquake. Let the seamew be thy guide up the glen, if thy delight be in peace profounder than ever sat with her on the lull of summer waves! For the inland loch seems but a vale overflowing with wondrous light—and realities they all look—these trees and pastures, and rocks, and hills, and clouds—not softened images, as they are, of realities that are almost stern even in their beauty, and in their sublimity overawing;—look at that precipice that dwindles into pebbles the granite blocks that choke up the shore!

Now all this, and a million times more than all this, have we too done in our Youth, and yet 'tis all nothing to what we do whenever we will it in our Age. For almost all that is passion; spiritual passion indeed—and as all emotions are akin, they all work with and into one another's hands, and, however remotely related, recognise, and welcome one another, like Highland cousins, whenever they meet. Imagination is not the Faculty to stand aloof from the rest, but gives the one hand to Fancy and the other to Feeling, and sets to Passion, who is often so swallowed up in himself as to seem blind to their *vis-à-vis*, till all at once he hugs all the Three, as if he were demented, and as suddenly sporting *dos-à-dos*—is off on a gallopade by himself right slick away over the mountain-tops.

You still look incredulous and unconvinced of the truth of our position—but it was established in our first three paragraphs—and the rest, though proofs too, are intended merely for illustrations. Age alone understands the language of old Mother Earth—

for Age alone, from his own experience, can imagine its meanings in trouble or in rest—often mysterious enough even to him in all conscience—but intelligible though inarticulate—nor always inarticulate—for though sobs and sighs are rife, and whispers and murmurs, and groans and gurgling, yea, sometimes yells and cries, as if the old Earth were undergoing a violent death—yet many a time and oft, within these few years, have we heard her slowly syllabbling words out of the Bible, and as in listening we looked up to the sky, the fixed stars responded to their truth, and, like Mercy visiting Despair, the Moon bore it into the heart of the stormy clouds.

And are there, then, have there never been young Poets? Many; for Passion, so tossed as to leave, perhaps to give the sufferer power to reflect on his ecstasy, grows poetical because creative, and loves to express itself in "prose or numerous verse," at once its nutriment and relief. Nay, Nature sometimes gifts her children with an imaginative spirit that, from slight experiences of passion, rejoices to idealize intentions, and incidents, and characters all coloured by it, or subject to its sway; and these are Poets, not with old heads on young shoulders, but with old hearts in young bosoms; yet such premature genius seldom escapes blight, the very springs of life are troubled, and its possessor sinks, pines, fades, and dies! So was it with Chatterton and Keates—"alike, but oh! how different!"

It may be, after all, that we have only proved Age to be the strongest season of Imagination; and if so, we have proved all we wish, for we seek not to deny, but to vindicate. Knowledge is power to the poet as it is power to all men—and indeed without Art and Science what is poetry? Without cultivation "the faculty divine" can have but imperfect "vision." "The inner eye which is the bliss of solitude" is dependent on the outward eye, long familiar with material objects—a finer sense, cognizant of spiritualities, but acquired by the soul from constant communion with shadows—innate the capacity, but awakened into power by gracious intercourse with Nature. Thus Milton *saw*—after he became blind.

But know that Age is not made up of

a multitude of years—though that be the vulgar reckoning—but of a multitude of experiences; and that a man at thirty, if good for much, must be old. How long he may continue in the prime of Age, God decrees; many men of the most magnificent minds—for example, Michael Angelo—have been all-glorious in power and majesty at fourscore and upwards—but one drop of water on the brain can at any hour make it barren as desert dust.

Believe that this, the true creed, is as cheering to the young as consolatory to the old—and that in its spirit Age looks on Youth with delight and love, Youth on Age with reverence and gratitude.

"The light that never was on earth or
sea—

The consecration and the poet's dream,"

it never was allowed very young eyes, of themselves, to see—very young hearts to conceive—very young lips to utter; but when shown to such eyes, and inspired into such hearts by the initiated, the neophyte sees and feels in the power of the priest, and ere long, his own lips may be touched with a coal from heaven.

The love of poetry is almost universal—the poetic power, in such measure as to merit the name, rare; but the love, like the power, is divine, and the poet feels his strength in the sympathies of his kind—the source indeed of all his inspiration. His heart, all his lifelong, has fed on theirs—and thus millions draw inspiration and delight from the genius of one—which embodies to each the emotions of all, and not merely "holds the mirror up to Nature," but beautifies that Nature's self into an Ideal true as any individuality, and eternizes it here on earth in song.

Genius is genius still, shining by its own light, be it like a star in the sky, or a glowworm on the sward. One often hears the "Minor Poets" spoken of with a sneer. Yet all who have ever sung are Minor Poets, compared with Homer and Milton, and Shakspeare and Spenser, and with about as many more; Demigods are not dwindled by the side of Gods, nor Heroes confused with common men, though they draw not their birth from heaven. Friends, countrymen, and Romans, would you not lend us your ears, long as they are, to purchase a

place among the poets any where between Pindar and Pomfret?

Last month we drew from "CLIO" not a few compositions which, in our opinion, proved the author of *CRYSTALS FROM A CAVERN, a Poet*. Yesterday a packet came to hand, with his superscription, and, though "OUR TWO VASES" made mouths to devour it, we broke the seals with a resolution to make a Leading Article of it by itself; to-day we have spent delightfully in assorting the pages according to certain principles of selection; and never put your trust in us again, should you rise disappointed from what we now lay before you as a Feast—of which we may say with Milton—

"Those are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of those viands pure;
Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil;"

and with Pope—

"The tables in fair order spread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!"

The discovery of a New Star in the constellation MAGA is an event in astronomy; and you can see it on a clear night with the naked eye, close to NORTH.

Words are wanting to express our delight—at this time of day—in hailing A NEW CONTRIBUTOR. Alas! we had almost said—

"Our tuneful brethren all are dead!"

Those who are gone our grief believes to have been the best—and, ungratefully forgetful of the survivors' groans, "All are buried!"

The Poet will not fail to admire the tasteful skill with which we have gathered a few of his stray strains about Poets and Poetry, negligently scattered here and there through what 'twould be a misnomer to call an MS. volume; and these we first present to the admiration and love of all our friends, young and old, hinting to them that they must read slowly, and at the close of each effusion pause and ponder, for here is much meaning in few words—in modern poetry a rare

merit—nor less so, we fear, if our own be an average specimen, in modern prose.

PROSE AND SONG.

I looked upon a plain of green,
That some one called the Land of
Prose,
Where many living things were seen,
In movement or repose.

I look'd upon a stately hill
That well was named the Mount of
Song,
Where golden shadows dwelt at will
The woods and streams among.

But most this fact my wonder bred,
Though known by all the nobly
wise,
It was the mountain streams that fed
The fair green plain's amenities.

THE SHAFTS OF SONG.

Thou who deem'st the poet's lay
Should be always soft and cooing,
And no harsher word should say
Than befits a beardless wooing,

Think, the bee can sting the foe,
Who would rob its honey'd bowers,
And Apollo bears a bow,
Though his head be crown'd with flowers.

Seas that win a fond devotion,
Whelm our too adventurous kind;
And the sun, whose radiant motion
Feeds the world, can strike thee blind.

DREAMING AND WAKING.

I dreamt a green and golden earth,
A still renew'd, immortal birth,
But 'mid that world so fairly beaming,
I knew, with grief, that I was dream-
ing.

That grief awoke me, and I found
A lovelier vision spread around,
And, sweeter than my slumber's
flowers,
Bedeck'd this common world of ours.

THE POET.

Bard, the film so thin and bright,
Woven in thy conscious loom,
Wanting superhuman light,
Is a cobweb in a tomb.

THE TOMB OF SIMONIDES.

O! stranger, turn thou not away;
 Simonides is here asleep.
 Could he but breathe his plaintive lay,
 Thou needs must pause and weep.
 Refuse not to the Poet's grave
 The tear his song would surely have.

AN EPITAPH.

O! stranger, could thy fancy know
 The dreams of him who sleeps below,
 They must so bright and lovely be,
 To dwell with one so pure as he,
 That thou would'st surely long to go
 And rest with him who sleeps below.
 But, ah! his visions none may see,
 Save souls that are as pure as he.

THE POET'S HOME.

In the cavern's lonely hall,
 By the mighty waterfall,
 Lives a spirit shy and still,
 Whom the soften'd murmurs thrill,
 Heard within the twilight nook,
 Like the music of a brook.

Poet! thus sequester'd dwell,
 In thy fancy's haunted cell,
 That the floods abroad may be
 Like a voice of peace to thee,
 While thou giv'st to Nature's tone
 Soul and sweetness all thy own.

Hear, but, ah! intrust thee not
 To the waves beyond thy grot,
 Lest thy low and wizard strain
 Warble through the storm in vain,
 And thy dying songs deplore
 Thou must see thy cave no more.

The first and the last of these *pœmata dulcia* it especially delighteth us to dwell on, though we believe that all between are beautiful; for they express, in finer form and fairer colours, thoughts we ourselves have more than once imperfectly uttered—these to live, ours to perish. All our great prose-writers owe the glory of their power to our great poets. Even Hobbes translated Homer as well as Thucydides—the Epic in his prime after he was eighty—the History at forty; and it is fearful to dream what the brainful and heartless metaphysician would have been had he never heard of the Iliad and the Odyssey. What is the greatest of the great prose-writers in comparison with a great poet? Nay—we shall not be deterred by the fear of self-contradiction, from asking who is a great prose-

writer? We cannot name one; they all sink in Shakspeare. The human mind is seen transcendent solely in song.

But our poet has a wider scope in his philosophical verses, and speaks of the whole of human life.

“Without the smile from partial beauty won,

Oh! what were man? A world without a sun”——

finely asks and answers Campbell; and, suppose the world without poetry, truly exclaim we, how absurd would look the sun! Strip the word “phenomena” of its poetical meaning, and forthwith the whole human race, “moving about in worlds realized,” would be as Bagmen. But, thank Heaven! we are Makers all. Inhabiting, we verily believe, a real and substantial and palpable world, which, nevertheless, shall one day perish like a scroll, we build our bowers of joy in the Apparent—and lie down to rest in a drapery of dreams.

“The Poet's Home!” We have a poem of our own—if the honourable gentlemen will allow us to call it so—with that title lying by us—five thousand lines of blank verse—which we shall leave to our executors, with permission of our moths and mice. We are satisfied with our popularity as a “warbler of poetic prose”—not the sole point of resemblance, surely, in us to Sir Philip Sidney—and look forward with pleasing apprehension to our posthumous fame as a Poet, when, by some fortunate chance, some indefatigable antiquary, in course of a life-long dedication to the restitution of decayed intelligences, shall dig up our Remains. Meanwhile, let us expand our wings, and, crushing through our cage, be off like an eagle to the mountains!

“And set the prisoner free!”

A simple line, but glorious—and we bless the name of Mercy as we cleave the clouds. Higher than the Andes, we hang over Westmoreland, an unobserved—but observant star. Mountains, hills, rocks, knolls, vales, woods, groves, single trees, dwellings, all asleep! O Lakes! but ye are, indeed, by far too beautiful! O Fortunate Isles! too fair for human habitation, fit abode for the Blest! It will not hide itself—it will not sink into the earth—it will rise, and risen,

it will stand steady with its shadow
in the overpowering moonlight, that
ONE TREE! That ONE HOUSE—and
well might the sight of ye two to-
gether—were it harder—break our
heart. But hard at all it is not—
therefore it is but crushed.

Sweet Rydal Mount! Thou risest
pitifully to withdraw our soul from
beauty too severe, and already we feel
thy

"Fine fit image of a poet's soul,
So still, so solemn, so serene!"

Can it be that there we are utterly
forgotten! No star hanging higher
than the Andes in Heaven—but sole-
sitting at midnight in a small cham-
ber—a melancholy man are we—and
there seems a smile of consolation, O
Wordsworth! on thy sacred bust.

Candles are the cheerfullest of all
lights, and so felt Shakspeare as he
said "Heaven's candles are burnt
out." Ours are yet half a foot long,
and being about as thick's our wrist,
will enable us to outwatch the Bear
and to blind Bootes. What a queer
name for the capital of an island—

Wick! Yet are all men wick-ed—a
most vile pun, and old as the Dusty
Miller. "Thou flaming minister!"
thank you for illuminating this some-
what cramped and crabbed manuscript
—'tis the "green light" Ossian loved
to think on after his loss of eyes.
Coleridge attributed the beautiful
words to Wordsworth; but Darwin
borrowed them from the Son of the
Mist, and now they are the common
property of the race of men.

Look in our last Number—and in
"Our Two Vases," and you will find
some fine stanzas entitled "Remorse."
Here is their noble counterpart—
"Penitence."

THE PENITENT.

Within a dark monastic cell
A monk's pale corpse was calmly laid,
His lips of quiet seemed to tell,
And light above the forehead played.

Upon the stone beneath his hand
Was laid a small and written scroll,
And he whose eye the record scanned
From this dim part must guess the
whole.

There comes a Thought at dead of
night,

And bids the shapes of sleep be gone,
A Thought that's more than Thought,
a sight

On which the sun has never shone.

A pale stern face, and sterner far,
Because it is a woman's face;
It gleams a waning worn-out star,
That once was bright with morning
grace.

An icy image, calm, and cold,
The sprite of vanished hours it seems;
It brings to me the times of old,
That look like, but that are not,
dreams.

It brings back sorrows long gone by,
And folly stained not washed with
tears;
Years fall away like leaves, and die—
And life's bare bony stem appears.

Dark face! Thou art not all a shade
That fancy bids beside me be;
The blood that once in passion played
Through my young veins, beat high
for thee.

Now changed and withered all! My
sighs
Round thee have breathed a sicklied
air,
And sad before my saddening eyes
Thou show'st the hues of my despair.

Still prayers are strong, and God is
good;
Man is not made for endless ill.
Drear Sprite! my soul to pain subdued
Has yet a hope thou canst not kill.

Repentance clothes in grass and flowers
The grave in which the Past is laid;
And close, to Faith's old minister
towers
The Cross lights up the ghostly shade.

Around its foot the shapes of fear,
Whose eyes my weaker heart appal,
As sister suppliants thrill the ear
With cries that loud for mercy call.

Thou, God, wilt hear! Thy pangs are
meant
To heal the spirit, not destroy,
And fiends from hell for vengeance
sent,
When thou commandest, work for joy.

Were you ever perfectly happy? As
happy as the imagination of man could

conceive man to be on earth or in heaven? Answer "Yes." So must we have been—though we may not remember when, where, how, or with whom—for otherwise we could not feel as we now do the exquisite truth of the following Rapture.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

The life of man has wondrous hours
Revealed at once to heart and eye,
When wake all being's kindled powers,
And joy like dew on trees and flowers
With freshness fills the earth and sky.
With finer scent and softer tone
The breezes wind through waving
leaves;
By friendlier beams new tints are
thrown
On furrowed stem and mouldering
stone;
The gorgeous grapes, the jewelled
sheaves
To living glories turn,
And eyes that look from cottage
caves,
Through shadows green that jasmine
weaves,
With love and fancy burn.
The broad smooth river flames with
waves,
Where floats the swan, an opal sprite,
And marble shapes on silent graves
Seem starting towards the light.
The distant landscape glows serene;
The dark old tower with tremulous
sheen
Pavilion of a seraph stands.
The mountain rude, with steeps of
gold,
And mists of ruby o'er them rolled,
Up towards the evening star expands.
The ocean streaks in distance grey
With sapphire radiance sparkling
play,
And silver sails hold on their way
To unseen fairy lands.
And those who walk within the sphere,
The plot of earth's transfigured green,
Like angels walk, so high, so clear,
With ravishment in eye and mien.
For this one hour no breath of fear,
Of shame or weakness wandering near
Can trusting hearts annoy:
Past things are dead, or only live
The life that hope alone can give,
And all is faith and joy.
'Tis not that beauty forces then
Her blessings on reluctant men,

But this great globe with all its might,
Its awful depth and heavenward
height,
Seems but my heart with wonder
thrilling
And beating in my human breast;
My sense with inspiration filling,
Myself—beyond my nature blest.
Well for all such hours who know,
All who hail, not bid them go,
If the spirit's strong pulsation
After keeps its nobler tone,
And no helpless lamentation
Dulls the heart when rapture's flown;
If the rocky field of Duty
Built around with mountains hoar,
Still is dearer than the Beauty
Of the sky-land's coloured shore.

Turn we to the childhood of the
creature capable of such transcen-
dent bliss of Thought and Feeling—the
creature only a little lower than the
angels. "Suffer little children to
come unto me, and forbid them not, for
of such is *the kingdom of heaven*."
Words so sacred, that we almost
feared to write them down—words so
sweet that, written down, their quota-
tion here is justified—nor can they
ever "fade into the light of common
day." Of such, too, is the kingdom
of the earth. And, singing of that
sway, the poet is accordant with the
saint.

TO A CHILD.

Dear Child! whom sleep can hardly
tame,
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wildwood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But swift on summer breezes borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves
Came glist'ning down from sparry
caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose
glow
Fancy and Wonder come and go,
And eyes whose inward meanings
play
Congenial with the light of day,
And brow so calm, a home for
Thought
Before he knows his dwelling wrought;
Not wise indeed thou seem'st, but
made
With joy and hope the wise to aid.

That shout proclaims the undoubting
mind ;

That laughter leaves no ache behind ;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unforc'd, unthought-of ecstasy,
How idly weak the proud endeavour
Thy soul and body's bliss to sever !
I hail thee, Childhood's very Sprite,
One voice and sense of true delight.

In spite of all foreboding sadness
Thou art a thing of present gladness ;
And thus to be enjoy'd and known
As is a pebbly fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's music through the
glade ;

Like odour, breeze, and sun thou art,
A gush from Nature's vernal heart.

And yet, dear Child, within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or
air,

Than all things sweet and all things
fair ;

For sweet and fair as aught may be,
A human promise dwells in thee,
And 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect Heart and Will of man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me
How greater far thou soon shalt be ;
And while amid thy blossoms breathes
A wind that waves the fragrant
wreaths,

In each faint rustling sound I hear
A mighty Spirit journeying near,
That dawns in every human birth—
A messenger of God to earth.

Alas ! well might that great poet
mourn to think " what man has made
of man ! " Think what man has made
of " children." Crabbe and Cowper
have, each in his own dark or delight-
ful way, described the moods of their
own minds, arising from the perusal
of a Newspaper. Neither of them has
excelled in forceful painting the writer
of *this*—nor Wordsworth's self, in his
Lyrical Ballads—though we say so
with the concluding lines of " Simon
Lee " in our heart.

" I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning ;
Alas ! the gratitude of man
Hath oftener left me mourning."

ON READING A NEWSPAPER.

Such deeds there be of grief and crime
That rise within the bounds of time,

At whose bad sound we well might
wonder

Heaven does not burst with yells of
thunder.

Whate'er in horrid glee is done,
When men exult for cities won,
When fiendish lust, and vengeful strife,
Are curdling up the heart of life ;
Or in the dim and silent nooks
On which no sunshine ever looks,
The cold hard selfishness that wears
Young spirits into grey despairs,
When custom, avarice, pride, destroy
All natural freedom, guiltless joy,
When some fair girl, compell'd to wed,
Mounts the rich graybeard's loath-
some bed ;

Or one as fair is made the prey
Of him who wooed but to betray,
And then is thrown in scorn away,
In death, or misery tenfold worse,
Learns Nature's dearest gifts to curse.
While he who slew her hopes, elate
Walks envied by, and mocks her fate.

Such too the sight, when I behold
The throng a Factory's walls enfold,
Where parents sell their children's
breath,

And youthful blood to long-drawn
death ;

And wealthy, honoured, spotless men.
Keep each, unblamed, his human den.
And make of infants' fevered screams
A strain to lull luxurious dreams.

'Tis worse to hear, as oft we can,
Some high-born, affluent, sated man,
Who vindicates his awful right,
Hung over thousands like a blight,
Affirming truths of holiest sense
With solemn tone of smooth pretence.

Till, turning with a sneer away,
At dice and bets he wastes the day.
And worst, perhaps, of all to see
The crowds who clamour to be free.
Poor, hungry, lewd, bewildered throng,
For good uncaring, mad with wrong,
Whose ulcer 'tis they ne'er were
taught

What all men need, what all men
ought,

While leaders, whom as gods they
hail,

Delude them with a drunken tale,
Proclaiming still the frantic vaunt
That Power—more Power—is all they
want.

To me such sights and sounds as these
Are worse than life's most sore dis-
ease ;

And I could pray to close mine eyes
On all that moves beneath the skies,

And rather than such visions, bless
 The gloomiest depths of nothingness.
 But something whispers still within—
 The dream is vain, the wish were sin ;
 'Tis worth a wise man's best of life,
 'Tis worth a thousand years of strife,
 If thou canst lessen but by one
 The countless ills beneath the sun.

Elliot! these lines will please thee
 —unsparing expurgator of the bloated
 body of vice! All that sin—all that
 wo—can it all be owing to—the Bread
 Tax? “Yea! Christopher, all the
 evils of the Factory System!” “Open
 the ports, Ebenezer, still greed will
 glut itself on its prey.” But we see
 frowning a face that we love best to
 look on when it sadly or somewhat
 sternly smiles—so turn with us, O
 Splendid Villager! to a clear pool in
 a verdant forest, and forgetting for a
 little while this work-day world, only
 to remember and behold it more faith-
 fully than before, gaze on the solitary
 maid and on her image—fair as one
 of thine own creations, when Love,
 unhaunted by Hate, bids Beauty bless
 thine eyes, and “sink like music” in
 thy heart.

THE TWO MIRRORS.

There is a silent pool, whose glass
 Reflects the lines of earth and sky ;
 The hues of heaven along it pass,
 And all the verdant forestry.

And in that shining downward view,
 Each cloud, and leaf, and little
 flower
 Grows 'mid a watery sphere anew,
 And doubly lives the summer hour.

Beside the brink, a lovely maid,
 Against a furrowed stem is leaning
 To watch the painted light and shade

That give the mirror form and
 meaning.

Her shape and cheek, her eyes and
 hair
 Have caught the splendour floating
 round ;
 She in herself embodies there
 All life that fills sky, lake, and
 ground.

And while her looks the crystal meets,
 Her own fair image seems to rise ;
 And, glass-like, too, her heart re-
 peats
 The world that there in vision lies.

In our day the Shepherd—Heaven
 bless his soul!—was the sweetest singer
 in the School of Fairy Poetry—as
 Tom Warton, we think, called it ;
 and “Kilmeny” will never die. Ro-
 mote in the Nowhere of Nature lies
 the Land of the Silent People—were
 the universe mapped as minutely as
 the small county of Clackmannan, you
 could not place your finger on it—
 were you to seem for a moment to see
 it, and for a moment to trust your
 eyes, that very moment you would
 lament the disappearance, and abuse
 the manufacturing town that in lieu
 thereof presented its cotton-mills.
 Oriental Fairy Fables are somewhat
 cold in their glitter—ours of the West
 —and of the West above and beyond
 all the beloved North—have warmth
 as well as light—not the warmth of
 human blood—the light of human life
 —but of some element mysteriously
 allied to both—rarified by Fancy,
 but not too thin to be breathed—by
 Fancy tempered, but not too fine to be
 felt by the human heart.

Yet there is neither cold nor glitter
 —there is both balm and beauty in

THE SPICE TREE.

The Spice Tree lives in the garden green,
 Beside it the fountain flows ;
 And a fair Bird sits the boughs between
 And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known
 Within the bounds of an earthly King—
 No lovelier skies have ever shone
 Than those that illumine its constant spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three,
 On each a thousand blossoms grow ;
 And old as aught of time can be,
 The root stands fast in the rock below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire
 The fount that builds a silvery dome,
 And flakes of purple and ruby fire
 Gush out and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white Bird of flaming crest
 And azure wings bedropt with gold,
 Has known for ages no pause of rest
 But sings the lament that he framed of old.

"O! Princess bright! how long the night!
 Since thou art sunk in the waters clear;
 How sadly they flow from the depth below,
 How long must I sing, and thou wilt not hear?"

"The waters play, and the flowers are gay,
 And the skies are sunny above;
 I would that all could fade and fall,
 And I too cease to mourn my love.

"O! many a year so wakeful and drear
 I have sorrowed and watched, beloved, for thee!
 But there comes no breath from the chambers of death,
 While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree."

The skies grow dark, and glare with red,
 The tree shakes off its spicy bloom,
 The waves of the fount in a black pool spread,
 And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the Bird with a long shrill cry
 Into the sable and angry flood,
 And the face of the pool, as he falls from high,
 Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount,
 Higher and higher the waters flow,
 In a glittering diamond arch they mount,
 And round it the colours of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound
 Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,
 And tones of music circle around,
 And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen
 Falls in dew on the grassy floor;
 Under the spice-tree the Garden's Queen
 Sits by her Lover, who wails no more.

We think so well of human nature, that we do not believe there is a single creature belonging to it, whose life "is calm and innocent," that does not daily experience gracious visitings worthy of being preserved in verse. Our most barren days produce something good, that is not still-born; nor can we praise that Father of the Church who said that "Hell is paved with good intentions"—read rather

bad actions. The best days of ordinary men bear fruit worth the gathering; and what a treasure would be a faithful journal, yet free from all trivial fond records, of the thoughts of them who daily reap

"The harvest of a quiet eye,
 That broods and sleeps on its own heart."

"Moods of *my own mind*" should be pronounced with that emphasis;

and here are the embodiments of a few out of many—peculiar and characteristic—though we never saw, and never may see the writer's face :—

IXION AND THE CENTAURS.

Ixion clasp'd a cloudy form,
And Heaven's high Queen in fancy woo'd ;
But when he saw the Centaur swarm,
Not such, he knew, were Here's brood :
In man's creative genial mood
How oft he dreams of heavenly joy !
But all his visionary good,
The following monster-births destroy.

EARTH AND AIR.

The dweller 'mid material pelf,
All touch, and wanting eye and ear
And longing heart, would build himself
A world without an atmosphere.

THE TWO OCEANS.

Two seas amid the night,
In the moonshine roll and sparkle,
Now spread in the silver light,
Now sadden, and wail, and dandle.

The one has a billowy motion,
And from land to land it gleams ;
The other is sleep's wide ocean,
And its glimmering waves are dreams.

The one with murmur and roar
Bears fleets round coast and islet ;
The other, without a shore,
Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.

THE DREAMS OF OCEAN.

Ocean, with no wind to stir it,
Sleeping dreams of tempest nigh,
And the sailor's boding spirit
Quakes within, he knows not why.

CARES AND DAYS.

To those who prattle of despair,
Some friend, methinks, might wisely say,
Each day, no question, has its care,
But also every care its day.

LEAVES AND SEED.

Leaves that strew the wintry chace,
Still the seeds ye warm and nourish ;
And in their succeeding race,
Ye anew will greenly flourish.

THE SPINNER.

With my babe beside me sleeping,
Quick my thrifty wheel I ply :
Would the thread I spin with weeping
Were his tearless destiny.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Thou, who long hast dug the soil !
Time has longer delved at thee :
May the harvest of his toil
Surer than thy harvest be.

THE BEGGAR.

Beggar, he by whose commands
Alms with scorn to thee are given,
Knows not that all being stands
But to have its dole from heaven.

THE SOLITARY.

Lonely pilgrim, through a sphere,
Where thou only art alone,
Still thou hast thyself to fear,
And can'st hope for help from none.

THE WORTH OF LIFE.

A happy lot must sure be his,
The lord, not slave, of things,
Who values life by what it is,
And not by what it brings.

EYES AND STARS.

It never was my lot to see
The eyes whose beams illumine the eve ;
But eyes I know, well worth to me
The stars that can such feats achieve.

NIGHT AND DAWN.

Bright are the dreams of the sleeping Night,
Though she ne'er can paint their forms in air ;
She dreams of the many-coloured light,
Of golden towers and phantoms fair.

Whole hours she broods with long-ing eyes,
And at last the sky begins to glow ;
But Night, in the moment of triumph,
dies,
And bequeaths to Morning the lovely show.

Pomposo never reads Magazine poetry—nor, we presume, ever looks at a field or wayside flower. He studies only the standard authors. He walks only in gardens with high brick walls—and then admires only at a hint

from the head-gardener. Pomposo does not know that many of the finest poems of our day first appeared in magazines—or, worse still, in newspapers—and that in our periodicals, daily and weekly, equally with the monthlies and quarterlies, is to be found the best criticism of poetry any where extant, superior far, in that unpretending form, to nine-tenths of the learned lucubrations of Germany—though many of the rest are good, and some excellent, almost as the heart could desire. What is the circulation even of a popular volume of verses—if any such there be—to that of a number of *Maga*? Hundreds of thousands, at home, peruse it before it is a week old—as many abroad ere the moon has thrice renewed her horns; and the series ceases not—regular as the seasons that make up the perfect year. Our periodical literature—say of it what you will—gives light to the heads and heat to the hearts of twenty-four millions of living souls. The greatest and best

men of the age have not disdained to belong to the brotherhood;—and thus the hovel holds what must not be missing in the hall—the furniture of the cot is the same as that of the palace—and duke and ditcher read their lessons from the same page.

“Milk for babes, strong meat for men;” and on the road of life, often as laborious and wearisome, and more discouraging, down as up-hill work—here is *viaticum* for the wallet of the wayfarer, which he may eat by the wayside well. As good men as the Pedlar in the Excursion have carried a wallet—but we spoke figuratively, and meant nothing personal to the said Pedlar, the Solitary, or the Recluse. The truth is, we had Ourselves in our eye, and many a mile have we trudged in our time on a crust; but we think we see now near about the end of our journey.

Fit reading, too, for the student's bower:—

SCEPTICS AND SPECTRES.

Lean Sceptic, hating spectres, white, or sable,
Thou bidd'st all phantoms from thy world depart,
Perhaps in fear lest they may turn the table,
And thou be seen the spectral thing thou art.

Or, as existence all is mist and dreams
To one whom nothing real moves, or warms,
Thou dread'st perhaps lest ghostly shapes may seem
The mocking copies of thy life's vain forms.

Do I then credit ghosts?—I well believe
The spirit of the past for ever lives;
The dull, dead eye its night-mare masks deceive;
Fresh life to living eyes its vital presence gives.

A BOOK.

What is a book? It is a thought impressed
In signs that speak alike man's worst and best.
From the true heart, and kindling reason born,
It shines one beam of the Eternal Morn.
But, else, a shape not live enough to die,
A devil's mocking dream, a lie-begetting lie.

THE CLOUD EMBRACER AND THE CLOUD COMPELLER.

Thou brain-sick dreamer in a world of dream
Where nothing solid braves the windy shock,
Thy fancy needs to learn that Jove Supreme
Compels the clouds, but sits upon a rock.

THE OAK OF JUDAH.

How slowly ripen Powers ordain'd to last!
The old may die, but must have lived before;

So Moses in the Vale an acorn cast,
And Christ arose beneath the tree it bore.

THE RULE OF ACTION.

In silence mend what ills deform thy mind ;
But all thy good impart to all thy kind.

CANT.

O! sacred Cant ! how canting men declaim,
As if thou wert but emptiness and shame !
In thee the image of all truth we trace,
As in a mask the copy of a face ;
And earth is fixed thy proper home to be,
For Heaven's too good, and Hell too bad for thee.
The heart that Cants not, for all hope unfit,
Rejects the name of aught more pure than it ;
And he who dreads his own life-withering scoff
Must realize his Cant, not cast it off.

APES AND EAGLES.

The crowd to him their fondest deference pay,
Who knows not much, yet something more than they,
But watch with vague dislike and jealous awe,
The hearts that mounting spurn the vulgar law.
Thus Apes obey the Ape who climbs a height,
But mock and chatter at the Eagle's flight.

THE DESTROYERS.

Those foes of truth, they joke, and dig, and mine,—
The mighty tree they soon will overthrow !
Nay fear not, friend, though hosts their toil combine,
They move the earth, and help the tree to grow.

THE POWER OF WORDS.

O! mighty Words, in wise men's mouths ye raise
The earth towards heaven on nearer stars to gaze ;
From flameless lips ye conjure down the skies
To hang with deadly weight, and crush our eyes.

STEAM LAND.

There is an engine, huge and dark,
That mutters, while it heaves and strains,
" I think profoundly ! Don't you mark
How strongly work my metal brains ?

" My wheels are Truths, my piston Duty,
I'm bedded deep on Faith's foundation ;
My polish is the light of Beauty,
My smoke is weird Imagination."

I watched and longed, my fancy puzzling,
What marvel from such power should issue,
When lo ! a piece of printed muslin,
Like any vulgar engine's tissue.

This wonder broke my soul's sedateness,
When hoarse the Thing exclaimed in rage,
" Fool ! I am England's modern greatness,
And this thin woof's her noblest page."

ATLAS AND JOVE.

How many giants each in turn have sought
To bear the world upon their shoulders wide,

King, conqueror, priest, and he whose work is thought ;
 And all in turn have sunk outworn, and died.
 And yet the world is never felt to move,
 Because it hangs suspended from above.

SEEKING AND DOING.

We stood upon the mountain's open side
 And saw the plain below expanded wide,
 Cut through with channelled roads, in which a throng
 Of travellers journeyed on with shout and song.

My friend exclaimed,—“ How narrow are the ways
 By many trod, with banks that cramp the gaze !
 On this fair mountain free we stand, and view
 The several pathways that the crowd pursue.”

“ True, friend,” I answered, “ yet we but behold,
 While others move on journeys manifold.
 Our eyes indeed are free, but we are chained
 By Pride that keeps us on this height detained.
 If we would seek an end, and journey to it,
 Through those deep roads below we must pursue it.”

THE PART AND THE WHOLE.

If Death seem hanging o'er thy separate soul,
 Discern thyself as part of life's great Whole ;
 But if the world is all in semblance dead,
 From wells within new life around thee spread.

THE SILKLESS WORM.

The silk-worm weaves itself a silken tomb ;
 Thy shroud, thou idler, tasks another's loom.

THE ASTRONOMER.

Astronomer ! thy mind I covet not,
 That makes the universe one heavenless spot ;
 But thou, true Sage, for ever honour'd be,
 Who still believ'st a heaven thou canst not see.

THE DESERT'S USE.

Why wakes not Life the desert bare and lone ?
 To show what all would be if she were gone.

POMPEII.

The burning cone that pours its ashes down,
 Turning to tombs field, garden, palace, town,
 Buries even graves. How strange ! a buried grave !
 Death cannot from more death its own dead empire save.

THE BOUND OF THE WHEEL.

The miller feeds the mill, the mill the miller ;
 So death feeds life, and life too feeds its killer.

CALM AND STORM.

The stormy blast is strong, but mightier still
 The calm that binds the storm beneath its peaceful will.

SMILES.

The childish smile is fair, but lovelier far
 The smiles which tell of griefs that now no longer are.

Now, dearly beloved, do not all set yourselves down to compose "Thoughts in Verse" for *Maga* after the fashion of our New Contributor. We must insist on your being originals. Imitate, copy, what you will, in sympathetic admiration of him or Thuddy Jones, but we must not have either caricatured within our cover; therefore seek admittance into some rival journal. *Rival* indeed! The idea is preposterous. Not that our New Contributor himself was without models to work by—German poetry is rich in such ruminations, and so is our old English poetry, as in every thing else that is good, but no modern writer among us that we know of has presented the public with

such specimens of a style of thought and execution, in which success may not seem of very difficult achievement—*till you try*. But we beseech you again don't try, for the most sensible people are seldom aware of their failures, provided they have not stuck fast in the mud altogether, but have managed, somehow or other, to flounder through; and nothing in prose or verse was ever yet worth a wisp to rub down the writer with, produced in "a fit of sympathetic admiration." With even more fervent earnestness, we implore all young men of literary propensities to beware being bitten by any of the following Eleven Triads:—

TRIAD I.

Three Furies are there, Fear, Remorse, and Hate,
That vex with iron hands our mortal state,
Yet are they guardians of a heavenly gate.

TRIAD II.

Three Graces are our stars, Love, Beauty, Truth,
Primeval sisters, bright in endless youth,
That cheer man's slavish toils with Peace and Ruth.

TRIAD III.

Young Abel lies a wreck in childless death;
Cain withers in his own envenom'd breath;
Yet hopeful Eve is yearning still for Seth.

TRIAD IV.

Faith, Hope, and Love together work in gloom;
What Faith believes, Hope shapes in form and bloom,
And Love sends forth to daylight from the tomb.

TRIAD V.

To hide the life of man in leprous crust,
Three Gorgons are there, bred from Hell's dark lust,
Potent of death,—Despair, Self-scorn, Distrust.

TRIAD VI.

The Rain that wets the summer leaves,
The Beam that dries, the Wind that heaves,
Each gives a charm, and each receives.

TRIAD VII.

Three Destinies are throned o'er all supreme,
Life, Death, and Growth. Wide shapes of cloud they seem
Yet rule each starry age, and moment's dream.

TRIAD VIII.

Thought, Feeling, Will,—by these myself I know
Not some thin vision's transitory show,
Not slave, but subject of all joy and wo.

TRIAD IX.

Three Nations are there in the world of old
Who from their graves all earth's dominion hold,
The Jew devout, wise Greek, and Roman bold.

TRIAD X.

Three growths from seeds without man's call appear,
Grain, Flower, and Tree: one gives his body's cheer;
One decks his bride; one yields his roof and bier.

TRIAD XI.

Prose, Song, and Gabble are three modes of speech,
The only ones on earth for all and each,
Sense, Essence, Nonsense, as they can, to teach.

All the beauty and sublimity on earth—over the Four Quarters of the World—is not worth a straw if valued against a good harvest. An average crop is satisfactory; but a crop that soars high above an average—a golden year of golden ears—sends joy into the heart of heaven. No prating now of the degeneracy of the potato. We can sing now with our single voice, like a numerous chorus, of

“Potatoes drest both ways, both roasted and boiled;”

Sixty bolls to the acre on a field of our own of twenty acres—mealier than any meal—Perth reds—to the hue on whose cheeks dull was that on the face of the Fair Maid of Perth, when she blushed to confess to Burn-y-win' that hand-over-hip he had struck the iron when it was hot, and that she was no more the Glover's. O bright are potato blooms!—O green are potato-shaws!—O yellow are potato plums! But how oft are blighted summer hopes and broken summer promises! Spare not the shaw—heap high the mounds—that damp nor frost may dim a single eye—so that all winter through poor men may prosper, and spring see settings of such prolific vigour, that they shall yield a thousandfold—and the sound of rumble-te-thumps be heard all over the land. Nay—don't look so glum at our gaiety—our fun has been found fault with as vulgar and uproarious—now, dry humour we can understand, though we prefer wet—but elegant still fun “saw we never none”—so let girls giggle with us and boys guffaw.

Hush—hear the Husbandman.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Earth, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;

He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty,
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and winevat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives,
These are Nature's ancient pleasures,
Which her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to rise?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
'Tis from it we see the skies.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

We could write a commentary on these stanzas somewhat better worth ink than our prefatory “daffin;” but we hear the hunter's horn and hollo—the Boatswain's whistle—and the Seaman's yo! heave! O!

THE HUNTER.

Merrily winds the hunter's horn,
And loud the ban of dogs replying,
When before the shout of the fleet-foot morn,
The shadows of night are flying.

Sullen the boar in the deep green wood,
And proud the stag that roams the forest,
And noble the steed with his warlike blood,
That exults when the toil is sorest.

Fair is the land of hill and plain,
And lonely dells in misty mountains ;
And the crags where eagles in tempest reign,
And glittering lakes and fountains.

These are the joys that hunters find,
Whate'er the sky that's bending o'er them,
When they leave their cares on their beds behind,
And earth is all fresh before them.

Day ever chases away the night,
And wind pursues the waves of ocean,
And the stars are brother-like hunters bright,
And all is in ceaseless motion.

Life is a chase, and so 'tis joy,
And hope foretells the hunter's morrow;
'Tis the skill of man and the bliss of boy
To gallop away from sorrow.

THE MARINERS.

Raise we the yard and ply the oar,
The breeze is calling us swift away ;
The waters are breaking in foam on the shore ;
Our boat no more can stay, can stay.

When the blast flies fast in the clouds on high,
And billows are roaring loud below,
The boatman's song, in the stormy sky,
Still dares the gale to blow, to blow.

The timber that frames his faithful boat,
Was dandled in storms on the mountain peaks,
And in storms, with a bounding keel, 'twill float,
And laugh when the sea-fiend shrieks, and shrieks

And then in the calm and glistening nights,
We have tales of wonder, and joy, and fear,
And deeds of the powerful ocean sprites,
With which our hearts we cheer, we cheer.

For often the dauntless mariner knows
That he must sink to the land beneath,
Where the diamond on trees of coral grows,
In the emerald halls of Death, of Death.

Onward we sweep through smooth and storm ;
We are voyagers all in shine or gloom ;
And the dreamer who skulks by his chimney warm,
Drifts in his sleep to doom, to doom.

These are not Hunters' and Seamen's songs—nor are they, we suspect, songs at all—or if they be, they are songs not to be set to music, and above all things in this world, not to be sung. We have heard crisp critics chirp and chatter in ridicule of Dramas not intended by the author for representation in any "Wooden O." Why so witty? The "great globe itself" is not in Drury Lane, nor yet in Covent Garden; nor, except in Shakspeare's sense, are "all the men and women merely players," that it inhabit; and grand Dramas were acted, in strict accordance with the etymological meaning of the word, before the cart of Theſpis. The acted Drama—rather a tautological expression—preceded the written;—for men lived for some ages without letters, and Adam and Eve were not idle—even in Paradise; but the written Drama—intended not to be acted on a stage, before pit, boxes, and galleries—is, or may be, a much more natural and adequate representation of what it means to represent, namely, human life in action, than any thing ever brought on the boards. As for songs and singing, and indeed music in general, they are to us a puzzle; and how they arose we cannot form a conjecture. People nowadays do dance and sing, after a fashion, on hearing unexpected good news, out of all measure; but then they do so because it is the custom of the country, and are at once animated and guided by precedent; and the origin of all such unseemly vagaries lies shrouded in mystery. Art has lost sight of nature. A man, under the instigation and tuition of nature, would dance like a bear, for Bruin, when moved, sports biped; so, "with a difference," would a woman.

But think of Vestris or Taglioni! A written dance intended not to be danced is therefore no absurdity; for it may be either an imitation, with variations, of natural dancing, like a bear's, and therefore unfit for serious Opera; or in the style of Heberlè, and, therefore, though captivating, what never could have been approved of nor understood by Eve. Besides, a written dance—that is, a dance on paper, may beat Bruin blind, even with a pole in his paws; and it may transcend even the toes of Taglioni, with all the advantage to boot of a spring-board. A song, again, written to be sung, seems a strange thing indeed; for natural singing, whether glad or sad, disdains words with any definite meaning; the natural singing of a man being in that respect the same as that of a bird. Only the music then is natural, though that cannot well be said of the music to which words now are set—and as for the words, if you call them natural, we are willing to give up at once the argument and the ghost. The only natural sort of song is, therefore, manifestly a song written not to be sung—like "The Mariners" and "The Hunter" given above; and we beg to add, "Ye Mariners of England," "The Battle of Hohenlinden," and "The Battle of the Baltic," which to sing is sacrilege, but to chant—as we do—sufficient to make the coward

"Start up a hero from the patriot strain."

We acknowledge that we have not exhausted the subject, and that song-singing is defensible on other grounds; but listen to us, we pray you, while we chant or *croom* this beautiful ballad.

THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

Low spake the Knight to the peasant maid,
"O! be not thus of my suit afraid!
Fly with me from this garden small,
And thou shalt sit in my castle-hall.

"Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,
Joys beyond thy fancy's measure;
Here, with my sword and horse I stand,
To bear thee away to my distant land.

"Take, thou fairest! this full-blown rose,
A token of love that as ripely blows."
With his glove of steel he plucked the token,
And it fell from the gauntlet crush'd and broken.

The maiden exclaimed—"Thou see'st, Sir Knight,
Thy fingers of iron can only smite;
And, like the rose thou hast torn and scatter'd,
I in thy grasp should be wreck'd and shatter'd."

She trembled and blush'd, and her glances fell;
But she turn'd from the Knight, and said, "farewell:"
"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize,
I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,
And he mounted and spurred with fiery heel;
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,
Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
But swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped;
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot horse,
Was the living man, and the woman's corse,

That morning the rose was bright of hue;
That morning the maiden was sweet to view;
But the evening sun its beauty shed
On the withered leaves and the maiden dead.

Sir Walter would have liked that; for 'tis quite in the spirit of many fine things in Percy's Reliques, and in the Minstrelsy of the Border. It smacks of the olden time—and that is sufficient; it has enough of a modern air to show that the writer was not too intent on the imitation of his models—and that too is the charm of Sir Walter's ballads; the Lays indeed of the last Minstrel.

The following is a finer ballad; a ballad it surely is, though hardly so either in measure or in diction; but the feeling throughout is such as pervades the true antique heroic ballad; the Lady's Offer—perhaps an historical fact, is nobly illustrative of the spirit of such an age, and the triumphant close stirs like the sound of a trumpet.

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

The Leaguer round the castle wall
Had oft beheld its bravest fall,
While week on week went by;
Nor fraud nor onset aught availed;
Those walls of granite never quailed,
Those men were sworn to die.

The castle's Lord was far away,
But still its Lady roused the fray,
Steel heart in lovely breast!
And many a fiery rush was vain,
And spent the arrows' piercing rain
Against that rocky crest.

But sickness came, and biting need,

That tames the forward spirit's deed,
And slacks the strongest hand.
With hollow looks their foes they
eyed,
And wasted limbs were nerv'd by
pride,
That scarce could wield the brand.

One night the moon was hid in cloud,
The mountain-wind was speaking loud,
The sky was drear and chill,
When sudden word went round the
towers,
That all must join with banded powers
And charge adown the hill.

Then trembling hands and fainting
hearts,
And souls that only woke by starts,
Were scared and droop'd away.
The banner hung a powerless rag,
'Mid men who oft around that flag
Had drench'd in blood the clay.

Upon his lonely watch there stood
An aged man of sullen mood,
But known in many a fight,—
Old Mark the Graybeard, deeply
scarr'd
With wounds that much his face had
marr'd,
Yet strong with ling'ring might.

To him the Lady gliding came,
A pale and solitary dame,
And spake with glancing eyes—
"Thou know'st, my friend, our need so
sore,

Thou know'st all other hope is o'er,
Except what Will supplies.

"Thou stand the first, and lift thy
sword ;

Two hundred men will own thy word
And rush upon the foe."

Stern Mark replied, "My cravings
speak

As clear as thou, but I am weak ;

By Heaven ! I will not go !"

A moment's pause, a passing thought
Deep change upon her spirit wrought,
Though crossed by fear and shame ;
And soon with downcast eye she
said,—

"Then I alone must give thee aid ;

May God forgive the blame !

"Thou lov'st my son, my only child,
Who oft upon thy arms has smiled,
And watched thy plume go by :

My breast now scarce can yield him
food,

For I have none to cheer my blood ;
But thou shalt drain it dry."

The soldier on the lady gazed,
And shook with awe ;—his sword he
raised,

And swiftly turned away.

With tramp of strength, and battle-
cry,

He drew the band beneath his eye,
And hurrying sought the fray.

Before that charge of pale despair,
The lusty hosts collected there
Were torn, and dashed, and driven ;
And sweeping up the valley came,
With lances fixed and torches' flame,
The Chief restored by Heaven.

Between those double powers hem-
med in,

The foes were crushed with shrieks
and din,

And trampled down to gore.

Amid them Mark was pierced, and
fell,

While loud the trumpet rang to tell
His slayers lived no more.

In other years that noble boy,
His sire and mother's only joy,
The tale by her was told ;
For life the sword of Mark he wore,
And when he died, his tombstone bore
The blade in shrine of gold.

Burke's book about the French Re-
volution is the greatest Prose Work,

out of all sight—since when? Ay!
name its equal. It is Truth. But
who of mortal kind, if not inspired di-
rectly from Heaven, ever spoke the
Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing
but the Truth, respecting any one era
of this world's destiny, any one chap-
ter in the history of the fate of man?
Destiny! Fate! Dark words and
dreadful—yet may the Christian use
them—for the mystery they denote is
not cleared up by Revelation—and
finite intelligence strives to take
refuge from terrors unendurable and
not to be overcome, in any creed
that seems to afford any shelter,
though it hears God Himself driving
it forth in thunder, or drawing it with
"a still small voice" within the sha-
dow of His love. That what was
written might be fulfilled! That is—
decreed—announced—come to pass.
Of all human agencies man may
speak, so far as they can be known to
him ; how far that may be in the case
of whole nations, let him think who
has all his life-long been baffled in the
attempt to know one individual—
himself! Thomas Carlyle seems to
care little for Edmund Burke, but
Christopher North cares much for
Thomas Carlyle. We must speak our
erelong on "The French Revolution,
a History in three volumes." He as-
sumes as facts, somewhat too scornful-
ly, the ignorance and incapacity of all
other historians, somewhat too haughti-
ly his own knowledge and his own
power. Many terrible truths he utters,
but the terror assuredly lies not in their
being new to this generation ; while he
paints pictures of many "an ugly
customer," as if they had been among
his familiars, and he had been hand
and glove with the men of blood.
Nor murderer nor murdered comes
amiss to this critic of pure reason.
He understands *intus et in cute* each
cut-throat as he tramps by on his voca-
tion with tucked-up shirt-sleeves, and
looks after him with a philosophic
smile. Danton is one of his darlings,
chiefly on account of his huge bulk,
vast voice, hideous aspect, and prodig-
ious *tout ensemble* ; Mirabeau, whom
he knows better, he is never weary of
describing, by his physical qualities,
and stands with open mouth and up-
lifted palms, "wondering, and of his
wonder finds no end," at that black
bushy fell of hair. Now, here are
two sets of stanzas, which we venture
to prefer to all he has written about

the same personages in his portentous prose—prose that may defy the world. The one set are simple, the other elaborate, but both effective; and our excellent Carlisle must admit that our New Contributor, and Christopher too, knows Louis XV., and what is more, Mirabeau, every whit as well as himself, without either of us making as much fuss about the matter as if we had found a mare's nest, with a brood of foals just chipping the shell.

LOUIS XV.

The King with all the kingly train had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood the royal beasts of chase to find.
That day by chance the Monarch mused, and turning suddenly away,
He struck alone into a path that far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play upon the brown untrodden earth;
He saw the birds around him flit as if he were of peasant birth;
He saw the trees that know no king but him who bears a woodland axe;
He thought not, but he looked about like one who still in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell, and glad of human sound was he,
For truth to say he found himself but melancholy company;
But that which he would ne'er have guessed, before him now most plainly came;
The man upon his weary back a coffin bore of rudest frame.

"Why, who art thou?" exclaimed the King, "and what is that I see thee bear?"
"I am a labourer in the wood, and tis a coffin for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting lodge you may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again, and I for him must dig the soil."

The labourer ne'er had seen the King, and this he thought was but a man,
Who made at first a moment's pause, and then anew his talk began;
"I think I do remember now,—he had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his sturdy arm with wondrous strokes the pick-axe ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident can thus have killed our good Pierre?"
"O! nothing more than usual, sir, he died of living upon air.
'Twas hunger killed the poor good man, who long on empty hopes relied;
He could not pay *Gabelle* and tax and feed his children, so he died."

The man stopped short, and then went on—"It is, you know, a common story,
Our children's food is eaten up by courtiers, mistresses, and glory."
The King looked hard upon the man, and afterwards the coffin eyed,
Then spurred to ask of Pompadour, how came it that the peasants died?

MIRABEAU.

Not oft before has peopled Earth sent up so deep and wide a groan,
As when the word swept over France—"the life of Mirabeau is flown!"
From its one heart a nation wail'd, for well the startled sense divined
A greater power had fled away than aught that now remain'd behind.

The scathed and haggard face, and look so bright and strong with swordlike thought,
Had been to many a million hearts the All between themselves and naught;
And so they stood aghast and pale, as if they saw the azure sky
Come shattering down, and show beyond the black and bare Infinity.

For he, while all men peer'd and gazed upon the Future's empty space,
Had strength to bid above the void the oracle unveil its face;
And when his voice could rule no more, a thicker weight of darkness fell,
And tomb'd in its sepulchral vault the wearied master of the spell.

A myriad hands like shadows weak, or stiff and sharp as bestial claws,
Had sought to steer the fluctuant mass that bore his country's life and laws;

The rudder felt his giant hand, and quailed beneath the living grasp
That now must drop the helm of Fate, nor pleasure's cup can madly clasp.

France did not feck how fierce a storm of rending passion blind and grim
Had ceased its audible uproar when death sank heavily on him ;
Nor heeded they the countless hours of toiling smoke and blasting flame,
That now by this one final hour were summ'd for him as guilt and shame.

The wondrous life that flow'd so long a stream of all commixtures vile,
Had seem'd for them in morning light with gold and crystal waves to smile.
It roll'd with mighty breadth and sound a new creation through the land,
Then sudden vanish'd into earth, and left a barren waste of sand.

The world at first to them appeared aground, and lying shipwrecked there,
And freedom's folded flag no more with dazzling sun-burst filled the air ;
But 'tis in after years for men a sadder and a greater thing,
To muse upon the inward heart of him who lived the People's King.

O ! wasted strength ! O ! light and calm, and better hopes so vainly given !
Like rain upon the herbless sea poured down by too benignant heaven—
We see not stars like clouds betossed, and crash in aimless thunder peals,
But man's large soul, the star supreme, in guideless whirl how oft it reels.

The mountain hears the torrent dash, but rocks will not like water run ;
No eagle's talons rend away those eyes that joyous drink the sun ;
Yet Man, by choice and purpose weak, upon his own devoted head
Calls down the flash, as if its fires a crown of peaceful glory shed.

Alas !—yet wherefore mourn ? The law is holier than a sage's prayer ;
The godlike power bestowed on men demands of them a godlike care ;
And noblest gifts, if basely used, will sternliest avenge the wrong,
And grind with slavish pangs the slave whom once they made divinely strong.

The lamp that, 'mid the sacred cell, on heavenly forms its glory sheds,
Untended dies, and in the gloom a poisonous vapour glimmering spreads.
It shines and flares, and reeling ghosts enormous through the twilight swell,
Till o'er the withered world and heart rings loud and slow the dooming knell.

No more I hear a nation's shout around the hero's tread prevailing,
No more I hear above his tomb a nation's fierce bewildered wailing ;
I stand amid the silent night, and think of man and all his wo,
With fear and pity, grief and awe, when I remember Mirabeau.

We are all given to self-glorification, private men and public, individuals and nations ; and every one era has been prouder than another of its achievements, from that of Babel to that of Bentham. To hear the Present Generation speak, an elderly gentleman like us wonders where and when can have happened the accident of our birth. We seem to trace it back to a remote antiquity ; and remembering to have read in Sir Richard, that

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his sire had won,"

we begin shrewdly to suspect that we may be that very naked Pict, who, on the loss of that very painted vest,

had prudently absconded from the field, and after many centuries of retirement in "a cave on some wild distant shore," reappeared, rather late in the day, and still in a state of nudity, in the open air—a Pech among Giants. We have had serious thoughts of an exhibition ; but so many millions of this Six Foot Club of a generation have seen us *gratis*, that, though naturally sanguine, we could not hope to be enabled to purchase a comfortable annuity with the proceeds. Dwarfs are said seldom to die—in our case never ; and we live on, through all the changes of the Old World and the New, in an infinite series of lodgings like the least of all possible St Leons—the wee, wee wandering Jew.

But will this Present Generation—

this Race of Giants—have the goodness to tell us when it first saw the light? In what Anno-Mund was it breeched? In what Anno-Christ did it discharge its daidley? In what Anno-Diabol came it of age? It is but a yokel of yesterday—at the farthest, a Johnny Raw of Friday was a week. It claims no inspiration from Heaven, which indeed it does not patronise; the wisdom of its ancestors it treats with contempt,

"And the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

Pigmy as we are, we plead guilty to the prejudices of pigmy; but without any wish to add an inch to our stature, for which there is no necessity—and without standing on tiptoe, we give the Present Generation a slap on the cheek, and crying emphatically "take that, thou great baby, from Maga!" shoulder the crutch.

We offer to back the Past Generation against the Present Generation—at any feat the Present Generation chooses—and give the long odds. At poetry! Well, then, at poetry. We bring to the scratch, as the champions on our side, Beattie, Cowper, Crabbe, Rogers, Bowles, Burns, Baillie, Campbell, Grahame, Montgomery, Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hogg, Cunningham, Bloomfield, "and the Rest."

"All with waistcoats of red, and breeches of blue,
And mighty long Tails that come swinging through."

And lo! at sight of the cavalcade—for each poet is on his Pegasus—the champions of the Present Generation—riding in corduroy kilts and top-boots on animals which

"Well we know, but dare not tell," wheel to the right about, and with "one dismal universal bray," take up a position in the rear, while the Present Generation, panic-stricken, would fain bring the affair to a wrangle, and insists on drawing the stakes.

"O! the great goodness of the knights of old,"

the Heroes of the Past Generation. Exceeding Happiness to have been born among such Births—to have lived among such Lives—to die among such Deaths—to be buried among such Graves!

O! great glory to have seen such

stars rising, one after another, large and lustrous—at times, when dilated with delight, more like moons than stars—storm-proof in their radiant calm—like angels hovering over the earth they loved, though seeming so high up in heaven!

To whom now may the young enthusiast turn, as to Beings of the same kind, but of an higher order, and therefore with a love that fears no sin in his soul's idolatry—hymning their praise in strains inspired by the genius he adores, and elevated by looking humbly upwards, waxing great even in that act of worship?

The young enthusiast, alas! must turn not to the living but to the dead. The dead know not of his love, and he can hold no communion with the grave. But great poets never die—immortal in their works, the library is the world of spirits—there they dwell, the same they were in the flesh when most by meditation cleansed and purified—yet with some holy change, it seems—not in them but in us, for we are stilled by the stillness, and attribute something supernatural to the Living Dead.

The tide of thought is flowing in with bold, bright, beautiful billows along the shell-strewn shores of our memory, but we may not indulge the dream.—Here, lying on the Board of Green Cloth, is a Poem by our New Contributor with the title of "Joan D'Arc." Forty years ago we were startled by the name of Southey—and our heart leaped up at the first line of his First Great Poem,

"There was high feasting held at Vaucouleur;"

and yet higher it swelled within us at entrance of the Maid—

"I can deliver France!"

Then came Thalaba, and Madoc, and Kehama, and Roderick—and thick now the unblasted laurels are rustling round his head. With benignant eyes, "O! Thou with surpassing glory crowned," regard this Lay of one who, well we know, honours thy genius and venerates thy virtues.

JOAN D'ARC.

Many a lucent star sublime
In the vault of earthly time;
Many a deed, and name, and face
Is a lamp of heavenly grace,
And, to us that walk beneath,
Cheers with hope the vale of Death.
Lo! the great aerial host

Whom our bodily eyes have lost,
To the spirit reappear
With their glory shining here :
Bearded saints from holy cell ;
Warriors who for Duty fell ;
Thoughtful devotees, in youth
Spell-bound by a glance of Truth,
And to whom all else has been
But a thin and changeful scene ;
All to whom the many shows
That the years of earth disclose,
Are but gleams, for moments given,
Of an ever-present heaven.

High amid the dead who give
Better life to those that live,
See where shines the Peasant Maid,
In her hallowed mail arrayed,
Whom the Lord of Peace and War
Sent as on a flaming car
From her father's fold afar.
Her's the calm supernal faith,
Braving ghastliest looks of death ;
For, O ! loveliest woodland flower,
Ever bruised in stormiest hour !
Guardian saints have nerved thy soul
Battling nations to control ;
And the vision-gifted eye,
That, communing with the sky,
Sank when human steps were nigh,
Now, in face of fiend and man,
Must the camp and city scan,
And lead on the rushing van.

Pause not, gentle Maiden, now !
Awful hands have marked thy brow ;
And, in lonely hours of prayer,
'Mid the leafy forest air,
Boundless Powers, Eternal eyes,
Looks that made old prophets rise,
Have inspired thy solitude
With a rapt, heroic mood,
And have taught thy humble weakness
All the strength that dwells in meek-
ness ;

And with how devouring sway,
Right, oppressed by long delay,
Bursts out in a judgment-day.
Thus thy heart is high and strong,
Swelling like cherubic song,
For thou art so low and small,
It must be the Lord of All
Who can thus a world appal.
Race and country, daily speech,
That makes each man dear to each,
Friends and home, and love of mother,
Grandsire's grave, and slaughter'd
brother,
Fields familiar, native sky,
Voices these that on thee cry ;
Winds pursue with vocal might,
Stars will not be dumb by night,
And the dry leaf on the ground

Has a tongue of pealing sound,
Loud from God commanding thee,
Go, and set thy nation free !

Battle's blast is fiercely blowing,
Clarions sounding, coursers bounding,
Pennons o'er the tumult flowing,
Host on host the eye astounding,
Wave on wave that sea confounding,
And in headlong fury going,
Mounted kingdoms wildly dashing
Lance to lance, and steed to steed ;
Now must haughtiest champions bleed,
And a myriad swords are flashing,
Loud on shield and helmet clashing ;
Ne'er had Ruin nobler spoil
On earth's broad and bloody soil.
As the storms a forest crushing,
Oaks of thousand winters grin d,
So the iron whirl is rushing,
Shouts before and groans behind.
Still amid the dead and dying
All in shattered ridges lying,
Pride, Revenge, and youthful Daring,
And their Cause and Country's Name,
Drive them on with sweep unpar-
ing,—

Nought for life, and all for fame !
Still above the surge of battle
Breathes the trump its fatal gale,
And the hollow tambours rattle
Chorus to the deadly gale.
Still is Joan the first in glory,
Still she sways the maddening fight,
Filling all the crowded story
With an unimagined might.
Squadrons furious close around her,
Still her blade is waving free ;
Sword nor lance avails to wound her,
Terror of a host is she.
Heavenly Guardian, maiden Wonder !
Long shall France resound the day,
When thou camest clad in thunder,
Blasting thy tremendous way.
Yet, who closer marked the face
That o'er-ruled the battle-place,
Much had marvelled to discern
Looks concentrated, calm, and stern.
For no flush of hot ambition
Stained her soul's unearthly mission.
Raging hate, and stubborn pride,
Warlike cunning, life-long tried,
Low before that presence died.
For within her saintless heart
Nought of these had found a part.
God had willed the land to free ;
Handmaiden of God was she.
Ne'er so smooth a brow before,
Battle's darkening ensign wore ;
And 'twas still the gentle eye
Went when evening veiled the sky.
In the whispering shade to see
Angels haunt the lonely tree.

Loud o'er Orlean's rampart swells
 Music from her steeple bells,
 Loud to France the triumph tells ;
 And the vehement trumpets blending,
 With the shouts to heaven ascending,
 Hail the maid whom seraphs bless,
 Consecrated Championess !
 Sound from heart to heart that tingles,
 Echoing on without a pause ;
 While her name like sunshine mingles
 With each breath a nation draws.
 All the land, with joy on fire,
 Blazes round the festal march,
 Till they meet the priestly choir
 Under Rheims' cathedral arch.
 Ancient towers, and cloisters hoary,
 Gleam and thrill above the king ;
 Beauteous rite and blazoned story,
 On his crown their lustre fling,
 With an old resurgent glory,
 Laws and Freedom hallowing.
 Therefore, Baron, Count, and Peer,
 Priest and Dame no more in fear,
 All assemble wondering here ;
 And a sea of common men,
 Feasting all with greedy ken,
 Now behold, in pomp appear,
 Smiling, not without a tear,
 Joan, the dearest sight to see,
 First of all the chivalry,
 Bearing low her bannered spear.

Dizzy with their full delight,
 All disperse ere comes the night.
 Charles and all his train are met,
 Revelling in royal hall ;
 Shield and pennon o'er them set,
 Many a doubtful fight recall ;
 And the thronged and clanging town,
 For the rescued land's renown,
 Keeps a sudden carnival.
 Ask ye, where the while is Joan ?
 She within the Minster lone,
 To the silent altar steals,
 And before it trembling kneels ;
 And amid the shadows dim,
 Faithfully she prays to Him
 Who his light in dark reveals.
 Now again her home she sees,
 Domremy with all its trees,
 Where the ancient beach is growing,
 And the haunted fount is flowing,
 And the Meuse with equal sound
 Breathes its quiet all around.
 Won again by weeping prayer,
 Lo ! her loved protectors there,
 Catherine mild, and Margaret fair.
 Over them a light is streaming,
 On their gracious foreheads beaming,
 Flowing from an orb unseen,
 To which Heaven is but a screen ;
 All our human sight above,
 Not beyond our human love ;

And from thence she hears a voice
 That can make the dead rejoice ;
 —“ Give not way to Pride or Fear,
 For the end of all is near !”

End with many tears implored !
 'Tis the sound of home restored !
 And as mounts the angel show,
 Gliding with them she would go,
 But, again to stoop below,
 And, returned to Green Lorraine,
 Be a shepherd child again.
 Now the crown of Charles is won,
 Now the work of God is done,
 Angel wings, away ! away !
 Lift her home by close of day,
 And upon her mother's breast
 Give her weary spirit rest.
 Then, with vernal thickets nigh,
 And the waters glistening by,
 In smooth valleys let her keep
 Undescried her quiet sheep.
 This the promise to the maid
 By the heavenly voice convey'd :
 O ! how differing far the doom !
 O ! how close the bloody tomb !
 Thus men hear, but not discern,
 What heaven wills that they should
 learn ;
 And the Time and Deed alone
 Make the eternal meaning known.

Wail, ye fields and woods of France
 Rivers, dim your sunny glance !
 All of strong, and fair, and old
 That the eyes of men behold,
 Mountain grey, and hermit dell,
 Sun and stars unquenchable,
 Founts whose kisses woo the lea,
 Endless, many-flooded sea,
 All that witnesses a power
 To o'erawe the importunate hour,
 Human works devoutly wrought
 To unfold enduring thought,
 Shrines that seem the reverend birth
 Of an elder, holier earth,
 Mourn above your altars dear,
 Quaking with no godless fear !
 And, thou deepest heart of man,
 Home of Love ere Sin began,
 Faith prophetic, Mercy mild,
 Patriot passion undefiled,
 Mourn with righteous grief the
 day
 When was hushed your choral lay !
 When the skyey guardian band
 Of the liberated land,
 Radiant kings were seen to wane,
 And were eyeless clouds again ;
 When the foe, who far recoil'd,
 By a maiden's presence foil'd,
 Rushed again in grim despair
 From his burning blood-stained lair,

And made prey of her whose word
Was so oft a living sword.

Woeful end, and conflict long !
Stress of agonizing wrong !
In the black and stifling cell,
Watched by many a sentinel,
Not a saint is with her now
Beaming light from locks and brow ;
No melodious angel calls
Through the huge unshaken walls ;
But the brutal sworder jeers,
Making merry at her tears,
And the priests her faith assail
Till it fears, but cannot fail.
So the hopeful cheer she wore
Like a robe of state before—
Branch and leaf, and summer flower,
Perish from her hour by hour.
But the firm sustaining root
Dies not with the teeming shoot.
So survives her soul—but O !
Fierce the closing gust of wo,
When beneath the eyes of day
Thousands gather round her way—
And a host in steel array,
When the captive, wan and lowly,
Walks beside her gaoler slowly,
Till before the expectant pile
Weak she stands, with saddest smile ;
And her steady tones reply
To the cowed tormentor's lie—
" God commanded me to go,
And I went, as well you know,
To destroy my country's foe ! "
While she clasps the saving rood
Fiercer swells the murderers' mood,
Till, through rising smoke and flame
Comes no sound but Jesu's name—
Jesu—Jesu—oft renewed,
Oft by stifling pain subdued.
Soon that cry is heard no more,
And the people, mute before,
Groan to Heaven, for all is o'er.

Word untrue ! That All can ne'er
Have its close and destiny here.
All that can be o'er on earth
Is the shifting cloudland's birth ;
Dream and shadow, mist and error,
Joy unblest, and nightmare terror—
Passions blent in ghostly play,
Twinklings of life's gusty day—
Glittering sights that vaguely roll,
Catch the eye, but mock the soul—
Griefs and hopes ill understood,
Tyrants of man's weaker mood,
Folly's loved, portentous brood—
These, and all the aims they cherish,
In their native tomb may perish.
Phantoms shapeless, huge, and wild,
That beset the graybeard child—
Loud usurpers, fierce and mean,
Ruling an unstable scene ;

Blinding hate, corroding lust,
Lies that cheat our wiser trust,
These may cleave to formless dust ;
But the earth, oppress'd so long
By the heavy steps of Wrong,
Sends an awful voice on high
With a keen accusing cry,
And appeals to him whose lore
Tells the All can ne'er be o'er.

Faithful maiden, gentle heart !
Thus our thoughts of grief depart ;
Vanishes the place of death ;
Sounds no more thy painful breath ;
O'er the unbloody stream of Meuse
Melt the silent evening dew,
And along the banks of Loire
Rides no more the arm'd destroyer ;
But thy native waters flow
Through a land unnamed below,
And thy woods their verdure wave
In the vale beyond the grave,
Where the deep-dyed western sky
Looks on all with tranquil eye,
And on distant dateless hills
Each high peak with radiance fills.
There amid the oak-tree shadow,
And o'er all the beech-crown'd meadow,
Those for whom the earth must mourn
In their peaceful joy sojourn.
Join'd with Fame's selected few,
Those whom Rumour never knew,
But no less to Conscience true :
Each gray prophet soul sublime,
Pyramids of elder Time ;
Bards with hidden fire possess'd,
Flashing from a wo-worn breast ;
Builders of man's better lot,
Whom their hour acknowledged not,
Now with strength appear'd and pure,
Feel the Law of Right is sure.
These and such as these the train,
Sanctified by former pain,
'Mid those softest yellow rays
Sphered afar from mortal praise ;
Peasant, matron, monarch, child,
Saint undaunted, hero mild,
Sage whom pride has ne'er beguiled,
And with them the Champion-maid
Dwells in that serenest glade ;
Danger, toil, and grief no more
Fret her life's unearthly shore ;
Gentle sounds that will not cease,
Breathe but peace, and ever peace ;
While above the immortal trees,
Michael and his host she sees
Clad in diamond panoplies ;
And more near, in greyer light,
Honour'd Catherine, Margaret bright,
Agnes, whom her loosen'd hair
Robes like woven amber air—
Sister of her childhood come
To her last eternal home.

AD AMICUM CANTABRIGIENSEM.

EPISTOLA.

Quis, Fanni, siccis tandem tibi Granta diebus
Visa tua est? Quid agis? Quo jam vestigia fleotjs
Puras per plateas, per desolata domorum?
Vecordine^{*} vacas (O ferrea corda!) Mathesi,
Euclides† et adhuc vestris dominatur Athenis?
“Plusque minusque” aures rumpunt? Frustrantur ocellos
Σηματα λυγρὰ, Ægyptiacas imitata figuras,
Vel quibus indocto cum conjuge rustica Phœbe,
Nupta modò, Annales deformat Pontificales,
Et nomen vocat?—

Hoc poscit te silva Academi
Scilicet, ut recto possis dignoscere curvum—
Ut numeros (velut addictus jurare Tetractyn)
Callens excutias examine Pythagoreo—
Annorum Solisque vices, errantiaque astra—
Unde Cometarum veniat chorus, et redeat quò—
Artis mechanicæ libramina—numen aquarum—
Quarè poma petant terram—quantum decimales
Fracturæ valeant—quorsum Logarithmica Napier
Repperit—an circi possit quadrarier orbis—
Hæ tibi sunt artes! Et cætera de genere eodem
Plura—etiam pejora! Tuum læsura cerebrum
Farrago!

Fortunatos, sua si bona nôrint,
Alma parens Rhedycina aînu quod educat, atque
Isis, arundineum Musis bacchata fluentum!
Spreta mathematica forsàn loca! Sed meditatur
Multus in his carmen juvenis, labentibus annis
Gloria venturo generi, atque argenteus anser
Thamesis argutos interstrepiturus olores!
Adsis, O Fanni, vesana Canicula messes
Dum coquit, et Musas paulisper linque severas!
Sedulus O nimium, somnos atque otia mecum
Interdum carpas, et munera lacta Vacunæ;
Inde, fatigati ludo, vicina petamus
Oppida, dum latè plusquam civilia fervent
Bella—Petitores lenes hinc inde susurros
Auribus instillant hominum, risuque, jocisque
Porrectâ et vulgi captant suffragia dextrâ
Illi (gens simplex, et apertæ nescia fraudis,
A tergo intereà quos multa ciconia pinsit!)
Blanditiis inhiant, et seque suosque beatos
Credentes, spe venturi pascuntur inani!

Committunt linguas!—Hinc *Totus Porcius* urget
“Anglorum officium, violataque jura popelli,
Crudeles et Patricios—Suffragia plebis
Libera, et arcana, atque æquali jure domorum
Partita—annonam et vilem, censumque minutum—
Atque novas tabulas, atque annua Parlamenta—
Et demptis virgis fasces, demptaque securi!”

Hinc, certus servare locum, nimiosque perosus
Progressus rerum, *Statius* sufflamine multo,
Ecce, rotam stringit, gaudensque insistere prisca
Usque viâ, nonvult leges mutarier Anglas,
Ipsæ sed eversam eunctando restituet rem—
“Quid? Poterunt fæti speciosâ pelle Catones
Fucum Anglis facere, et vestram celerare ruinam?
Quid? Regno insultare, suâque libidine summam
Rerum sic regere, et dociles ad fraena *Ministros*,
Egregiè† caudatus homo?” Proh tempora, et Angli

* “Mad. Mathesis.” Pope.

† On the *Archonship of Euclid*. v. Clinton’s Fast. Hell. B. C. 403.

"Degeneres! O lingua minax et larga Conelli
Copia verborum! O nullo temerata rubore
Aerea frons!

"Viden'?" hic in duro carcere lugent
"Cives! Quid meriti? Quo pendunt crimine poenas?
Scilicet ærumnis et paupertate laborant!—
Parte aliâ Hispanas acies et mutua tela,
Et cauponantes bellum, non belligerantes
(Justa Valentinus quâ moverat arma) Britannos
Aspicite! Heroa et non falso nomine dictum
Evanum, amissis nuper qui *evanuit* armis!
Hinc oculus tenerum Meliburni fascinat *Agnum*,
Non vetulæ, credo, sed quali lumine Siren
Ducit cunctantes in saxa latentia nautas!
Illinc"—

Sed fremit haud patiens opprobria vulgus
Nec linguâ Staius, neque adhuc poterit commotæ
Majestate manûs fecisse silentia turbæ—
Præcipientesque ruunt, pontes et ovilia frangunt,
Et saxa, et contos vibrantes dimidiatos,
"Porcius" hinc, "et jura!" boant, "pro legibus," illinc,
"Et Statio!" His acuunt civiles vocibus iras,
His gaudent jura atque ipsas evertere leges!
At nova si videas miracula libentiùs artis
Ore alio si indicta juvent—en, lucet, eamûs
Linea quâ campos ferrato tramite jungit
Semotos, * curruque viam fugiente vaporat!

Attonitæ mirantur oves; et bucera (monstrum!)
Sæcla vident proprio præterlabentia motu
Carpenta, et piceâ caligine conglomeratas
Plaustrorum series—Equus ast incredulus adstat
(Inscius, heu, fati, pereuntis et utilitatis
Ipse suæ!) rapidos et cursu provocat axes,
Nequicquam—pergit, pergetque volubilis ordo!
Rides! at vidi: sensi! Per millia centum
Non sueto tenuive volutus in axe volabam,
(Experto mihi crede) volabam quatuor horis:
Jamque recensebam lapides, † (qui præterierunt,
Aurigâ velut in mediis currente sepulchris,
Hinc atque hinc monumenta moveri crebra videntur):
Et jam momentis numerabam tempora: jamque
Subductis cursum rationibus emetiebar.
Novisti partes, quas continet hora, *minutas*?
Denæ transierant: et millia longa viai
Septem perpetuo, complêrat machina motu!
Nusquam aliàs, credo, præceps ruit impete tanto
Turba virûm: nusquam tantos dat epistola saltus,
Sen priscis Persarum è angariata,
Sen pila (quod tandem ætati vidisse priori
Contigit) inclusam lusoria traxerit unâ,
Et gryllatorum ‡ manibus jactata volâret!

Tantum vis rari potuit suadere vaporis!
Tantumque ignis et unda valent! Utrumque elementum, §
Post tempestatum rabiem, post fulmina et imbres,
Utriusque requirit opem, et conjurat amicè!
At fugit intereâ non exorabile tempus,
Posthabitoque vocant tandem nos seria ludo—
Vive! Vale, I memor o nostri, memor et studiorum!

* Hor. Epist. i. 16, 7.

† "What churchyard are we going through?" "I guess, them be the milestones
is passing us so alick!"—*Yankee Story*.

‡ Angl. *Cricketers*: this was done for a wager by old Q.

— § *ἐνὶ μέσσοις γὰρ, ὅντις ἔχουσιν τὸ πρὸς πῦρ καὶ θάλασσαν.*—*Æsch. Agam.*

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

My friend, have you heard of the last new inventions,
That France has found out to astonish mankind,
Which put to the blush all the paltry pretensions
Of people that once were considered refined ?

All base imitations of nature despising,
And free from the chains of experience and truth,
Unawed by the shams of our fathers' devising,
They whirl in the holiday freedom of youth.

Men sometimes have thought that this planet of ours
Is made of too dull and demoralized stuff ;
But now, so improved are the critical powers,
The world that we live in is not bad enough.

And therefore the business in hand is to fashion
An earth of a worse Newgate-Calendar kind ;
Impossible horrors must heighten each passion,
And new patent madness embellish the mind.

If Shakspeare could now be more modern and tender,
And his beauties to our high standard increased,
You would find at the end, in a scene of great splendour,
That Juliet is Romeo's grandmother at least.

If a father in liquor beats one of his daughters,
We tell how when sober he murdered the three ;
For black eyes and red noses we substitute slaughters,
And mix prussic acid with very weak tea.

So love in pure minds always leads to adultery,
And incest and trigamy happen for fun,
And so to all men whose emotions are sultry,
Are machines by which night-mares of guilt may be spun.

Of chimeras whose beauty proclaims them as real,
Is a heart, which long trained in the styes of the devil,
Has feelings so purely and grandly ideal,
They would shrink in despair from the whisper of evil.

Thus we find a poor girl, who is tainted with vices,
To make any old-fashioned wig stand on an end,
With three or four owners, at three or four prices,
And who now and then thoughtlessly poisons a friend ;

Then swift at the twist of a harlequin's wand,
For some reason the author is sworn not to tell,
We see her so chastely confiding and fond,
As if just arisen from Truth's deepest well.

The rouge and white-lead disappear from the cheeks,
Where for ten or twelve years they have hung like a sign,
And we stare at a blush that of modesty speaks,
Which indeed it were otherwise hard to divine.

The hero to match must be hideous and savage,
A ruffian with flashes of seraph devotion,
And the ground that they tread on by earthquake and ravage
Is made to resemble an offal-stained ocean.

The skies must be green, and the stars must be smoking ;
 Each fountain must rise in a water-spout flood ;
 And what to my taste would be very provoking,
 Every bottle of wine must be flavoured with blood.

So away with old Nature's out-voted perspective !
 Away with all keeping !—except as to dames—
 And deepen and pye-ball with scheme more reflective,
 All quiet clear hues ; and let earth be all flames.

Which puts me in mind of my call on an artist,
 With the genius in fashion peculiarly blest ;
 Who at twelve years of age was a fixed Bonapartist,
 But at twenty considers democracy best.

I found a lank lad with some holes in his breeches,
 And wearing a helmet alarmingly red,
 Who after the first introductory speeches,
 Took up a blue eye-glass to study my head.

" 'Tis the face," he exclaim'd, " I have sought for so long,
 To a point what I want for my picture of Hannibal ;
 Half Tartar, half Jew—but the shaving is wrong—
 Ye gods ! that's sublime—the expression's quite cannibal."

And straightway he showed me a half-finish'd work,
 Where the African stood at the top of an Alp ;
 He was obviously meant to be fierce as a Turk,
 But wanted a turban to cover his scalp.

Beside him three Romans, whom he had just slain,
 Lay dead as the proofs of his new won dominion ;
 And a shepherd in rags, who had come to complain,
 Was eating the loaf of the kind Carthaginian.

Close by a Professor-like Elephant stood,
 And tore some young Didos, whose garments were scant ;
 And for contrast a blackamoor gave him his food,
 Which he munch'd as if still at the *Jardin des Plantes*.

The Commander himself was as naked as Cupid,
 For the purpose of showing a map of the muscles ;
 He had folded his arms in a way that look'd stupid ;
 But they seem'd very fit to assist him in tussles.

Before him a barrel was fix'd on the rock,
 And neatly recall'd a most chemical story,
 For the vinegar ran in a stream from the cock,
 And pour'd like the tide of the conqueror's glory.

I gazed in delight, till I saw the new Titian
 Begin on his canvass to make me immortal,
 When feeling that height was beyond my ambition,
 Great Hannibal stipp'd through a very small portal.

THE NEW DÆDALUS.

I HAD a vision of a man who made
 Bricks by the thousand, for his daily trade,
 And he was fat and sleek, and sold his bricks
 To all who did not build with stones or sticks,
 While near a ragged hungry urchin lay,
 Gathering the fragments of the brick-man's clay.
 With this he shaped all forms that pleased his eyes,
 Of beasts on earth or those that wing the skies,
 Of beast, or flower, or man, or child, or woman,
 And gave a beauty e'en to what is common ;
 And when he wanted food, he would implore
 The man for relics of his ample store,
 Who gave him crumbs and parings, but no more.
 Of leavings of the clay he ne'er could want,
 But leavings of the food were very scant ;
 With narrow needs more narrowly supplied,
 At last the starving model-maker died !
 To save the burial-fee, and stop infection,
 The brick-man sold the body for dissection ;
 Then went and made a speech, and gave a shilling
 To civilize all tribes that are unwilling.

Next day a patron, for his judgment known,
 Passed by where those clay-images were thrown.

" Why ? How ?"—he said—" What works of Art are these ?"—

" O trash ! sir, trash !—my bricks I'm sure would please."

" They're broken, but the genius still is fine."

" Ingenious—ay—No bricks, sir, equal mine."

" How came they here ? Who did them ? Tell me, pray."

" O ! the boy's dead. Such bricks must always pay."

" Bricks ! those from Babylon are cheap enough."

" No doubt, dirt-cheap ; but they're not lasting stuff."

" Not last ! They've stood three thousand years, or nigh."

" Ay, so they tell you, sir, to make you buy."

" I've seen them ; there's no vestige of decay."

" Ah ! sir, those foreigners haven't the London clay."

" But for these terra-cotta's, what's the price ?"

" Per thousand, sir ? I'll tell you in a trice."

" Per thousand !—Pooh—What, thousands such as these ?"

" No, bricks I meant. Those things ? O ! what you please."

" No artist living could exceed their grace."

" Why, sir, he couldn't have kept a pot-boy's place."

" And so the sculptor's dead, you say, or sick ?"

" Dead—true, he always skulk'd the making brick."

" He died, and young, too—didn't you tell me so ?"

" We couldn't be always feeding him you know."

" I'll give a guinea for each figure here."

" A guinea each ! Why, bricks, sir, an't so dear ;"

" I'd offer more, but really I can't."

" O ! take them, pray. Dear me ! he died of want."

" I'll carry them myself. See, here's the money."

" Good morning to you, sir.—Well now that's funny ;

It almost looks as if I'd played a trick.

So rich, too, and not buy a single brick !

I wish I'd known the lad could earn a penny,

And I'd have been as kind to him as any.

But honestly to me the cash is come,

And Charity, no doubt, begins at home.

'Twas willed by Providence his death should be,

And by its will this money comes to me."

MALIBRAN.

BY E. SIMMONS.

Crowds in the lighted street,
 And the chariots crush and roll,
 And the stifling throng as when num-
 bers meet,
 With one impulse of soul !
 I plunged into that tide
 As it rush'd resistless, where
 The proud theatre's portals wide
 Shook to the stunning air ;

And borne by the living wave,
 Which thundering there heaved in,
 Then broke to calm as in ocean cave
 The surge resigns its din.
 I sank before the curtain'd stage
 On which ten thousand eyes
 Were fix'd—the soft, the sensual, sage,
 Alike in earnest guise.

Slowly that curtain rose,
 A woman there stood lone,
 'Mid a pulseless hush, such as marks
 the close
 Of some warning trumpet's tone :
 Parted her lips, and from that hour
 My life alone began ;
 And I shuddering bow'd, for I felt
 God's power
 Descending unto man !

That victress toss'd her radiant arm,
 And with melodious shout,
 Wonder, and power, and joy's wild
 charm,
 Triumphantly gush'd out !
 She gazed—and they who caught that
 gaze,
 Flashing through liquid jet,

London, September, 1836.

Their fascinated hearts' amaze
 Shall never more forget !

Down roll'd her cloudy hair,
 Like midnight loosed at noon,
 And, with drooping head, she bade
 Despair
 Walk murderous in the moon :
 Sweet Desolation from her lip,
 Fainting, in music spoke,
 Till with broken gasp and wringing
 grip
 Our startled souls awoke !

Love, love is born again !
 Clap thy glad hands, O earth !
 The exulting burst of that choral
 strain
 Has given the Rose-winged birth !
 Enchantress Queen ! no more !
 Trembling, we own thy art ;
 Go, shroud thy glory up before
 We lose all power to part.

• • • • •
 • • • • •

A cry through the land at night—
 Through strong men's hearts a shi-
 ver—
 As though ice had chain'd, in its
 rushing might,
 Some world-rejoicing river !
 Back to the depths of Heaven,
 Thou ray from Jehovah's brow,
 That but lit earth's gloom, like the
 flashing levin,
 To deepen the darkness now !

THE "NO PATRONAGE" GOVERNMENT.

WHEN the Whigs accepted office in 1830, the nation was amused and deduced with the loudest professions of patriotism and purity. So much had been said about the national debt, so much had been uttered against Tory extravagance, so many sighs had been audibly emitted over the miseries of the nation, that the people were convinced we were either ruined for ever, or else in such a position as defied salvation from any but the hands of the Liberal party. The country had so long been stunned with incessant clamour about the pension-list and the dock-yards, that many began to believe that in truth there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark." When, therefore, Lord Grey condescended to return to official station, and to accept that power which, in 1806, he and his Whig friends had possessed without displaying any peculiar economy, the joy was marvellous and great; for it became fashionable to consider the return of Whig Government as the sure commencement of a political millennium and as the death-blow to patronage, corruption, and intrigue. We were told that Parliament should be reformed, and being reformed would be regenerated; we were informed that all those arts should vanish, which the Whigs themselves, under Walpole, had silently brought to perfection. Whippers-in were no more to be needed; secret service-money was to be omitted in the estimates; nepotism was to disappear; merit was to be the only title to promotion; and the people, "the only source of all legitimate power," were to be the sole support of every future Cabinet. In one word, we were to have a "No patronage" Government. The promise was given by the whole host of Liberal candidates at their elections, it was vociferated by the press, hinted in Parliament, and generally believed in the country. More than one Minister declined his salary, several declared they should shudder at the offer of a retiring pension, and many patriotically commenced their work of retrenchment by reducing their own salaries of L.5000 per annum to the very small sum of L.4,500. Great was the national delight. Nothing

was heard but blessings on the purity of the Whigs, and curses, loud rather than deep, on the terrible corruption of the Tories. Lord Palmerston and Lord Glenelg, who, with feline tenacity of existence, had saved their political lives in all sorts of dangers, difficulties, and changes; who had been partakers of any Tory criminality that had existed during more than twenty years, were lauded as the "virtuous, discreetest, wisest, best;" Lord Melbourne, who had been a Tory Secretary for Ireland; Lord Ripon, who had been a Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Lansdowne, who had, in 1806, doubled the income-tax, and had served with Canning; Lord Plunkett, who, after opposing the Union, turned Tory, and clung firmly at all times to the prosperous party; Lord Anglesea and the Duke of Richmond, who had, during the greater part of their lives, been ultra-Tories, having now miraculously been metamorphosed into Whigs, were declared to be models of morality; while they were complimented with the assertion, that in former days the proceedings they shared were base, profligate, and peculating. The Grey Cabinet, including all these persons, together with several who were totally untried, was revered as a palladium, and eulogized as a society of the most virtuous men in the nation. There were, indeed, at the very outset of its career, a few signs of worldly-mindedness; there were one or two causes of suspicion, but these, of course, were unheeded. Lord Brougham, after valorously asserting in the House of Commons that no change of Government could make any difference to him, and that, on a given day, he would produce his own Reform Bill, was silenced before the next evening with a Peerage and the seals of the Chancellor; but this was passed by in the enthusiasm of the moment as an affair which doubtless admitted, though it never produced, a satisfactory explanation. Lord Althorp, after having advocated the immediate repeal of the house and window taxes, suddenly discovered that such a measure was altogether out of the question; Lord John Russell found it necessary to recant all the deliberate

sentiments of his book on the Constitution; and Mr Ellice came into office tainted with the stigma of stock-jobbing and Greek loan notoriety; but these things also were overlooked, and still the Grey Cabinet was declared to be disinterested, uncontaminated, and honest.

Retrenchment, Peace, and Reform, were ostentatiously promised; and the people almost universally agreed to forget that the Duke of Wellington had diminished the public expenditure in the most rigid manner; that he had preserved peace inviolate without compromising the honour of England; and that if he had opposed what modern Liberalism denominated reform, he did so in conjunction with nearly every man in the new Ministry. The report was spread, and sedulously circulated among all classes, that the pure, halcyon, and almost Utopian days, so long prophesied by the fanatical in the time of Cromwell, were about to appear; for human nature was to lose its selfishness, power was to be used for patriotic purposes alone, and no grievance was to be permitted to exist in the whole system of Government. In vain the Conservatives declared to the country, that if there had been formerly abuses, there was now no security for their discontinuance or discouragement, for that in every large party and in every Government there must be some selfish speculators who contrive secretly to plunder. In vain it was declared that Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, in their pensions, in their administration of patronage, in their estimates, had displayed a careful spirit, and a correct economy, which the Whigs could only imitate, and could not improve. The assurances offered that experience would prove the Whigs to be no more disinterested than the distinguished men they displaced, were received with contempt; the assertion that history proved the Whig party to be a haughty, grasping oligarchy, was scorned as an idle fallacy; and the reference to former Whig deeds—the India bill, the Grenville job, the dishonest coalition with the Ministers who sacrificed America,—was noticed only by a faint affectation of incredulity. "No Patronage" reverberated through the land; and with that motto on their banners, and that ridiculous pretence in their policy, they sought

and secured the confidence of the people.

It would be absurd in the extreme to look to subsequent events for any justification of this lofty promise; but it was not unreasonable to expect that the Whigs, after having boasted so very loudly, would not prove themselves more rapacious and peculating than any of their predecessors. It surely was a very fair and moderate anticipation that the party so liberal in profession would not be peculiarly dishonest in practice; and that those who delighted in the appellation of pure, *par excellence*, would not prove incessant patrons of corruption. But we are constrained to say that even this just hope has been bitterly disappointed. We have now been afflicted with "Liberal" rule for about seven years, and in that time some of the grossest jobs have been perpetrated that ever power was permitted to sanction. At a Conservative meeting in Norfolk, an old influential Whig, Lord Charles Townshend, publicly declared "that he had been in Parliament twenty years as a Whig, opposing the Tories, but he could solemnly declare that he never had occasion to vote against jobs so flagitious and so numerous as the present Ministers had smuggled through the House of Commons." There have been, it is true, only few cases in which the "Liberal and enlightened Reformers" have not been successful in their endeavours to complete their nefarious schemes. One is still in the recollection of all: a certain City agitator, named Key, was made a baronet for turning Whig while Lord Mayor of London; he subsequently managed to get into Parliament through the favour of the ten-pound voters; and when in he contrived to procure some kind of contract for supplying Government with stationery; but this would not satisfy the voracious maw of the disinterested Liberal, so he swore that a son of his, being seventeen, was twenty-one, and having done so, procured the place of inspector of paper. Thus the father supplied, and the son examined, the necessary quantity of stationery, and nothing, therefore, was more flattering than the report of every sheet. Unfortunately the register of the young gentleman's birth by accident was discovered; the bubble burst, and the pure Whigs who had snugly secured

the vote of one restive member of the reformed House of Commons, protested vehemently that they were perfectly innocent throughout the whole transaction. This, it must be owned, is almost a singular instance of so glaring and bold prostitution of patronage being discovered, when jesuitical craft and ready falsehood were engaged in the task of its concealment; yet it must not be thought it is a solitary case of profligacy which can be clearly demonstrated. It will not be at all difficult to prove that the Whigs have adopted a wholesale system of peculation and corruption; and if direct testimony of the fact, or extorted admissions be ever wanting, to sustain the charge, the strongest presumptive evidence will be easily obtained. We undertake to substantiate the accusation, that the Whigs, who have brawled so much about Tory extravagance, have been guilty of contriving and carrying on a vast system of corruption in every branch of public service from which they have not been excluded (as from the army) by circumstances they could not control. We can with ease show a case against the Whigs such as they never were able to produce against their opponents, and it remains then to be seen what excuses or palliations can be

offered for conduct so gross, and meanness so despicable. What cloak, what pretence can the Whigs steal to conceal their baseness, if it be shown that they have tampered with patronage, discouraged merit, adopted a wide system of nepotism, for mere narrow, factious purposes, or for private paltry views? What apology will avail them if their actions bespeak a petty and wretched love of self, a contemptible anxiety for the wages of place, and a disgusting negligence, even of decency, in their administration of the power it gives them? They may bluster about Reform, they may cant about Justice to Ireland, but the people will scorn their professions, because they can watch, and know their motives.

But let us proceed to the proof. First, we will look to the expenses and nature of their commissions. Since they have been in, they have issued 49, as Mr Baring acknowledged in the last Parliament; and, subsequent to the time of that admission, another (making 50 as the "tottle of the whole") has been sent forth, under pretence of enquiry into the condition of the handloom weavers. The return published by the Treasury, on the motion of a Conservative member, gives the following comparative statement of Whig and Tory economy.

COMMISSIONS OF ENQUIRY.

An Account of the Expense of Commissions of Enquiry in each Year, from 1807 to 1836, both inclusive:—

Year.	Amount.	Year.	Amount.
1807	L. 88,023	1822	L. 64,994
1808	31,027	1823	65,793
1809	30,269	1824	82,544
1810	43,048	1825	89,758
1811	31,725	1826	91,840
1812	58,667	1827	75,837
1813	20,990	1828	63,401
1814	26,320	1829	56,299
1815	44,397	1830	65,275
1816	23,225	1831	52,600
1817	28,337	1832	65,722
1818	31,563	1833	57,297
1819	53,380	1834	75,279
1820	44,527	1835	92,613
1821	56,452	1836	127,937

This is a Whig statement, and is therefore, very probably, framed in the most beneficial manner for the purposes of the Liberals. But taking it as correct in all its parts, we find the following conclusions result from its data:—

The largest amounts charged in the

whole account, are those for the two years of Lord Melbourne's Government.

In the first of these years the sums expended was L. 92,613; in the second, L. 127,937;—making an aggregate for commissions in two years only, of L. 220,550. On the other hand, the

estimates framed in the two years of the Wellington Administration are L.52,299, and L.65,275, making an aggregate, not of L.220,550, but of L.121,574!

Thus, under the Whig-Radicals the average per annum is now L.110,275, while the average sum, per annum, under the Duke of Wellington, was only L.60,787!

The average sum expended by the Whigs during their six years of official power since 1831, has been L.78,574; the average of the six years from 1807 (when the return commences) to 1812, was no more than £38,793—less than half as much as the disinterested, patriotic Whig Expenditure!

In the former *six* years the "No Patronage" Governments have spent L.471,448 of the public money; the much-abused Tories in the *twelve* years from 1807, spent only L.407,591!!!

Into whose pockets, then, do all these enormous sums find their way? Not into those of a vast number of hard-working men, but into the well-stored purses of a few. There is a certain circulating medium of commissioners, and these are tossed about from Ireland to England, and from England to Scotland, and from Scotland to Wales; now sailing to Malta to enquire there, now travelling to Canada to scrutinize in that country. One month they are found publishing some heavy folio volume, and transmitting it, through a well-fed Secretary, to all parts of Europe, as a present from the record commission; the next, they may be seen counting the Protestants of Ireland; and the third, bullying a corporation. All the information which formerly was amply collected by committees of the House of Commons, which Mr Pitt and his Cabinet obtained privately, by selecting those persons who could furnish most instruction from experience, is now slowly divulged by commissions of enquiry. There are ecclesiastical commissions, with foes of the Establishment among their members; legal commissions, with several men in them completely divested of all necessary knowledge; and in these, and all other commissions, the fortunate secretaries find themselves allied with briefless Whigs, who have no definite time fixed for their labours, who may in fact extend them to years, or finish them in weeks, as may suit their private

convenience. Whenever any question arises which the Government finds itself indisposed to settle, an *ex parte* commission is issued, which is, of course, expected to make, for the benefit of its patrons, an *ex parte* report. We scarcely, then, can wonder that suspicion is cast on these jobs. The very names of the chief participators in the spoil are significant of selfishness and poverty. Yet the Whigs would fain persuade the people that there is nothing but a legitimate desire for information, in all the system of crusading and inquisitorial commissions. We must truly be dull and deluded if we can regard this foolish assertion without a smile. Fifty commissions, nearly half-a-million of money, all necessary and useful! The Whigs must have been ignorant indeed if they required expensive commissions to acquire for them knowledge on fifty subjects! How ridiculous is the notion, that poor creatures who are placed by Whig favour on commissions, and who have no other means of existence, will really have no other object in view than the speedy, effectual fulfilment of some easy task! Who can avoid pitying the barristers who stoop so low, as to feed on the public, year by year, through the instrumentality of a commission, and under the shallow sophistical pretence that it is needful for the interests of the State that they should draw five guineas a-day and an annual sum for travelling expenses! It never was said, in the time of the former Governments, that Mr Canning, Mr Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, or Sir Robert Peel were ignorant of the bearing of political questions, or were inimical to enquiry when it was needed, but the Whigs have made the bright discovery, that by commissions they can employ the idle hangers-on of their party, and therefore periodically the hosts of the briefless are sent forth to scour the country, and to prove Whig purity. Hence the charge made by Lord Melbourne's Government of £127,000 for commissions in 1836; hence, too, the Liberalism of so many gentlemen of the long robe.

But, let us turn from commissions to the House of Commons itself, which encourages and sanctions them; let us see if there be in that assembly much proof that the Whigs shrink like

prudes from wooing members by granting favours. Alas! we shall find but a small portion of honesty among the Reformers! Whenever a member accepts a place of importance he must resign his seat, and consequently the Liberals, in most cases, are compelled to receive advantages from the Whigs by deputy. Mr Hume and Mr J. B. Lenard found it inconvenient to abandon their parliamentary importance, and, therefore, the nephew of the one, and the brother of the other, were placed on the Charity commission; while Mr Harvey of Southwark, being not quite so faithful a Ministerialist, was refused all connexion with the body. Mr Evelyn Dennison having well deserved of the Government, and not being in holy orders, was compelled to see his brother, instead of himself, created Bishop of Salisbury; Mr Lefevre having a particular objection to abandon Hampshire, was content in the same manner to see his brother made one of the Poor-law commissioners. But, on the other hand, Mr Blamire, after having helped the Whigs to carry their Tithe bill, and assisted them in the most disinterested spirit, found himself, when the act came into operation, so much pressed, that he resigned his seat, and accepted the office created for him by the measure; and Mr Macaulay having, as Secretary to the Board of Control, framed the India bill of 1833, and having provided in it for the appointment of another official in Bengal, with the trifling salary of ten thousand a-year, was condescending enough, so soon as the bill received the royal assent, to expatriate himself, for the purpose of enjoying the new situation. The arts of the Whigs are various; sometimes they reward members with a peerage, at others they transport them from affection; some members are paid for resigning, some

are remunerated for remaining. Mr Kennedy was good enough to resign Tiverton to Lord Palmerston, and in about a year after, that act of friendly patriotism was reciprocated by the noble Lord's appointing the Liberal gentleman to a valuable post in Havana, wherein, if report speak truth, there is very much dignity and no labour. It was found, when the Melbourne Ministry came in, that Lord John Russell was needed in Parliament; so Colonel Fen, a gentleman who doubtless had often groaned at rotten boroughs and Tory corruption, resigned his seat to his Lordship, and in turn received an easy place in the Ordnance Office. On one occasion the Whigs were defeated at Devizes, and panted to retrieve their character; they therefore appointed Sir Philip Durham, a distinguished officer, one of the Conservative members, Port-Admiral at Portsmouth, and assured him he must resign, as no official person in any dockyard could have time to attend to his duties in the House of Commons. Sir Philip complied with the request thus hinted, and Captain Dundas, a Whig, was elected in his room; but behold! immediately afterwards, the said Liberal was made flag-captain to the same Sir Philip Durham, and was nevertheless permitted to keep his seat; and so, in the same manner, Captain Berkeley, the Whig member for Gloucester, being desirous of taking a cruise, was appointed to the *Hercules*, 74; and permitted to sail about, while he remained representative of an important city. Very often officers and lawyers, and even clergymen, are rewarded for their efforts, even when not successful at elections, and still more are they encouraged if their cause have triumphed.* Captain Townshend, who opposed Sir Robert Peel at Tamworth without a chance or hope

* The history of the late election would afford a curious developement of the Whig attachment to the independent exercise of the franchise. Not only was the Secret Service Money raised to the unusual sum of £.35,000; but patronage was scattered or withheld, as seemed most advisable for the interest of the Government candidates. In Westminster the warrants of the Court Tradesmen were suspended, and the Comptroller of the Household was appointed chairman of the Radical committee. In Plymouth, Mr Soltan, the organ of Government, declared that the Ministry would employ none of its opponents; and in this way the whole of the boroughs wherein there is Ministerial patronage,—Portsmouth, Devonport, Hythe, Dover, Sandwich, Chatham, Windsor and Harwich—were carried. Truly, we live in days of great purity and public virtue!

of victory, and who afterwards libelled and then apologized to his opponent, was instantly, in return for such meritorious conduct, appointed to a twenty-eight gun frigate. Lord Clarence Paget, having ineffectually contested Southampton on Liberal principles, was suitably encouraged by a similar appointment. Mr Fitzsimon, the son-in-law of Mr Daniel O'Connell, rather than interfere with Lord Brabazon's election for the county of Dublin, retired, and shortly afterwards, doubtless much to the surprise of himself and his friends, was created clerk of the Hanaper office; a place of some trust, and more profit. Admiral Sir J. E. Ommaney, apparently not heedless of these signs of the times, contested South Hampshire, and when defeated was consoled by being made Admiral of the Fleet on the Lisbon station. Admiral Elliot, one of the junior admirals on the list, who has been no more than a year in possession of his rank, was useful in securing the return for Roxburghshire; and his brother, the First Lord of the Admiralty, in consideration of such great national services, sent him off as Admiral on the African coast. The exertions of the Duke of Roxburgh being expected in his native county, the Whigs felt that, as his Grace had no vote in the House of Lords as a Scotch Peer, they could not do less than create him an English earl. Dr Stanley, an accomplished man, assuredly, with some influence from property in Anglesea, made sundry electioneering speeches from the hustings during the contest there in April last, and verily he had his reward, for he was, within two months after that event, appointed Bishop of Norwich.

Why do we mention these things? not because they are the worst cases we know, not because they are the only ones we can trace, but because they are evidences of a wide-spread system of parliamentary corruption. Doubtless there are numberless little boons craved, and jobs effected, which operate secretly on votes without being known, which bring candidates in the field where they were unexpected, and give them support they did not hope for. The most of these naturally remain concealed, but sufficient numbers are revealed to prove the worthlessness and the absurdity of Whig professions. We point out

particular cases, more as specimens than as a list of all that can be produced. We will advance, therefore, a step farther, and assert that it is capable of proof, that the Whig measures—one and all, from their first admission into office, have been associated with schemes for the augmentation of Patronage, and accompanied with the establishment of numerous places which have acted as baits to the Legislature, inducing members to vote for a bill, in the knowledge that their friends and the Ministers would, through its means, have many opportunities of favouring and assisting their supporters. We say the Whig measures generally, because we know of no exception, and believe that the assertion is capable of being sustained by proof.

The measures of Lord Grey's Government appear to be peculiarly open to the charge. The Slave Emancipation act gave twenty millions as compensation, which was doled out (after a complete job having been made of the enquiry into the average value of slaves in the different islands, &c.); situations were made, clerks were appointed, and a snug harvest of patronage was reaped. Moreover, the apprenticeship system, which replaced the old slavery practice, was attended with the novel appointment of some hundreds of stipendiary magistrates, at £400 per annum each. Thus the Whig Ministers and their friends had no reason to repent having passed the measure for emancipating the slaves.

The Reform bill itself, besides giving occasion to the Boundary commission, created also the registration system, by which a very large body of barristers receive yearly a quiet opportunity of gaining a considerable sum.

The Irish Church Reform bill was the cause of a commission, and as it effected many practical alterations, it rendered necessary the appointment of several new officials.

The India bill, for altering the East India Company's charter, gave, as we have remarked, L.10,000 a-year to Mr Macanlay, and added greatly to the patronage of the Board of Control.

The new Poor-law bill was the fertile source of extensive patronage. It has occasioned the appointment of commissioners, secretaries, assistant

commissioners, clerks, &c., and if it has entailed obloquy on its authors, they have no reason to say that it has not also produced its benefits.

The Factory bill of Lord Althorp gave birth to sundry situations, some important, some minor ones, and left the Whigs no cause to complain of their policy in conceding the measure.

The establishment of the National System of Education in Ireland was accompanied with the no less suspicious increase of patronage. A board, including Papists and Protestants alike, was formed, and very many other offices were necessarily called into being by it.

The far-famed failure, the Bankruptcy bill of Lord Brougham, created a new Court, and several dozen situations for persons styled official assignees.

The English Tithe bill caused fresh commissioners to exist, and a new office to be created; it produced registrars, secretaries, and clerks *ad infinitum*.

The Marriage and Registration bills gave the Whigs an opportunity of rewarding all their petty peculating parish agitators, by appointing them superintendents, and dignifying them with salaries and power.

The English Municipal bill extended the registration system, by applying it to the municipal franchise, and gave the Crown, after having occasioned an expensive commission, considerable patronage of recorders, &c.

The Local Courts bill, as proposed by the Liberals, would have covered the country with swarms of petty officials, and thrown into the hands of Government a vast quantity of additional power.

The Imprisonment for Debt bill, as first concocted by Sir John Campbell, was intended to create innumerable places, many of which were of a very valuable description.

The Irish Constabulary bill, before it was amended by the House of Lords, was acknowledged by Mr Hume to be one of the most extravagant measures ever framed; the places it proposed to establish were numerous, the salaries heavy, and the whole scale of duty light.

The measures that failed last session, the Church-rate bill and the Irish Tithe bill, had the same tendency.

The Whigs continue grasping at patronage, and perverting it when obtained. They now threaten the country with an Equity Court bill creating a few more places, and, among others, reviving the Lord Keepership of the Great Seal; and not content with this, they are preparing a bill for the alteration of the patronage of the army, so as to render it completely their own.

Where, then, shall we find the evidence of our enjoying a "No Patronage" Government? It is not too bold to assert that no previous Cabinet ever proposed so many schemes for the augmentation of the power of the Ministers as the Whigs since 1830. Even the Whigs of the Duke of Newcastle's time, who, as Bubb Doddington in his Diary declares, did any thing for "quarter-day," were not so unwearied in their ingenious designs to preserve their ill-gotten authority. Never were there more places than at the present time. Certain salaries, before the Duke of Wellington began the work of summary retrenchment, were perhaps higher than they are now, but there never were so many recipients of petty wages—there never were so many needless expenses, and such numerous dependents on the members of Parliament. Our Liberals have no objection to retrench where they themselves escape the curtailments; they do not object to lower the relief awarded to the poor, to regulate the workhouse diet, and to scrutinize the fees of every cringing official; but they know and feel that the only way to preserve their party's power is to accumulate patronage, and to use it unscrupulously for their secret ends. They tell the country that they are Reformers, yet they never carry any reforming measure, unless there be a hope of improving thereby the position of their faction. They came into office declaring their determination to preserve the peace of Europe; yet during the period of their rule they have interfered in every foreign and domestic quarrel, they have profligately expended the public money in rendering their neutrality a mockery, and have employed our fleets and our marines, from a mean-spirited desire to exert authority whenever they possess it, in vexatious and sometimes dishonourable service.

We acknowledge, however, that we

could pass over these evidences of corruption, if they were not accompanied by many signs of most dangerous hostility to the Church Establishment.

We admit to the Dissenters, that if the ministers of the Church do not perform their duty they constitute the worst foes of it. We are sensible that if the hierarchy, if those who have the greatest influence, have no interest in upholding the Church from affection to its principles, their proceedings necessarily must stigmatize and injure the institution.

During the six years the Whigs have possessed power, the bishops who have died have included Archbishop Magee, the stanch, able, and single-minded champion of Protestantism; Dr Elrington, the Bishop of Ferns, the learned and indefatigable example of virtue to his diocese and his people; Dr Jebb; Dr Ryder; Dr Gray (of Bristol); Dr Burgess; men of renowned and long-honoured piety, "whose praise is in all the Churches;" Dr Brinkley, the ornament of Irish science, and the disinterested and holy labourer in the vineyard of truth; and Dr Van Mildert, whose great liberality and expanded benevolence, whose solid worth and unsullied character have been long owned and admired even by the rancorous enemies of the Church he upheld and adorned. When we think of these men as the bishops who have, during six years, been taken from the United Church of England and Ireland; and when we reflect on the erudition, the virtues of many that remain—Howley, Summers, Trench, Bloomfield, Monk, Kaye, &c.—we cannot but be firmly convinced that nothing is more idle than to asperse the system of appointments in bygone times. Among the names we have mentioned, many, indeed the largest proportion, have risen from humble stations by unaided merit; and any one of them, we may assert, without hesitation, would honour any cause, and cast lustre even on a Church. It is sad, to consider that we now live under men who are guided by no motives but party attachments and political interest. The Whigs openly proclaim that none shall receive from them any patronage who will not sanction spoliation, and become factious partisans. The evil is, there is now no dispensation of rewards among the meritorious clergy; there

is every encouragement offered to the Church assuming a mere political aspect. We cannot expect Ministers to appoint their foes to situations in which influence can be exerted against them, but we do think that the humble and blameless clergy who have pursued the even tenor of their way, without connexion with party, or dereliction of duty, should not be made to feel that on them the door of preferment is securely and for ever closed. It is said, and we have every reason to believe with correctness, that when the see of Hereford was vacant, her Majesty was desirous of filling it by appointing her preceptor, a most worthy, amiable, and upright man, the Dean of Chester, to the station, but that Lord Melbourne firmly, though respectfully, declined to recommend such a proceeding, alleging that the Ministry felt compelled to select none for preferment who would not heartily co-operate in the House of Lords. The Queen is reported to have urged that Dr Daveys was a man far removed in sympathy from factional strife, and in temper from worldly contention; still the Premier remained firm, and thus, though a Minister may appoint his tutor to a bishoprick, though Lord Melbourne or Lord Althorp may enjoy the privilege, it is denied to a Queen of England, because, forsooth, the interests of a desperate and violent party compel them to discourage neutrality, to sanction the prostitution of patronage, and to tempt the clergy by valuable rewards from adherence to their conscientious opinions. The Dean of Chester, in his simplicity of mind and fervid spirit, is but a specimen of hundreds more, men of unobtrusive piety, of gentle sensibilities, of retiring and humble dispositions, of steady faith and unswerving principle; such men never can become the slaves or the tools of a Ministry, though they might be ornaments of a diocese, and blessings to the nation. Yet now all such priests of our Church are taught to know that they possess no qualification, no recommendation for situations of trust and dignity, as none but partisans are henceforth to be promoted, and none but politicians can be bishops. We earnestly long for the days when a noble sense of a high responsibility will animate and guide the distributors of public patronage, and especially of the patronage con-

nected with the Church. In former days we had in every Ministry men like Mr Perceval, Lord Harrowby, Lord Bexley, and others, statesmen who deeply felt the difficulties of their lofty stations; and we cannot but hope that if a Conservative Government were to resume the administration of affairs, we should again be blest with rulers intent on honouring God. Now, alas! the Church patronage is possessed merely as an element of political strength, and is valued from no other cause. At the present day we need more than ever an honest, pious, and working hierarchy; one that will be instant "in season and out of season;" liberal, zealous, and single-minded. We want not men who are insincere in their attachment to the Church Establishment, who are greatly prejudiced against it, who are necessarily regarded with suspicion, who are disciples of the new school that would banish the Bible from our schools, and rob the clergy to support such Atheistical education; we want not brawlers, popularity-hunters, vain-glorious scribblers, or empty casuists, for we live in times when nothing can avail the institutions we are defending but constant protection from secret as well as open foes. The foot of Popery is on the threshold of our temple, the profaning hand of Infidelity has been lifted against it, and it is needful that all who have enjoyed peace beneath its shadow should resist the encroachments thus threatened; and yet the Government, thus bartering the interests of the Church they are sworn to protect, for the temporary applause of its enemies, is to be considered, and has often professed to be, a pure and incorruptible Cabinet, ruling without regard to patronage, and by the force of public opinion!

We know, unfortunately, of no ground for hope that the Whig-Radical Government will ever be able to do its duty to the Church, and to distribute patronage justly; for it is allied with those (and cannot live but in the sunshine of their favour) who are interested in the demolition, *per fas aut nefas*, of the National Establishment. The Ministry may boast of its horror of corruption, but its deeds condemn it; it may boast of its attachment to the Church, but its necessities contradict the possibility of such an attachment being displayed. It is impossi-

ble, so long as the Whigs waver between proving their friendship for the Church, and their gratitude to its foes, that the former can ever be shown, because self-interest dictates the latter and condemns the former. And this is, we apprehend, the secret of all the corruption, and all the prostitution of patronage, discernible in the present Government. They cannot afford to be honest. Their necessities are greater than those of any other Cabinet, their tenure of office is more precarious, their temptations to evil are consequently much stronger, and their virtue is not sufficiently firm to resist the blandishments and secret motives which constantly assail them.

Had Sir Robert Peel, when in a minority of about ten in the last Parliament, so degraded himself as to scatter baits and bribes in the shape of patronage, among the needy and greedy of his opponents; had he so far stained his character as to procure the retirement of some members, the absence of others, and the sudden conversion of more, he might have so far altered the temper of the immaculate reformed party, as to have diminished, if not have abolished, the strength of the Opposition. He scorned to do so; he left office without enabling the most slanderous tongue to sneer at his proceedings, and without supplying to the most avaricious of censure the slightest grain of food. With all their affectation of conviction that the Tories were corrupt and prodigal, with all their pretended belief that the return of the Conservatives to power would be the signal for a general revival of any sinecures time had extinguished, the Whigs could not find one deed of profligacy, one act of extravagance, or one action of meanness to denounce and publish. Yet it will be said the necessities of Sir Robert Peel equalled the difficulties of Lord Melbourne! Not so. Sir Robert Peel's position was a high and lofty one—it was a position of much dignity; and it was no part of his policy to keep place at any price and any sacrifice. Sir Robert Peel was making an experiment whether the nation was yet wearied of incessant innovation and excitement. He did not desire to hold office if its retention imposed the necessity of pandering to popular passion; he was content to retire if the experiment failed,

convinced that if he prematurely adhered to power, it might remove still farther the prospect of a subsequent permanent return of that happy spirit and contented mind under which a Conservative Government can most beneficially act. The Whigs, on the other hand, are influenced by other considerations, and are impelled to other deeds than those which distinguished Sir Robert Peel. They know that if they can protract the hour of their dismissal, the interval can be employed in strengthening their party, giving fresh ardour and power to the Democracy, and diminishing the force of the bond of union among their foes. Every year gained to the Whigs is employed in augmenting patronage, in consolidating strength, in conceding to the more doubtful portion of their friends, and in preparing greater difficulties for their successors. If the Court oppose, they refuse to resign; if the House of Peers condemn them, they still cling to place; if their majority so wane in the House of Commons, that they cannot carry any single measure, and are compelled alternately to owe their preservation to the Conservatives and the Radicals, they yet adhere to power, and by intrigue, amidst the scorn of the country, creep through each Session; merely to enjoy in the recess opportunities of fresh secret corruption. It is the policy of the Conservatives to be a firmly resisting party, and in an age of innovation nothing can be more natural than that the principle of resistance should constantly be receiving fresh supporters. The Whigs know this, and experience proves it. That alteration in public opinion which is called the reaction, is simply the perpetual desertion from the movement party, of individuals whose desire for change is now satisfied. When Lord Ripon left Lord Grey's Government, he declared it was time for every man to take a stand against the tide of revolution, for there never would be any further footing; and this is precisely the feeling of every man who abandons the Liberals; the appetite for alteration is appeased, and a desire to preserve all that remains, compels an immediate conjunction with the resisting party. Lord Melbourne sensibly feels the gradual weakening of his strength, and sees with dismay, supporter after supporter desert, so that he is compelled to re-

cruit elsewhere; and as necessity increases on him, his desperation grows, until he at length finds himself induced to borrow aid from many he has before despised, and from many on whom he has trampled. His necessities and difficulties are the causes, not the apologies of his conduct. His fault lies not so much in allowing himself to stoop down to the level of those necessities, but in accepting a position to which such evils are adherent. He does not mistake his policy when he props up his sinking party by artificial, and sometimes disgraceful, means; but if he were sincere in his professions of purity, in his promises of "No Patronage," he did grievously mistake the difficulties, and under-rate the necessities of the situation he accepted. Our province is to enquire into the fact, and to maintain the charge, that the Whigs having entered office with lofty promises, having excited expectations of much purity, and of honest government, have gained confidence only to abuse it, and have acquired power only to pervert it. And more than this, that as their professions were more bold than those of the Conservatives, so have their practices been worse. Many honest men remaining among the Whigs may excuse to themselves deeds their moral sense condemns, by the reflection, that, however evil they may be, they are forced on them by the times; and with this justification of the expediency of their conduct, they may be contented to overlook the fallacy and the wickedness of its principle. We do not deny that among the old Whig party there was much of patriotism, though distorted by prejudice, mingled with evil tendencies and mistaken doctrines; but we can affirm that the present state of parties prohibits any individual who has sufficient sense to think for himself, and sufficient courage to act on his own opinions, continuing in the ranks of Lord Melbourne, while professing abhorrence of corruption. The unscrupulous may remain with him; the selfish may follow him; the dishonest, the place-hunters, the slaves of faction may abide with him; but justice and honour command every man of high feeling and spirit to come out from among the contaminating band of Revolutionists, who, under pretence of being pure, are sanction-

ing profligacy; and who, with cunning professions of constitutional attachments, are slowly destroying, piecemeal, every institution the ancestry of Britain won.

Let us look at the practices of the Liberal Ministry in relation to, and as exemplified in their tampering, first with the Peerage, secondly with the Navy, and thirdly with Ireland.

When Lord Grey, on the coronation of King William, created the usual batch of new Peers, he found himself compelled to omit draughting many from the House of Commons, who were influential there, and who had the best claims on him for preferment and elevation. His choice was limited to the Commoners out of Parliament, for he dared not, by giving Peerages to sitting members, hazard defeats in the places they represented. Instead of adding weight to the Peerage, he was thus constrained to diminish the dignity and influence of his order. Besides, he felt all the difficulty of his position, which might compel him to attempt swamping the Lords, by creating a large body of new ones, and he was desirous of reserving his more important friends among the Commoners for that purpose. Had Lord Grey, in 1831, given his Peerages to such men as Mr Portman, Mr Coke,* and Mr Byng; to Mr Methven, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Mr Hanbury Tracy, Col. Kemys Tynte, and to such men only, the House of Lords would have received an accession of great strength, wealth, influence, and character; but Lord Grey could not do this, because his ranks in the House of Commons could bear no reduction of reputation, and were already ludicrously ragged. The Conservatives need be influenced by no such considerations; they are not so weak in the country, and in the class of their supporters, that doing justice to the House of Lords must occasion them a sad reverse of moral influence in the House of Commons. If Sir Robert Peel

have to create the Coronation Peers (and we know no reason why vigorous measures should not be taken to demolish the Whig-Radicals before the time appointed for that exertion of patronage), he could send to the House of Lords many men like Sir W. Wynn, Colonel Grant of Grant, Mr Wilbraham Egerton, Mr Bethel, Sir Charles Morgan, Mr Kerr of Downpatrick, Mr Daly of Galway, Sir Charles Coote, Sir James Graham, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Thomas Acland, &c., &c., without being in any degree injured in the aspect of his party in the House of Commons, or in its available strength in the country. Sir Robert Peel has no interest in degrading the Peerage, and feels no necessity to do so. The Whigs feel both. They are painfully aware that the more they strengthen the Peerage by judicious creations, the more influential will be its voice against them; and they know, too, that their supporters in the House of Commons already contain so many they must despise, that it would be ill-judged and injurious to take any of the most respectable from the assembly. Besides, the Whig Ministers feel that they cannot trust in the House of Lords the few independent and high-spirited friends who adhere to them, for already many, as was frequently proved last Session, are becoming discontented with the yoke of the Irish demagogue, and suspicious of his selfish policy. Those who will stoop to be hacks, and those who have proved by past subserviency their meanness, and by veering about with every faction the pliability of their principles, may look for preferment, and will receive it. Those who move in fashionable society, without funds to sustain the characters they act, and having fed long on the public, expect to derive still further advantages, and therefore remain constant to their masters, are the only individuals among whom patronage is scattered. The noble spurn it, the wealthy reject it, and the vir-

* These two gentlemen, who were then overlooked, together with another of the same class, Mr Littleton, have since been added to the Peerage; but it was not until they had retired from Parliament, or were on the point of doing so. Were the patronage of the Whigs always bestowed on gentlemen as influential, and as much respected, the hostility of the many would be diminished, if not dissipated. Mr Portman and Mr Coke are, however, exceptions to the general rule; and as new influential Whig Peers, are now likely to remain so.

tuously despise its possessors. But it is a calamitous thing that the fountain of honour should thus be corrupted, and its stream polluted. Were the avowed Radicals in office, we should expect of them the mockery and the degradation of the Peerage; we should expect at their hands every blow at our institutions their ingenuity could suggest; but when the Whigs are the Cabinet Ministers, we scarcely look for insults to the noblemen whose ancestry is interwoven so closely with their own, and whom they profess to admire and regard. The House of Lords is now the great barrier to the encroachments of revolution, the chief hope, as it is the firmest guardian of the nation. We know that it will remain so; and we rejoice in the conviction that its popularity and influence have increased, despite the calumny of its foes, and the vile treachery of the Whigs; yet we lament that the avenue to its heights is over a rough and crooked road, and that the entrance is besieged by many who never can procure admission but to debase and contaminate the temple. If the present Ministers are destined to bestow the titles which the coronation will render necessary, the Peerage will again be inundated with adventurers, and dishonoured by truckling time-servers, while the rightful successors to Parliamentary honours will be neglected and forgotten. They will dignify with Peerages only the respectable men they can spare, and these will be, unfortunately, few; and most of the individuals placed amidst our Herberts, Devereuxs, Courtenays, Douglasses, and O'Neils, will be as low in grade as in feeling. It would be useless for the Radicals, or for any party whatever, to assail the Peerage, if it were constituted as it once was, or if it remain constituted as it is even at present. The wealth of the chief noblemen on both sides—the Northumberlands, Buccleuchs, Lonsdales, Hertfords, Dartmouths, Rolles, and Newcastle of the one party; the Sutherlands, Devonshires, and Cleveland of the other, render them completely independent of the Ministerial patronage and power; their names are associated with the noblest remembrances of Britain—they are actuated by a resolution to maintain their family reputations—and they possess a moral influence in society

superior to any that desperate faction can bring to bear against them. If, however, the House of Lords, by a continuation of a prostitution of patronage, were at length to contain such a mixture, were to be composed of such tessellated, heterogenous materials, that the people would begin to hesitate as to the propriety and necessity of its preservation, the advocates for organic changes would find very little difficulty in turning the scale in public opinion, and sweeping away the whole institution together. By abusing, then, the confidence of the Sovereign, and by perverting the prerogatives exercised under their advice, the Whigs have it in their power to lessen the dignity, and consequently to diminish the influence and stability of the Peerage. But will the remnant of the old Whig party permit conduct so flagitious and dangerous as this? Will the ancient Peers who remain with the present Government allow their order to be swamped, their privileges perilled, their associates degraded, for no crime but a conscientious adherence to sincere opinions, and an earnest admiration of the constitution? We trust not. We cannot think that the noblemen who are, through old prejudice, through the ties of former friendship or close connexion, leagued with the Whigs, will sanction the debasement of the Assembly where their fathers have struggled for the national rights, to which we owe our country's grandeur.

During the life of our late lamented monarch, the Whigs found so much difficulty in obtaining his sanction to measures of mischief, that their powers of evil were peculiarly limited; the Peerage, therefore, was saved for a time, and suffered only under occasional insults. Its chief misfortune now lies in the prospect before it. With the service to which we are about to allude, the case is different. The navy is already the victim of Whig corruption. In Scotland, to explain our meaning, we have only to say that it is under the control of Lord Minto; to that nothing need be added to any one who knows his Lordship's family, or has traced his kindred winding themselves sinuously into every cleft and hole their creeping propensities can discover. But all our readers may not be so enlightened on the Elliot character and history.

Lord Minto himself is a living monument of the extent to which the Whigs carry their contempt of patronage; with his brothers and endless cousins, he forms the sixth generation of placemen. The Whigs could not have chosen for the First Lord of the Admiralty under a "No Patronage" system a more fit person; his history was his recommendation, and his conduct has fully confirmed the testimony it afforded. He has made the navy-list a truly curious compilation, reducing the number of names of persons on active service to the smallest possible extent, and using these in the most regular succession. The Pagets, Greys, Russells, Careys, Otways, Elliots, Howards, and D'Eyncourts, appear in nearly every ship, and on every station. The seamen who have fought under the British flag during years of arduous contests against Gallic ambition—the heroes whose scars speak more eloquently than a thousand tongues, of duty, patriotism, valour and merit, are laid by and neglected, to make way for the scions of nobility and the sons of aspiring supporters. To contrast a former navy-list with the one of the present quarter, is to heap ridicule, effectual though silent, on the brawling professions of the Liberal party. In former days the Reformers spoke much against Lord Melville, and insisted that patronage in his hands was consistently perverted and abused; there were incessant declamations against his partiality, and much virtuous indignation was expended on his supposed delinquencies; yet a glance at the proceedings in the navy during that time will demonstrate that though the Ministers did, as all Ministers may and ever will do, promote many among their friends, many who were most strongly recommended to them, yet that the aspect of the navy-list was essentially different, and the influence of the Government on the service directly the reverse. In one solitary vessel, the commander, Lord John Hay, is connected with a Conservative family, but he owes not his post to his services, his well-tried bravery, his accomplished mind, but to the remarkable circumstance that Sir John Hobhouse is his brother-in-law. The rest of the ships afloat (and thanks to the non-intervention policy, their number is not small) are officered by Whigs or

"Whigs and something more"; they are filled with tender, but noble pupils of the official schoolmaster; by rejected candidates, decayed politicians, or "suffering Papists." By these worthies throughout the navy, the farce of "No Patronage" is daily performed under the sanction of her Majesty. A yacht, in the shape of a small frigate, and a summer cruise in the Mediterranean at the public expense, is now a very usual and fashionable amusement; Lord Minto has kindly consented to superintend the arrangements; no trouble is given to the amateur seamen, and every thing is carefully prepared for their comfort and idleness. Great care is taken that the tempers of the young gentlemen shall not be ruffled, for no one of opposite political sentiments is permitted on board; and equal prudence is displayed in securing them as much as possible from any gales of wind, for the calmest seasons and the most peaceful seas are chosen for their expeditions. Should they desire to enjoy the diversion and pastime of war, wherein one party is the aggressor, and the other is expected not to fire in return, they may land on the north of Spain; and then, occupying a steamer, may sail up some river with the union-jack flying; and then when the natives, recognising the banner of an old ally, are prepared to salute, they have full permission to display their courage, by delivering some broadsides for the honour of the Government pledged to peace, reform, and retrenchment! Of late there have been so many applications for participation in these creditable cruises that the navy estimates have been increased to supply the requisite addition of money and sailors. Lord Minto and the Whigs have been disposed at all times to comply with requests from gentlemen to whom they are indebted, and have patriotically resolved that the vessels so long confined to the dock-yards shall be launched forth on the deep, not, as in days of yore, to scour the ocean, or to encounter the opponents of Britain's sovereignty of the seas, but to be played with as toys, by official dandies and slavish partisans. The navy of England has hitherto been deemed the noblest service in the world, and the firmest bulwark of the country; and who could have expected that the

Whigs, the loud professors of impartiality and justice, the ranting advocates for searching reform in every department, would be the men to strike the blow at this service, so often lauded by themselves? The first speech Lord Erskine ever made from the bar, was in defence of the naval officers, and against the profligate administration of the Admiralty. It was upon the occasion of an attempt having been made by a post-captain to expose the corruption practised at Greenwich Hospital that the Whig advocate thus spoke—

"My Lords, this matter is of the last importance. I speak not as an advocate alone, I speak to you as a man; as a member of a state whose very existence depends upon her naval strength. If a misgovernment were to fall upon Chelsea Hospital, to the ruin and discouragement of our army, it would be no doubt to be lamented; yet I should not think it fatal; but *if our fleets are to be clipped by the baneful influence of elections, we are lost indeed!* If the seaman who, while he exposes his body to fatigues and dangers, looking forward to Greenwich as an asylum for infirmity and old age, sees the gates of it blocked up by corruption, and hears the voice and mirth of luxurious landmen drowning the groans and complaints of the wounded, helpless companions of his glory, he will tempt the seas no more. The Admiralty may press *his body*, indeed, at the expense of humanity and the constitution; but they cannot press *his mind*; they cannot press the heroic ardour of a British sailor; and, instead of a fleet to carry terror all round the globe, the Admiralty may not much longer be able to amuse us with even the peaceable unsubstantial pageant of a review."* Where now are the Whigs by whom this eloquence was applauded; where now is the evidence that they think our fleets should not suffer "by the baneful influence of elections?" Let the defeated candidates at sea reply!

Our third consideration of Whig practices refers us to Ireland. We have lately seen there a magistrate dismissed from the commission of the peace in Tyrone, for drinking a toast in Armagh; and if few such cases will in future happen, the cause will be, that in the present reign the commission will be so framed as to exclude all

who may be inclined so seriously to sin against the laws. Lord Mulgrave will, doubtless, be careful that the rebels of 1798 shall never be reminded of their defeat, and will be equally solicitous to protect all free-spoken persons who may think it necessary to libel the clergy—

"That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the private is rank blasphemy."

Beware, then, O Protestants of Ireland! how you venture to offend the majesty of the people, or to question the freedom of election, when your liberties are prostrated by a relentless mob! You may boldly lift your hands against the vigilant officers of the law; you may rob the "parson," and publish the joke; you may utter sedition, attack the legislature, clamour for a repeal of the union; but beware how you presume to organize your strength, to exercise the right of self-defence; to whisper a recollection of former victories over Popery, in the field or the senate! True, your church is assaulted, many of its ministers have perished, your franchise is nullified, your property is threatened, your brethren have been slaughtered, or have fled in despair; but venture not to hint disaffection, presume not to repine; be loyal and quiet, for your loyalty shall be argued contentment, and your tranquillity acquiescence in revolution! We have arrived, it seems, at days when the only path to power in Ireland is through distinction in prædial outrage, or political agitation. The law officers of the crown are Roman Catholics; their feet are on the steps of the bench, and their grasp on the whole council-table at the Castle. The Government exists only by sufferance, and drags out a miserable existence by dispensing patronage indiscriminately among the foes of the public peace, and the enemies of the National Church. Were it for a single month to cease supplying those who are at once its masters and its tools with power, it would fall through their desertion. Not the slightest encouragement is given to the humble but industrious public servant, if he be neutral in politics; not the slightest prospect of advancement is presented to the lawyer who attends

* Lord Erskine's speech on Captain Baillie's Case in 1778.

merely to his professional avocations no hope of elevation, or even of support in cases of emergency, is presented to any individual on the constabulary establishment, who fulfils his trust with firmness and impartiality. The magistrates are selected from the worst class, from those who have been or are popular candidates; all the gentlemen dismissed from the commission of the peace under Lord Anglesea and Lord Wellesley (being Papists), have been restored; the judges' recommendations of high-sheriffs are unheeded; and though the Protestants do undeniably possess nineteen-twentieths of the land in the country, yet the sheriffs are selected chiefly from the Roman Catholics; they are, in fact, men of the very smallest pretensions to influence or station. The assessors at the poll-booths are of the same kind; the revising barristers are almost invariably partisans of the most violent order; the chairmanships of counties are given to factious, ignorant, and often unknown men. The inspectors of police are frequently individuals who have been accused of breaking the laws, and are appointed on the recommendation of the Rebel Association. No enquiry is ever made whether a candidate for office belong to that illegal body, although the impartial Lord Mulgrave had uniformly marked every man for exclusion who had joined the Orange Society. Meanwhile the Court is filled with the numerous aides-de-camp of the Lord Lieutenant, with Popish bishops and priests, with the most approved spouters at the Corn Exchange, all expecting some mark of favour, and soliciting some proof of Whig "No Patronage." In every ramification of the public service the same system of espionage, of injustice, partiality, and favoritism, is at work; in every corner of the country it is felt; it extends to trifles, and ascends to the most important matters; affecting even newspapers, irritating individuals, and disturbing the regular course of duty. Withal, nevertheless, the Government professes to be based on popular opinion, to be strong enough to spurn all petty arts, and to be independent of all purchased assistance. Oh yes! it is perfectly independent; it is independent of all settled principles, of all definite purposes, of all honesty, liberality, and

disinterestedness; its object is the retention of place, the augmentation of the patronage it pretends to despise, and the demolition of all the interests that oppose it. In Ireland, as in England, there are a special-favoured few, who are more particularly benefited by the favourable notice of the stage-struck Lord Mulgrave; bask securely in the sun of vice-regal partiality, and applaud, with sincerity that cannot be doubted, the benignant authority they enjoy; but the main body of the people in the nation are either controlled and deluded by the priesthood, and the other favourite servants of the administration; or, being Protestants, are distrusted and insulted, though their defence of the British connexion is the only genuine support on which a government can permanently rely.

Can it be supposed that any party, even the present Ministry, would in this manner disgrace themselves, and injure the country, if they were not sensible of a pressing necessity to stretch their patronage, to use every exertion of trick, manœuvre, and intrigue, in order to save their offices and to carry on their vacillating policy? Would any set of men stoop to actions so unworthy of nominal statesmen, if they were not actuated and impelled by urgent motives of selfishness? Would commissions be thus abused, parliaments be thus degraded, the church, the peerage, the navy, the Irish people be thus injured by professors of public virtue, if there were not hidden agencies behind the scenes, or evil motives undivulged? Surely not. The plea of "No Patronage" would not be so grossly ridiculed in practice, if difficulties not otherwise to be dispelled were not pressing heavily and anxiously upon them. But what avails this, after all? Has it secured Whig-Radical power, has it rendered their tenure of office permanent, or even strong? No! these daily mean and petty expedients have not prevented their numbers decreasing, and their remaining friends sinking rapidly in credit and popularity. And what effect have they had on the income of the country, on the expenditure the Whigs, on acceding to power, promised to retrench? Let the following facts speak.

The most remarkable charges which the Whigs have managed to increase, are these:—

	Charge in 1836.	1837.
Police and Criminal Prosecutions,	247,605	329,520 !
Foreign Ministers' Salaries and Pensions,	176,015	198,301
The Navy, effective and non-effective,	4,099,430	4,205,726 !
Public Works,	280,600	316,841
Post-Office charge of collection,	686,141	712,304
Miscellaneous services, &c.	1,194,031	2,213,902 !

N'importe ! the duty on British spirits has increased nearly half-a-million, and that on malt nearly double as much : we therefore have the consolation of knowing that if our criminal prosecutions are increasing, so also is our intemperance ; and if "No Patronage" is marvellously augmenting the most suspicious charges in the public expenditure, the cost of that intemperance will supply the requisite deficiency ! We have had a bad year for trade, and much profession of economy from the Whigs, but who will presume to say any thing disrespectful even if the navy be increased, and foreign ministers hatched, and "Miscellaneous services" performed at an enormous expense, in a season of profound peace ? Of course we must remain contented, satisfied with the knowledge that "Liberals" are our rulers, and that if we have been foolish enough to trust them, we well deserve to suffer for our credulity.

If, however, we seriously view the state of affairs in another light, if we have resolved to be deluded no more, these facts should be properly and thoroughly published in contrast with the plausible pretences of the Whig party. We ask our fellow countrymen, if this great nation is not acting with unbecoming timidity in bowing to the priest-ridden and corrupt Government that now lords it so unfortunately in the land, to the discouragement of Protestantism and the peril of the Constitution ? The Whigs stand before the people condemned and ridiculous ; they have violated pledges, and leagued with perjurers to obtain assistance in so doing. Their jobs have been flagitious in their character, extensive in number, and peculiarly disgraceful from being perpetrated while the echo still was heard of different professions. The nation has been patient too long ; we trust that it has now resolved to be duped no more. Our rulers have dishonoured their stations, perverted alike their ability and their power ; rendered the country's welfare subservient to a fac-

un's interest, and robbed the people,

after obtaining confidence by false and mean pretences. We have shown that the necessities of their position compel them to continue the same career of mingled wickedness and folly ; but we cannot think that the day is distant which shall dash them from the places they secured by intrigue, and have preserved only by corruption. They have one single hope, that the demagogue they have propitiated by humble submission in Ireland—whose minions they have patronised, whose tools they have promoted, whose iniquitous designs they have sanctioned—will be able, in defiance of the voice of Protestant England, to sustain them in the bad eminence to which they have climbed. They are contented to be saved by the man whose touch they considered pollution, whose base and sordid actions have stamped him with a mark as broad and deep and revolting as the burning brand of Cain ; and their deeds in office, if secured by his agency, will doubtless be worthy of their renewed connexion. The venerated institutions of the land will be sacrificed to his anti-national and infamous ambition ; the highest offices of the State will be placed as gifts upon his shrine ; and the consummation will ensue of that terrific policy which compasses Protestant extermination, the surrender of our citadels, the annihilation of our rights, and the disastrous destruction of the altar at which our fathers knelt and worshipped. We owe to ourselves, then, to ancestral memories, to the future welfare of our land, to repel and to conquer the insidious foes who threaten and surround us. Let them tempt some few deserters by the glittering baits of patronage and pay ; let them urge on the wavering by the miserable manoeuvre of stealing their monarch's name, and engraving its royal initials on their pirate banner ; but the constitutional phalanx will remain firm, unshaken in constancy, unequalled in courage, while the heterogeneous masses, plundering the public and revolutionizing the nation, will divide and waste away, or fall in fury and desperation.

CALAIS—

MY ADVENTURES, PLEASURES, AND EMBARRASMENTS—THITHER, THERE, AND BACK.*

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

London, Sept. 1837.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

CONCEIVING that at that particular time of the year, and juncture of public affairs, London would not miss me for a fortnight or so, I slipped quietly away to Dover, with my wife and little son, and his attendant, on the 10th of August last. On the ensuing Sunday afternoon, about two o'clock, you might have seen me perched upon the summit of Shakspeare's Cliff, gazing from that silent, celebrated eminence, through the clear air, at the outline of the French coast, dim in the distance. Never had I seen it before, and many things did the sight of it suggest to me. Upwards of thirty years had I lived in the world, without having seen more of it—I am almost ashamed to write it down—than England, Wales (where I was born), and Scotland. Never had I been so near France—our ancient professed enemy, our present equivocal friend—and shall I lose this opportunity, thought I, as I discerned the Calais packet like a little hissing tea-kettle making its way for Dover, of placing my foot upon Monsieur's territory—and that, too, at ancient Calais; of hearing foreign people speaking a foreign language in a foreign place—even if it be for but a day—of seeing, in short, how they carry on the war?—Hem!—To Calais will I verily go on the morrow by the eight o'clock boat, if I am alive and well,—and my wife will part with me, without fearing that her Majesty would have born another loyal subject, during our brief absence, on my account;—nay, peradventure my wife would choose to accompany me; and if she does, I am sure my little son shan't be left behind—and then his maid must go—whew! here was a regular affair upon my hands all at once! *Dis sic visum.* My wife (I shame to say it), was the only one of the four

that could speak French—bah! tha. was bad, certainly; then there were the usual train of *desagrémens*—searching, and registering, and so forth:—but my mind was made up, and could not easily be turned from this great enterprise.

Monday the 14th August opened calmly and beautifully. The sea seemed smooth as a polished mirror—a sight that not a little comforted me on account of my companions, as we passed along the shingly shore a little after seven o'clock, on our way to the harbour, where, lo! *two* steamers were making sputtering and smoking preparations for starting—one an English boat, the other the French mail-packet.

"Sare," said in a low tone the captain or steward of the latter, stepping up to us as we approached—"if you shall go wit me—blen!—we shall take you for five shilling—the other charge you ten shilling—and, certainment!—we shall be there one half hour first—Sare! we carry the maille!" he added, with an important air.

"No—I—I think," said I hesitating—"I think I"—

"Beautiful boat, sare! mi lady, *ver* fine boat"—

We passed on to make enquiries into the real state of the question as to fares; and I soon found that the Frenchman had taken the great liberty to tell me a greater lie; for the English boat charged only five shillings instead of ten shillings; and her Captain seemed such a hearty thorough-going Englishman, that forthwith we stepped down the accommodation-ladder—and were soon on our way, having the start of the Frenchman, who did not follow for several minutes. Our Captain was wroth enough when I informed him of the attempted imposition of his rival. "Oh, sir," said he, "if you'll believe me, those Frenchmen are the biggest liars God

* We are assured by our quaint correspondent—and we believe him—that nothing is set down in his paper, even to the minutest details, that did not actually occur to him in his brief trip to Calais. It were to be wished that our numberless tourists were equally faithful—and observant.—C. N.

Almighty—or rather the devil ever made! Many and many's the passenger they've done me out of in that way."

"And—hem!—how many have you, Captain, done them out of?—Eh! you understand?"

"None, sir—never!—honour bright!" he answered with a serious air—and I believed him. At length we beheld Monsieur coming out of the harbour; and I began to feel a little curious to see which was the better sailer—union-jack, or tri-colour.

"Which is the quicker boat?" I asked of the Captain, as we both stood looking over the stern at our companion.

"Why—much about the same; perhaps—if there is any difference, certainly—why, sometimes one has it, and sometimes the other, you see!"

"Which will get to Calais first to-day, d'ye think?"

"Why, we shall—not a doubt of it. Monsieur won't fetch up *this* start, anyhow—let him puff and blow as hard as he likes!"

"His is a very good-looking boat, eh?"

"Ay, ay,—no doubt; all outside, though—like all the French! Our inside and engines are five times the strength of his. His boat is just fit for this sort of thing; but I'd go round the world in mine, I'll be — if I wouldn't!"

For about twelve miles the two boats preserved the same relative distance; and I felt a kind of school-boy's interest in standing and watching our competitor—whom, by and by, I regretted to see certainly beginning to gain upon us. By the time that we were about two-thirds on our way, the fellow had positively got up to us.

"Ah, Captain—'tis no use; we're overmatched; I'm afraid the tri-colour is rather too much for the union-jack!"

"Tri-colour a match for the union-jack? D—d if she is, though,—and none knows it better than she, or she's had a mighty lot of licking without learning her lesson!" he added with a disdainful air.

"But still I'm afraid that on *this* occasion"——

"If she does get in first it's because we don't try it on with her. I don't care a button which gets into harbour first. What does it signify? I never took the trouble to race with her!"

This might be; but shortly afterwards he sauntered carelessly forwards, and in passing, evidently whispered something to the engine-man below—and we certainly a little increased our speed. By and by I observed the Captain looking occasionally with affected indifference at his rival—some-what stimulated, nevertheless, by the interest his passengers appeared to take in what looked uncommonly like a race between the two boats. But 'twas of no use—Monsieur gradually passed us! His triumph, however, was of short duration; for as soon as ever the mist, which had come over us suddenly, and completely hid the French coast from sight, began to clear away, lo! Monsieur was seen to have run himself a-ground, having mistaken his course in the mist, and, it might be in the eagerness of the race, omitted to sound as he went on; through the which negligence we also were within a hair's-breadth of incurring the like mishap:—but a vigorous effort—the helm ported—the lead in the water every half minute, got us out of our danger—and we left our friend to enjoy his novel and interesting position at his leisure. So that, after all, we got first into harbour, our Captain carelessly hinting something about superior sailing.

The mist melted away suddenly—and then we found ourselves making direct for Calais harbour, running along, at about a quarter of a mile's distance, a low sandy shore, with no signs of human existence. Calais lies low and far in; it has rather a pretty appearance from the sea. The pier, which is narrow, and of wood, comes out about a mile, making an excellent entrance to the harbour. There were two or three well-dressed men standing at its extremity, one of whom shot a gull as we passed, which fell into the water within a few feet of me.

After paying our fare to the steward (L. 1 for all of us), I obtained from him a little French silver—some five-franc pieces, francs, and half-francs, as ammunition with which to open the campaign.

"May I ask, sir, where you're going to put up at Calais," said he, "as you've never been in France before?"

"Ah, by the way, that is a question. Why, really, what would you advise me to do? I've made no arrangements whatever! What hotel?"

"Why, sir, there are plenty of hotels; there's the Hotel Bourbon, and Dessein's, and Meurice's, and Quilliac's, and Roberts' English Hotel—all good ones."

"I should prefer a French one, as I want to see as much of the French style of doing things as I can in a few hours."

"Then Quilliac's is a very genteel, comfortable family hotel, sir—quite first-rate;" and upon it I decided. "And now, sir, you'll see a great hubbub when we land," he continued. "I suppose, in course, you speak French?"

"Why—not, perhaps, exactly—that is, not *fluently*, you understand—hem!" The fact was that I could not speak twenty words in French.

"Well, well, sir, it don't much signify, for they, most of them, speak English—but see, we're coming-to. What luggage have you on board, sir?"

"Only that carpet-bag with our night-things—I brought as little as possible."

"That's right, sir. You must leave it on deck, sir, and the Commissioner will fetch it for you in about an hour's time. When you're going ashore, and a lot of people are shouting out and jabbering to you, only call out, '*Quilliac!*' and you'll not be troubled any more. You'll see a man in a blue smock, who'll come and lead you away—he is M. Quilliac's servant."

By this time we had got alongside; an accommodation-ladder was thrust down; forthwith a military-looking personage with a brisk, important air, leaped upon deck, spoke rapidly in French to the Captain, and remained at the foot of the ladder as we ascended. Sure enough we did encounter a strange clamour—not a word could I understand; so, following the steward's advice, I called out, with an imperative air, "*Quilliac!*" It was just as he had said. A man in a blue smock came instantly forward, touched his hat, exclaiming, as my wife told me, "I am from M. Quilliac, sir—follow, if you please!" and in a twinkling we all stood upon French ground. Following our guide, and flanked by a personage in military costume,—a glazed, sugar-loaf shaped black cap, green dress, with a belt and small sword—who kept his eye constantly upon us, we marched—I, my wife,

child and servant, to the passport-office, about thirty yards' distance from the spot on which we had landed. I fancied myself under arrest, as, in point of fact, we were for the time being. Into the "*bureau*" we entered forthwith, and were arranged before three gentlemen with great books open before them.

"*Vous êtes Anglais?*" enquired one of them.

"Oui, Monsieur," I answered, confidently enough.

"*Votre nom et designation?*"

I gave my Christian and surname, which he wrote down.

"*Quel age avez vous?*"

I told him—down it went.

"*Votre profession, Monsieur?*"

Observing me hesitate as to the proper answer, he added, in English, "Sare, what are you?"

My wife gave me the word, and he noted it down with rather a more courteous air than he had before exhibited.

"*Votre femme,*" pointing to them severally, "*enfant, domestique, Monsieur?*"

"Oui, oui!"

"Sare, your passport, if you plizz!"

I told him that we neither had nor required one; on which he bowed politely, motioned us to the door, and we sallied forth, once more at our liberty, attended only by M. Quilliac's emissary, who walked before us in silence. It was now about eleven o'clock, and the day was bright and cheering. I felt in an entirely new scene—nothing English or English-like about us. The curious antique entrance-gate, celebrated by Hogarth,—the appearance of the houses—the narrow streets, with no flags—the strange aspect of the shops, with inscriptions and sign-boards all in French—the rapid unintelligible pronunciation of the same language on all sides of us—the women, without any bonnets, but all in snowy prim-looking caps, and little blue cloaks; then a swarthy soldier of the line, in green jacket and red trousers. Yes, here we were in Calais—old Calais; it sounded big, but we were unquestionably now in a foreign country (!) And it was just as I had been remarking the rolls of bread a yard and a-half long, or so, in a baker's shop, that it occurred to me, for the first time, to enquire into the state of our financial affairs. Certainly I had

managed them with signal prudence; for L.3, 10s. was positively all that we had about us. My wife was in consternation; I *rather* non-plussed. 'Εξυγασμὸς.

"Really, Mr ———, this is excessively provoking! But it's just like you! It's always so! You're fit for nothing but to sit poring over your stupid books—what's to become of us? I'll never—no, never! trust money matters to you any more," &c. &c. &c. I felt that I deserved it all; so I suffered in silence. I might certainly as easily as not have put a L.5 or L.10 note into my pocket before quitting Dover; but, as my wife said, I had not wit enough to think of it! So I walked by her side with a penitent foolish air.

We neither of us could guess on what scale our expenses were likely to be; and I felt rather flustered as we were ushered into the large old-fashioned "Hotel Quilliacq," where we were instantly attended by Monsieur and Madame, and one or two of their household. We were shown at once into a suite of apartments on such an extensive and handsome scale as made me instinctively thrust my hands into my pocket, to ascertain that even my precious little store was safe. Moved by what I was there reminded of, I contrived to find some objection (!) to the rooms that were being exhibited to us, and we were shown up to others, certainly somewhat inferior, but still exceedingly comfortable, and rather elegantly furnished—a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, *en suite*. These we chose.

"Madame ne desire-t-elle rien?" enquired the waiter, obsequiously, as we sate down. My wife told me the nature of his enquiries, and at my request, informed him, that as we had just come off the sea, a little cogniac, some water, and a few biscuits would satisfy our present necessities. "And vat vill you dine, sare—and when vill you have, sare?" he enquired—for, observing me incapable of addressing him in his own language, he began to murder mine. But I was delighted, and enquired, "What have you?" He presently produced a bill of fare, and, after due consideration, we determined on having, first, a sole, with a very fine long name; secondly, a fricandeau; thirdly, a roast fowl;

fourthly, a sweet omelette; a pint of vin ordinaire (*i. e.* weak red ink), and a bottle of Champagne—Sillery—all to be ready by five o'clock. Thus charged, he withdrew; and I took the opportunity again to count my store, and curse my folly. There it was—L.3, 10s. 6d.—but we intended to return at eight on the ensuing morning; yet there was the fare back to pay out of it, which would leave us about L.2, 7s. to meet all contingencies! It *might* be enough; but how did we know the rate at which we should be charged—the imposition that might be attempted?

"What is to be done, Mr ——" enquired my wife.

"Why," I replied, after a puzzled pause, "do you think we could ascertain *beforehand* what they charge for the rooms and dinner?"

"Nonsense! nonsense! It would be beggarly to a degree."

"Well, then, why not tell them our real situation—the oversight I have committed?"

"Poh! They would think us—impostors! especially, by the way, when they see the immense quantity of luggage we have brought—a carpet-bag not a third filled!"

Certainly that was a clincher; but nevertheless, after looking for a few moments in my wife's anxious face, I could not help bursting out a-laughing.

"Indeed, Mr ———, it's no laughing matter, I can tell you."

At that moment, after a tap at the door, entered the Commissionaire, a gentlemanly-looking person, who, with a polite bow, came up to me and said, "Sare, if you plizz, your key."

"Eh! *my key!* Pardonnez—my key? Why? What key?" I enquired, infinitely surprised.

"Oh, sare," he replied, smiling. "it is the key of your luggage, at the bureau—to be search"—

"Oh—bien! I understand," I answered, much relieved—surrendered the key, and he withdrew. To return to my money, or rather *my want* of money. I would at that moment have paid fifty per cent interest for the loan of a L.5 note till that time on the next day. Suddenly it occurred to me, that if I could find out the Captain of the steam-boat he might be inclined to assist me in this—to me not laughable—emergency; for though he had

never seen me till that morning, I could take him, immediately on my return to Dover, to my lodgings, and repay him with interest whatever sum he might choose to advance us. Forth I sallied on that errand, and after some difficulty found my way to the steam-boat, on which, however, there was only an old man scouring the deck; and he informed me that he knew neither where the Captain was, nor when he would return. That was gratifying!

I had nothing for it but to return to the hotel, and trust that something would turn up in our favour. Let the worst come of it—'twas but stopping at Calais till I could receive a remittance from London; for though we had sufficient funds at Dover, they were accessible to none but ourselves; but then, again, there were reasons why I did not think it prudent to delay our return to England. Thus situated, however, I began to feel as if I had no right to be at Calais! as if I could not pay my way!! How infinitely vexatious!—the first time I had ever been on the continent (!)—with so many novel and interesting objects and feelings without and within—so much to observe,—to see, hear, and think of; at CALAIS—old Calais, so fraught with historic recollections and associations to an Englishman, moreover, with only a few hours at his command, and to be thus crippled in the sinews of war—but, positively, there is my redoubtable *παύλαρος*! Welcome, thou bluff Englishman in this quaint strange land!

"Ah, Captain, how d'ye do again?" I exclaimed, approaching him, as he stepped out of a dusky liqueur shop.

"Well, sir, what d'ye think of Calais? Rum town, an't it, sir?"

"Very—very! But—a—a—Captain," I added, lowering my voice, "do you know I've been down to the steam-boat on purpose to see you; I'm very unpleasantly situated—"

"Eh, sir? what? In trouble already sir? why, what's the matter, sir?"

"Simply this—I'm almost ashamed to tell you, Captain—but I was fool enough not to bring sufficient money with me." He burst out a-laughing.

"Lord, sir, is that all? Never you mind, sir; I'll take care of you, never fear it! I'll be — if a fellow-countryman shall get into trouble out

of old England for the want of a pound or two—what d'ye want, sir? I've plenty!"

I brought forward my budget in no time—would our Chancellor of the Exchequer were equally prompt, simple, and faithful!

"Oh Lord, sir, you needn't fear, you'll have quite enough—how can you spend what you have betwixt this and eight o'clock to-morrow morning, unless to be sure you're a-going to live like a Lord, and buy jim-cracks and that sort of thing? It can't be, nohow. But, how's'ever—whatever you're short of, I'll let you have—with pleasure! I'll be with you in the morning a quarter before eight—at Quilliacq's—and set you all smooth and straight, if you want it—depend on't, sir!"

"Thank you, Captain! I'll remember your kindness—that you shall find. Whatever you lend me, you can be repaid within ten minutes of our landing at Dover. I have — Cottage, and you can go or send a man with me."

"Pshaw, sir, I an't afraid to trust a gentleman. Hillo, my hearty," addressing a man who approached, "how are you all?" and hastily taking leave of me, we went different ways. I felt "myself again." With a loud "hem!" I looked every one I met in the face, and with a sort of an *air*, scrutinized all the shops. I re-entered Quilliacq's with far more confidence than I had originally entered it. It was a large hotel with an immense number of windows, each having heavy shutters, painted a faded green colour. It stood between two small and rather inferior streets, into both of which it had an entrance—but not such an entrance as such an hotel would have had in England. You would have thought yourself going by the back-door into a kind of wharf or warehouse-yard. On entering, you found yourself in a kind of square, each side of which consisted of the hotel offices.

Having taken a little "cogniac" and water, and a biscuit, we issued forth to explore the town. The Commissioner, whom we met at the door, advised us to go first to the church; and he politely mystified us, in very broken English, with directions to go first to the right—then to the left—then again to the right, and so forth, till, lo!—l'église! Of course we immediately lost our way; but my wife's

enquiries set us right. Then wrong again—again recourse to my wife;—once more at fault;—but now, a little nettled at having to depend so absolutely upon her superior powers, I resolved to try my own resources.

"Mademoiselle," said I, to a cheerful-looking decent young woman whom we met, in our extremity, "*s'il vous plait—hem!—montrez-moi—the way to the—the church—église?*"

"Ah—bien! bien! Je comprends! Il faut," &c. &c. "Monsieur—à la main gauche—droite—les Ramparts—voilà—l'église!"

"Ma fille, je vous remerciez," I stammered, not having caught above a word or two; and turning with an air of vexation to my wife, I told her she might ask the remainder of our way about Calais herself. I seemed to have become suddenly tongue-tied—I, too, who find no lack of words at home—hem! For the thousandth time I deplored the folly that had led me always to disregard the study of the French language!

At length, however, we reached the church. Its exterior has nothing worth notice, or unlike a similar structure in England. Men and women were busily scouring one side of the church (there is no gallery); while, at the upper extremity, on plain rush-bottomed chairs, were a number of men and women—principally the former, and of the inferior sort—kneeling, their hands with prayer-books resting on the backs of the chairs, their faces directed towards the altar and the shrines of particular saints—in silent prayer. A tall feeble old man, in a cocked hat and long thread-bare blue greatcoat, over which was thrown a belt, with a sword, and with a walking-stick, approached us soon after our entrance, and began, in a low tone, to point out to us the various objects—shrines, images, pictures, &c. Before the first shrine was a small triangular table, with a number of spikes, on which were stuck wax candles, of different sizes, burning—some burnt out—and which, I found, were offerings to the grim-looking saint before whom they were placed. God forbid that I should feel disposed to turn any one's religious observances into ridicule, especially where one's curiosity had been so civilly and freely gratified, but really I cannot help intimating how painfully absurd many things

appeared, especially the tawdry tinsel and trumpery with which each saint's niche—and even the altar—was apparelled! Madame Tussaud's exhibition, though of a somewhat similar *matériel*, contained nothing half so paltry. They infinitely amused my little son, however, who accompanied us, and—he was only two years old—was so struck with the queer objects about him, that, while in the midst of the kneeling devotees, he exclaimed irreverently enough, "Oh! look, papa! mamma! look!" Every eye was instantly directed, for a moment, towards the ungodly little Englishman.—As we passed one quarter of the church, we saw a fat woman quitting the confessional, the priest, tall and stately, presently following her, in canonicals. He passed us with a solemn air, and on reaching the front of the high altar, opposite which was placed a chair, he deliberately kneeled on it for a moment or two, looked earnestly at the figure of the Virgin, crossed himself, and withdrew.

The church is worth seeing; not so much, however, on account of the intrinsic value or interest of any of the objects it contains, as for the illustration it supplies of the genius, the spirit, and character of the Roman Catholic religion. Our ancient guide had whispered to us, in French and broken English, explanations of what he pointed out, none of which I had understood. The objects had explained themselves. On quitting the church I gave him a franc, and he was abundantly satisfied. We then bent our steps towards the Ramparts, and a very pleasant promenade they afforded. They are a kind of slope, containing three parallel walks of nearly a mile in length, each about three feet higher than the other, and separated by garden hedges, with numerous plots of flowers, and benches. They commanded an extensive view of the sea and surrounding country, which, however, was rather flat and uninteresting. After remaining there a short time, we returned to the hotel; and foreseeing that the time would hang rather heavily on our hands—as there is really scarcely any thing at Calais to feed the curiosity of professed sight-seers—we ordered dinner to be ready at four, instead of five o'clock. This done, we walked to the harbour, where we passed garrulous groups of fish-

women, all in spruce white caps, and with long heavy gold, or gold-looking, ear-rings, and presently beheld a knot of French sailors quarrelling with those on board of a Dutch vessel. Such a strange nasal and guttural hubbub! We then walked along the pier, which is of wood, and very narrow. As we sauntered along it, enjoying the brisk sea-breeze, we were rather surprised to see about twenty boys and men bathing, and swimming to and fro, directly in sight of every one that passed along the pier. On reaching the extremity of it, we found about a dozen people sitting round it. Soon after I had taken a vacant place, a stupendous German—as he proved to be—well dressed, opened his closed eyes upon me with a drowsy air, and then slightly leaning against me (!) with a sort of stupid nonchalance, crossed his hands over his corpulent paunch, and presently began to snore aloud! I looked at my wife in wonder. A young and elegant French girl, who had watched the performance of the German, looked at us, and burst out laughing, in which I heartily joined, and shifted my position. The man-mountain, mean-time, seemed surprised that his support was gone, but soon closed his sluggish eyes again, and fell a-snoring. Immediately opposite sat an elderly gentleman, evidently suffering from gout—his feet in large list shoes—his countenance wearing a languid and not over-good-natured expression. Before he had opened his lips, I felt certain that he was a fellow-countryman; and I was not mistaken, for he presently exclaimed to a gentleman near him,—“Well! the Whigs have caught it prettily in the counties—eh? Ah! you don't half like it, I see. Ha, ha, ha!” with a grim leer. He soon satisfied me that he was an arrant Tory; and being myself somewhat that way inclined, I contrived to get into conversation with him, and told him all the latest election news, at which he was greatly delighted. We agreed in every topic we touched upon. Before I left he had got into a great debate with a fierce, raffish-looking semi-militaire—a Frenchman—concerning the relative advantages of republicanism and monarchy, which latter the Frenchman, with an excited air, pronounced to be utterly unsuited for the genius of the French, as I gathered from the Englishman's answer, and from my

wife, who was, as usual, my interpreter. On returning to our hotel, just as we entered the street in which it was, my wife's foot unfortunately dislodged a stone, and her stocking was instantly covered with muddy water. Here was a dilemma! These were the only stockings she had brought with her; and, low as were our funds, it was evidently necessary that I should get her another pair. I was forthwith despatched upon that errand. After peering about for a suitable shop, I found one in the market square. A prettyish girl, about eighteen or twenty, sat behind the counter sewing. Imagine my awkwardness, for I did not know the French for stocking.

“Mademoiselle,” I commenced, calmly enough,—“S'il vous plait—je besoin—humph!—a pair of—of—voilà!” poking with my stick at a pair of stockings that hung in the window. She took them down, and said something that I could not understand.

“Oui—oui,” I replied, at a venture,—“petite! pour une dame, ma femme!”

“Je vous remerciez, Monsieur, je comprends bien;” and she forthwith opened several packets containing ladies' stockings, silk, cotton, plain, and worked.

“How much?” I enquired, pointing at once to my purse, and a pair of silk stockings.

“Neuf francs, Monsieur!” I could only grin, for I did not know what she said. Spreading some silver on the counter, I motioned her to count out the requisite sum—to my alarm, seven shillings and sixpence! I shook my head. She smiled good-naturedly, and got me a pair of common cotton stockings, counting out, at the same time, two shillings. But that was as much under the mark. I foresaw that my wife would never have put on such coarse things. Again I shook my head and put aside the articles.

“Ah!” she exclaimed, good-naturedly, “Vous êtes Anglais? Sare, I speak non ver bad Anglais. Vil you avez, Monsieur, some scoshtrid?”

“Eh, ma fille! *ecoshtrid*, what is that?”—

“Scoshtrid, voilà!” unfolding another packet.

“Ah, bien!” I sighed, adding, in despair, “Ma fille, je suis, à l'hôtel Quilliacq. Will you come avec moi,

and la dame will choose pour herself?"

"S'il vous plait, Monsieur," she replied, after a little hesitation; and beckoning to an old woman to come from within and take her place, she threw a very shabby old green cloak over her shoulders, put her packages of stockings under her arm, and whether I would or not, though I once or twice quickened my pace to throw her into the rear, walked cheek by jowl with me all the way to my hotel, endeavouring, at the same time, to converse with me. She skipped nimbly up stairs after me, and in a twinkling had her merchandises spread before my wife, who soon selected a pair of the mysterious "scoshtred,"—i. e. Scotch-thread stockings,—and so repaired her disaster. As she was tired, she lay down on the sofa, and I went out again to look about me. I sauntered through every street in Calais. What a blessing is speech to man! How often did I long to chat with the good-natured looking people I met; but, alas! "*vox faucibus hæsit*," indeed. Watching my opportunity when no observers were near, I stopped at an open window, where a tidy, cheerful old woman was sitting selling fruit, and meditated attempting to enter into something like conversation with her. But 'twas in vain, and with a silly smile I stole off ridiculously. Almost every third or fourth shop bore the inscription, "M. D. Epicerie;" and after great consideration, I satisfied myself that it meant dealer (Marchand) in groceries, a title, however, which was frequently not in the least warranted by the appearance or contents of the shop. The better translation of the latter word would be "Things in general." But of all the extraordinary sounds it has ever been my fate to hear from men or animals, save me from the cry of the French fishwomen! While I was quietly endeavouring to comprehend the meaning of some placards stuck on the wall, I almost started off my feet, for there burst upon me, from a woman close at my elbow, in a blue dress, with cap, ear-rings, and a great basket on her shoulders, such a shrill scream as I fancied could have issued only from a mad macaw. Positively, I followed the eloquent speaker down a couple of streets, to note her astounding cries. Addison, in one of his Spectators, has

some humorous observations on some English street cries; but what I heard must have utterly stunned that sensitive and delicate personage!

After strolling about for some quarter of an hour longer, I observed, opposite a house in the Rue —, a little crowd. I went up and beheld a dozen people, chiefly old women, sitting demurely round a large dresser, or table, by the open window of a house, surrounded by about fifty or sixty by-standers. A man sat at the head of it, with a book open before him and pen and ink, exclaiming in a quiet low tone, what I presently made out to be, "Trois cents, quatre cents, cinq cents, sept cents, franc, franc et demi," &c. Evidently an auction was going on. Wondering whether it was the sale of a poor tenant's effects for rent, or what it might be,—"S'il vous plait," said I to a decent man beside me, "Qu'est ce que c'est?" he replied briskly and rapidly. I bowed when he had done, as if I had understood him, but I had not caught one intelligible word. Presently I bethought myself of a word that might produce a short answer. I again bespoke him,—"Pourquoi, Monsieur?" he answered rather sharply, doubtless surprised that I could ask such a question after hearing what he had told me, but this time I caught the words, "Une femme morte!" At length a dispute arose about a crazy kettle that had been put up, and such a hubbub! in the midst of which I walked off, and turning the corner of the street, found myself unexpectedly on the Ramparts again. It was now about half-past three o'clock, the sun shining clearly, and I began to feel rather jaded, and hungry to boot. I determined to walk homeward by the way of the Ramparts. At a little distance I beheld a tall, dark figure slowly approaching me, dressed in clerical costume, a large three-cornered hat, black crape bands with white borders, a long black coat reaching down almost to the ankles, black stockings, and great buckles on the shoes. His hands were joined behind his back, and he appeared in meditation. He was tall and well-proportioned, about the middle age, with a sallow, melancholy, and rather intellectual countenance. He eyed me steadily, but not offensively, in passing; and I recognised in him the priest whom I had seen quitting the confessional that

morning at the church. We passed and repassed one another several times in that long shady walk. Once we both stopped within a few yards of one another, to watch the motions of a party of soldiers, who at a few hundred yards' distance were practising firing with muskets. Just then I had half made up my mind to attempt entering into conversation with him; for I thought it not impossible that he might speak a little English, or that, at all events, we might be able to make one another understood in Latin. All I had heard and read of foreign ecclesiastics came across my mind—he might be a bigot, and hate a heretic like me; so, on the whole—While thus occupied, a merry voice broke in upon me suddenly, "Pa—pa! My Pa—pa! dear Papa!" it was my little son, who at the same time clasped his arms round my leg, having with his nurse approached me unexpectedly from the adjoining walk. Never were his little prattle and pranks so dear and welcome to me as at that moment, when I had for some hours felt myself to be a kind of *solitaire*, cut off from my wonted intercourse with my fellow-men, between whom and me there was no communion of speech, lost in a reverie of novel and chilling thoughts and speculations. After despatching him, I walked on towards the further end of the Ramparts, and seated myself on a bench which commanded a very pretty view of the town of Calais. As I gazed at it, my thoughts insensibly travelled to those passages in English history which made such memorable mention of it. Nearly five hundred years ago had our victorious Edward III. made Calais his own! Flushed with the glories of Cressy, methought I saw him watching the progress, and considering the effect of his formidable lines of circumvallation, round which his galled and baffled rival Philip hovered in vain. Then, lo! a dismal sight—the six burghesses, death-doomed, bearing their halters, dressed in their shrouds, and bringing the keys of the city to its furious conqueror; then his tender and merciful queen, melting his cruel purpose concerning them. I was deep in these recollections, my arms folded, when the church

clock near me struck four; and looking suddenly up, my eye lit upon the dark figure of the priest, who, from above the hedge of the adjoining walk, was standing and gazing at me. On observing my motion, he slowly turned away and walked on, I also stepping down into the town and hurrying to my hotel. I could not help noticing, as I passed along, the chime of the church-bells, and gradually recognised the air of an old French waltz!

"Depuis long temps j'aimais Annete."

They do certainly manage these matters queerly in France! Their church-bells hourly sounding forth—a waltz!

But dinner! dinner! how hungry I was! How glad to see the fitting preparations completed, and in cleanly and comfortable style! My toilet did not occupy me long, and down we sat, ready to do ample justice to Monsieur's purveyance. Expect not, however, dear Sir Christopher, any curious criticisms on the art gastronomic, such as lately astonished the quiet readers of the Quarterly. I have neither the knowledge nor the experience, and am mindful of an old friend's caution—

"Nec sibi cœnarum quivis temere arroget
artem,
Non prius exactâ tenui ratione saporum!"

I have as keen a relish as any one of her Majesty's subjects for good things, but care little about the art of producing them: that I leave in better hands—Lord Sefton's and his cook's. But to return. The vin ordinaire was soon ordered off the table—it was filthy, and set our teeth on edge. It's place was supplied by Champagne only. The fish and fricandeau were very fair—both, however, somewhat too acrid, the latter being utterly smothered in sorrel sauce. As for the fowl—oh, Lord, that fowl! it grieved me to behold it! It must have died of the pip! Such skinny legs and wings—such a meagre trunk—we dissevered and mangled it, only in charity to our successors; a thing, in similar circumstances, that I do invariably. We

bad, however, an *omélette* in reserve, and it was excellent. A little *Gruyère*, and the ordinary *et ceteras*, especially a thimbleful of *eau de vie de Dantzic*, wound up our brief and modest repast. I had some cause to feel elated, for my wife had left me all the *Champagne* to discuss, except about two glasses and a-half. For a while I felt less lonely than I had been during the day.

Dinner done, I sate at the open window, to see what was going on in the street. Presently came the sound of a horn, accompanied by the rattling of heavy wheels, and lo! the *Paris Diligence*!—a great lumbering vehicle drawn by three horses, and two horses abreast, crammed with passengers and luggage—there was evidently an Englishman peeping out of the *banquette*! How vastly inferior the whole affair looked to *our* light, compact, and even graceful public vehicles! A few minutes after this the waiter came in and told us that the *voiture* was at our service, if we were disposed to take a drive through the suburbs of *Calais*. This was an excellent idea; in a trice my wife, the child, and servant got into the *voiture*, a capacious old-fashioned looking glass-coach, drawn by two excellent horses. Understanding from the waiter that the driver could speak English, I got on the box beside him. Passing beneath the covered gates, and over the draw-bridges, somewhat reminded me of *Portsmouth* and *Chatham*. A good many soldiers were sauntering about, and the towns-folk were abroad in considerable force, enjoying the delightful cool of the evening.

"Which way are you going?" said I to the driver, as we approached a part of the road that branched off into two.

"Non, *Monsieur*!" he replied, with a stupid air, quietly smacking his well-fed horses.

"Why—*ne parlez vous pas Anglais*?" I enquired, rather sharply.

"Non, *Monsieur*," he grunted.

"The deuce take the fellow!"

"Oui, oui, *Monsieur*," he replied, with a matter-of-fact air.

I burst out a-laughing. He modestly smiled.

I felt so annoyed at this that I was almost resolved to get inside; still, however, the air was pleasant, and I could see infinitely more than if I

were within, so I endeavoured to reconcile myself to my hard fate. The driver now and then spoke to me in French—I dare say he considered me queer and taciturn enough, for I seldom answered him, and could not make him understand distinctly that I spoke French no more than he spoke English. Our road was open and cheerful—a very broad highway, with houses and shops on each side—something resembling *Rateliffe* high-road, or *Whitechapel* road, but not so crowded, or with such mean-looking houses. About a mile and a-half from *Calais*, on the left-hand side, stood a church. The driver pointed to it, and said, in his usual dull phlegmatic manner, as I understood him—

"*Ne verrez-vous pas l'église, Monsieur?*"

"Oui," I answered; and presently our *voiture* drew up at the gate of the churchyard, where we all got out. Heavens, what a marvellous appearance had that churchyard on first entering it! It was crammed with large wooden crosses, painted black and white, with inscriptions on them—so totally different in aspect and character from *our* white grave-stones—looking, in the fading daylight, like a crowd of ghosts, all with outstretched arms! They struck a kind of awe into my soul, as I passed through them! We entered the church, unattended by any one. I found about thirty or forty women, chiefly elderly and of humble station, kneeling on chairs, in silent prayer—nevertheless curiously eyeing us as we stepped past them, looking at the same mournfully foolish objects, as I considered them, that had presented themselves to me at the *Calais* church. One thing pleased me—the perfect equality in point of place and position—whoever came to the church must sit in one place, and on the same description of seat, a rush-bottomed chair; so different from *our* inclosed luxurious pews, and free seats! Altogether, there was some thing very striking in the scene in which we were placed: the strange unearthly aspect of the churchyard; not a living figure visible; not a sound audible; the mellow declining sunlight; the calm summer's evening; the humble-looking antique church; the simplicity and silence within; the motionless figures of the devotees; two large tapers, recently lighted, burning

faintly before the dusky altar-piece ; one or two grotesque-looking shrines ; —I watched all this with deep interest and presently quitted it with a subdued and lonely feeling. We re-entered our vehicle, and drove off after a little colloquy between me and the driver, in which we in vain endeavoured to understand one another's wishes and meaning. Observing the country to look very pleasant towards the right, I pointed in that direction, and he presently turned down a by-road, on the right ; and drove beside a narrow but rapid stream, on the borders of which stood, as I thought, a paper-mill. We met a kind of Irish jaunting car, a queer, but very neat turnout ; and the driver and his groom, who sat back to back, were palpably fellow-countrymen of mine—that is to say, fellow-Britons—for they were evidently Irish, and I Welsh ! By-and-by the door of a very small, mean-looking cottage opened, and there issued forth a middle-aged woman, very neatly dressed in cap and shawl, accompanied by apparently her daughter, a girl about six years old, dressed as elegantly as a young lady of some station, in England, attired for a ball ! They were evidently going to a little ball, or evening party. Indeed, a little further on, from several small houses on the right, issued the sound of music, and through the open doors I saw the figures of young men and women dancing. Soon, however, we left these houses behind, and found ourselves fairly in the country, only a distant farm-house visible here and there, with a windmill or two ; labourers and farmers "homeward wending their weary way," with sickles, rakes, &c. ; and laden teams jogging slowly along towards the town. Our road lay between a kind of heath, bordered by corn-fields, but the whole surrounding scenery seemed rather flat and cheerless. There was nothing here to remind us that we were not in England. As it was getting chilly, and the shades of evening descending fast upon us, and my little boy had had a long and wearisome day of it, I directed the driver to return, and by about half-past seven we were safely housed again at our hotel. I gave the man a franc, with which he seemed quite satisfied, and we were charged in the bill only three francs for the voiture.

It was now getting rather dusky, and my wife was tired with her day's peregrinations. My curiosity, however, was not yet sated, and I had only three old stale numbers of *Galigani's Messenger* wherewith to occupy the time ; so after our *café au lait*, once more I sallied forth alone to view the humours of the town. I bent my steps towards the harbour. About twenty or thirty soldiers of the line were clustered about the great gate. They seemed a swarthy, stunted set of fellows, with nothing like the air and *physique* of our own soldiers ; nevertheless, as Lord Brougham would say, "though rum uns to look at," doubtless they would prove "good uns to go" when the occasion required. On reaching the fish-market place, there seemed to have recently arrived a cargo of oysters ; and I joined a group of fishwomen, who were surrounding four small heaps of large coarse-looking oysters, which were evidently being sold by auction, the auctioneer being a grey-headed fishwoman, who, with her arms akimbo, with a serious matter-of-fact air, and in a quiet authoritative tone, scarce above a whisper, was saying, "deux francs—trois francs et demi—quatre francs—cinq—six—sept francs," &c. &c. A buxom good-looking young fishwoman just before me, with huge ear-rings, and very neatly dressed, was declared to be the purchaser, and the little cluster of by-standers dispersed. She instantly whipped out a large clasp-knife,—took up an oyster in her hand, struck it heavily with the back of her knife,—the point of which she then forced into the fracture,—and forthwith opened the oyster, to the manifest peril, as I fancied, of her left hand ; gulped down the astonished native, and then, in like manner, opened several more ; which she distributed at a trifling price to one or two of the people standing by. With a good-humoured smile she offered me one of the finest that came to hand. I motioned, however, that I had no money.

"*Sacre !*" she exclaimed, proudly, still extending the open oyster to me, which it would have sickened me to put to my lips, for "the full stomach loathes a feast"—"*Il faut donner au gentilhomme !*" But I excused myself, notwithstanding, as civilly as I knew how, and she desisted, whisper-

ing to a companion something like—"Gentement! c'est un Anglais!"

I now retraced my steps towards the town, and sauntered slowly about, peering into the various shops, in which lights were beginning to make their appearance. In a bookseller's window I beheld—shall I be foolish enough to mention it?—a French edition of a certain little work of mine own, and the first volume of Mr Hallam's late work on the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—selling, each of them for four or five francs, if I recollect rightly. Seeing the owner of the shop, as I fancied, standing at the door, a civil-looking well-dressed young man, I ventured, in a sneaking kind of way, to point him to my book, and say "Je vous prie, hem! Do you sell—a—a—plusieurs—de—ce livre?"

"Oui—assez bien—*passablement*!"

It served me right. He then took up Mr Hallam's book, and showing it to me addressed me very volubly, doubtless eulogistically, concerning that able and very learned performance; but scarce a word of his panegyric could I understand. What an odd mode, by the way, they have of suddenly raising the pitch of their voice at the end of a clause or sentence, running the word off into a kind of—"euh!" And then they talk with such rapidity! But to return. Wishing to appear capable of saying *something* that should appear fine, I answered a long harangue of his by gravely observing, in a very calm and confident tone, "*Barbara celarent Darii ferio baralip-ton!!!*"

"Précisément, Monsieur!" he replied blandly; adding, however, after a moment's pause—"Mais—je ne parle pas l'Italien!"

"Bon soir!" we both exclaimed, with a bow, and separated. A little way on I beheld a dog, apparently of the terrier-breed; and being something of a naturalist, felt a great desire to ascertain whether it would bark with a French accent, or not. For this purpose I followed it in its little peregrinations, and presently had the good fortune to hear it utter a short sharp bark precisely after the manner of an English dog. This I carefully noted, and will maintain

against all gainsayers. I likewise saw a cat; but though I tried to make it mew, I did not succeed. I now sauntered about the market-place, a very large open square, where little parties of decent townsfolk were promenading to and fro. A good-looking middle-aged man, dressed in a blue surtout and white trowsers, suddenly stopped near me, and placing on the ground a small box he had carried under his arm, he opened it, and displayed small packages apparently of corn-plaster. One of them he took in his hand; then he removed his hat, which he placed on the ground beside him—displaying a bald head and excellent forehead—placed himself in the attitude of a public speaker (!) and, addressing me and a little boy, began—"Messieurs" (!!)—the rest I could not understand. He went on with great energy and fluency, evidently commenting on the virtues of the article he held in his hand. In about three minutes' time he had collected an attentive little auditory of about thirty or forty people, whom he harangued with infinite emphasis and gesticulation for about ten minutes, without, however, having persuaded any one to purchase any thing. So he presently, with a graceful air, but some slight chagrin in his features, shut up his box, replaced his hat on his head, politely bowed in doing so—and his late hearers instantly dispersed.

I was standing near the Place d'Armes, where several soldiers were sauntering about. Six drums were lying on the ground; and as the clock struck eight, they were instantly seized and buckled in front of six drummers, who stood before a drum-major. He waved his *canne* formally, and they began to beat the drum,—such an admirable *roll* I never heard. I never heard such drumming in England—such precision, and even *expression*—the drums seemed to speak!—and all done with the utmost ease and *sang-froid*. They remained thus engaged for about five minutes—I was infinitely struck with the startling effect that such a stern martial alarm was calculated to produce in the peaceful town, at dusk—and then the drum-major gave the word of command—they faced about, and, he leading the way, they marched off, still beating

the *retraite*,* I, and a straggling crowd of children, following in their rear. The hour—the place—the deepening shades of evening—the feelings and associations excited by the military music—I a foreigner—these considerations took such a hold on my fancy, that I followed the music down two streets, and then stopped to listen to the sound, growing gradually fainter (they perambulate the town thus every evening), till in the distance it was only an indistinct “rap tap—tap, tap, tap; ra—ra—rap, rap—tap, tap, tap!” and I bent my steps towards the hotel, for there was nothing else to be seen—no theatre or place of public amusement, and I was getting rather fatigued. I found a couple of tall wax-lights standing guard over my wife, who was asleep on the sofa; so I sate myself down in an ample arm-chair, thinking over what I had seen during the day. I had not been disappointed. What I had seen, and heard, and felt, was quite different from any thing I had *before* seen, or heard, or felt. I had witnessed French manners in a complete French town. The inhabitants seemed generally gay and active, the place cleanly and orderly; I felt a difficulty in pitching on any town in England similarly situated, and of similar pretensions. Still I could not have spent a second day at Calais: I felt that I had exhausted it. A little noise I made in moving my chair at length awoke my wife from her nap; and she prudently suggested that as we should have but little time to spare in the morning, having to start at half-past seven, we should settle with M. Quilliacq, over-night. I ordered the bill, therefore, to be brought, and it was presented to us in a few minutes’ time. The sight of it not a little comforted us. Here it is:—

“Août 14.

	fr.	et.
Diner (2)	8	
1 Champagne Sillery,	8	
$\frac{1}{2}$ Vin (ordinaire),	1	
Eau de vie de Dantzic,	1	
Café (1)	1	50

Soda, Sacre, Cogniac,	2	50
Bougies,	2	
Logement,	10	50
Promenade en Voiture,	3	

Domestique.†

Diner, and $\frac{1}{2}$ de vin,	2	25
Thé,	1	

40 75

Seven francs we gave to the servants; and having taken a glass of brandy and water (whether my wife took any of it, in a wine glass, is a matter entirely between her and me, and the reader has no concern with it), and talked over a few of our little adventures, we betook ourselves to our bedroom about ten o’clock, passing through that in which our little son, with his dear ruddy cheeks and curly hair, and his arms fancifully disposed over the pillow, was lying, the image of blessed innocence, his thoughts, perhaps—who can tell whether children dream? Dear little boy, thought I, as I bent over him for the first time in a foreign land—my first-born, and only son—Pshaw! perhaps the reader is not a parent,—but you *are*, Sir Christopher! We had a double-bedded room, so we took a bed a-piece, for they were very small. I lay awake for several hours. How tired I was of the eternal “Depuis long temps” chimes of the neighbouring church! Towards two o’clock we both began to get drowsy; when a dog, as if determined to put an end to my scepticism for ever, commenced such a continued barking and howling, as dispelled sleep indefinitely!

“E——!” I exclaimed, in a low tone, to my wife, “are you asleep?”

“Asleep? How can you ask me! when that abominable dog”——

[Bow, wow! wow! wow! who—o—o—o! Who—o—o! Bow, wow, wow—wow!]

“Perhaps it’s an English dog that is *bothered* here, and cannot agree with his French companions?”

“Stuff, Mr ——! I’m really

* The *Retreat*—to summon all the soldiers that may be about the town to their barracks.

† Madame Q. took quite a fancy to my little boy; which must have been the only reason why the following item—

“Diner de l’enfant, 1 fr. 50,”

was erased from the bill!

too vexed to laugh. So tired as one is with a long"——. However, the noise ceased for a time. I began to forget where I was; then my half-opened eye would settle for a moment drowsily on the alabaster vases and mirror, dim glistening in the rush-light lustre over the mantel-piece; a delicious feeling of fast-retreating consciousness came over me——. . . . when such a long lamentable howl burst upon my startled ear, as satisfied me that the devil owed me some particular grudge.

"Mr ——! Mr ——! what is that dreadful sound?" exclaimed my wife, starting up. "Where are we? Oh ——" I also got up, almost in a cold sweat. "Depuis long temps —J'aimais Annette," said, or rather sung the church—and out went, at that particular juncture, our rush-light. . . . Black—dark—pitch-dark—silent!—"not a mouse stirring!" * * I recollect nothing more, till my wife came to rouse me, exclaiming, "Pray, Mr ——, do you know that it has struck seven o'clock, and we must be on board by eight?"

Having brought with me nothing but tooth and hair brushes, and a comb, I felt it necessary to "seek a shaver;" and quitting the hotel, I found, in the adjoining street, the place I wanted—a small neat barber's shop, the shutters of which had just been removed. "S'il vous plait—rasez-moi!" I exclaimed to a genteel young man, who was standing within, twirling about and combing his hair. He proved to be the owner of the premises; and seemed about twenty-five, very good-looking, but rather effeminate, with his hair plastered down into a large curl over each ear; he seemed to have neither beard nor whiskers; and rings on each little finger, and in his ears—why had he none in his nose? You would have laughed to see me surrender myself into his hands, having in vain endeavoured to make him understand how precious my time was! Before he began, he put a little *eau de Cologne* over his fingers, which were soft and delicate; and when he had finished, he brought a basin of water, into which he freely poured some *eau de Cologne*, and fragrantly cleansed my cheeks and chin. Short as was my time, a sudden whim seized me of having my hair cut, which was not at necessary, by the way! All I

could signify of my wishes was, by running my hand, scissor-like, through my hair. Before commencing he made me an earnest speech, which I could not understand; but at length I ascertained that he was asking me whether I would have my hair cut in French or English fashion. I pointed to his own hair, and shook my head, exclaiming, "*à l'Anglaise—Anglaise* ——"

"Oui, oui, oui! Oui, Monsieur; je comprends bien!" he replied, and began. As we could not talk to one another, I fell into a brown study by the time that he had done. Lord! Lord! how he had twisted and plastered my poor hair! I could not help laughter, as I looked at myself in a glass which he held for me, and observed the confident air with which he was regarding his handiwork. Not wishing to hurt his feelings by altering the entire disposition of my hair, I clapped my hat on, gave him a shilling, with which he seemed abundantly satisfied, sneaked across the street, and, once got into my room, soon brought my hair back into something like its usual disposition. My long absence had, I found, somewhat alarmed my wife, who fancied that I had got into "some queer adventure or other," and lost myself, or "made no note of time." Having fastened up the carpet-bag, I gave it to the waiter, who followed us down to the quay. On reaching the steam-boat, the Commissaire of M. Quiliacq presented himself, and with a polite air, said, "Monsieur ——, you shall give me, if you plizz, four shilling, for your expense." Taking it for granted that his demand was one of course, I immediately paid it; and, wishing us a pleasant passage, he withdrew, and we got on board. The morning was cool and pleasant; but there was evidently a brisk breeze stirring, of which we should know more when we got out to sea, and of which the people on board proposed taking advantage, as the sails were all ready to be hauled up at a moment's notice. There were about twenty passengers, all respectable people, with the exception of some three or four old Frenchwomen, that looked arrant smugglers! As we passed up the harbour and got sight of the sea, I saw how matters were likely to be—the water was evidently very rough, and the wind blowing rather hard.

As we rounded the jetty, up went the sails, and presently, whew!—pitch—pitch—heave,—up and down, lurch went the vessel, with that thrilling, quivering accompaniment always present to a steam-boat.

In less than a minute four ladies had laid themselves down upon the deck in all the direful agonies of seasickness; which in about five minutes' time attacked and overthrew my wife, the child, his attendant; as for me, I have passed too frequently between Leith and London, and been too-much on the water at the sea-side, to suffer easily; and I escaped—to observe my fellow-passengers! There was a tall pale gentleman, apparently about thirty-five, very philosophical, with spectacles on, and who had caused it to be understood that he had found out a method of preventing sea-sickness. Well, amid all the horrid pitching, and rolling, and quivering of the vessel, he sat, leaning forward, resting his face on his hands, his fingers compressing his eyes—in this posture he continued motionless for upwards of an hour and a-half, during which time the vessel pitched about much more than I could have thought a steam-boat could—so much so, that it required some care in moving about, to prevent being jerked off one's feet, and falling overboard. But to return to the philosopher and his experiment—yes, there he continued motionless—evidently in a desperate humour, adhering to his system. Ah, me! that dismal lurch—alas, my philosopher, are you the first whose theory has failed?

Near where I generally stood sat a rather stout French gentleman, of middle age,—wearing a fur travelling cap, with a gold band round it, and wrapped in a roquelaire, smoking a cigar. He could speak a little English—and I had asked him, soon after starting, whether he expected to be sick.

"Non, sare, I will not be sick. De sea and I, sare, are ver better friends than for fall out with each oter—I am ver well!" and he puffed his cigar vigorously.

"Ah, but do you think, sir, you will keep well in this shocking motion?"

"I believe, sare!" he replied, somewhat drily—and I left him;—but I kept a sheep's eye on him!—For an

hour or so he held up bravely—latterly, however, looking somewhat keenly at me as I passed and repassed him—he fancied I was maliciously watching! At length he laid aside his cigar, and folded his arms; then I fancied he had lost a little colour;—by and by a queerish expression came into his eye—it was languid and unsteady.

"That was a plunge, wa'n't it, sir?" said the Captain to him, as we were almost both of us pitched several feet forward by the shock. The Frenchman attempted no reply, but suddenly rose from his seat—exclaimed faintly, "Sacre!—oh, *mi* Got!"—rushed, with the Captain's assistance, to the lee side of the vessel with a desperate air.

There was a lively genteel-looking lad, about sixteen years of age, who was as merry as a bird for about half an hour, here, there, and every where—blithely whistling and humming, and amusing his mother with his antics. She was a very agreeable person, and we chatted a good deal together. Neither of us was sick at all, or approaching to it. But her son—"oh, how he liked the motion! He hated smooth sailing—*this* was exactly the sort of thing he liked. It was *such* fun!—Mother, only look—see what a height we are out of the water—then down again—how I wish Tom were here!"

"Don't be too confident—you may be a sufferer yet," said his mother, with a smile.

"I? never trouble yourself! I like it, of all things—it's as good as any swing!" Very probably; but about ten minutes afterwards, happening to cast my eye in the direction of the larboard-side of the vessel, which was crowded with invalids, I saw a lad's face directed towards us for a moment, pale as a sheet—then his back suddenly turned. I neither saw nor heard any more of him.

My wife and child suffered very severely. I began to be seriously alarmed for the former—but happily all ultimately passed off well. For my part, the passage home was delightful,—marred, a little, it is true, by the painful spectacles of desperate indisposition around me. I hate steam-boats, both great and small; I am always nervous when on board them, —and involuntarily shudder at the idea of an explosion. This is weak—but

I cannot help it. For my taste, give me a taught vessel, wind-impelled by bellying canvass. See her, glorious creature—

“Forth to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward like Hope
in the gale !”

bounding bravely over the heaving and roaring waters—however they may fashion themselves !—Instead of a black smoky fabric, obstinately grunt—grunt—grunt—grunting with hideous noises, steam and smoke—the old Leith smacks for ever !—

“Ah, pereat quicunque steam-bôta paravit,
Primus et invito gurgite fecite iter.”*

We entered Dover harbour about twelve o'clock, the wind still blowing freshly, but the sun shining brightly. A host of inquisitive people peered

down at us from the pier-head as we passed. We looked, with figures still prostrate on the deck—something like a ship just coming out of action !—Mr Theodore Hook has a smart sketch of such a scene, in his “Jack Brag.” After paying the fare, and one or two minor etceteras, I found I had not one farthing left in my purse ; and my trip had cost me exactly L.4, 2s. 6d. As, however, I shall get fifty guineas from you, generous Christopher ! for this description of it, I don't care. If this letter shall have amused an idle hour, I shall be delighted ; but if you shall really consider it worth inserting in *Maga*—

“Sublimi feriam sidera vertice !”

I am, dear Christopher, with great respect and remembrances to your secret and faithful conclave, most affectionately yours,

W.

CIRCASSIA.

THE time is not long past, when the word “Circassia” conveyed to the minds of the European public rather a vague idea of some semi-fabulous region, the scene of poetic fancy, than of a country almost contiguous to their own ; and likely one day to become an object of interest to the nations of the West. If thought of at all, it was regarded only as a far distant land of rugged mountains and smiling valleys, the birth-place of a race whose daughters, paragons of female loveliness, supplied the harems of the Mussulman with terrestrial Houries, and whose sons, fair as the day, were habitually sold or carried off to become the slaves and favourites of Turkish Pashahs.

But the spirit of enterprise and investigation, which has braved alike the polar ice and the burning sands of Africa, is not in these enlightened days to be arrested by the barriers of political jealousy ; and the hour is fast approaching, yea, is now at hand, when the nations of Europe, and England in particular, shall become familiar with the secrets of the Caucasus,

and learn to appreciate the worth of those brave, though greatly slandered mountaineers who have so long stood up unaided, but undaunted, in defence of their freedom and independence, against the assaults of a mighty empire ; and have proved the only efficient barrier to its ambitious projects of sweeping conquest in Asia,—a service not as yet adequately understood or valued.

Even to the few whose thirst of knowledge might excite a desire to become acquainted with the great mountainous tract which occupies the space between the Euxine and the Caspian seas, the sources of information have hitherto been meagre and imperfect. The works of Pallas, Klaproth, Parrot, Reineggs, &c., though they afford many facts of statistics and natural history, are altogether insufficient, were they even free from political bias, to describe a country naturally difficult of access, and filled with many tribes varying from each other in habits, language, and religion. Of later years these regions have been rendered imper-

* Propertius—with a variation.

† Travels in Circassia, Krim, Tartary, &c. in 1836-7. By Edmond Spencer, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837.

vions, and almost unapproachable, by the system of hostility and exclusion which has been adopted against them by Russia, and which has exasperated the passionate love of freedom which characterises their inhabitants, into a fierce jealousy of all strangers, that has been misconstrued into natural intractability and inhospitality.

But truth is irresistible, and ever prevails in the end. The rapid progress of Russia in the east, and the results of her late political and military exploits, particularly on the side of Turkey and Persia, have attracted the eyes of Europe, and led its statesmen to regard with interest points to which hitherto no great attention had been paid. Among these, it was impossible to overlook the Isthmus of the Caucasus, illustrated as it was by a continued and desperate struggle between power on the one hand, and resolution on the other, for a period of nearly half a century; and those who had been accustomed to overlook the Caucasus, or rather to regard it as a sort of appendage to Georgia, which was admitted to be a Russian province, began gradually to wonder at the obstinate intrepidity of the rebels, and then to entertain the question of whether they were in reality to be considered as rebels, or as wild, but still unsubdued, and consequently independent tribes in arms for their freedom and their rights.

But it was not until lately that the subject began to receive a portion of its due consideration from this country, when certain of its functionaries, in contemplating the general bearings of British interests in Asia, and the dangers which appeared to threaten them, were struck with the position of Circassia, and the remarkable success with which its tribes had opposed the arms of a power that had proved resistless in other quarters; and were led to examine not only the justice of their complaints against their oppressors, but the causes of so persevering an oppression. Curiosity once awakened, a multitude of enquirers arose, and some, more enterprising than the rest, resolved to attempt exploring a region so promising in subjects of interest and excitement. The objects of these enquirers were various: some were traders, who sought for a new field of commercial adventure; others, more enthusiastic, regarded the Cir-

cassians as persecuted patriots, whose cause was that of virtue and humanity, and to aid whose struggles was the duty of all right-feeling men; while others again were impelled by a general thirst of information, and the wish to see with their own eyes a race whose courage and constancy under every kind of privation had gained them, in spite of their comparative obscurity, so high a reputation. But it is remarkable, that whatever might be the primary object of these travellers, all of them have returned in full accord on one point, and that is, in their admiration of the Circassians—their indignation at their implacable oppressors, and a fervent wish for the complete success of their efforts for freedom and independence.

Among these travellers was Captain Spencer, the author of the work at the head of this article. He visited the coast of Circassia under circumstances of great advantage in some respects, for he was permitted to accompany Count Woronzoff, the Governor-General of New Russia, in a steamer, forming part of a squadron with which that nobleman made the tour of part of the shores of the Black Sea; and was thus enabled to see all the Russian posts, and form his own judgment of the effect of the warfare then carrying on upon the Russian troops. But this very circumstance prevented him from making his observations at liberty; and his curiosity being stimulated by so imperfect a glimpse of the land of promise, he resolved to return to the country by himself, and improve his knowledge of its inhabitants and resources from actual intercourse with themselves. Accordingly, having traversed the Crimea, he returned to Odessa, and from thence proceeded by Bessarabia and Moldavia, to Galatz, where taking the steamer which plies between that place and the Bosphorus, he proceeded with her as far as Varna. There he found another steamer, the *Crescent*, bound for Trebizond, in which he reached that port; and after a short stay, assuming the character of a Genoese physician from Constantinople, once more took shipping on board a Turkish brigantine, bound on a trading voyage to Circassia. After a favourable run, and on escaping from the pursuit of a Russian cruiser, he landed at Pchad, a port still in the

power of the Circassians, and from thence commenced his land travels, which are recorded in his second volume. But before adverting further to these, we think we shall be rendering an acceptable service to the majority of our readers, in laying before them a succinct account of the country and people of this region, of their peculiar political position, and its importance, especially at the present juncture, to the European world in general, and to Great Britain in particular.

That tract, or isthmus of land, stretching from the Black to the Caspian Sea, which lies between the rivers Koor and Phasis on the south, and the Terek and Kouban on the north, is occupied by a chain of mountains well-known under the appellation of the Caucasus, which extends from sea to sea, and gives birth to the rivers which bound it. It consists of a central ridge, whose elevation is about 12,000 feet, but which throws up many peaks to a still greater altitude; that of the Elborz and of Casbeg, for instance, which attain the height of from 16,000 to 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. The southern face of this central chain is abrupt; falling almost precipitously into the plains of Mingrelia and Immeretia, with the exception of partial and scattered groups of hills. On the north, a course of secondary mountains attaining an altitude of from 8000 to 9000 feet, extend from the central chain, and are in turn succeeded by inferior ranges, which at length sink into the plains on the banks of the Kouban and the Terek. These mountains, as they approach the Caspian Sea to the east, extend themselves in breadth from the course of the Kour, which separates them from the great plain of the Chowâl Mogâm, nearly to the mouth of the Terek. The great mountainous face which, declining from the high central chain, is thus presented to the Caspian Sea, together with its slope into Sheerwan on the south, and to the Terek on the north, comprises the difficult province of Daghistân, in which are the strong places of Bâkâu, Derbent, &c. &c. On the west, the central ridge almost reaches the Black Sea at Gagra, where it terminates in a lofty peak almost overhanging the beach. Thus, when coasting along from north to south, the highest peaks

are seldom visible, in consequence of intervening heights; but after running a few miles south of Gagra, the whole of the great range thus turned, comes suddenly into view over the low land of Mingrelia.

The summits of the central chain consist principally of bare rock, a great part of which, as well as the more elevated peaks, are covered with perennial snows. Those of the secondary mountains, on the north side, when the snow disappears, are found to be covered with fine pasture, and their sides, where not cleared, are clothed with forests. In fact, the whole country on this side may be described as an extensive inclined plateau, precipitously intersected in all directions by numerous, deep, and narrow valleys or chasms, which are the channels of rapid streams, and are extremely difficult of access. The eminences thus separated are rich in pasture, wood, and soil suited for cultivation; and being defended by the almost impassable ravines that separate them, afford a safe retreat for the flocks, and herds, and families of the inhabitants, when the lower country is invaded by an enemy.

The whole of this extensive tract of mountain is inhabited by a number of tribes, differing from each other in race, in creed, and language; varying also considerably in degrees of hardness and courage, but all uniting in a love of liberty and independence, which, however, all have not been equally successful in preserving. On the east, Daghestan is peopled by a very fierce and hardy race, known generally by the name of Lesghees, although subdivided into a number of tribes and septs bearing other designations. These tribes, although assailed by all the power and vindictive force of the Russian Government in this quarter, have never been subdued. The strongholds of Derbent and Bâkô, it is true, are in the hands of the Russians, and by means of constant efforts, and a frightful sacrifice of men, they have gained temporary advantages, and driven the inhabitants of villages, and even of whole districts, into the mountains, destroying their cultivation and homes; but no sooner does a change of season or of circumstances afford an opportunity, than down come the Lesghees from their strongholds, sweeping all

before them, and the whole work has to be done over again.

During the late Persian war, the Lesghes besieged Derbent and Bâkô, although from want of skill and support they were unable to effect any thing decisive. They frequently surprise Russian detachments, and always put to death those of that country who fall into their hands. They plunder and lay waste the country which has submitted to Russia; and it is not many months ago, since the Lesghes made an inroad on a district in the close vicinity of Teflis, and plundered some villages within a few miles of that capital. The Lesghes of Jar and Belikhan are nearest to, and most within the Russian power; and as their country is less inaccessible than other parts of Lesghestan, they are occasionally forced into a temporary submission, particularly during the severity of winter; but spring and summer always see them again in arms. Those of Kist, on the other hand, and the Tchechenses, the Suidgees, and the tribes who occupy the range from the road of Vladicaucase to the face which slopes to the Caspian, are wholly unsubdued by Russia, the troops of which have never been able to penetrate their inaccessible country, although the attempt to reduce them has cost her a multitude of men.

To the westward, in the neighbourhood of the great route from Teflis to Vladicaucase, are found the Ossetinians, the least warlike of the Caucasian tribes, who, consequently, have fallen entirely under the dominion of Russia, and she has in some degree organized a portion of them as troops to be used against their brethren.

The whole remaining space from the country of the Ossetinians to the Black Sea, is occupied by a race which, by whatever name their subdivisions may be known, are recognised by Russia under the two general terms of *Tcherkess* or Circassians, and *Abazecks*, or Abassians. The first inhabit the north face of the Caucasian chain, and possess all the country between the crest of that chain and the Kouban river. They consist of an endless number of tribes, and septs or subdivisions, who, as Captain Spencer informs us, know each other by the general appellation of *Aligkai*, but who recognise no one paramount authority, although they

look up to the Princes of the two Kabardas as the purest of their race. When any expedition, however, is on foot, they choose a chief, who is implicitly obeyed; and at other times the elders of villages or tribes are the authorities looked up to for dispensing justice and maintaining good order.

The Abazecks occupy the southern face of the mountainous chain overhanging the plain of Mingrelia, and a portion of the sea-coast to the southward of Gagra, as far as Anakria. Though of the same race as the Circassians, they have always been at variance with them, and thus weakened the resistance which, conjointly, they might have opposed to a foreign invader. The loss has principally fallen upon the Abazecks, who, in consequence of the more easy access obtained to their country through the plains of Mingrelia, have been in a great measure subdued by the Russians. These have so far obtained possession of the low countries, that resistance there has ceased; such of the inhabitants as still maintain their love of independence having retired to the rugged clefts of the more inaccessible mountains.

There remains to notice the greater and lesser Kabardas, which are comparatively level districts; the former lying on the northern slope or foot of the mountains, between the upper part of the rivers Terek and Kouban; the latter on the right bank of the former river. In these districts also, the nature of the ground has been fatal to the independence of its inhabitants, and the Kabardas have, to a certain extent, been reduced to submission by Russia. Yet that this submission is neither voluntary nor perfect, may be inferred from the frequent and successful inroads made by the Circassians in that quarter, and certainly not resisted by the Kabardians, upon the inhabitants, Cossacks, and others, who have been located by Russia on the line; and from the fact, that the post from Teflis to Southern Russia, which goes by the route of Vladicaucase, and passes through the lesser Kabarda, is never permitted to travel without a detachment of infantry and guns, with lighted matches, ready to repel attack.

The amount of population of the Caucasus, that is, the mountain tribes, excluding the Georgian provinces, has been variously stated, yet by none

who have ventured to do so upon sufficient grounds. By Russians and Russian writers the number is understated upon principle, at little more than a million in all; while the Circassians themselves, from opposite motives, probably overstep the mark, when they assert the aggregate to amount to four millions. There appear to be grounds for believing that they really exceed three millions, but fall short of four. Of these the Circassians and Abazeks are estimated to amount to more than one and a-half millions. The Lesghees and tribes to eastward of Vladicaucase, it would be a vain attempt to reckon, for of them even less is known; but it is probable that the numerical strength of the tribes in subjection to Russia, does not greatly exceed half-a-million; and thus it may be inferred, that there exists a population of nearly three millions, not only unsubjected by, but imbued with the most inveterate hatred towards Russia, and in possession of the most inaccessible part of the Caucasian Isthmus.

To the acquisition of this region and the subjugation of its inhabitants, the Russian Government, from the time of Peter the Great until the present moment, has never ceased to turn its anxious attention; and for the last forty years and more, in particular, has devoted to this object a very large portion of the military resources of the empire. But since the annexation of Georgia to its dominions, in 1800, and the occupation of Derbent, Bâkô, and Sheerwan, at an earlier period, and of Mingrelia, which submitted in 1803, the Russian arms have made little real progress. In almost every instance, possession is confined to a circle within the range of their cannon, and even the great road from Teflis to Vladicaucase, which they acquired by a treaty with the Ossetinians, is held to be unsafe for any passengers without a guard of Cossacks.

The political state of the Caucasian isthmus, and the country we have attempted to describe, may thus be shortly stated. The comparatively plain or accessible country to the south, comprehending Mingrelia, Immeretia, Georgia, Shekee and Sheerwan, which does not, in point of fact, include any portion of the Caucasian range, is in submission to Russia—not *willing*, however, as is proved by the

late bold, though unsuccessful conspiracy in Georgia. On the north side, in like manner, the level country on the banks of the Terek, of the Kabardas, and on the *right*, or north bank of the Kouban, has been partially subdued; and the military line of Russia stretches along the latter river, and crosses the greater Kabarda to the former stream. On the eastern face of the mountains, and particularly on the shore of the Caspian sea, some progress has been made (as we have said above) towards occupation by Russia, her success being chiefly due to her possession of the coast and the vicinity of Teflis, and her military depots.

In the central division of the chain, the vicinity of the great Vladicaucase road is inhabited by the Ossetinians, who are in submission to Russia, and who are understood to number about 30,000 families.

This completes the list of Russian acquisitions in this country.

On the other hand, we find the whole mountainous district, extending from the line of the Vladicaucase road eastward, to the Russian posts in Daghistan, comprehending the greater part of the Lesghee country, that of Khist, of the Tchechenses, Suidjees, &c., still unsubdued. And on the west, all that is contained between the Ossetinian line and the Black Sea, stretching north to the Kouban, and including, on the south, the central range of Caucasus, with part of its southern face, remains hitherto independent, embracing the whole Circassian tribes, with those of the Abazeks who have yet maintained their freedom. These large portions of the country have hitherto successfully resisted all the efforts of Russia for their subjugation. On Circassia, indeed, the part more particularly under notice, and for the conquest of which the greatest exertions have been made, she has scarcely made a visible impression; for though she has succeeded in planting some insulated posts along the coast, the garrisons of which are actually in a constant state of siege, and must be supplied by sea, the true Russian boundary is at this day the same as it was half a century ago—namely, the Kouban river, and the line of the Tchernomorski Cossacks.

Nor has this ill success been occasioned by any ill-judged economy of

military resources, for the army of the Caucasus has at all times been large and well appointed. The force established on this frontier by Prince Potemkin amounted to nearly sixty thousand men. In 1792, the Tchernomorski Cossacks were removed from the banks of the Dnieper to those of the Kouban, for the express purpose of watching and checking the inroads of the Circassians; and their effective force was lately rated at 50,000 men.*

In the years 1821-2, the army under command of General Yermoloff was reputed to amount to 80,000 men; but this included all the troops on both sides of the Caucasus, and as far as Astrakan; while on the other hand, it did not include the Cossack and Tartar cavalry of the line. A statement considered as authentic, and but lately published, sets down the army of the Caucasus at seventy-seven battalions, besides the cavalry of the line; and this is quite independent of bodies of troops sent thither for special purposes, which frequently amount to 20,000 or 30,000 men. Within these few months we have heard of a muster of 60,000 men, in Southern Russia, in addition to the regular force, for the purpose of overwhelming the devoted Circassians; and these, no doubt, will be supported, if required, by the troops collected for the imperial reviews at Vosnesensk.

Let us now examine what have been the fruits of this unceasingly sustained warfare, conducted by the best generals of the empire, provided with resources so ample, and waged against this assemblage of rude mountaineers, unpossessed of any means of resistance save those which are furnished by their own fortitude and ingenuity. The few expeditions attempted into the heart of their country have proved signal failures; and the number and extent of the Russian acquisitions amounts to eight insulated posts, constructed along a coast of three hundred miles in length, in which the garrisons, shut up within their walls, dare not stir beyond them, without the risk of being picked off by the Circassians, who continually watch

their movements and cut off small parties, so that neither wood, water, nor forage can be obtained without a skirmish and loss. The description given of these posts by Captain Spencer, and other eye-witnesses on whom we can implicitly rely, will give some idea of the nature of this warfare, and of the value of the Russian acquisitions in Circassia.

The cost of these barren acquisitions to the Russian empire, in blood and treasure, is scarcely to be calculated, but a few facts may serve to give some idea of it. It is admitted that, between disease and the sword of the enemy, the army of the Caucasus requires to be renewed once in every four or five years. So that, taking the standing force and special expeditions together, at an average of 80,000 men, the annual loss may be estimated at about 15,000 men—a figure which we do not believe to be at all too high. This, in forty years, would give a loss on this account alone of 600,000 men and officers. The expense of maintaining such an army, under any circumstances large, must here be incalculably increased, where it is necessary to supply them with all the necessaries and munitions of war from the southern provinces of Russia, at a prodigious cost in carriage as well as loss of materiel; where, though surrounded by abundance, even the very hay which feeds their horses at the posts and camps on the coast, must be sent them by sea. If to this be added the enormous loss in horses and cattle, expended in these operations, we shall have some grounds for comprehending the drain occasioned by the Circassian war on the resources of the empire. It is said by some, indeed, that the Government does not feel this drain, because the men are for the most part taken from among those who have been already doomed to destruction—the discontented—the insubordinate—the suspected—and the Poles, who are sent here to die; and that they are supported by the southern provinces in a manner not felt by the revenue. But were this altogether the case, which it cannot be, for the stores and horses, and much of the

* Mr Spencer says their effective force has been reduced by disease and by the sword to 12,000 fighting men. They have been reduced, but that number must only apply to the force in tour of duty.

pay, must come from the imperial treasury—it would not be, and has not been, the less a drain.

But we shall accompany Captain Spencer in his voyage to the coast, and shortly describe these Russian posts. The first of these which the squadron reached after leaving Kertch, was Anapa, the earliest of the Russian possessions, which, after various captures and recaptures, was at length treacherously delivered up to them by its *Turkish* governor, in the year 1828, after a vigorous defence by its *Circassian* garrison. The fortress had been built upon the ruins of an old Genoese structure, by the Turks, who had been permitted to establish a post there for the protection of their commerce with the Circassians, which was endangered by the attacks of the neighbouring predatory Tartars. It is situated on a high cliff, the west and south faces being on the verge of the precipice, while the north and eastern ones look towards the plain. In form it is a parallelogram, with corner bastions rather ruinous, and it mounts 80 pieces of cannon. At the time in question the garrison consisted of 1200 men, of whom 100 were Cossack cavalry. The town was a mere mass of huts; the anchorage is exposed and insecure, and the water shallow. In spite of the extent of military preparations in the country, such was the vigilant hostility of the Circassians, that no egress from the fort was safe without strong escorts. Circassian scouts were seen stationed on a lofty barrow, about two miles north of the fortress, who signalized all movements to others in their rear; and their *douls*, or hamlets, were not more than four or five miles distant, behind the nearest heights. "The heights around the fortress of Anapa," says Captain Spencer, who, it appears, was not permitted to land here, "being in possession of the hostile tribes of the Caucasus, were covered with armed men, who seemed much amazed at the appearance of our little fleet, and probably mistook the sailors and passengers for soldiers, as horsemen were seen galloping in every direction, as if to alarm the inhabitants. In a few minutes, however, they disappeared, leaving none behind save a few solitary sentinels on the most prominent situations, evidently for the purpose of watching our movements. I found, however,

by the aid of a powerful glass, that the dense forests on the shore and the sides of the hills were filled with armed men; no doubt with the intention of giving us a warm reception, if we extended our visit beyond the walls of the fortress." It was understood that the garrison was extremely unhealthy, and dispirited by several late severe reverses.

Soujouk Kalé, about thirty miles south-east of Anapa, is by the Russians reckoned another, and the next in succession, of the posts in occupation by them; we shall see hereafter with what justice. The fine bay of Soujouk Kalé, which, little more than a mile broad at the entrance, expands to a considerable size behind, affords safe anchorage for ships of any size. Though somewhat exposed to westerly winds, it appears to be the best harbour on this coast of the Black Sea, and it opens inland to an extensive valley, thickly inhabited and well cultivated, which communicates with several other glens that run far into the Caucasian chain. The fort, at this time a total ruin, is situated on the north point of the entrance to the bay, and, like Anapa, had once been a Turkish establishment, the erection of which had been permitted by a Circassian chief for commercial purposes. It had more than once been defended by a Circassian force, from the attacks of Russia; but disgusted, as Captain Spencer tells us, not only by the cowardice and ill conduct of their allies, but also by the frequent introduction of the plague by them, the Circassians drove them out and completely demolished their fort. A position had been taken up by the Russian General Williamsenof, with an army of 15,000 men, and twelve pieces of cannon, only *three weeks before the squadron's arrival*, after an obstinate resistance on the part of the Circassians, and a heavy loss in men; but abandoning the ruins of the Turkish fort, the army had intrenched itself at the mouth of the small valley of the Doba on the south side of the bay, while a squadron, consisting of a large frigate, two corvettes, two brigs, and a cutter, commanded by Admiral Palinotté, lay at anchor in the bay.

At the time of the Count's visit, there were but 4000 men in camp, the rest being absent in detachments upon a system of operations which we shall hereafter describe; but the nature of

which was indicated by the columns of smoke which still arose from the burning villages of the inhabitants in sight of the camp. The intrenchment and its subsidiary posts were enveloped by the Circassians, who harassed the troops by continual alarms. Several hundred men had already perished in these skirmishes, and a severe loss had been sustained by one sudden attack, while on the march from the Russian fort of Abyn, to another called Nicholayefsky. The enemy were always found present, but never tangible, and the Russians were thus entirely confined to their positions, where their sentries were often shot on the walls without being able to see an enemy. Not a movement could be undertaken, even in sight of the lines, except in force and with artillery. Yet, with the army, besides its complement of officers, there were a number of volunteers from the capital, and even of the Imperial Guard; and Captain Spencer gives an animated account of the brilliant scene which the camp afforded.

Such was the state of Soujouk Kalé in July. Before the end of October, we know from other sources than the meagre note in Captain Spencer's book, vol. ii. page 266, that the place was abandoned! Stores and provisions had failed, sickness raged, the murderous attacks of the Circassians were unrelenting; and Williamenof came to the determination of withdrawing his troops. In his retreat to the Kouban, he was harassed by large bodies of the mountaineers. His losses were immense; and, according to the best obtainable accounts of the result, a very small portion of his force ever reached the Russian line. The intrenchments were destroyed, and *not a Russian soldier nor subject remained in the bay in the November following.* This is what the Russian Government calls possession of a country—occupation!

Ghelenjeek, the third port in succession, claimed by Russia, is only sixteen miles distant from Soujouk Kalé. The bay is smaller than the last. Captain Spencer compares it in shape to an oyster-shell, and is high in commendation not only of its beauty, but its excellence as affording safe and good anchorage. In this particular, however, other authorities differ from him, asserting that it is less secure than the bay of Soujouk Kalé, from

the abrupt shelving of its bottom, while it is equally open to westerly gales. Nevertheless, the Russians have made it their chief and permanent naval station on this coast. It is surrounded with a country of exquisite beauty. An attempt was first made, it appears, to colonize the shores of this bay; but that being found impracticable, a simple intrenchment of earth and palisades was thrown up breast high, embracing three sides of a square, the third being left open to the sea and defended by gun-boats. This with its eight guns serves to protect the garrison, consisting of two weak battalions, who, though Captain Spencer does not particularly say so, we know from other sources, were suffering much from sickness. The quarters of the men were wretched wooden cabins, and there was not even a magazine for stores; so that the sacks of grain were disposed in heaps, and thatched over as a defence against the weather. Like Soujouk Kalé, this position was beset by the Circassians, who held the garrison pent up; and only the day preceding that of the squadron's arrival, a detachment sent out for some purpose had returned with a loss of two officers and many men. So completely were communications with the neighbourhood cut off, that intelligence could not be procured from Pchad, a place only twelve miles distant along the coast.

From Ghelenjeek to Gagra, a distance of 160 miles, there is not one spot occupied by Russia, or by any foreign power. A descent was attempted in 1833, in the small bay of Tuap, with two battalions, four ships of war, and some transports; but they were beaten off by the murderous fire of the Circassians who immediately assembled in numbers at the spot. At the defile of Gagra, the mountains close down upon the sea so as to leave but a narrow beach, which is occupied by a quadrangular fort, three sides of which belong to a very ancient ruin. The third, or sea face, is formed of fascines, and mounted with six guns. There are also guns at the angles, placed to enfilade the walls, so that it has about twenty cannon in all, with a garrison at that time of 700 men. The fort stands at the foot of a dark gorge in the secondary mountains, which is closed behind by a stupendous peak of the highest chain; and it is so completely commanded by the

neighbouring heights, that men are not unfrequently killed or wounded within the walls, and even in the hospital, by the fire of the Circassians who occupy them. Gagra is a most unhealthy station, fevers and dysenteries carrying off great numbers, and keeping the hospital always crowded: of eighteen officers, eight had died in the preceding ten months, and between weakness and the fierce attacks of their enemies, the garrison was sometimes unable to fetch fresh water from the gorge behind, to eke out the scanty supply which was to be had nearer at hand. Seven soldiers, who had strayed to a little distance on the day preceding that of the arrival of the squadron, had been taken or killed. This is the last fort on the scene of actual and constant warfare, as here terminates the Circassian coast, strictly so called, and that of the Abazeks commences.

The first station on this coast is Pitzunda, a small fort without cannon, and garrisoned with 120 men, about a mile inland from a small bay, and surrounded by a lovely and romantic country. At Bombori, eleven miles further, there is a redoubt of two guns and sixty men upon the shore; and two miles inland, a fort with a garrison of 600 men, which maintains a small traffic with the neighbouring inhabitants. But there is little confidence on either side. The mountaineers make inroads occasionally, and in 1834, they destroyed the village and carried off many prisoners from under the very guns of the fort.

Sechoom (or Souchoom) Kalé is a dilapidated fort with a garrison of 400 men, and mounted with several cannon, situated upon an open and insecure bay, which is liable to violent squalls of wind from the high land behind. Communications with the surrounding country were quite unsafe without a strong escort. Soldiers going to the smallest distance beyond the walls were daily shot by the Circassians or Abazeks lying in ambush around; and but a few days before the arrival of the squadron, a party of fifty men escorting a prisoner of state, was attacked and routed with the loss of half its number and two officers. This is the last post in Abazia. The whole of them are most unhealthy, and the garrisons, subjected to great privations, were sickly and desponding in the extreme.

At Anakria, to the south of Se-

choom Kalé, the province of Mingrelia commences, exhibiting an extensive plain covered apparently with impenetrable forests, but, when the screen which these present towards the coast is passed, found in reality to be finely varied with excellent cultivation, and thickly inhabited. The coast is rendered sickly by the swamps created by the overflow of rivers and streams, whose course towards the sea is impeded by bars of sand. The military posts of Russia being generally situated at the mouths of these rivers, are all dreadfully unhealthy, and their garrisons, as has been seen, suffer enormous loss. This district, however, being beyond the line to which our sketch more particularly refers, we shall here terminate it and return to Captain Spencer's observations.

The voyage was continued southward to Redoubt Kalé, near the mouth of the Phasis, when a change of weather induced the Governor-General and his party to shape their course northward again. During its whole cruise from Anapa to this point, the squadron had kept so close in-shore as to enable those on board to distinguish the minutest features of the landscape, and occasionally to receive a hint from the bushes on the beach, in the shape of a bullet, that they had approached more than prudently near. The scenery is describable as combining every thing imaginable of rich, and beautiful, and grand. Not a sterile spot was to be seen. All was rich pasturage, and magnificent wood intermingled with tracts of cultivation rising to the tops of the highest hills. *Douls*, or hamlets and villages, were scattered thickly all over the country, and as they approached the mouths of the valleys, bodies of men were seen hastily assembling on the beach, to receive the strangers, if friends, or to oppose them if enemies. In several places, and particularly at Pchad, the masts of many vessels were observed, rising above the banks of creeks and streams, into which they had been dragged across the bars at their mouths, out of danger's way, and there they lay in deep water, partly concealed behind heaps of cut wood or bushes. They were chiefly Turkish boats from Anatolia, which trade with this coast in salt, ammunition, and some other necessities, in spite of the Russian cruisers.

The inference drawn by Captain Spencer and others from all they saw

and heard during this expedition, amounted to this,—that the country is populous, very fertile, and abounding not only in the means of maintaining life, but in valuable produce, such as corn, cattle, fruits, &c. ; and that the inhabitants, so far from being barbarous and irreclaimable savages, are in reality an industrious people, disposed to commerce and friendly intercourse with other nations ; possessed of many virtues, and perfectly susceptible of the highest cultivation and improvement ; that, like many other mountaineers, they have imbibed a taste for plunder, particularly of their lowland neighbours, and, jealous of their liberty, they defend it when attacked with fierceness ; but that the spirit of implacable hatred and insatiable revenge which they have evinced towards the Russians, has been provoked by a course of aggression and injury, which has necessarily tended to exasperate all their evil propensities, while it must gradually weaken every better feeling.

Nothing, indeed, can be imagined more atrocious, or worse calculated to promote the views professed by Russia, than its conduct towards this people during the long period of its attempts to force its yoke upon their unwilling necks ; and the cold and well-weighed project of extermination which has of late been seriously proposed, and is now in process of execution, forms a consistent termination to a forty years' war of fire and sword, of murder and desolation ; and deserves to be held up to the world as an admirable specimen of the means by which that parental government would attach the nations over which she seeks to extend her sway, as well as of the blessings they would be likely to enjoy under such protection.

When experience had convinced the Russian cabinet that Circassia was not to be subdued so long as her sons could procure arms and ammunition to use in her defence, the resolution was taken to cut them off from the sources which had hitherto supplied them with these. A blockade of the coast was therefore formed, and orders were issued to intercept all vessels trading to the Circassian coast, not only in munitions of war, but in other necessities, especially salt ; for this article being chiefly imported, its exclusion was expected, as in fact it did prove to be a very severe privation to the

Circassians. The vessels employed in this trade being chiefly Turkish boats from Trebizond, the owners of which were too poor or insignificant to hope for attention to their complaints in case of capture, and the Porte being too much in dread of Russia to make a demand for satisfaction, or too little interested in the trade to think of questioning her right to maintain such a blockade, the captures made no stir, while those vessels which were successful repaid their owners well for all risks, and kept up the spirits of the Circassians. The Russian cruisers appointed to this service found it irksome and dangerous,—the small boats eluded their slow and clumsy grasp,—some of the men-of-war were wrecked in attempting to catch and capture them,—and at last, especially in winter time, they retired into harbour, leaving the sea open for the more skilful and adventurous Greeks and Turks who were engaged in the trade, so that Circassia continued to be supplied. It was remarked, that during the whole voyage of this squadron, though in the height of summer, not a single Russian cruiser was met or seen at sea. The resistance of the Circassians was undiminished, and it was agreed on all hands that the blockade by sea was a failure. What then was to be done ? Everybody admitted that an efficient blockade was indispensable, for that while arms, ammunition, and salt found their way into the country, there would be no end to the contest ; on the other hand, deprived of these, it was judged that they must be forced into submission,—yet how was this exclusion to be effected ?

In this dilemma, two plans were proposed to the Emperor by two opposite parties, one of a mild, the other of a very opposite character. The former party, lamenting the enormous waste of blood and treasure to the empire, and referring to long experience in support of their opinion that conquest by force was hopeless, counselled measures of conciliation, and a renewal of former (though at those times ineffectual) attempts at establishing commercial relations with the country in order to humanize the Circassians. They admitted the necessity of a blockade and the exclusion of foreign interference ; for their object, like that of the other parties, was not the happiness of the Circassians, so much as their subjugation and the aggrandise-

ment of Russia. They therefore proposed the maintenance of some forts on the coast, but in other respects suggested mild measures, a free bestowal of favours and benefits, with the further temptation of honours and personal advantages to individuals; all of which they conceived might in time reconcile these mountaineers to regard Russia as their sovereign and superior. To this party it was generally supposed that Count Woronizoff adhered, and it is highly probable that that amiable nobleman was inclined to the most humane measures.

The proposals of the other party, on the contrary, were conceived in the spirit of the most uncompromising severity, and breathed nothing but fire and sword. At the head of this was General Williamoenoff, who gave in a plan by which he pledged himself to reduce the whole of Circassia within seven years, provided the means he required were placed at his disposal. His project was as follows. An effectual *land* blockade was to be established along the coast, by means of a line of posts strongly garrisoned, and connected by a military road. For this blockade-service ten complete battalions were required, with a squadron of two steam-boats, and transports provided with guns and stores to support them. With this force it was intended to attack, scour, and occupy the principal valleys between Ghelenjeek and Gagra.

In the second place, a certain district was to be selected, and surrounded with lines of forts in communication with each other; and when these communications should be complete, the military force was to be employed *in clearing the country so inclosed by fire and sword*; that is, by the destruction of every habitation, and the extermination or expulsion of every inhabitant. Now, this is what may be termed a truly Russian system—root and branch-work, no mincing the matter here! For this branch of the warfare the General required a force of 15,000 effective men, with a suitable equipment of guns, stores, &c.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the last of these two plans of operation was the one resolved upon. Accordingly, somewhat less than three years ago from the time we write, the General commenced work by marking out a triangle, of which one side is formed by the river Kouban, from

Olgynsk to the sea; and is about fifty-five English miles in length. Another runs from Olgynsk to the mouth of the Doba, in the bay of Soujouk Kalé, a distance of forty-five miles. The third runs from the Doba to the mouth of the Kouban; an extent of thirty-eight miles. According to the scheme, these three culminating points were to be connected by lines of posts from sixteen to eighteen versts asunder; and some, particularly that of Abyn, on the stream of that name, thirty-three versts from Olgynsk, and Nicolayefsky, sixteen further on, have been constructed on the base of the triangle. Yet it was on this very line, between Abyn and Nicolayefsky, that the army suffered a heavy loss, just previous to the visit of the squadron; and the result of two campaigns was, that Williamoenoff, in spite of having the sea open behind him for supplies, was forced to retreat from Soujouk Kalé, behind the line of the Kouban, without having gained one point, except the establishment of Abyn, which, after his retreat, became an insulated spot, the garrison of which was reduced nearly to starvation. All this was foreseen last year by all unprejudiced persons; and that the army must always winter behind the Kouban, leaving the new and insulated posts to be but so many mere sinks of treasure, and tombs for the Russian soldiers, who die of sickness and starvation—securing not a foot more ground than they stand upon, and that, in all probability, but for a time. We have already seen the condition of these garrisons in July; an idea may be formed of what their sufferings and their losses must have been before the winter terminated. If such, then, has been the fate of Williamoenoff's efforts at their outset in the lower and more approachable country, what can the Russian Government hope for, when he shall find himself forced to grapple with the increasing difficulties of the higher and remoter regions?

The idea of subduing the Circassians by means so revolting, or reducing them to submission by privations, is, we trust and believe, as vain as it is unprincipled. They may be exasperated to greater excesses of hatred and revenge, but experience has proved, that by no force yet applied, are they to be coerced or intimidated into submission. The necessities of life they possess, and cannot be deprived of

them. Even salt they will learn to extract or manufacture from resources within their own reach. They already manufacture gun-powder and arms, and all attempts to exclude these will but sharpen their ingenuity to more successful efforts. Their true and strongest means of defence lie in their implacable hatred to their oppressors, and their own indomitable spirit.

Already, in fact, have these effects become visible in their increased activity, and the very vigorous measures they have of late had recourse to. Sensible of the immense disadvantages of disunion, they resolved to get rid of them at all sacrifices. Feuds and family quarrels were buried in oblivion; the claims of personal and individual interest abandoned; and every feeling or indulgence that interfered with the great object of effectual resistance to their foes, was given up without a murmur. In the autumn of 1834; a convocation of princes and chiefs of clans was summoned, a rare event in the history of their country; and a confederation was entered into, every member of which bound himself, by the most sacred oaths, to maintain the liberty of his country against Russian aggression with his best blood. Thirteen tribes who have joined this confederation are enumerated by Mr Spencer. At another assembly, held in the following year, expressly to deliberate on the best means of resisting their invaders, and preserving their independence, a solemn interdict was placed on all intercourse with the enemy, under pain of the most signal punishment. A limited trade had, as appears, been maintained in some quarters with the Russians, even at the worst of times, for salt and a few other necessities; but this was now to be abandoned in spite of all inconveniences. Even families which had received benefits from their foes, were forced to join the league; and, as a proof of their determination, the whole property of an invalid who had gone for medical assistance was committed to the flames. The scabbard, in short, of that sword which has so long been bared, is now thrown away, and Russia has already felt, and will feel still more, the force of hatred strengthened by desperation.

Yes—disguise it as she may, Russia has felt, and will deeply feel the long sustained effort of so disastrous a war-

fare. Though the victims may be those whom she desires to get rid of—though the wretched Poles be sent in droves to the Caucasus, as to a land of forgetfulness more hopeless than Siberia itself,—to perish miserably in a vain attempt to rob others of that independence which they themselves have lost—still must Russia feel the fatal drain—and what, it will doubtless be asked, can be the motive of Russia for submitting to so serious an evil—for continuing a game so ruinous? What advantage could she derive from the whole range of Caucasus were she its undisputed mistress to-morrow? It is notorious that even the trans-Caucasian provinces, which are comparatively tranquil and submissive, so far from adding to her revenue or resources, are sources of actual outlay and anxiety: and what then can she reasonably expect from a country ten times more inaccessible and unproductive, and which must ever remain so to her, whether swept clear of inhabitants by the sword of extermination, or continuing to shelter a remnant of hostile tribes imbued with inextinguishable hatred against the destroyers of their families and kinsmen? Can it be, that mere lust of conquest, or wounded pride, has reconciled her to such heavy sacrifices for so valueless an acquisition? No one who has marked the career of Russia, and comprehended her policy, will for a moment believe it. No—Russia must have views beyond the range of cursory observation—ulterior objects of magnitude sufficient to warrant the enormous outlay already lavished, and which must still be expended on the conquest of this mountainous tract. And if other proof than what these efforts themselves afford, were required of the existence of such views, we need but remember the extreme disturbance and displeasure betrayed by the Emperor Nicholas, and expressed to Lord Durham on hearing the reports of English agents having been seen in Circassia, who were said to be encouraging the inhabitants to resistance; and the sensation created in Russia by the affair of the Vixen. Such views—such motives, then, assuredly do exist; and in the present aspect of affairs, it must be most important to ascertain what they may be. This we shall endeavour to do in our next number.

THE STORY OF BAB-EY-BUK.

BAB-EY-BUK, at three-and-twenty years of age, found himself no higher in life than a tailor's journeyman in the great city of Bagdad. That he had made no higher advance was by no means his fault. If ever ambition burned in a human heart, it was in that of Bab-ey-buk; his waking thoughts were of sceptres and thrones, achieved by his own talents; his dreams at night were of strange discoveries of his being the son of some mighty prince or sultan,—for he had read so many stories, of which similar incidents formed the staple, that he had persuaded himself it was very likely to occur in his own case. A spirit of this aspiring nature to be confined to the low drudgery of a tailor's shop was something like chaining an eagle. He resolved, if possible, to emancipate himself, and give full scope to his abilities; for he felt within him those promptings of ambition which are the proofs, and the stimulants, of the most exalted genius.

"Allah hu! God is great, and I will not remain a tailor." But while thus giving utterance to his secret thoughts, a qualm came across him. From his earliest youth he had handled the needle; his workmanship was beyond all question the best in Bagdad; and it was not without a struggle that he forced himself to give up the practice of the art in which he excelled. But the spurings of ambition were more powerful than the recollections of his youth. At one time he thought of uniting the two, and commanding armies and clothing them at the same time. But this was a mixture of the monarch and the tailor which he left to some western potentate nearer home. He relinquished once and for ever the thimble and shears, and resolved, with the first money he should be able to save out of his earnings, to purchase a sword. In the shop of Muley Hassan, the pawnbroker, there were many displayed for sale. One in particular—a sabre so prodigiously crooked, that it looked more like a gigantic hook than any thing else—had attracted his especial admiration. It was studded with stars of gold, and the hilt was

adorned with some strings of pearls that depended from long tassels of silken thread. When he had collected what he thought an adequate sum, he proceeded with fear and trembling to the stall of Muley Hassan; for he had affixed in his own mind such a value to the sword, that he hardly dared to hope it came within the limits of his fortune. Muley Hassan laid aside his pipe as his customer entered the shop.

"Good evening, sir," said Bab-ey-buk; "I have passed your window very often; you have observed me, I daresay."

"The eyes of so many men are turned to my shop that I cannot recollect any one in particular."

"What! not me?" replied the tailor; "why, I have stood for hours admiring all the fine things hung up at the door—your shawls and scarfs and caftans; by the by, that caftan there, of the blue and red, is not very well sewn—they ought never to be done long stitch."

"Do you wish to buy it, sir? you shall have it very cheap."

"No; but you have an article in your shop I wish I were able to purchase."

"Oh, you mean my stock of English needles—they are charming, I assure you. Allah has given those giaours a genius for the making of needles—their thimbles, too, are admirable."

"No," replied Bab-ey-buk, somewhat nettled, "I can't imagine why you think I should care about needles and thimbles—I want a sword."

"Your glory is a warrior! Which does your valour particularly fancy? Here is a blade of Damascus—the best steel in the universe—it will cut five inches into a hard stone in the hand of a child of six years old."

"I don't like that one; the sheath is too plain."

"Oh, then, here is just the one to please you. A sabre I bought of a merchant in Balsora, who bought it of a dweller in Calcutta, who bought it of a shipman from England, who told him it was made in the manufactory where all things are most splendidly ornamented—he called the place Brumm-a-jumm."

"And the price of it?" asked Bab-ey-buk.

"Consider, sir, the magnificence of the handle; and if you have respect for great men, consider its history, sir. This sabre hung at the side of the great English General Ducrow when he commanded the troops of the desert against Timour the Tartar. The place where the battle was fought was called Astlego. The shipman who brought the sabre saw it at the side of the General several times, for the battle was renewed night after night."

"I fear it is too dear for me to purchase."

"No; your glory seems desirous to have it, and Muley Hassan is no skinfint extortioner. Your magnanimity shall have it for twelve rupees."

The heart of Bab-ey-buk jumped up with delight. He had expected to be charged at least double. He grasped the sabre tightly in his hand, and pulled out the money from his belt.

"You will give me this castan to the bargain," he said, trying to hide his satisfaction;—" 'tis wretchedly sewed, and must be turned before it is fit to wear. The man that made it was an ass!"

Muley Hassan nodded assent, and received the rupees.

"Shall I send it home to your mightiness?"

"Oh! no," said Bab-ey-buk,— "I'm not at all afraid to carry it. It isn't like those dangerous little pistols. It won't go off when you don't expect it." So saying, Bab-ey-buk put his new possession quietly under his cloak, and proceeded to his home, filled with anticipations of his future greatness.

"Well," said Muley Hassan, pulling his tongue from his cheek, where he had involuntarily stuffed it while making the bargain, "God is great; but it will be a very long time before this young man is converted into a hero."

CHAPTER II.

But Bab-ey-buk was by no means of that opinion himself. He was a philosopher, and reasoned well. And on many occasions the fact of his being a tailor was a great help to his philosophy. "There are only three things needful to the formation of a great man," he said one day musingly, while mending a pair of trousers of Sidi Hamet the jeweller—"only three things, a sword, high birth, and fine clothes—a sword I have got—fine clothes I can make for myself—and as to high birth, I really can't imagine what right my mother had to marry a water-carrier. Yet, as according to all systems of logic or arithmetic, two-thirds of a thing are better than nothing, he consoled himself very rationally for the want of high descents, and kept his sword-sheath beautifully polished, and saved up as much money as he could, in order to buy materials for a magnificent dress. Honesty, in the long run, is sure to meet with its reward; and accordingly, after a few months' perseverance in active industry and careful economy, an opportunity fell in his way of attaining the object of his desires. The Sultan's brother, who had been in rebellion for some years, was at last induced to come to court and

put an end to hostilities. Great preparations were made for the entry of the Prince, and all the jewellers, saddlers, and tailors in Bagdad were kept busy night and day. Among others, a magnificent robe, to be worn by the Sultan himself, was sent to be newly-ornamented to the shop of Bab-ey-buk's master. That discerning gentleman saw in a moment that no journeyman in his employment was worthy of the task except Bab-ey-buk, and the mantle was intrusted to his care. A look at it was sufficient. He felt that the crisis of his fate was come. All his dreams of fine clothes had never reached so extravagant a height as the robe of state of an emperor. He gazed at it for nearly an hour, with the needle idle in his hand, his mouth wide open, his heart beating with a multitude of conflicting thoughts. Some noble resolution at last seemed to thrill his whole soul; he dashed away the needle, as if it had been a musquitto, clutched the object of his admiration closely to his bosom, and with the pious ejaculation "God is great! I knew I should not remain a tailor"—he slept noiselessly out of the shop, and hurried to his home. Here he unfolded the treasure, tried it on, and had only the single drawback to his

happiness that it was a full yard too long. But when a tailor's soul is once determined, there are few obstacles too great for it to surmount. The tail of it was carefully tucked up to the requisite length—the sword attached to his side—the money he had been so zealous in saving fixed in his belt, and Bab-ey-buk felt that he was every inch a hero. To be sure, a very minute quantity of heroism was all that was required to stock so very small a quantity of inches, for Bab-ey-buk was not one of those useless plants that waste all their energies in adding to their height. He was barely five feet high—slightly, yet strongly made—with the most astonishing pair of bandy legs that had ever been known in Bagdad. His countenance, however, was good; and if there was any fault to be found with it, it was that it was too grand and manly-looking for the body it belonged to. It seemed rather, indeed, to have belonged to some person of gigantic size; and, after his decapitation, to have been fixed by some enchantment on its present support. Above all things, Bab-ey-buk was proud of his nose. It was a large, high-hooked sort of proboscis, which appeared to have been as Roman in its ambition as in its shape, and to have made a conquest of a large portion of the countenance. In fact, it began to develope itself far up in the forehead, so that by the time it got down opposite the eyes, the bridge had raised its enormous height and divided the face into two equal parts, as by a wall of demarcation. Spain and France were not more effectually separated by the Pyrenees than the left eye of Bab-ey-buk from the right by his mountain of a nose. If we add to this description that his walk was slow and solemn, and his head kept perpetually back upon his shoulders, we shall have a tolerable idea of his outward appearance.

The Sultan's robe was once more placed in a bundle, and tucked under his arm; the sword hidden beneath his own very common-place mantle, and with stately steps and slow, Bab-ey-buk walked through the streets of Bagdad to pay a visit to his mother. That old lady was a devout believer in the Koran, and also in Bab-ey-buk. Whatever either of them said was law to her. On this occasion she received him with great delight, for she had not seen him for many days. But her

rhapsodies were speedily cut short by the voice of her son commanding her to be silent. "Mother," said Bab-ey-buk, "I come to ask you a few questions. Answer them truly as you dread my displeasure. Are you not ashamed to look me in the face?"

"God is great!" replied the poor old woman, half afraid, "there is nothing to be ashamed of in having a son with too large a nose."

"Woman! you misunderstand me," said Bab-ey-buk. "I mean are you not ashamed of yourself to act the part of a vain impostor so long, and to have boasted that I am your son? Confess—there is no use in denying it any longer—confess that you are not my mother, but that I am the son of a prince!"

"Ali, the water-carrier, was no prince that I ever heard of. But why do you ask such extraordinary questions, Bab-ey-buk?"

"Because I feel that I am an extraordinary man. I disbelieve your story of the water-carrier; I disbelieve your story about being my mother. I am the son of a sultan and a princess. There is no need for your saying yes or no—I tell you I am, and all that you have to do is to say who were my parents."

"Alas, alas, my son, the praises of your master, Mustapha the tailor, have turned your head. You are an excellent pleyer of the needle—every one says so. 'Twas only the other day I heard such wonders of your skill in mending old Hassan's trousers. But wo is me! your pride has made you forget your poor old mother." The old woman turned aside and wept.

"You are my mother, then?" said Bab-ey-buk, musing; "well, be it so—I own you!" saying this he stretched forth his hand in a condescending manner, and helped the agitated old woman to a seat on the divan. "But confess, now—that miserable old man—Ali you call him—the water-carrier—come, come—he was not my father."

"By the head of the holy Prophet! by the beard of the Caliph! by the tip of the Dromedary's tail! I swear to you that Ali was your father. Why do you ask? Has any one put folly into your head? Oh! no one could doubt who your father was that looked for a moment at your legs—the same graceful bow, the same out-turned

knee; and your nose—even your nose is just the same, only a little higher. Ah! Bab-ey-buk! is it because you are first journeyman of Mustapha that you despise your own mother?"

"My mother I care not for," replied the ambitious son; "and even my father I consent to acknowledge, but *his* father and his father's fathers were all kings and emperors from the days of Noë. Answer me not! for I will maintain the truth of it with my sword."

"A sword, my son? Be not too daring, light of my eyes; you know less of the management of it than of your needle; and 'tis far less dangerous to cut long slices of silk and velvet with your shears than to hack at the flesh of armed men."

But Bab-ey-buk was undeterred by all that his mother could say; and throwing off his cloak, he suspended the crooked scimitar by a scarf of silk to his side, and unwinding the bundle he had held in his left hand during the conference, he took from out it the imperial mantle, and slung it over his shoulder.

"Do you see any likeness now between me and Ali the water-carrier? Am I Bab-ey-buk the tailor, or Bab-ey-buk the master of armies—the ruler of men?"

"Bismillah!" exclaimed the old

lady, following the stately march of her son with eyes of inexpressible delight, "'tis a miracle to see how nobly you furbish up old clothes; any one might swear it was new, and intended for a grand vizier;—and your turban, too, and your sword? Oh! Bab-ey-buk! if you can afford such fine things when you are only a journeyman, what will you not do when you are a tailor on your own account? You will be a great man."

"I know it," said Bab-ey-buk, "but my greatness will not arise from having a tailor's shop. You see clearly now what nature intended me for; and you shall hear of me soon. But, in the mean-time, if any enquiries are made after me by Mustapha, tell him that I have taken the mantle for two days to the country, and that the Sultan must wait till my return."

"And when will you return?"

"Too soon, perhaps, for the sultan's happiness;—at the head of an army, mother, and if you dare to recognise me, or say one word to me or to any one else about Ali the water-carrier, I will sew you—I mean I will have you sewn in a sack, and cast into the river. Hear me and tremble!"

So saying, Bab-ey-buk strutted out of the miserable hovel, and as it was now dark, pursued his way out of the city, and walked all night without taking a moment's rest.

CHAPTER III.

With the early dawn he found himself in an unknown region, a long way from the capital. He was hungry, thirsty, and very much tired with his exertions, but a fear of pursuit gave wings to his speed, and prevented him from giving himself any sort of repose. When by accident he met any person at that early hour, the looks of awe and admiration with which he was regarded, marching majestically in a mantle of such surpassing magnificence, acted in the place of refreshment, and he walked more firmly for many a mile after some companies of simple peasants had fallen on their faces before him. As the day, however, advanced, and the villages through which he travelled were filled with a waking population, the symptoms of respect with which he was received were mingled with very evident tokens of surprise;

nay, once or twice it did not escape Bab-ey-buk's observation that the salaams of the spectator were sometimes accompanied with a grin, and, indeed, even his own idea of his dignified appearance could not hide from him that there was something extremely grotesque in the figure he cut. Sometimes he thought of taking off the cloak and sword, and carrying them in a bundle; but the sacrifice of the admiration he encountered was too great a price to pay for an immunity from the ridicule of a few. On he went, returning the salutes of the inhabitants as if he were really some prince or potentate making a royal progress through his dominions, till at last fatigue entirely overcame him, and he determined, as the best means of securing both his ease and dignity, to purchase a steed with the

remainder of his coin. The only difficulty that occurred to Bab-ey-buk was the danger that might accrue to him from any equestrian achievements, as, unfortunately, his knightly education had been totally neglected, and he had never even mounted a horse. At one of the villages he came to he saw an animal which he thought he might bestride with perfect safety, as, from the circumstance of its being quite blind, it would be impossible for it to shy; and as it was a little lame, he flattered himself it would not be very likely to run away. As these were the two perils of horsemanship which he chiefly dreaded, he made himself master of a horse incapable of producing either of them, with no little satisfaction, and after concluding the bargain and refreshing his internal man, he climbed into the saddle, and proceeded onward with more pride and gratification than ever. All that day he jogged on without meeting with any adventure. The wayside salutations were now unmingled with any thing but the most profound respect, and Bab-ey-buk had little difficulty in persuading himself that he was a lineal descendent of Rustan or Iskander, and that Ali the water-carrier was an infamous impostor. Next morning, he had not proceeded very far when his ears were saluted by the quick tramp of a horse galloping behind him. In a moment his prophetic soul conjured up a messenger from the Sultan—an arrest for his audacious theft—and the bastinado waiting for him when he should be reconducted to the city. It was impossible for him to look round, as his experience in the art of riding had not yet enabled him to lift his eyes from the ears of his charger, but his heart beat higher and higher as he heard his pursuer approach. At one time he thought of applying his heels to the side of his horse, and trying to escape by flight, but a grunt of exhortation was all that his utmost exertions could extract from the patient and forgiving quadruped. Then he thought of dismounting and trusting to his own heels for his safety, but Giva, as he had called his steed, was of great height, and the labour of getting down from the high peaked saddle was always of considerable duration;—and in the midst of these musings the stranger overtook him, and pulled up his foaming charger

when he came alongside. Bab-ey-buk looked at his new companion with no slight apprehension, but was immediately reassured by the extremely good-natured expression of the young and handsome horseman. He was plainly equipped—with a gleaming pair of pistols, however, at his belt, that recalled for a moment all Bab-ey-buk's original fears. The horse he rode was a superb black,—breathing fire, and stepping with such pride and dignity that Bab-ey-buk wondered very much how any one could venture on an animal so very different from Giva. That most serene of quadrupeds showed, by an additional liveliness in his gait, that he was not insensible to the honour of having so beautiful a companion; and the stranger, after a dubious stare for a moment or two at the horse and cloak, and very perturbed appearance of Bab-ey-buk, saluted him very politely, and entered into conversation. By the first words he spoke, he showed that all Bab-ey-buk's terrors of an immediate arrest were unfounded, and accordingly the bosom's lord of that very ambitious gentleman again sat lightly on his throne. The courtesy of the stranger delighted him far more than the lowliest obeisances he had received in the whole course of his journey. With an increased feeling of gratification at the wisdom of his proceeding, he threw his mantle more gracefully round him, and bore his part in the conversation without the least embarrassment or fear.

"Your charger, noble sir," said the stranger, "seems somewhat weary. Have you travelled far?"

"Yes," replied Bab-ey-buk, "Giva and I have wandered many a thousand miles together. But I beg to assure you, neither he nor I was ever in Bagdad in our lives."

"Indeed?" replied the other. "That seems very strange, as you are so near it, and on the direct way from it!"

"Never, I assure you, sir. We belong to quite a different country, and know nothing about any thing that has happened. Any news, sir?"

"News? ay, such as have not been heard for many a year. The Sultan, you have no doubt heard, was to be reconciled to his brother?"

"Oh! yes, I know that great pre-

parations were making for the ceremony—new robes and mantles; and some indeed sent to be repaired."

"Well! the brother on the appointed day—that was yesterday—made his entrance into the city—all the inhabitants were at the great gate of the Mosque to see the meeting—the retinue on each side was splendid and numerous; and when the noble brothers approached each other, the sky was rent with acclamations! But suddenly a different cry arose. Shouts burst out from all quarters of the city; the guards of the emperor were overpowered; and in the midst of the confusion it was discovered that some sacrilegious hand had deprived the Sultan"—

"I knew it!" exclaimed Bab-ey-buk, "I knew it! How could the loss of such a thing escape observation? And did they suspect any one, sir?"

"It needed no suspicion. Prince Selim acknowledged the deed. He did it with his own hand."

"Did what?" enquired Bab-ey-buk. "Took the Sultan's mantle? Did he acknowledge that?"

"No—I don't speak of mantles. He took the Sultan's life; he stabbed him with his own dagger, and is now himself the Commander of the Faithful. I am his friend."

"Oh, so am I," said Bab-ey-buk; "I think it was an excellent device. Do you know, sir, whether Black Hassan, the master of the robes, is killed?"

"No—I know not."

"He is a confounded traitor, sir; and if you would have the kindness to have him bow-strung without a moment's delay, it would be a very great obligation."

"A traitor? How?"

"Never mind his treason—hang him first, the dog. He keeps an inventory, no doubt, of all the Emperor's clothes; and knows, to an old jacket, how many suits he has. Now, if you would do me the favour to strangle him before he recovers from his astonishment"—

"I strangle a black slave? You are jesting, sir. Who thinks of jackets, or clothes, or black eunuchs at a time like this?"

"Nobody, I hope most-sincerely," said Bab-ey-buk, consoling himself

with the belief that in the bustle of so sudden a revolution, his theft of the Sultan's mantle would escape detection. Under the influence of this happy feeling, he enacted the part of a gay young cavalier entirely to his own satisfaction, and somewhat also, it must be confessed, to his companion's surprise. The riding together for some hours had shaken them into something like familiarity, when they reached a shady place at the side of the main-road, where they thought it advisable to rest for a short time. The stranger unsaddled his black, and taking the bridle off his head, allowed him to go where he chose; while Bab-ey-buk puzzled himself in vain how to unbuckle the girths of the sober Giva, and uncapsarison him to allow him an equal liberty. After many efforts he succeeded in getting off the bridle, and giving the poor animal a stroke with his switch, expected it to follow the other's example, in availing itself of its freedom. But the want of sight kept him doggedly standing in the same place, till Bab-ey-buk, with extreme good-nature, led him to a greener portion of the grass, and left him to fill himself at his leisure. As Bab-ey-buk returned from this occupation, his companion, who had thrown himself on the ground, surveyed him with an expression of renewed surprise. While perched upon the saddle, the length of his body, and great size of his head, had deceived the stranger as to his height. He had thought him a miserable horseman, and could not imagine what collocation of circumstances could have brought such a mantle in contact with such a wearer, and such a horse. But when he saw him waddling towards him, his majestic cloak drawn round him with one hand, and his sword sheath supported in the other; his huge nose increased in its apparent monstrosity, from the now diminished body to which it belonged; and above all, the knees performing their rounds as if he were walking upon hoops, it was with the utmost difficulty he could prevent himself from bursting into a laugh. He managed, however, to preserve his gravity, and Bab-ey-buk seating himself at his side, renewed the conversation in the following words.

CHAPTER IV.

" 'Tis fortunate, gallant sir, for us both that we have ridden in company ; for in case of any attack, two swords are better than one."

The stranger looked at the scymitar which Bab-ey-buk touched as he spoke, but said nothing.

" Yes," continued Bab-ey-buk, " I think I have perceived that you rejoiced in the additional security afforded you by my society ; for robbers, they say, are plentiful here as tassels on a Ulema's mantle."

" Has a Ulema tassels on his mantle ?" enquired the stranger.

" God is great !" exclaimed Bab-ey-buk in the extremity of his surprise ; " where in the world have you lived not to know that ? They are sewed on with the strongest silk, for the bulk of them is very heavy. You have not been much in town ?"

" No—I have lived among men. I know more of the temper of steel than the sewing on of tassels."

" Oh ! so do I—of course," said Bab-ey-buk. " That seems a splendid sabre at your side. Don't you think it too heavy ?—and the sheath, how rough it is ; it will wear all the left leg of your trousers threadbare—however, that can soon be mended, if you have kept a ' breadth ' of the material."

" I like a heavy sword," replied the stranger, without attending to Bab-ey-buk's economical observations about the trousers ; " it can't indeed be too heavy if you have strength enough to wield it, and it is sharp at the same time. It snips off a head as a miserable tailor snips off the end of a thread with the most keen-edged of his scissors."

" Sir," said Bab-ey-buk, " I don't know what you mean by talking of tailors—a set of wretches unworthy to be named in heroic society ; but at the same time, nobody uses his scissors to cut off the ends of the thread—for what purpose has Allah given men teeth ?"

" To bite off thread," replied the stranger ; " I never thought of that—you are a philosopher, sir."

" I don't know whether I am or not," said Bab-ey-buk, not exactly knowing what philosopher meant ; " but this I know, I am a warrior in search of adventures, and should feel very

much obliged to you if you would tell me where such commodities are to be found."

" In the desert," answered the stranger. " There is no muscle like the bell of the camel—a sight equal to the white tents of the crowded caravan. If you are really anxious for a life of honour, go eight days' journey to the south—there you will ask your way to the spring of the Date-trees—you will join a bold band, and make the waste your empire. Ah ! would I might lead you to it myself !"

" And why not, sir ? 'twould be pleasanter going together,—for perhaps one of those same gentlemen at the Date-spring might take a fancy to my property—my sword, for instance, or my mantle."

" Let the one save the other," said the stranger, with a smile ; " he that trusts to his sword needs no other protection."

Bab-ey-buk paused for a while, as if considering the advice offered him by his friend.

" And you, sir," he said at length, " why can't you go back with me ? I should like to owe my introduction to yourself."

" O 'tis a long story," replied the stranger, " and 'tis time to think of sleep."

" A long story," said Bab-ey-buk, " is the thing I delight in. How it makes the needle—I mean how it makes time fly !—do tell it, sir."

" Well then, you must know that I have led for the last few years a very strange sort of existence ; never out of the saddle, seldom without the sword in my hand, and always with one great engrossing thought in my heart. My father"—

" Exactly my own case," interposed Bab-ey-buk ; " I wish I had never known him."

" Alas !" continued the other, " I have been lonely upon the earth—and don't even know the name I ought to bear—and I have heard nothing of my family except from my guardian Eli Bey. My first recollections are of that grim and sanguinary tyrant, whose only virtues were fidelity to his word, and a love to his own child. Zoraida and I were brought up together—: it seemed as if nothing pleased the father more than the love he saw springing

up between us. When I was sixteen years old he called me aside, and told me that, as he was going on an expedition from which he might never return, he would inform me of as much of my history as he found himself at liberty to communicate. On the day that you are twenty-one years of age, he said, go to the hill beyond Mecca, called the Hill of the Camel; you will there meet with your father, who will recognise you for his son by your giving him this sacred ring with the words stamp'd on it 'faithful and true.' As he said this, he gave me the ring carefully wrapt up in a roll of silk. I put it in my bosom, and there, through all my dangers and difficulties, I have worn it ever since."

"Is it sewed up in the silk, sir," enquired Bab-ey-buk, intensely interested, "or is it only rolled up in it?"

"Oh," said the other, "'tis sewed in such a beautiful way, that I have never opened it in case of not being able to get it stitched up again."

"Well sir, and what then?" enquired Bab-ey-buk, looking very wise.

"Nothing. The bey returned from his expedition; but his manner towards me was completely changed. He was harsh and cruel, and forbade all intercourse between me and the beautiful Zoraide. Our grief at this separation was mutual, and we found means to meet in spite of his jealous precautions. One night we were discovered by an eunuch of the palace,—and though it was impossible for the bey to bring the guilt of meeting home to us, he suspected that all was not right, from finding the head of the eunuch at some distance from his body, and the blade of my scimitar clothed with blood."

Bab-ey-buk looked at the face of the narrator, and groaned—"Did you slay him, sir?"

"His neck seemed made of wax," replied the young man; "his head flew off at a blow. But the precautions against our seeing each other were now redoubled, and we resolved to fly. One night we slipped out of the palace through the pipe of a huge water course fortunately dried up, and we were on the very point of mounting our horses—my noble Murviza that you see so tranquilly browsing before us, was the steed I had chosen—when suddenly the guards rushed upon us in great numbers,—we were separated

in the confusion, and I only knew from the fatigue of my arm, and the dints on my blade, that I had fought as becomes a brave man. After they had possessed themselves of the shrieking Zoraide, they left me to myself. From that hour I have vowed vengeance on Elfi Bey, and 'twas but a few days since, on joining the party of Prince Selim, who is now the vicar of Allah, that I heard of the destruction of my foe, and, alas! I fear also of my bride—the young, the bright, the loving" —The stranger rested his head mournfully upon his hand, and sighed.

"And you are now on your way to the Hill of the Camel beyond Mecca, to be recognised by your father?"

"Yes," replied the young man in a desponding tone; "but the happiness of knowing my father comes too late. I must first go to the scene of my youthful joy, to ascertain what has befallen Zoraide. I hope to hear where she is gone to, and to find my way to the appointed place of meeting in proper time. I have now eleven days, for my birth-day is the second of the next moon, and I am to be at the mountain at the hour of evening prayer."

"But if you find Zoraide in the mean-time, and cannot arrive at the place of meeting, you will lose your father."

"I shall find my Zoraide," replied the young man with a smile; "and one glance of her eye is worth a thousand fathers. Ah! till I heard of the death or capture of Elfi Bey, I longed for nothing so much as to know who were my parents; but now"—

"Have you no other clue but the ring?" enquired Bab-ey-buk.

"No—yes—my name, Omar;—but now, my friend, I must sleep for an hour. Murviza and I have many a day's gallop before us, and after we are a little refreshed by to-day's easy pace, we must scour like lightning." Ere the words were well out of his mouth, the eyes of Omar closed heavily, and in another minute he gave unequivocal signs of being sound asleep.

"Well," said Bab-ey-buk, musingly, "this young gentleman's history is exactly the thing I have sighed for all my days. A father he knows nothing about—perhaps a prince! Ah! what

would I give to be in the same situation! How I should like to have a look at the little ring! He wears it in his bosom. How sound he sleeps! dreaming of Zoraide, I suppose. His father never saw him—so that, whoever carries the ring, is the long lost

son. Well, Omar is certainly a capital sleeper. He hasn't stirred a muscle though I have unbuttoned his vest; he has a purse there too;—how prettily sewed the silk is;—how astonished he'll be when he awakes!"

CHAPTER V.

The sun had begun to send the long shadow of the Hill of the Camel over the broad plain above which it rose, when a single figure, which had hitherto escaped observation in the vastness of the landscape, was perceived walking slowly up the gentle acclivity on which a great number of magnificent tents were pitched. The figure marched slowly and proudly, enveloped in a mantle which glittered with the most splendid ornaments, and the accomplished warrior was easily recognised by the proud sort of daring with which he carried in his left hand a sabre of a peculiar make. When he reached the nearest tent, an old man of majestic presence met him, and in a voice trembling with emotion, exclaimed,—“Stranger, brings't thou aught to a father's heart?”

“Venerable sir,” replied Bab-ey-buk, “I take it you are my father;—I bring you a ring sewed up with very considerable skill in a piece of superfine silk.”

“And you!—you're my son!—my loved!—my lost!—my brave!—Prince Omar!”

“Prince, said you? Ah! I always knew how it was!—Old gentleman, you are crumpling the lappet of my mantle. Who are you, my father?”

“I am sultan of a kingdom far off in the east. When you were born, my son, my kingdom was in danger; I was chased from the throne by a usurper, and confided you to the care of Elfi Bey, for there was a prophecy that foretold great danger to you till you had reached your twenty-first birth-day. But here I see you safe and happy, and a father's heart is overflowing with joy.”

“And mine too, your gracious majesty; open the silk and look at the ring;—‘faithful and true’ is the motto on the stone. You see I know it all.”

“I see you do; and therefore I

conclude you are my Omar. And Elfi Bey”——

“Gone to the devil, the confounded old rascal. I cut off the head of one of his eunuchs at a blow. You would have thought his neck was made of wax.”

“What had the poor slave done?”

“He was too fond of peeping, and twigged me one day when I was gallivanting—mum!”

“But you never ask for your mother.”

“Oh, confound the old baggage—hem! I mean I shall be happy to see the old lady. Is she here?”

“No; I left her as regent till my return. And now, my son, I will present you to your subjects.”

But before the Sultan could fulfil this intention, his eye was caught at the extreme end of the horizon by the appearance of a horseman rushing towards the encampment at full speed. He paused, and gazed on the features and figure of Bab-ey-buk, and from whatever cause it might have been, whether from gratified love, or disappointed hope, the old Sultan sighed very deeply.

“Hold! hold!” cried the stranger as he leapt from his panting steed, and rushed furiously up the hill.

“Father!” he cried, kneeling to the venerable Sultan, “there is something in my heart that tells me I ought to love thee. Let me know that I am thy son.”

“How?—no—this is incredible! What mean you, young man? My son is at my side.”

“Ha! have I found you?” exclaimed the stranger, starting up and fixing eyes glowing with rage on the countenance of Bab-ey-buk. “I suspected you when I found the ring taken out of my bosom; and now I have found you, my sabre shall get drunk on the blood of your heart.”

“For goodness' sake, father, save

me from that murderer. He will kill me to a certainty. Don't believe him; I know him very well."

"You know him?" said the Sultan. "What is the meaning of this? Who are you? Are you Omar my son? And who is he, this stranger? You say you know him, speak?"

"Why, if you wish to hear the whole truth," said Bab-ey-buk, seeing that the matter grew serious, and urged on by despair,—"there is no use in concealing it. This young man, who swaggers so loudly about my heart's blood, is a half-silly fellow, one well known in Bagdad; his name is Bab-ey-buk, and his trade is that of a tailor."

"I—I a tailor!" exclaimed the real Omar. "By the beard of Mahomet, you shall answer for this insult. He steals my birthright! Noble sir," he continued, turning to the Sultan, "he robbed me of the silken envelope while I slept, and now has the insolence to call me a tailor. Try us, noble sir; give us but space to run a course—with lance or sabre! Oh, how my scimitar would revenge my wrongs in the cowardly heart of the impostor!"

"No, no," cried Bab-ey-buk, "I gave you the ring—what other proof can you require? If you trust to any other, you might have half a dozen sons instead of one. I would not degrade my sword," he added, with a look of scorn on his opponent, "by drawing it upon a tailor."

"You are right, my son," replied the Sultan, laying his hand on the shoulder of Bab-ey-buk; "I must rest contented with the proofs you bring me, and must treat this handsome young cavalier as a deceiver. If it had pleased Allah that he had been—but no matter. Let the guards seize this stranger and carry him in chains. Prince Omar! heir of my throne, guard and honour of my kingdom, mount the proudest charger in my train, and lead onward where your mother's heart is beating to embrace you!"

The shouts of the numerous attendants rent the air. Coldly and proudly Omar resigned himself to the guards who surrounded and disarmed him, and whistling very loudly as he turned away, a noble charger rushed up to his side, and whinnied in evident des-

pair when his master did not leap into the saddle.

"'Tis a magnificent horse," said the old Sultan, gazing on the faultless form and proud bearing of Murviza; "mount him, my son, no statelier charger ever dashed up the dust of the desert."

"I'll pardon me," cried Bab-ey-buk, gazing in dismay on the fiery eyeballs of Murviza; "no—far be it from me to ride a horse that has carried a tailor. In fact, I am not particular about riding at all, saddles are so confoundedly hard, especially at a trot."

"How?" said the Sultan in surprise, and turning his eye regretfully on the indignant demeanour of poor Omar, as he marched forward in silence. "You are jesting, my son; 'tis beneath the dignity of a warrior to walk. Mount, I say, and lead on."

Bab-ey-buk saw but one chance left.

"If you will be kind enough to send one of your slaves to the tree you see at the distance yonder, he will find an animal to which I am much attached—a gallant horse—quite as tall as that black stallion, and a great deal more steady."

"As you will," replied the Sultan with a sigh: and a groom in a moment was cleaving his forward way on a white mare of Yemen. But great was the surprise of the whole assemblage when the venerable bundle of skin and bones which rejoiced in the name of Giva made its appearance, limping most painfully, and carrying its nose high in the air, after the manner of the blind of its species.

"God is great!" said the Sultan, now in complete dismay; "but how this son of mine will do to command my armies I cannot understand."

In the mean-time the tents had been struck, the forces, marshalled by their leaders, formed in marching order, while Bab-ey-buk exhausted his strength in vain endeavours to climb into the saddle.

"I wonder the wise man that invented horses did not invent a ladder at the same time to mount by. In my opinion a horse of three feet high would be quite as handsome, and a great deal more convenient. Don't you think so, father?"

"Help Prince Omar to his seat,"

exclaimed the old Sultan, and dashing spurs into his horse, set off full gallop, without paying any more attention to the distresses of his son.

Two grooms had dismounted, and busied themselves in giving their assistance.

"You, sir," said Bab-ey-buk, "with

the yellow turban, hold the stirrup very steady—and you, my friend with the ill-made trousers, give me a push behind. Gently there, gently—thank you. And now, Giva, my gallant courser, now that you are carrying a prince, how do you find yourself?"

CHAPTER VI.

"My son," said the Sultan to Bab-ey-buk, "'tis a strange thing how obstinate your mother is."

"Oh! I've told her the same thing a dozen times, but they are all alike."

"I was not aware you had seen her, except in the public Reception, when she denied so positively you were her child."

"Let her deny it if she likes. Didn't I give you the bit of silk and the ring in it? that's all."

"You did, and I feel I have no right to demand any other proof; and to show you how convinced I am by the token, and how little I care for the opposition of my wife, I have resolved to marry you to a captive of the most ravishing beauty, who has been for some weeks the wonder of our Court."

"Hem—just the thing; I was always a favourite with the girls. Is she well shaped?"

"Like a houri."

"Clothes, of course, fit her well? Nothing is so becoming to a young lady as well-made clothes."

"I have already expressed my intention to her of bestowing her upon my son."

"And what did she say to that?"

"For a long time she only wept—she has done nothing, indeed, but shed tears since she has been among us; but when I told her your story—that your name was Omar, and that you had been protected by Elfi Bey, she screamed aloud with rapture."

"Ah! they are always so ambitious; and she was delighted with the thoughts of marrying a prince, eh? What work it will be for the tailors! Who is the chief of the trade in this city?"

"Omar, my son, refrain, I beseech you, from this frivolous mode of talking; be in the great Divan in an hour, and there I will present you to your bride. You shall there also make your first experiment in dispensing

justice to your future subjects. The first cause you will try is the imposition of that unfortunate young man, Bab-ey-buk of Bagdad. 'Tis odd that he should be a tailor."

With these words the Sultan retired, and Bab-ey-buk betook himself to his toilet.

In the mean-time the beautiful slave was introduced into the private apartment of the Sultana.

She was gorgeously attired; and as she raised herself from her prostration at the foot of the Sultana's throne, her face was radiant with smiles.

"Lady," said the Sultana, "I sent for you to offer you my condolence; the hardest part of captivity is yet to come."

"How! madam? Ah! but you know not what causes I have for joy. Your son—the brave, the beautiful—is the delight of my soul. Oh! we have loved each other since childhood, and now to be reunited after our sad separation!—The happiness is too much for me to bear."

"I have been deceived in you," said the Sultana, coldly; "a woman who could love the person you are to marry is unworthy even of my pity. Retire!"

"To marry? Is it not Prince Omar, the pupil and friend of Elfi Bey—the tall of form, the bold of heart?"

"Tall? bold? hear I aright? and how know you Elfi Bey? 'Twas indeed to his care my infant son was committed. Come nearer, maiden: your name?"

"Zoraide; alas! alas! the daughter of Elfi Bey. When we were defeated and my father slain, and I became a slave in the sordid hands of merchants, I had resolved to bury my name in everlasting silence, and I longed impatiently for death. But when, after being purchased by your mighty husband, I heard that I was to

be wedded to his son, and in his description of that son recognised my Omar, then all my sorrows were repaid."

"But you saw him not? *Him*—the Omar they mean to give you to? But, by the goodness of Allah, you have revealed yourself in time. I will this moment to the Sultan; and with you, beautiful Zoraide, to assist me, I do not now despair of overthrowing the evidence of the ring."

But before they had proceeded far in the plans they were concocting, a messenger summoned them to the great Divan, where his Majesty wished their presence. All were silent when they entered the great hall of audience. The officers of state stood with eyes bent on the ground, and arms folded across their bosoms.

"Sultana of the world!" said the Sultan, "and you, loveliest of ladies, I have sent for you to present to you a son—and husband."

Zoraide looked up, and on seeing the vast nose of the admiring Bab-ey-buk, screamed, and fell into the arms of the Sultana.

"Excuse her, sir," said Bab-ey-buk, with a look of perfect self-satisfaction, "her joy is too much for her. It isn't every day that a young female is to be married to a prince, or sees such a splendid mantle!"

"Wretch! I disown you," cried the Sultana, "though you had brought with you a hundred rings. You are not my Omar."

"All that you are likely to get for him," replied Bab-ey-buk; "so make the most of him. As to your friend, the tailor, you'll soon see how I'll pass judgment on him. But you, beautiful lady, I beg you won't take on so. Lord! if she faints at me now, what will she do when she sees my green and gold?"

"Take her, Prince Omar; she is thine!" said the Sultan, knitting his brows, and looking menacingly at his wife.

"Approach her not!" cried the Sultana; "she is intended for *my* son!"

"Away, away!" screamed Zoraide; "you are not my lover, my friend, my hero!"

"Oh, as for that, I am not at all particular. One woman is just as good as another; but since they are all

crying out so, I advise your majesty to let me have their favourite one, Bab-ey-buk I mean, brought in, and I'll settle the business in less than no time."

"He is without—let him approach!" said the Sultan, more and more disgusted with the heir to his throne that fortune had given him.

Omar, pale and emaciated, but retaining all the original pride and haughtiness of his demeanour, marched slowly up the hall, and paused, after having bowed respectfully to the Sultan.

A faint scream was heard from the beautiful Zoraide, and the ladies immediately pulled down their veils.

"I have ordered your presence here, unfortunate and vain young man," said the Sultan, "to confront you with Prince Omar, and bring your pretensions to the proof."

"Thanks, mighty king! since I dare not call you father. I expected no less from your nobleness. Give me Marviza and a sword! The proof will soon be finished."

"Nay, that was scarcely what I meant, unless Prince Omar consents to it himself."

"I consent to it!" said Bab-ey-buk; "a pretty way of judging, truly, to have one's throat cut. No, no, there would be no great amusement in princedom, if every wandering tailor had it in his power to offer combat. The case, your majesty, seems to be very plain. I am your son because I brought the true testimonials. This fellow is somebody else's son—most likely old Ali the water-carrier's—because he brought no testimonials at all. Therefore, my judgment is, that I am the true prince and this man is the tailor, and I sentence him to perpetual banishment, and to give me that gold-laced turban. 'Tis admirably made, and will fit me to a hair."

"This crook-legged dwarf, who persuades you he is your son," began Omar, indignantly, "has refused the proof I offered him—man to man—horse to horse. Is there no other trial that can be made between us?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the Sultana, stepping forward, "I offer another; and if your majesty consents to it, Zoraide is willing to abide the issue."

"Zoraide!" cried Omar. "Did I hear the name?"

"Yes!—Omar!—Save me, save me from the degradation of marrying that wretched dwarf!"

The lovers were prevented from rushing into each other's arms; and the Sultana, having obtained her husband's permission, proceeded to propose a mode of distinguishing which of the rivals was the pretender.

"The prince, since you so call him," said the Sultana, "has refused the challenge given him so nobly, to maintain his pretensions with his sword. Will they both consent to rest their claims on who shall make the best pair of trousers?"

"Death sooner than dishonour!" exclaimed Omar. "This is adding cruelty to injustice. What! I that have wielded the sword since boyhood to apply me to the needle now?"

"And why not?" said Bab-ey-buk; "for my part, I think it is an exquisite device, and I am quite ready to accept the terms."

"The terms are these—that he whose workmanship is best, shall slay his adversary with his own hand."

"Just the thing," exclaimed Bab-ey-buk; "I've an English sword here that will slice off his head in a moment. And when shall we show our work?"

"In an hour from this time," said the Sultana, and the assembly was dissolved.

At the appointed time the rivals were again confronted. With his features glowing with rage and shame, Omar strode into the hall.

"Your work?" said the Sultana.

"Away with this mockery," he replied, "let me die, but not dishonoured—let it not be by the hands of a cowardly impostor. I have left the needle untouched."

"More fool you!" exclaimed Bab-ey-buk, unrolling a small parcel, and displaying to the astonished eyes of the Sultan a pair of trousers admirably sewn; "I knew how it would be. If I had had a little more time I would have embroidered the leg a little more."

The whole assembly were struck dumb with wonder. But the Sultana, recovering her presence of mind, said tauntingly to her husband, "Do you doubt any longer which of these is the prince?"

The Sultan was piqued at his own

want of penetration, and answered, "Yes, Madam, I still doubt, and will doubt, as long as I see fit."

But his wife added, still more to the astonishment of the court, by apparently agreeing with the Sultan, and saying to Bab-ey-buk, "Go, then, and reap the fruits of your victory, and slay the impostor with your own hand."

"Slay him?" said Bab-ey-buk; "oh, by no means—I hate slaying people; besides, he might resist."

"He is bound, and will submit. Go up to him and slay him—unless you do so, the terms are unfulfilled, and you are not entitled to Zoraide."

"Impossible, ma'am," said Bab-ey-buk; "I should be happy to do anything to oblige you, but as to killing him—now that it really comes to the push—I won't; and that's the whole of it."

"This, certainly, is the most puzzling matter I ever met with," said the Sultan; "why can't you slay him? and how did you manage to make those garments so well? Hear me, all my subjects! I hereby offer a purse of ten thousand sequins, a house in my capital, and all the patronage of the court, to whichever of these two men is the tailor."

"Say you so?" exclaimed Bab-ey-buk, leaping into the air, "then I'm your man! I'll never be a prince again as long as I live; though I always felt convinced in my own mind I should rise to be a great man. That's the ticket—the genuine article—the real Omar. Now for the ten thousand sequins, and let him have the fair Zoraide. Happy to have the making of the marriage dresses—best material—lowest prices—how Mustapha, my old master, will wonder!"

The rest of the story is soon told. The Sultan, greatly to people's astonishment, kept his word, and gave all he had promised to the overjoyed Bab-ey-buk. In a short time after that eventful day a board was seen on one of the largest houses in the city, bearing the following inscription:—"Bab-ey-buk, late of Bagdad, maker of inexpressibles to his Highness Prince Omar, the beautiful Princess Zoraide, and the rest of the Royal Family."

DESPATCHES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

No. V.

CAMPAIGN OF 1808.

THE Campaign of 1808, which terminated in the Convention of Cintra, may be regarded as a brief but brilliant episode in the life of Wellington. It was comprised within a period of fourteen days, during which he landed his army on a difficult and dangerous coast, advanced on the enemy, dislodged him from a position of great strength, defeated his whole army in a pitched battle, and, had he not been superseded in the moment of victory, would, in all probability, have driven him from Lisbon in the course of a few days. While the army continued under his command, every operation was successful; and though the peroration of the campaign was undoubtedly less felicitous than the exordium, yet this comparative failure must be attributed to causes which he could not control, and for which he certainly was in no degree responsible.

There can exist no doubt that Sir Arthur Wellesley was ill-treated by the Government. The whole burden of the arrangements for the campaign, and the whole responsibility of the plan of operations, were made to devolve on him alone, or, in other words, on the officer who was destined ultimately to be only *fourth* in command. In truth, the wavering proceedings of the Ministry were unjust to all parties. To Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was directed to form projects which he was not permitted to carry to conclusion. To Sir Hew Dalrymple, who found himself placed in command of an army already engaged in operations for which he was not responsible,

and of which he might not improbably disapprove. To Sir Harry Burrard, who was unexpectedly called on to direct movements against an enemy of whom he knew little, in a country of which he knew nothing. In short, by a singular infelicity of judgment, Lord Castlereagh contrived to place every one of the leading officers of the army in Portugal in a false position, and so to neutralize their talents, as to render any honourable or advantageous result impossible.

Certainly no two officers could be thrown together, by chance of service, under circumstances less auspicious to zealous and cordial co-operation than Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Arthur Wellesley. The former could not but feel annoyed that all the honours of victory should devolve on his junior in command, and was consequently little disposed to admit him to his confidence, or act on his advice. The latter felt his own claims too strongly, and was too well aware of the value of his counsel, and the correctness of his views, not to resent their rejection. That such sentiments existed on both sides, we find abundant evidence in the correspondence before us. We learn by it that it was proposed to detach Sir Arthur to the Asturias, that he might report to Sir Hew Dalrymple on the military means of defence possessed by that province, and suggest a plan by which these means might be efficaciously employed. This service he declined; on what grounds the following extracts will show.

Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K.B., to Lieut.-Colonel Murray, Quarter-Master-General.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Zambujal, 5th September, 1808.

"I hope you will be able to make a good arrangement for the performance of the duty required from me in the Asturias, for which I deem myself incapable. If it were not so, I believe your experience of the zeal with which I served Lord Cathcart would convince you that I would not decline performing any duty which the Government could require from me. I shall not conceal from you, however, that I consider myself in a very different situation in this army from that in which Lord Cathcart placed me; and I acknowledge that I cannot venture to do many things which I did for him, because it is evident

that there exists a want of confidence which never existed in respect to me in any former instance. This, however, did not affect my decision in the service required of me yesterday, which I certainly should have undertaken if I had been capable of performing it. Believe me," &c.

We find the same sentiments even more forcibly expressed in the following passage of a letter to Lord Castlereagh:—

"In respect to your wish, that I should go into the Asturias to examine the country, and form a judgment of its strength, I have to mention to you that I am not a draftsman, and but a bad hand at description. I should have no difficulty in forming an opinion, and a plan for the defence of that country, provided I was certain that it would be executed. But it would be an idle waste of my time, and an imposition upon you, if I were to go into that country with the pretence of giving you, or any general officer you should employ there, an idea of the country; and it would be vain and fruitless to form a plan for the defence of the country which would depend upon the execution of another. Indeed, this last would only bring disgrace upon me, and would disappoint you.

"Under these circumstances, I have told Sir Hew Dalrymple that I was not able to perform the duty in which you had desired I should be employed; that I was not a topographical engineer, and could not pretend to describe in writing such a country as the Asturias; and he appeared to think that some of the gentlemen of the Quarter-Master-General's department might be more usefully employed on this service. I hope you will not believe that I feel any disinclination to performing any service in which you may think I can be of use to you; and that I have discouraged the idea of employing me on that proposed, solely from my incapacity of performing it as it ought to be performed, and from a certainty that you was not aware of the nature of the service which you required from me when you wrote to Sir Hew Dalrymple. Believe me, &c."

Sir Arthur having declined the appointment to the Asturias, it became the wish of Sir Hew that he should be sent to Madrid, to arrange and recommend some general plan of co-operation between the allied armies. The reader will discover something of the feeling to which we have alluded in the cold, caustic, and half-contemptuous tone of the following letter.

Lieut.-General the Honourable Sir A. Wellesley, K.B., to Lieut.-General Sir Hew Dalrymple.

"SIR, Zambujal, 10th September, 1808.

"I had the honour of receiving, in the night, the letter which you wrote to me yesterday. My wish is, at all times, to render myself as useful as may be in my power to the officer under whose command I may be serving; and this desire is limited only by the doubt which I may entertain of my fitness for the employment held out to my acceptance. The view which I have taken of the state of affairs in Spain has long ago suggested to me the propriety of placing in that kingdom a person of the description stated by yourself, possessing full powers, the means of exerting them on all parts of Spain, and of communicating and treating with all the local juntas of Government.

"In order to be able to perform the important part allotted to him, this person should possess the confidence of those who employ him; and above all, in order that he may recommend, with authority, a plan to the Spaniards, he should be acquainted with those of his employers, the means by which they propose to carry them into execution, and those by which they intend to enable the Spanish nation to execute that which will be proposed to them.

"I certainly cannot consider myself as possessing those advantages, personally, which would qualify me for the situation you have proposed for me; and you must be the best judge whether you have made up your own mind, and are enabled to instruct me, and are inclined to confide in me, to the extent which in my opinion will be necessary, in order to derive any general advantage from such a mission. It is true that one might be undertaken with more limited views and objects than those above adverted to; and which are discussed in the letter which I have had the honour to receive from you; and it might

be confined to the mere arrangement with General Castanos, or the military committee at Madrid, of a plan for the remaining part of the campaign. This mission, however, would require a full and clear explanation of views and means; and the person who undertakes it must have the confidence of his employer, and must be certain that the plan, which he would arrange under these circumstances, would be carried into execution.

"I beg that you will consider me ready to be employed in any manner you may think proper; and I have above pointed out the powers and instructions which can alone, in my opinion, render the employment of any person, in the situation which you have held out to me, at all useful to the army or to the country. I have the honour to be," &c.

Of course it could not be agreeable to Sir Arthur Wellesley to serve under an officer whose confidence he did not possess. Accordingly, soon after the termination of the negotiation, he desired leave to quit the army, and returned to England.

It is by no means our intention to enter on the *verata questio* of the Convention of Cintra. However judicious might be the views which led to it, and however advantageous on the whole its results were to the interests of the common cause in the Peninsula, there can be no doubt that altogether it lowered the reputation of our arms throughout Europe. Under the most favourable aspect, it presents nothing to be proud of; while it confessedly made concessions to a cunning and rapacious enemy, of which a high-spirited nation might reasonably feel ashamed. The name of Sir Arthur Wellesley having, from the position he occupied, been unfortunately mixed up with these inglorious transactions, it becomes important (for the reputation of Wellington is national property) that it should be publicly and distinctly known to what extent he participated in the responsibility attached to the Convention. For this purpose we find ample materials in the work before us. We learn from it, not only what Wellesley thought of the Convention, when it subsequently became the subject of public investigation, but what he said and thought at the moment, when it was impossible to anticipate that publicity would ever be given to his opinions.

It may be observed, in the first place, that the necessity of liberating

Portugal by convention (supposing it to have existed), arose solely from a disregard of the advice tendered by Sir Arthur Wellesley. It was his intention from the first to march direct on Lisbon, to give battle to the enemy wherever he met him, and, if successful, to enter the capital with the retreating army. The force he commanded was quite adequate to effect this object; and it was one from which he never swerved. His correspondence in the closet, and his movements in the field, equally illustrate this. For instance, on the night of the 17th, after the engagement at Roliça, the corps of Loison and La Borde effected a junction, and retired beyond Torres Vedras. On the 18th Wellesley had his whole force under arms, and the order for the march had actually been issued, when he learned that the corps under Acland and Anstruther was on the coast. It had formed part of his original plan to employ that corps in the siege of Peniche, or, should that operation be found unnecessary, to send it down the coast to effect a landing in rear of the enemy, while with the force under his own immediate command, he should press them in front. But being disappointed in his hopes of assistance from the Portuguese, he determined to land Acland's troops and unite them to his own.

On the 18th, therefore, he moved to Lourinha, and having communicated with General Anstruther, proceeded on the 19th to Vimieiro. The following letter to Lord Castlereagh will show what his intentions were when the junction was effected.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Anstruther is on shore, and I expect him in camp every moment. I shall be near Mafra to-morrow. The enemy have their advanced guard in front of Torres Vedras, and the main body of their army collected in the rear of that town. I understand that they have got together every thing that Portugal can afford.

Vimieiro, 20th Aug. 1808.

"Colonel Brown, who has got charge of my letters to you, has not had an opportunity of going on board ship till this day. I intended to have sent them by my aide-de-camp, Captain Campbell, in order that he might get the promotion usual upon such occasions; but I hope that I shall have another and a better occasion to send him home; if I should not, I trust that he will not lose his promotion by my having omitted to send him on the present occasion. Believe me," &c.

His instructions to Captain Bligh were of similar import.

"MY DEAR SIR, Vimieiro, 20th Aug. 1808. Half-past Eleven, A.M.

"I am much obliged to you for your letter of yesterday. I have just been down at Maceira, where I hope that you will land the bread, ammunition, &c. and the saddles. It appears a very good landing-place, and there is a good road, and it is no great distance from thence here; but if you should think that place inconvenient, I will contrive to communicate with any other place at which you may land them.

"I propose to march to-morrow towards Mafra: I shall be glad if you will be off Ericeira to-morrow evening. I shall contrive to communicate with you either to-morrow or next day, and to fix on the next place of rendezvous.

"I apprehend no accidents; but I should like to keep the transports for a few days, in case of the occurrence of any. They might also be useful in turning any position the enemy might take in the neighbourhood of the rock of Lisbon. Believe me, &c.

"P. S.—If General Acland should join you, keep him with you, and desire him to let me know it immediately."

On the evening of the 20th Sir Harry Burrard arrived, and immediately assumed the command. Sir Arthur informed him of his intended movement in advance, but found Sir Harry immovably opposed to it. Had this not been so, *the British advanced guard would that day have occupied Mafra, and thus have turned the position of Torres Vedras*, the enemy's chief stronghold. Indeed, it was evident that, under any circumstances, a battle must take place, and on the issue of that battle must depend the success of the enterprise.

On the morning of the 21st, down came the French army by the Lourinha road. Wellesley was prepared to meet

them; and by the time Sir Harry Burrard reached the field, they were defeated; Ferguson had cut off two whole battalions, and Hill occupied the direct road to Torres Vedras.

Here, then, was a combination of circumstances which, if any thing could, must have changed the determination of Sir Harry Burrard. The battle was fought; the game was in our hands; the enemy completely discomfited, while one-half of the British force had not been engaged. What, then, said Sir Harry to this state of matters? Did he alter his determination to remain stock still at Vimieiro? No, no. Hear his evidence on this matter before the Board of Enquiry.

"About the close of the action, when it was evident that the enemy must be every where repulsed, Sir Arthur came up to me and proposed to advance; I understood he meant the movement to be from our right and towards Torres Vedras, *with some circumstances I cannot now relate, as they are imperfect in my memory, it not having struck me at the time, or till very lately, that it would be necessary for me to account for every thing that passed on this subject*: I answered that I saw no reason for altering my former resolution of not advancing, and as far as my recollection goes, I added that the same reasoning which before determined me to wait for the reinforcements, had still its full force in my judgment and opinion."

We give also the testimony of Sir Arthur Wellesley.

"Q. From the suggestion mentioned by you as having come from Major-General Ferguson, for following the French on the left, it should appear that

some pause, if not a close of the action, had then taken place ; whence did that cessation occur ?

“ A. When the enemy were beaten on the left, I went to Sir Harry Burrard, who was on the field of battle, and proposed to him the pursuit of the enemy. I did it in the way of a continuance or a renewal of the discussion I had had with him in the Brazen on the preceding evening, and I told him that that was his time to advance ; that he ought to move the right wing to Torres Vedras, and pursue the beaten enemy with the left. I also stated to him that we had twelve days' provisions in camp, and plenty of ammunition for another battle. Sir Harry Burrard was of opinion that our advantages ought not to be followed up, much for the same reasons as he had stated the night before, and he desired that I would halt the troops on the ground which they then occupied ; at this time the 71st and 82d were in a valley, the 40th and 36th immediately in their rear on the side of the valley, and the other troops formed in succession for their support. Nearly about the same time the last attack was made by a body of the enemy's infantry upon the 71st and 82d, and was repulsed, as is stated in my report to Sir Harry Burrard ; and it was after that, as well as I can recollect, that General Ferguson sent his aide-de-camp, Captain Mellish, to inform me that great advantages might be derived from the continuance of our advance ; and I took Captain Mellish to Sir Harry Burrard to endeavour again to prevail upon him to allow us to continue in the pursuit of our advantages.”

Sir Harry Burrard's memory must have been very defective, for it appears that the circumstances connected with the only important occurrence of his life, made but slight and transient impression on it. Little indeed did he imagine, when, on the field of Vimieiro, he rejected the entreaties and slighted the arguments of Sir Arthur Wellesley, that his decision would be imperishably embodied in the page of history, and would cause his name to be remembered a thousand years after all his posterity had lived, and died, and been forgotten. Some men are born celebrated ; some achieve celebrity ; and others have celebrity thrust upon them. In this last category must Sir Harry Burrard be included. In the course of a long and respectable life this worthy officer was called upon to decide on only *one* measure of great and paramount importance, and all that is now, or will hereafter be known of him, is, that he decided wrong. But we would willingly say nothing which could be thought insulting to the memory of a good,

and, we believe, a brave man. Peace to his manes !

So far then the reputation of Wellesley stands clear. He had gained a victory, and was urgently solicitous to be permitted to reap the full fruits of it. By an immediate advance, a considerable portion of the French army might have been cut off. Another battle, which must have been fought by the enemy, with an army weakened and dispirited by defeat, under many disadvantages, and the liberation of Portugal would have been accomplished. A more favourable conjuncture can scarcely be imagined, but it was a conjuncture which required to be taken immediate advantage of. Even an hour's delay was sufficient to change the whole aspect of affairs. And it did change it. On the 23d, Sir Arthur no longer considered an advance to Torres Vedras to be a measure attended by the same advantages as would have belonged to it on the 21st. His opinion on this matter was thus clearly stated to the Board.

“ Although I am decidedly of opinion that the most decisive consequences would have resulted from the march as proposed, and the pursuit of the enemy on the 21st of August after the battle, yet it does not follow that the measure of allowing the French to evacuate Portugal was not right on the evening of the 22d.

“ On the 21st of August, the enemy were defeated and in confusion ; and I have explained the grounds which I have for thinking that the most advantageous consequences would have resulted from a pursuit. On the 22d, in the evening, when the question of the evacuation was considered and decided, the enemy was no longer in confusion, and they had resumed the position of Cabeça e Montachique between us and Lisbon.

"The relative situation of the two armies was then to be taken into consideration, as well as in the other case; but that of the French army had been materially improved by our omission to pursue our advantages; and we were then to look to our relative means of annoying each other, and our own objects. I have already detailed to the Court in a former statement the relative situation and means of the two armies at that period of time, and I conceive that the battle of the 21st of August could be taken into consideration in the discussion of the question, whether the French should be allowed to evacuate Portugal; or not, only in this way, viz.—that it was a trial of strength between the two contending armies, and it proved the superiority of that of his Majesty. It was also clear to me that the French would not risk another action; that their object was to secure a retreat across the Tagus; and that they would use their positions in front of Lisbon to facilitate and secure that object.

"As I have already explained to the Court, we had no means on the 22d of preventing them from effecting that object, from which I did, and do still think, it was important to us to preclude them, excepting a Convention for the evacuation of Portugal."

With regard to the expulsion of the enemy from Lisbon, there is no doubt that it might have been effected at any time; nor was there much chance that Junot, having been once defeated, would—when the dilatory movements of his enemy left him the option of retreat from Lisbon—have tried the perilous experiment of another battle with an army which by reinforcements had become so superior to his own. In all probability he would have retired across the Tagus, and have entered Spain by the route leading through the Alentejo to Elvas, and have occupied that frontier fortress, as well as Almeida. Another route, however, was open to them, namely, that leading by Santarém and Abrantes. It was with the view of cutting off the enemy's retreat that Sir Arthur so strongly urged that the force under Sir John Moore, then (the 20th) in the offing, should be sent to Santarém, at which point the enemy might have been intercepted on either route. This advice, however, had been peremptorily declined by Sir Hew Dalrymple, and Sir John Moore's force was directed to join the main body of the army, already quite strong enough for every useful purpose.

It was under these circumstances, and when no prospect remained of achieving results more advantageous by a continuance of hostile operations against an enemy possessing at any moment the power of

unmolested retreat, that Sir Arthur Wellesley did lend his powerful sanction to an armistice, and to a convention, the principle of which should be the removal of the French army from the Portuguese territory. He saw that difficulties almost insuperable existed to the pursuit of the enemy to the frontier; that the fortresses of Elvas and Almeida could only be wrested from them by regular siege, for which the materials were wanting, and that, consequently, a long period must have elapsed before Portugal could be free, and the force employed in its liberation be enabled to co-operate with the Spanish armies. By the convention, these objects were at once effected, and Sir Arthur was of opinion that the measure of permitting the French to evacuate the kingdom was, on the whole, advantageous to the interests of the Allies.

But though General Wellesley undoubtedly concurred in the leading principles of the measures in question, yet he by no means approved of the details either of the armistice or the convention. In fact, it appears by the documents in these volumes, that in all the discussions with Sir Hew Dalrymple, regarding the terms to be insisted on, a wide difference of opinion existed between these officers. Moreover, it appears that Sir Arthur *never even saw* the convention, as ultimately negotiated, till his arrival in England.

"On the 29th, in the morning, Sir Hew Dalrymple sent for me to Ramalhal, where I went to take into consideration a Convention which had been agreed upon between General Kellerman and Colonel Murray, and had been ratified by General Junot, dated the 28th of August. There were present at head-quarters, Sir Harry Burrard, Sir John Moore, Lieutenant-General Hope, Lieutenant-General Fraser, and myself; and the Convention was taken into consideration article by article.

" It was altered in many important particulars.

" 1st. The article respecting property was placed on a proper footing ; the French were to be allowed to carry off only their military equipments ; and were to restore property of all descriptions which had been taken from the churches or the inhabitants of Portugal.

" 2dly. The security given to the purchasers of property from the French was not afforded by the alteration made.

" 3dly. The French were to find the transports for their own cavalry.

" 4thly. The Commander of the Forces engaged to use his good offices, instead of stipulating for indemnity, for the inhabitants of Portugal in the French interest, during the time they should remain in Portugal.

" 5thly. The French were required to evacuate all the forts on the right of the Tagus immediately, as far up as Belem ; and Lisbon itself, when the second division should embark.

" I was most anxious, and pressed upon Sir Hew Dalrymple that they should be required to evacuate Lisbon, and to cross the Tagus forthwith, according to the plan recommended in the paper which I had given him on the 23d, in order to give us possession of the harbour, and the use of the navigation of the river ; because, as I told him, he would not be able to conduct the service, and do all that would be necessary to refit the army, unless he should have a free and easy communication between every corps of the army and the transports ; that this would be impossible even with the possession of Belem, if the French were to continue in Lisbon with a circuit of three leagues ; and that the navigation of the Tagus, at an early period, was necessary in a view to the future operations of the army.

" Sir Hew Dalrymple overruled this proposition of mine, and directed that the article might stand as I have above stated, viz., giving to the French a circuit of two leagues round Lisbon, with a league of distance between their posts and ours ; and to us the possession of all the forts on the right bank of the Tagus, including Belem.

" I beg that the Court will not understand that this meeting of the Lieut.-Generals of the army, at Sir Hew Dalrymple's quarters, or that any of the meetings which I had with him during the course of these negotiations, were at all of the nature of councils of war. They were merely meetings of General Officers with whom the Commander of the Forces chose to converse on the subjects then under his consideration ; but whatever might be the opinion of any, or the whole of those officers, he decided for himself ; and in this last meeting of the 29th of August, he decided for himself upon every proposition.

" I never knew for what reason the improvements made in the Convention in this meeting of the 29th of August were not carried into execution. I returned to Torres Vedras after the meeting was concluded ; headquarters were moved there on the following day, the 30th ; but I did not see the Commander-in-Chief, and I marched to Sobral with my division on the morning of the 31st.

" When I was near Sobral, I received a message from the Commander-in-Chief, acquainting me that the Convention had arrived, signed by General Kellerman and Colonel Murray, and desiring to see me ; but I was so far from Torres Vedras, that I conceived I should not be able to arrive there in time, and I did not go ; and the Court will see that my name is not in the list of those officers who were present at this meeting, as read by Sir Hew Dalrymple. I understand, however, that the Commander-in-Chief ratified the Convention on that day, without any of the alterations made by the meeting of General Officers on the 29th of August ; and, in point of fact, I never saw the Convention till I arrived in England."

We have now done with the distasteful subject of the Convention of Cintra. The French troops embarked amid the execrations of the people. When the last division quitted the Portuguese territory, shouts of triumph rent the air, and Lisbon was illuminated. The British army thus became disposable for other services, and was

sent into Castle under command of Sir John Moore, where it was joined by an additional force under Sir David Baird. With the details of that unfortunate expedition we have nothing to do. The result is well known. Sir John Moore, after a calamitous retreat to Corunna, fell in the moment of victory, and left a name of which his

country is justly proud. The following letter to that distinguished officer is one of these portions of Colonel Gurwood's work which imperatively demands quotation. How thoroughly

does it illustrate the fact, that the great mind of Wellington was incapable of jealousy, even of a reputation which overshadowed his own!

Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K.B., to Lieut.-General Sir John Moore, K.B.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,

Lumlar, 17th Sept. 1808.

"I write to you on the subject to which this letter relates, with the same freedom with which I hope you would write to me on any point in which you might think the public interests concerned.

"It appears to me to be quite impossible that we can go on as we are now constituted; the Commander-in-Chief must be changed, and the country and the army naturally turn their eyes to you as their commander. I understand, however, that you have lately had some unpleasant discussions with the King's Ministers, the effect of which might be to prevent the adoption of an arrangement for the command of this army, which, in my opinion, would be the best, and would enable you to render those services at this moment for which you are peculiarly qualified.

"I wish you would allow me to talk to you respecting the discussions to which I have adverted, in order that I may endeavour to remove any trace which they may have left on the minds of the King's Ministers having the effect which I have supposed.

"Although I hold a high office under Government, I am no party man; but have long been connected in friendship with many of those persons who are now at the head of affairs in England; and I think I have sufficient influence over them, that they may listen to me upon a point of this description, more particularly as I am convinced that they must be as desirous as I can be to adopt the arrangement for the command of this army which all are agreed is the best.

"In these times, my dear General, a man like you should not preclude himself from rendering the services of which he is capable by any idle point of form. Circumstances may have occurred, and might have justified the discussions to which I have referred; but none can justify the continuance of the temper in which they are carried on: and yet, till there is evidence that it is changed, it appears to be impossible for the King's Ministers to employ you in the high situation for which you are the most fit, because during the continuance of this temper of mind there can be no cordial or confidential intercourse.

"In writing thus much I have perhaps gone too far, and have taken the permission for which it was the intention of this letter to ask; but I shall send it, as it may be convenient for you to be apprized of the view which I have already taken of these discussions, as far as I have any knowledge of them, in deciding whether you will allow me to talk to you any further about them. If you should do so, it would probably be most convenient to us both to meet at Lisbon, or I can go over to you, if that should suit you better. Believe me," &c.

ATTACK AND CAPTURE OF OPORTO.

While Moore was in Spain, vainly attempting to check the onward current of the French arms, Sir John Cradock was appointed to command the British force still remaining in Portugal. After the battle of Corunna that country again became the seat of active military operations. Soult entered it from Galicia, and seized on

the city of Oporto on the 29th of March, 1809. The Government and the people were seized with alarm, and the Regency having urgently entreated assistance from the British nation, reinforcements were sent out under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley.

On the 22d of April he reached Lisbon, and amid the doubt, difficulty,

and distraction, which surrounded him in that capital, he prepared for action. Though Soult, by the possession of Oporto, held a most formidable position, still his army was at that moment isolated, for the whole intervening population being hostile, he could hold no communication with Victor, who, having defeated Cuesta at Medellin, was then in the neighbourhood of Alcantara. The plan arranged between these leaders was, that Soult should advance through Coimbra upon Lisbon, while Victor, marching on Abrantes, should secure that fortress, and continue his progress to the capital. Many delays occurred, however, in the execution of this project, which, had it been promptly carried into effect, would

probably have caused the embarkation of the British army, and given a new aspect to the war.

It was under such circumstances that Sir Arthur Wellesley assumed the command of the British forces in Portugal. He at once perceived that the numerical superiority of the enemy was neutralized by the separation of their corps; and while the movements of Lapisse and Victor were cautious and hesitating, he determined, by a prompt and rapid movement, to attack Soult, and drive him from Oporto. His views, at the moment of commencing operations, will be found fully detailed in the following interesting despatch to Mr Hookham Frere, then minister at Madrid.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Lisbon, 24th April, 1809.

"I arrived here the day before yesterday, and I propose to take the command of the army in this country, as soon as I shall have communicated with Sir J. Cradock.

"I conclude that Sir John has kept you informed of the movements of the French in the north of Portugal. I do not find that there has been any material alteration lately in their position. They have not passed the Vouga, to the southward, nor have they extended themselves into Tras-os-Montes since the loss of Chaves. But they have made some movements towards the Tamaga, which divides Tras-os-Montes from Minho; and it is supposed they intend to acquire for themselves the option of retreating into Spain through Tras-os-Montes, if they should be pressed by the British troops.

"I intend to move towards Soult, and attack him, if I should be able to make any arrangement in the neighbourhood of Abrantes, which can give me any security for the safety of this place during my absence to the northward.

"I am not quite certain, however, that I should not do more good to the general cause by combining with General Cuesta in an operation against Victor; and I believe I should prefer this last, if Soult were not in possession of a part of this country which is very fertile in resources, and of the town of Oporto; and if to concert the operations with General Cuesta would not take time which might be profitably employed in operations against Soult.

"I think it probable, however, that Soult will not remain in Portugal when I shall pass the Mendego: if he does, I shall attack him. If he should retire, I am convinced that it would be most advantageous for the common cause, that we should remain on the defensive in the north of Portugal, and act vigorously in co-operation with Cuesta against Victor.

"In the first place, I do not know that, singly, I should be equal to the French force in Galicia; and I am convinced that a movement of the British force into that province, inasmuch as it would oblige the French to collect their force, would put an end for the moment to the war of the peasantry, which has hitherto been so successful, has been so distressing to the enemy, and, in fact, prevents them from doing all the mischief which their position would enable them to do.

"An operation against Victor is attended by these advantages. If successful, it effectually relieves Seville and Lisbon, and in case affairs should take such a turn as to enable the King's Ministers to make another great effort for the relief of Spain, the corps under my command in Portugal will not be removed to such a distance from the scene of operations, as to render its co-operation impossible, and we may hope to see the effect of a great effort made by a combined and concentrated force.

"It is true, that Galicia and other parts, which might be relieved by a different, and a more dispersed application of our force, will continue for some time longer in the possession of the enemy; but this must be recollected, that the relief of Galicia is certain, if this great effort, which I have supposed may be made, should be successful; and it is probable that relief procured by these means would be permanent.

"I am convinced that the French will be in serious danger in Spain, only when a great force shall be assembled which will oblige them to collect their troops; and this combined operation of the force in this country, with that under General Cuesta, may be the groundwork of further measures of the same, and a more extended description.

"I shall be very much obliged to you, if you will communicate to me any information you may have of the strength and position of the different French corps now in Spain. Believe me," &c.

Almost immediately subsequent to the date of the preceding letter, the headquarters of the British army quit Lisbon, and on the 2d of May were at Coimbra. The intelligence then received by Sir Arthur was unfavourable. It appeared that the enemy had forced the bridge at Amarante, and that Silveira had been driven across the Douro. The position of Amarante was most important, for while held by the Allies, the most favourable road for the retreat of the French was closed against them. This

success of the enemy rendered a change of movement necessary, and Beresford, with 6000 men, chiefly Portuguese, was directed to march by Vizeu on Lamego.

Nothing is more remarkable in the correspondence connected with these operations, than the complete confidence of success which is every where apparent in it. We give two short specimens. One, a note to Marshal Beresford, which treats lightly of the bad condition of the Portuguese troops:—

"MY DEAR BERESFORD,

Coimbra, 6th May, 1809. $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1, p. m.

"I enclose a letter from Douglas: I have besides received a letter from him stating that he will be this day in the neighbourhood of Mealhada with our friends. I have appointed him to be near Fornos, at half-past six this evening.

"I likewise send you some letters from Trant. You have omitted to leave me a statement of the rations of your troops, or an account of the period to which they are victualled. You have also omitted to tell me where the interpreters attached to the brigades are to get horses and mules.

"I wish much to see Arentschild.

"Your troops made but a bad figure this morning at the review. The battalions very weak, not more than 300 men; the body of men, particularly of the ——— regiment, very bad; and the officers worse than any thing I have seen. Believe me, &c.

"P.S.—Mr Rawlins has informed me that you have taken away forty mules which he had got from the magistrates here. We must keep clear of each other in our requisitions, otherwise all will sink. If our Commissary is to supply the Portuguese troops when engaged in an operation of this kind, we must have all the supplies the country can afford."

The other to Lord Castlereagh:—

"MY DEAR LORD,

Coimbra, 7th May, 1809.

"My despatch of this date will give you a notion of the state of affairs here. I think that I shall soon settle this part of the country in some way or other; and I shall then turn my attention entirely to Victor.

"I think it probable that Cuesta and I shall be more than a match for the French army on the Guadiana, and that we shall force them to retreat. The tenor of my instructions will then become important; and unless they are altered, I shall be obliged to halt at the moment I shall have removed from the Portuguese frontier the danger by which it is threatened; possibly at that

time at which the continuance of my advance might be most important to the cause of the Spaniards.

"I wish the King's Ministers to consider this point, and to give me a latitude to continue my operations in Spain, if I should consider them important to the Spanish cause, and consistent with the safety of Portugal. Believe me," &c.

While Beresford was moving on the enemy's left, in order to cut off his retreat, Wellesley, with the main body of the army, continued to advance. On the 10th, the former drove back Loison's corps on Amarante. On the 11th, the British army halted with their advance on the heights beyond Cavalleros, about two leagues from the Douro. During the night, the enemy continued their retreat.

The movements of Wellesley were of course observed by Soult with an anxious eye. He saw the danger of being enclosed in the north of Portugal, and commenced preparations for retreat. The sick and the baggage were ordered to the rear, and having destroyed the pontoon bridge across the Douro, and directed all the boats to be brought to

the right bank of the river, Soult imagined himself for the moment secure. His impression was that Wellesley would come round by sea and effect a landing near the mouth of the Douro, and Loison was ordered to maintain his ground at Meganilco and Peza da Ragoa, to prevent the river being crossed at either of these points.

Had Soult's anticipations been correct, he would have had full time for retreat into Galicia, or by throwing himself with his whole force on Beresford, he might have crossed into Beira. But Wellesley's plans were very different. He determined to cross the Douro at all hazards, and at once drive him from Oporto. With this intention, the following were the instructions to General Hill:—

"MY DEAR HILL,

Coimbra, 8th May, 1809.

"We halted yesterday to give General Beresford time to get forward, and we shall proceed with our operations to-morrow. You will receive from the Quartermaster-General a paper, fully explanatory to you of all that is intended you should perform; to which I have only to add—first, that you will find the boats ready for you at Aveiro, and will have to get boatmen only, in which Douglas, whom I send to you, will assist you; secondly, that I mean you should bring up to-morrow night in such a place as that the enemy cannot discover you, in that part of the river or lake of which the banks are swampy; thirdly, that you should land your light infantry below the town, where it is certain the enemy never is, in order to secure the unmolested disembarkation of the remainder of your corps at Ovar, where it is possible the enemy may have a small patrol.

"I recommend to you to cook a day's provisions at Aveiro for your men for the 10th, and to refresh your men at Ovar, while you are waiting there to learn the progress of General Cotton with his cavalry.

"Having communicated with that General, you will then move from Ovar by the road which leads from Ovar to Feira, till that road meets the great road from Coimbra to Oporto. You will halt there till you shall be joined by the cavalry. My intention is to push the enemy as far as I can on the 10th, even into Oporto, if possible. Believe me," &c.

To Beresford he wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAR BERESFORD,

Convento do Grijó, 11th May, 1809.

"If the French should weaken their corps about Amarante and Villa Real, so as to give you any reason to hope that you can do any thing against them, then I wish you to attack them, and take any opportunity of getting possession of either of these points. But remember that you are a Commander-in-Chief of an army, and must not be beaten; therefore do not undertake any thing with your troops, if you have not some strong hopes of success.

"I have a plan to reinforce that point also, if the French should cross the

Douro, and pretend to defend themselves at Oporto by so doing. Believe me," &c.

Then came the grand denouement. General Murray was detached to Avintas, a ford about five miles up the river, where he was directed to cross with his brigade. The Guards, under General Sherbrooke, were to cross the ferry below the city and Villa Nova, and the main body of the army at the convent of St Augustino da Lerra. To protect the passage, several guns were planted in the garden of the convent.

It were unnecessary to enter on the details of an achievement of arms too

brilliant not to be generally known and appreciated. It is sufficient to state generally that the operations above enumerated were completely successful. The Douro was passed in open day; the enemy fled in the greatest confusion, with the loss of their sick and wounded, a great part of their baggage, and a considerable number of guns.

Thus wrote the victor, almost in the moment of triumph, to one of his companions in arms:—

"MY DEAR BERESFORD,

Oporto, 12th May, 1809.

"I wrote to you at twelve, to inform you that the enemy had left this town, excepting their small guards, and that my troops are passing over.

"As soon as one battalion, the Buffs, had passed, the enemy made a most furious attack upon them, which they continued for about two hours. We threw over reinforcements as fast as we could, but the most we could do was to send over the remainder of Hill's brigade and the Portuguese battalion, which corps defended themselves most gallantly, and we ended by obtaining a complete victory.

"We have taken some pieces of cannon, how many I cannot say, many prisoners, killed vast numbers, and the infantry went off towards Valongo and Amarante in the utmost confusion. Some of the cavalry went the same way.

"I am much afraid that we shall not be able to march till the day after to-morrow.

"I have received your letter of the 9th. Keep Villa Real if you can do so with safety, and depend upon my being close upon the heels of the French. I shall state my movements exactly as soon as I can. Believe me," &c.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. XIII.

WE have always had a great respect for our brethren of the United States, in a certain way. We regarded them, for instance, as a remarkable steam-boat people, as remarkably ready at amusing themselves with the simplicity of English brains, and as equally remarkable for thinking themselves the first shots, soldiers, sailors, philosophers, and legislators under the moon. But their glory is about to set, their laurel about to wither, their "stars," twenty-six as they are, are about to be lost in the dawn of a genius, provokingly close to their own frontier, a neighbour, with all the dangerous superiority of wit, sharpened by the gratification of local rivalry ;—even an Englishman, writing in Nova Scotia the happiest of all burlesques, with the best of all intentions, at once to raise an imperishable, but not ill-tempered laugh at the Yankees, and to excite the languor of his Nova Scotian friends—to tell Jonathan in perfect good-humour that the most professional of all sneerers may be made the subject of the most acute of all ridicule—and to teach the people of that vast and capable colony, Nova Scotia, that they have something worth struggling for—something to desire, and a multitude of things to mend. Such a volley coming from Nova Scotia on the flank of their clever, and rather self-satisfied friends, the New England States, must have astonished them as much as the Spartans were astonished at the visit of a *Theban* invasion, or all Greece when it saw Pindar shooting up like a meteor from *Bæotia*.

The volley is given from the masked battery of the "Clockmaker," or "Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville."

To let our readers a little into the character of the hero, we should mention that in America the clockmaker is professionally, what the pedlar, the blue beadsman, or the travelling tinker of England was a hundred years ago, a very important personage among the old farmers and their old wives, the carriers of London news, the tellers of

old stories, and the general circulators of all sorts of the smaller trades among the remote and quiet villages, where neither a stage-coach was seen, nor a Sunday paper dreamt of. But the clockmaker of the "States" exhibits the improvement of the age. He is of a higher grade, yet with nearly the same profession. His business is undoubtedly to sell his wooden clocks ; but his practice is to be the general conduit of all opinions going at the time, and thus exhibiting all the peculiarities of the native character in their most prominent point of view, to serve, as circumstances may determine, for the portrait or the caricature of the Yankee. The stories told in America of the dexterity of the clockmaker tribe in taking in purchasers, in getting off their wares, and in the general object of hoodwinking the vigilance of mankind, are numberless, and some of them capital. But Mr Slick's talents must, for the present, stand in place of our memories, and we must suffer the world to make acquaintance with the greatest original existing on its surface.

A gentleman riding on the high-road in Nova Scotia is overtaken by a singular personage on horseback. This is Mr Slick the clockmaker, and the remainder of their intercourse is occupied in a journey, the journey being occupied with the clockmaker's opinions on all kinds of subjects, politics, character, national habits, the country, &c., all expressed in the peculiar dialect which the Yankee regards as the *atticism* of the English language.

As the "Voluntary system" is now the favourite theme of all the half Pagans, half rebels in England, who desire to see the "glorious days when we shall have neither Church nor King," we shall tell them, on the authority of Mr Slick, the "carrying out" of the principle in the land of liberty. Pointing to a ruined hovel, he says, there might be a grand spec made there in building a good inn and a good church.

"What a sacrilegious and unnatural union," was the hearer's observation.

"Not at all," said Mr Slick—"we build both on speculation in the States, and make a good deal of profit out of 'em too, I tell you. We look out a good sightly place in a town like Halifax, that is pretty considerably well peopled with folks that are good marks; and if there is no real right down good preacher among them, we build a handsome church, touched off like a New York liner—a real taking-looking thing—and then we look out for a preacher, a crack man, a regular ten horse-power chap. Well, we hire him, and we have to give him pretty high wages too, say twelve hundred or sixteen hundred dollars a-year. We take him at first on trial, for a Sabbath or two, to try his paces; and if he takes with the folks—if he goes down well—we clinch the bargain, and let and sell the pews; and, I tell you, it pays well, and makes a real good investment. There were few better specs among us than inns and churches, until the railroads came on the carpet. As soon as the novelty of the new preacher wears off we hire another, and that keeps up the steam." "I trust it will be long, very long, my friend," said I, "ere the rage for speculation introduces the money-changers into the Temple with us."

Sam Slick, amongst the various kinds of wandering wisdom which he gives to all men, gives a lesson to the Irish emigrants, represented by Pat Lannigan.

"I met an Irishman, one Pat Lannigan, last week, who had just returned from the States. Why, says I, Pat, what on aith brought you back?—'Bad luck to them,' says Pat, 'if I warn't properly bit!' 'What do you get a-day in Nova Scotia?' says Judge Beter to me. 'Four shillings, your Lordship,' says I. 'There are no Lords here,' says he, 'we are all free. Well,' says he, 'I'll give you as much in one day as you can earn there in two. I'll give you eight shillings.' 'Long life to your Lordship,' says I. So next day to it I went with a party of men a-digging a piece of canal, and if it wasn't a hot day my name's not Pat Lannigan. Presently I looked up, and straightened my back. Says I to a comrade of mine, 'Mick,' says I, 'I'm very dry;' with that says the overseer, 'we don't allow gentlemen to talk at their work in this country.' Faith, I soon found out, for

my two days' pay in one, I had to do two days' work in one, and to pay two weeks' board in one; and at the end of a month I found myself no better off in pocket than in Nova Scotia, while the devil a bone in my body that didn't ache with pain; and as for my nose, it took to bleeding, and bled night and day entirely. 'Upon my soul, Mr Slick,' said he, 'the poor labourer does not last long in your country—what with new rum, hard labour, and hot weather, you'll see the graves of the Irish each side of the canals, for all the world like two rows of potatoes in a field that have forgot to come up.'"

Then follows the moral from the lips of this transatlantic Solomon, whose wisdom we doubt in nothing except the perpetual panegyric of national toil.

"It is a land, sir," continued the clockmaker, "of hard work. We have two kinds of slaves, the niggers and the white slaves. All European labourers and blacks, who come out to us, do our hard bodily work, while we direct it to a profitable end; neither rich nor poor, high nor low, with us, eat the bread of idleness. Our whole capital is in active operation, and our whole population is in active employment. An idle fellow like Pugnose, who runs away to us, is clapt into harness afore he knows where he is, and is made to work like a horse that refuses to draw; he is put into the team-boat; he finds some before him, and others behind him; he must either draw, or be dragged to death."

The Americans come in for a share of the lash, which is very happily administered to them in the person of the clockmaker. The success of their solid sixty-gun ships, which they call frigates, against our alight thirty-gun frigates, had made all the lower orders prodigiously conceited. We say the lower orders, for America has men of sense and education, who despise all such absurdities. The dialogue commences in the popular style of a Yankee newspaper.

"Jist look out of the door," said the clockmaker, "and see what a beautiful night it is—how calm, how still, how clear it is—bean't it lovely? I like to look up at them 'ere stars when I am away from home; they put me in mind of our national flag, and it is generally allowed to be the first

flag in the universe now. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British. It's near about the prettiest sight I know of, is one of our first-class frigates, manned with our free and enlightened citizens, all ready for sea; it is like the great American eagle on its perch, balancing itself for a start on the broad expanse of blue sky, afear'd of nothing of its kind, and president of all it surveys. It was a good emblem that we chose, warn't it?"

There was no evading so direct, and, at the same time, so conceited an appeal as this. "Certainly," said I, "the emblem was well chosen. I was particularly struck with it on observing the device on your naval buttons during the last war—an eagle with an anchor in its claws. That was a natural idea taken from an ordinary occurrence—a bird purloining the anchor of a frigate, an article so useful and necessary for the food of its young. It was well chosen, and exhibited great taste and judgment in the artist. The emblem is more appropriate than you are aware of—boasting of what you cannot perform, grasping at what you cannot attain—an emblem of arrogance and weakness, of ill-directed ambition and vulgar pretension."

"It is a common phrase," said he, with great composure, "among seamen, to say d—n your buttons, and I guess it's natural for you to say so of the buttons of our navals. I guess you have a right to that 'ere oath."

Mr Slick proceeds, with the happiest caricature of American self-admiration, to vindicate the soaring spirit of his country. But the eagle *taking up* the anchor is too much even for him. He admits that it "perhaps might, with more propriety, have been simply perched on an anchor, instead of lifting it in its claws." However, he supposes that the blunder was made by some stupid foreign artist. "But," says he, "if this eagle is trying to do what he cannot do, it is an *honourable* ambition arter all." He thus recovers his ground, and proceeds to detail those superiorities of the Yankees, which make him the "very tip-top of all living, breathing mankind." One of the speculations in which this promising genius embarked is a capital instance of Yankee trade, diversified in its narrative with

all those odd ramblings and eccentric notions, which make the clockmaker the first of story-tellers. He begins by talking of an officer at Warsaw. "But I guess I must tell you first why I went there, 'cause that will show you how we speculate. One Sabbath day, after bell-ringing, when most of the women had gone to meeting (for they were great hands for pretty sarmons, and our Unitarian ministers all preach poetry, only they leave the rhyme out, it sparkles like perry), I goes down to East India Wharf to see Captain Zeek Hancock of Nantucket, to enquire how oil was, and if it would bear doing any thing in, when who should come along but Jabesh Green. Slick, says he, how do you do? isn't this as pretty a day as you'll see between this and Norfolk—it whips English weather by a long chalk; and then he looked down at my watch seals, and looked and looked as if he thought I'd stole 'em. At last he looks up, and says he, Slick, I suppose you wouldn't go to Warsaw, would you, if it was made worth your while? Which Warsaw? says I, for I believe in my heart we have a hundred of them. None of ourn at all, says he—Warsaw in Poland. Well I don't know, says I; what do you call worth while? Six dollars a-day, expenses paid, and a bonus of one thousand dollars, if speculation turns out well. I am off, says I, whenever you say go. Tuesday, says he, in the Hamburgh packet. Now, says he, I'm in a tarnation hurry; I'm going a pleasin' to-day in the custom-house boat, along with Josiah Bradford's galls, down to Nahant. But I'll tell you what I am at; the Emperor of Russia has ordered the Poles to cut off their queues on the 1st of January; you must buy them all up, and ship them off to London for the wig-makers. Human hair is scarce, and risen. Lord a massy, says I, how queer they will look, won't they? Well, I vow, that's what the sea folks call sailing under bare Poles come true, aint it? I guess it will turn out a good spec, says he; and a good one it did turn out—he cleared ten thousand dollars by it."

Sam Slick now and then diversifies his wisdom by anecdotes of other lands, and amongst the rest gives us a capital sketch of a dialogue between a bloated American Attaché, and that

most dictatorial of all humourists, the late well known Abernethy. Nothing can be more exact than the painting of this interview: the surprise of the Yankee, whom he always describes as full of his own importance, at the bluntness of the Briton; the powerlessness of the one to reply, and the effrontery of the other. Abernethy's style was certainly no favourite of ours. Acute by nature, he was dogmatical by habit; teased by the follies of the numerous hypochondriacs, made by indigestion in this mutton-eating country, he indulged himself in hectoring his patients, and has left behind him the sinister reputation of saying, among a few witty things, many of the most impudent on record. But he had professional merit. If fantastic in theory, he was accurate in practice. His insolence did not impede his humanity; and his knowledge of the numerous class of diseases to which he had especially devoted himself, was sound, practical, and comprehensive. Even the sneers, for which he had a natural genius, often gave way to good feeling, and Abernethy could be as rational and decorous as he was experienced and intelligent. He died about three years since; and it is remarkable that his death was caused by the disease on whose cure he had founded his reputation. Feebleness of the stomach seems to have been his malady through life. His inaction and confinement to the air of London, promoted this disease; and Abernethy was lost to the public at a time of life when he still retained all the vigour of his understanding. But we must give Mr Slick's anecdote. Nothing can be more characteristic of the parties; it is capitally done.

"Did you ever hear tell of Abernethy, a British doctor?" said the clockmaker.

"Frequently," said I; "he was an eminent man, and had a most extensive practice."

"Well, I reckon he was a vulgar critter, that," he replied; "he treated the trouble of Alden Gobble, secretary to our legation at London, dreadful bad once; and I guess if it had been me he had used that way, I'd a fixed his flint for him, so that he'd think twice afore he'd fire such another shot as that 'ere again. I'd made him make tracts, I guess, as quick as a

dog does a hog from a potato field. He'd a found his way out of the hole in the fence a plaguy sight quicker than he came in, I reckon.

"The honourable Alden Gobble was dyspeptic, and he suffered great uneasiness arter eaten, so he goes to Abernethy for advice. 'What's the matter with you?' said the Doctor, jist that way, without even passing the time o' day with him—'what's the matter with you?' said he. 'Why,' says Alden, 'I presume I have the dyspepsy.' 'Ah me,' said he, 'I see; a Yankee swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest.' 'I am an American citizen,' says Alden, with great dignity; 'I am secretary to our legation at the Court of St James.' 'The devil you are!' said Abernethy; 'then you'll soon get rid of your dyspepsy.' 'I don't see that 'ere inference,' said Alden; 'it don't follow from what you predicate at all; it an't a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill, because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office.' (The truth is, you could no more trap Alden than you could an Indian. He could see other folk's trail, and made none himself; he was a real diplomatist, and I believe our diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.) 'But I tell you it does follow,' said the Doctor; 'for in the company you'll have to keep, you'll have to eat like a Christian.'

"It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one raving distracted mad. 'I'll be d—d,' said he, 'if ever I saw a Yankee that didn't bolt his food whole, like a boa-constrictor. How the devil can you expect to digest food that you neither take the trouble to dissect nor time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets instead of your food. It's disgusting, it's beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart—as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch it with a dung-fork, and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy, eh! Infernal guzzling, you mean. I'll tell you what, Mr Secretary of Legation, take half the time

to eat that you do to drawl out your words—chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month.'

" 'I don't understand such language,' said Alden (for he was fairly ryled, and got his dander up, and when he shows clear grit, he looks ugly, ugly, I tell you); 'I don't understand such language, sir; I came here to consult you professionally, and not to be——' 'Don't understand!' said the Doctor, 'why, it's plain English; but here, read my book'—and he shoved a book into his hands, and left him, in an instant, standing alone in the middle of the room." Mr Slick considers the Doctor as a very lucky man in not having had him for a patient. He would have fallen with heavy vengeance on the man of the blue pill; and the scene might have been performed before its time, in which the mad student at the medical examination lately, made doubly mad by being *plucked*, attempted at once to revenge himself and relieve the commonwealth, by annihilating half-a-dozen of his examiners.

So much for Nova Scotia and its impracticabilities. The writer of the volume is evidently a capital fellow. We want such to throw a new life even into European literature. Our writers are sinking into insipidity. The Washington Irving style, which to us tastes like a composition of treacle and water, sickly and sweet, the feeble effusion of feelings which no man ever felt but after a dose of molasses, its imagination the picture of a nightmare, and its sensibility the feelings of a nursery, has utterly spoiled the viscera of the rising generation of American penmen. They produce nothing but *Jeremiades*. Sterne's Maria in a wigwam, and with a necklace of scalps, is their model of the pathetic; and all the bold novelties of nature in a new country, the vigour of thought which might have seemed inseparable from the struggle with the elements, the wilderness, and the Indian; and even the rude originality which is one of the compensations of national ignorance, are all swamped in the imitation of the style of England in the last century, when the genius of England had sunk to its lowest depths, when Horace Walpole was a novelist, and Hayley a poet. We say, let the writer of Slick's aphorisms try his powers

on a subject adequate to their capacity. Let him leave Nova Scotia and come to England. Caricature of the most cauterizing kind never had ampler opportunities than in the public life of our parties. Let him take in hand the sullen vulgarity of our ambitious rabble of legislative tinkers; let his knife cut deep into the core of the conspiracy of the open infidel, and the would-be robber against Church and State. Let him toss and gore the miserable slaves of pelf, the hacks of office who cling to every Administration for their hire. What invaluable and exhaustless subjects would this clever scarifier of bombast, absurdity, meanness, and presumption find before him in the members for the metropolitan boroughs; in the aristocratic candidates for the courtship of the mob; in the giddy follies of the Whig-Radical Cabinet; in the grim hypocrisy, obsequious villainess, and bitter malignity of the political Dissenter. And, above all, what a subject for the rack and the flame, for the most unsparing torture that could be inflicted by indignant genius and insulted patriotism, must he not find in the Popish *clique*, the *perjurers*, the branded slaves of the Bible-burning priesthood. The fund would be inexhaustible, the impulse manly, and the service beyond all praise.

Or, if he must remain on the other side of the Atlantic, can he not give some share of his talents to the illustration of our affairs in Canada? That country, to which Radicalism, Popery, and the guilty ambition of the United States look with a combined hatred of British feelings and Britain; that country which enjoys the councils of Mr Joseph Hume, the agency of Mr Roebuck, the presidency of Mr Papi-neau, and last, but not least, the government of Lord Gosford. *There* is a field for his ploughshare to run through. *There* is a fallow of weeds and poisons which, if he will but gather its produce to burn, would be enough for fame and fortune. The very flame of that combustion of brambles would throw a light across the Atlantic. Let him, or some one like him, but try. We want to see activity, ardour, and courage distinguish the good cause. Let them be shown, and success is unquestionable in any country of the globe.

Junius said, "the British Constitu-

tion will perish when the Legislative becomes more corrupt than the Executive." We are convinced that statesmanship has come to its lowest ebb, when the Ministers of the Crown transform their offices into vulgar clerkships, like clerks think only of the salary, and degradingly regard as the great object of Cabinet ambition the permission to retain their offices, by submitting to every change of public principle required for their retention. Lord Glenelg has thus been a member of eight Administrations! differing successively from each other as widely in general as Conservative from Destructive, and in particulars differing upon every conceivable point of principle. Lord Glenelg is a Puritan, a prodigious religionist, a saint by profession, and, of course, altogether above the human vices of men and Ministers. But how does this saint reconcile his opinions and his offices? It would be a secret equally curious and contemptible to know how he reconciles his Papist alliance with his ultra-Protestant notions, or how this haranguer at Bible Society meetings can contrive to remain, with an undisturbed conscience, the supporter of a Popish faction and the ally of a blind and bigoted race of spiritual fanatics who prohibit the Bible, who tear it from the hands of their followers, and burn it when they find it in the hands of any Protestant within their power. Or is it possible that Lord Glenelg can find any way of reconciling the principles of the eight Cabinets which he has served, except that simple one, that the guineas of them all were very much alike; and that the only matter to be enquired into among public men is the amount of pay?

Thus, too, we have Lord Palmerston, a man more gibed at than any other in England on this very ground. But still his lordship goes on with his old equanimity, bearing the storm of ridicule without an attempt at reply, and still blundering on, but paid. Let us do justice to the perseverance of his patriotism. Lord Palmerston has already served under the eight following administrations. Mr Perceval's Anti-papist and Tory—Lord Liverpool's Anti-papist and Tory—Mr Canning's Pro-papist and Whig-Tory—Lord Goderich's Pro-papist and Whig—The Duke of Wellington's Anti-

papist and Tory, finally Pro-papist, in which change his lordship swept round without a murmur—Lord Grey's Pro-papist, Whig, and Anti-O'Connellite—Lord Melbourne's Pro-papist and Whig—Lord Melbourne's Whig-Radical, and O'Connellite! We leave this list of his lordship's services (to his purse) for the consideration of gentlemen in any part of the world.

A Bow-Street investigation lately exhibited a happy instance of the career of one of those "elegant" coxcombs who lounge through the capital in the desperate determination to be *fashionables*; who poison the air with their cigars, astonish the rabble by their watch-chains and eye-glasses, and fleece tailors and tradesmen innumerable. This brilliant personage, who adopted the rather *unaristocratic* name of Plunket, and who certainly ought to have called himself Augustus, Sedley, Fitz-Montague, or some such captivating appellatives—what tradesman, or milliner's apprentice can resist a romantic name!—after making an experiment of his faculties for gulping mankind in a somewhat private way in London, dashed down to the sea-coast, and appeared among the circle of the watering-places, like a star of the first magnitude. He was, however, any thing but a fixed star, for he revolved with brilliant rapidity from Hastings, westward, through all the showy promenades, and first-rate hotels, which like a border of palaces fringe the whole southern coast of this ruined, broken, bankrupt, and *ill-represented* island! But his headquarters were at Brighton, and in this he showed his taste, as well in the picturesque, as in the table. For Brighton carries away the palm from every spot in England for beauty, as well as for *gourmandise*; which is equivalent to saying, that it is the finest thing of the kind in Europe, which pretty completely settles the question as to the globe. The chevalier travelled with the *recherche* elegance that no man but the Englishman ever thinks of attaining, or, of course, ever attains. His whole establishment, the perfection of costly simplicity—his travelling chariot, an utterly unornamented affair, but in which the nicest eye could not discern any thing to hang an observation upon. And this is the English idea

of perfection. In his grooms, his horses, his carriage, his establishment, the object of the perfectionist is not to dazzle; which is the foreigner's object, and which the Englishman deems vulgar; but to defy any man living to find fault with any point of the entire. From this came the grey coats of his grooms, made with the finest skill of Stultz, his dark-bodied equipage, in whose niche Mercury himself might have acknowledged the model of lightness and ease, and in whose exquisite varnish the Venus Calypyx might have contemplated all her beauties without feeling the want of her mirror. The Marquis of Hertford comprehends this state of affairs; and any one who has seen the result of that noble person's studies in coachmen's draperies and harness, will perceive at once the drift of our panegyric, and that the noble Marquis was not born in vain.

The Chevalier Williams was certainly not to be compared with the Marquis. But he soared after him as high as his inferior genius suffered; and his britchska, his two postillions, and his pair of grooms, not omitting a showy Chevalieress in the inside, were for their time among the most polished appendages of Brighton. His bills—but why should such things be mentioned in the same page with those “children of fire and offspring of the sun,” the exquisites of Regent Street?—amounted to some trifle above or below £100 a-week. And this was merely in his private hours; for he was fond of society, now and then entertained handsomely, had a round of friendships not unworthy himself, and though never stooping to the *bon vivant*, yet could shine at the head of his own sumptuous tables. In other instances he loved philosophic retirement, and devoted to the Chevalieress and one or two select friends, clever at *ecarté*, those hours for which the fashionable world pined. But the fashionable world itself has its changes, and, one day, a remarkably plain-dressed personage, but with a remarkably keen eye, and a hurriedly investigating countenance, alighted from a passing stage at the door of the hotel, and enquired for the Chevalier. An interview followed, of which the particulars are buried in the most profound secrecy; but which ensued in the stranger's locking the door of the

apartment on the *outside*, and proceeding up stairs *sans cérémonie*, to an apartment of Parisian pomp, where, indulging herself with the delicious sea-view, lounged the Chevalieress in the viranda. She was a handsome woman, and was extremely indignant at the intrusion. The stranger attempted to explain, but the lady would listen to no explanation, and was proceeding to eject him by manual process, when he told her in plain professional language, that if she refused to let him examine the apartment, he must lock her up too; that he had turned the key upon her husband, whom he had arrested on a charge of forgery to a large extent, and that the pair must put themselves *en route* for London under his charge within the next half hour. The poet sings,

“Love, light as air, at sight of human
ties,
Waves his white wings, and in a moment
flies.”

He never waved them more rapidly than at the sight of the Bow-Street officer's ties, for the first display of his warrant instantly dissolved the connexion. The lady declared that she was simply the Platonic acquaintance of the gentleman; that she had a husband of her own, from whom, though temporarily parted, she had never thought of being divorced; and that having had the honour of the Chevalier's friendship but for an extremely brief period, she was determined not to risk her own peace of mind by stirring an inch from the spot to follow him to jail. She observed that she even thought herself ill-used in not having been let sufficiently into his *confidence*; for she had, as she firmly protested, been led to think by his declarations that he was overflowing with opulence.

The lady having thus cleared her conscience, and fortified her reputation, stood at the viranda to have the last indignant look at the “too lovely, too perfidious” Platonic, who had thus let Cupid's wings put themselves in motion. The Chevalier was whisked away in the first passing stage, with the officer at his side, to prevent his experiencing the embarrassments of a purseless hero on an English high-road; and the drama has ended for the time in his consignment

to Newgate, under a long succession of charges of swindling.

Every day in London presents some new experiment in knavery. Ring-dropping is obsolete, but some ingenious modifications of it occur from time to time, which exhibit the dexterity of London practice. Some time since, a well-dressed personage, with a simple exterior, and altogether sans pretension, came rather in a hurry into the coffee-room of a theatrical tavern, and expressed his embarrassment at having found a pocket-book, which had evidently been dropt by some one going to the neighbouring theatre of the Adelphi. Some of the gentlemen came round to the box where he sat, and in their presence he examined its contents. It contained several papers, and among them a bill of exchange of some amount, several promissory notes, and some five-pound notes. What to do with the money was the question. Some of the party recommended that an advertisement should be put in some of the papers; others advised, that as the finder had exhibited himself so much a man of honour, he should propose to give it up only on receiving an adequate reward. The finder stated, that he was in such circumstances at the moment as to render reward a matter of some importance to him, but said that he could not avail himself of it, as he was about to set sail for the East next day. On this a bystander, gifted with the spirit of speculation, offered to purchase his right for a couple of guineas, an offer which was finally accepted, and the pocket-book was made over to him, sealed in the presence of the company, at the request of the finder, and deposited in the hands of the landlord. The advertisement was then waited for, but waited for in vain. At length the book was re-opened, and application was made to the parties whose names were on the bills. The *dénouement* now approached rapidly: the parties knew nothing of them, the bill and promissory-notes were forgeries. But what was the condition of the five-pound notes? they were not forgeries, but notes of a bank which had failed ten years ago. The value of the purchase was thus reduced to the pocket-book, and the value of the pocket-book was one shilling.

Of all the persons connected with gaming transactions, billiard-markers

are the most punctilious in point of character. When Mr Gully, the prize-fighter and race-horse keeper, brought in his charge of bribery and corruption against a member of the House of Commons, the laugh that was raised against him in the House, on the occasion, was wrong; because, though his indignation might be ridiculous, his knowledge was indisputable. A betting-book keeper must be acquainted with secrets of arts which would have astonished Friar Bacon himself. We look upon Crockford, for instance, as a very clever fellow for a fishmonger, but by no means equal in point of science to the late patriotic member for Pontefract, who has now deprived the House of the advantages of his investigation in points of conscience, and has returned to his old trade of the turf, with wits sharpened by his new trade of politics. But *à propos de nos moutons*. At a billiard-table at one of the clubs, the attendant marker, who was one of the first-rate hands at the cue, and was supposed to be a marker of immaculate honesty, was sent out by one of the players to procure change for a bill of considerable amount. Having remained absent longer than seemed necessary, the gentleman who had given him the bill began to be uneasy. The rest of the party laughed at his suspicion of a man whom he averred to be as honest as any of themselves, an averment which was probably true to the letter. The time being prolonged, and the gentleman growing more uneasy, one of the party offered, for a guinea, to guarantee the marker's return. The guinea was laid down, but the marker was not forthcoming. At length a stranger coming into the room, mentioned his having seen the marker in a cab, going at full speed out of town. The truth was quickly ascertained; the marker had received cash for the bill, put it in his pocket, and vanished. The amount of the bet was paid, the laws of honour being peremptory on the subject, and suspicion was richer by the amount of the bill than credulity.

Another species of knavery, more offensive than any thing concerned with mere personal plunder, is the abstraction of relics, ornaments, and letters from collections hospitably and kindly shown to the public. There are few collectors of literary

rarities, who have not had to complain of those vilenesses. In the matter of antiques, "curious travellers" are extremely formidable persons. A Scotch paper thus mentions a discreditable transaction of this order. "The gentleman who carried off an old and curious iron candlestick belonging to the collection in the Hall at Abbotsford, is hereby informed that it is only a model of that said to have been used by Robert the Bruce. He is at liberty to retain it, as there is another in the collection, and he may exhibit it as a memento of his visit to Abbotsford, and ungentlemanlike conduct."

An advertisement in one of the London papers gives an extraordinary example of reliance, where circumstances and physiognomy would have inculcated suspicion, and where circumstance and physiognomy were in the right after all. The advertisement offers the reward of a hundred pounds for the apprehension of a caitiff in the employ of a London house, who, being sent to get a L.900 bill cashed, walked off with nine hundred sovereigns, and has hitherto been heard no more of. The description of his person and habits argues a singular disregard of appearances in his principals, for he is described in the first instance as down-looking; in the next, as living with a woman who was not his wife, a matter which, we think, should not merely have excited a reluctance to employ him, but created a pretty strong suspicion of his morals; and, lastly, he seems to have lived in a variety of out-of-the-way places, a style of life which it might be supposed implied a blot in his escutcheon. The result was, that his countenance told involuntary truth, and the penalty on his employers for not perceiving it, or for the grosser blunder of retaining in their service a man who was living in notorious vice, has been the loss of nine hundred solid pounds sterling. All do not manage their affairs quite so loosely with reference to the morals of their clerks. We recollect an instance a few years ago, where one of those officials, tolerably high in one of those respectable London banks, was summarily dismissed, in consequence of his attentions to a pretty actress. This foolish fellow, who had a wife of his own, less indebted to nature, and more to time, than the pretty actress, had made himself conspicuous by

billet-doux and other absurdities, which probably proceeded no further than the blockhead's own vanity. The old wife naturally took umbrage, and as the ladies do not always proceed in the most pacific manner on those occasions, she waylaid the actress, and attempted to treat her in the way according to which St Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins prepared themselves to escape the assaults of the Saracens. She fixed her ten nails in the cheeks of the dangerous beauty, and hoped to make her harmless by depriving her of her charms. The police interfered, the actress was rescued, much frightened but little hurt; the affair of course got into the papers, the banker's clerk became a public person, and the bankers, not liking to be mingled with the fracas, and justly beginning to suspect the prudence of a gentleman enamoured of pretty actresses, dismissed him from their counter. This was a tribute paid to morals, and morals repaid the service, for within a few months it was ascertained that the ejected clerk had commenced a new business for himself, which speedily consigned him to the hands of a court of justice, which, in its turn, speedily consigned him to New South Wales. The bankers thus escaped being made the first example of his ingenuity in supplying the expenses of a showy appendage to the Green-room. As for the hero himself, if he has not been already hanged, we have no doubt that he is figuring as a patriot among the Magna Chartaists of Sydney, declaiming, with free-born ardour, against the vices of Government, asserting the rights of liberty and property, and offering the hand of fellowship to all the rabble regenerators of the bankrupt constitution of England.

Let us now do justice to the talent of the foreigner by the narrative of an incident stated in the last accounts from Naples. Upon a height near Venasso, is a convent of Capuchins, in which dwelt four canons, who, among the peasants of the neighbouring villages, enjoyed a very high reputation for exemplary charity and devotion. All day long were heard within their walls the tinkling of bells and the chanting of psalms; at all hours the chapel of the monastery was open; there, before a miraculous sta-

the of St Cyprian, were almost always found the holy brothers kneeling at the altar, and inflicting on themselves the most severe flagellations. About the beginning of last month a Carmelite brother, accompanied by a muleteer, passed near the convent of the Capuchins. The mule on which the holy friar was seated carried likewise a considerable sum of money, which his rider had just brought from Rome. The Carmelite was jogging leisurely along, the evening was fine, and the sun just about to set. The *Angelus* sounded; and the good father was just replying devoutly with the sign of the cross, when he received a violent blow on his back. On his turning round in affright, two men laid hold of him, while, a few paces further, two others were seen with levelled carbines. The muleteer escaped, and concealed himself behind a bush. After a few jests, the hands of the Carmelite brother were bound, and he was led away in the direction of the monastery, where the party disappeared behind some trees. On the following day Signor Filiberto, a linen-draper at Naples, received from his brother, the Carmelite monk, a letter to the following effect:—"Signor,—At four o'clock this morning you will bring to the square in front of the Capuchin convent at Venasso the sum of 500 scudi; if not, one hour later, you will find there the corpse of your brother. Silence, or death be your own portion." Signor Filiberto had only two hours before him. He trembled, for he was well aware of the promptitude with which the Neapolitan brigands are wont to carry their menaces into execution. He hastened to several of his friends to demand their counsel. He went to the magistrates of the city, and accompanied by a strong body of military, they set off for the place indicated. It was already past four o'clock when they approached the spot. Filiberto ran on before his companions, but on his arrival found four men with the murdered body of his brother still writhing at their feet. "Per grazia del cielo!"—(You have already assassinated him!)—he exclaimed with all his might. The soldiers now appeared on every side, flight was impossible, and the brigands surrendered, without attempting the slightest resistance. They were loaded with

chains, and conducted to Naples, where they confessed that they were the Capuchin monks of the convent of Venasso, and that they had already for several years exercised the profession of knights of the road. They were tried, and condemned to death. The King confirmed the sentence, which on the 17th instant was carried into execution. They were shot at six in the morning.

All the world knows the story of the Baron at the card-table, through whose hand Lord Chesterfield stuck his fork, saying that if there were a card under the hand it would be so much the safer; but if there were none, he would apologize for the mistake. The card was found under the hand, and the ingenious German was kicked down stairs in due form.

But a more recent contrivance for rectifying the caprices of fortune was detected at one of the gaming-clubs in Malta. A Baron Wildeck, in one of the foreign regiments in the British service, had distinguished himself at the tables by a marvellous run of luck. The Baron won every thing. His style of talk was showy—his play was dashing, even his shuffling of the cards exhibited the skill which seemed to be native to every movement of the Baron. His carelessness as to winning was remarkable, yet it was not less remarkable that he always won, however *malgré*. And his manual dexterity was looked on as the more striking, in consequence of a wound in his hand which compelled him to keep it always bandaged with a ribbon.

But master as he was of fortune, he was not master of those eyes which ill fortune sometimes gives. An officer, who had seen the contents of his purse added to the Baron's a few minutes before, having nothing else to do, and in an extremely ill-humour with himself, chance, and mankind, determined to observe the Baron's play. In a short time he saw what he thought the corner of a court card peeping out from underneath the black ribbon on his hand. He looked more vigilantly; became convinced of his fact; sprang on his feet, grasped the swindler's hand, and, fixing it down on the table, called the bystanders to witness the *denouement*. The bandage was stripped off, several cards were discovered under its folds, with which the science of the Baron had contrived to turn

the game on all occasions. Whether the knave made his exit by the door or the window, is not told; but his luck was stopped for the time; and unless some English heiress resolved on having a title at all risks, as is the custom of our travelled beiresses, married the Baron, and made him a man of fortune in spite of this misadventure, he has in all probability contrived to get himself hanged before this date. A man of this order must have made himself conspicuous in one way or other; and nothing but hanging could have cut short his fame, if he was to have followed the profession.

But why should not Ireland, the country of genius, have its share in these exploits? If murder and robbery were to make up its laurels, the reports of its tranquillity under the O'Mulgrave Government would entitle it to a rank that must raise the jealousy of a horde of Tartars. Every hour of that ultra-tranquillity supplies a scene of burning, as applied to men, cattle, and hay-stacks, or the fusillade of shooting parsons, the plundering of landlords, and the battering-in the skulls of constables with stones, that proves the original talent of Papistry to have recruited itself to more than its original vigour, under the fostering auspices of the friends of freedom.

But these displays have lost their novelty. We have now to give a specimen of that skill for which the Agitator deserves more credit than for his warlike propensities—a pure piece of that art which professors call humbug, but which plain-spoken people term lying. The scene is sentimental, and must have drawn tears from an inquisitor. We fancy that we see Mr O'Connell, as he composed it, melting at his own pathos; Father M'Hale envying his faculty of fiction; and the “Most Reverend” Dr Denis Murray protesting against the intrusion on his patent for grave absurdity. The narrative is worthy of the stage, and we recommend it to the dramatic prowess of Farce. “Thomas M'Gee,” says this record of patriotism, “was a small farmer on Lord Darnley's property. At the late Longford election the Tories tried first to bribe him. But the virtue of Thomas M'Gee was inexorable. They next tried intimidation, not, however, by the gentle methods of breaking his bones, burning his cabin, and houghing his cattle.

This moderation is reserved for the friends of freedom and the Agitator. The Tories put in force the more atrocious violence of stuffing him with beef and whisky, and by the villainy of thus at once depriving him of his appetite and his understanding, attempted to puzzle his conscience. But this abominable scheme failed. Though the destined victim swallowed all he could get, this was evidently not out of corruption, but of contempt. He sat, drank, and made up his mind. But the keenest knavery is not always the most successful; the patriotism of a true Papist was not to fail in the hour of trial, by any violence of beef-steaks, or artifices of strong drink.

“Thomas M'Gee at length made his appearance on the hustings. Whether his gait gave evidence of a tottering resolution, or the whisky was thought to have penetrated his conscience, as well as his cranium, some doubts evidently arose in the patriotic crowd as to the side on which he was about to vote. This was an injustice to the staggering voter; but to make assurance doubly sure, his wife, as tipsy as himself, rushed forward through the crowd, caught him by the coat, as his foot was by accident, of course, on the step of the Protestant hustings, and pealed in his ear,—‘As you value your soul, will you vote against your country, and disgrace me and mine?’ The voice of a wife is proverbially imperative; the voter paused; still the matter was in doubt, until another application was made to his feelings. The applicant was his son, a breechless boy, with a countenance, which, however unwashed, was unquestionably patriotic in the extreme. ‘Would you have us all murdered, and the thatch burnt over us to-night in our beds, if you vote for Le Froy, if you vote for the Protestant?’ said the boy, seizing his father by the other skirt of his coat. ‘Would you have father Murphy excommunicate us by book, bell, or candle?’ screamed the wife in her turn. ‘Would you have the death's head and cross bones marked up at your door?’ said the boy. ‘Would you have your ginful soul sent to flames?’ howled the wife in agony. ‘Would you have a brace of bullets through your skull, and every mother's son of us battered to death with sticks and stones before morning?’ groaned

the boy, pointing to the bludgeons and stones which seemed about to be put in motion in honour of the Pope and St Patrick. Nothing could resist this, and Thomas, when called on for his vote, voted like a Papist and a hero. 'I vote,' said he, 'for Luke White, for Henry White, my Queen, and my Country.' This was giving four votes instead of two, but if plumpers show partisanship, it is to be presumed that duplicates show loyalty. The narrative now proceeds, in all the triumph of patriotism. "To attempt a description of the scene," says the O'Connell transcriber, "to tell of the acclamations, of the shouts of joy that from the Court-house extended to the utmost limits of the town, would be utterly futile. M'Gee, in conversation with the agents of the Protestant candidate at the hustings, exhibited all the hilarity of a man who had escaped from having his head broken by the simple expedient of turning his coat, and gaily acknowledged that he and his fellows, while the Protestant candidate expected their votes, lived on the fat of the land, and had not only their beef and whisky, but a piper to play before them. When he went forth into the crowd, the old patriot was hailed with universal rejoicings, the Pats flourished their shillelahs about him, and with his wife on one side, and his unbreeched boy on the other, he was carried in triumph away from the hustings down the street, an example of those virtues that slumber unseen in 'the finest peasantry in the world,' a prodigy of patriotism, and an illustrious example of the superiority of the Papist's conscience over the captivations of indigenous beef and smuggled whisky."

We have no wish to offer any extravagance of praise to the British soldier. But it is impossible to contrast him with the foreign one, of whatever nation, without remarking some distinctions highly to his honour. At least equal in intrepidity to any troops of the earth, he retains his habits of discipline better in the field, under all the vicissitudes of success or disaster, better than any of them. The German is brave, but he is too ready to think his business done; and when the fortunes of the day seem to go against him, it is remarkably difficult to induce him to persevere. In the

chief battles of the French war in Italy and Germany, the German regiments, though frequently attacking with great gallantry, almost habitually moved off the field when they saw an enemy approaching their flank. The Germans, too, were scandalously prone to desert, though this occurred less frequently in the Revolutionary war, than in earlier times, from the national abhorrence of the French. The French soldier is, of all plunderers, the most merciless. His habits in an enemy's country are those of the freebooter. He is wanton in his insults, and unhesitating in his cruelties, especially where he has suffered a reverse, and is compelled to retreat. But he is brave, rapidly rallies, and though apt to lose heart after a first repulse, yet is singularly capable of recovering from the disorder even of flight, and renewing the battle.

The Spanish soldier is the most unaccountable of all. He seems the creature of circumstance, sometimes daring, steady and persevering, sometimes flying at the first shot; sometimes exhibiting the noblest intrepidity, sometimes ludicrously wavering, and beaten by the first show of resistance; in all instances unwilling to do any thing where he can find an ally to hazard himself in his stead. In the Peninsular war the Spanish armies were always beaten at first sight by the French, except in the instance of the capture of Dupont's army at Baylen. They never fought well, even with the example of the British, with the excitement of a succession of victories; and what was more than all, under the genius of Wellington. As if their native indolence had combined with their native pride, they have never fought well side by side with strangers. Yet when left to themselves, they have often displayed military qualities, that almost justify the pre-eminence which they possessed two centuries ago. There were well-known instances, even in the Peninsular war, when the self-disciplined Spaniard fought more like a tiger than a human being. The exploits of the Carlists at this moment show of what singular displays of courage, patience under fatigue, constancy under the severest privations, and high-spirited loyalty the Spaniard is capable. Among those men, a march of fifty miles a-day under a scorching sun, over sands and moun-

tains, with little food, and no resting-place but the bare ground, is not uncommon. They fight not merely with gallantry, but with discipline. And the dashing expeditions of Gomez and Cabrera, the rapid and scientific movements of the main body under Don Sebastian, and the obstinate valour with which the Biscayan Provinces are defended, though almost stripped of all the regular troops by the movement on Madrid, show what qualities have been hid in the native soldiery of Spain.

But the Spaniard has one counter-acting quality, which inflicts an indelible stigma on the national character. He loves blood. Of all Europeans he has the most instinctive recourse to the dagger. No war since the savagery of the struggles of the Moor and Spaniard has been marked by such gratuitous and horrid cruelties as the war of the Christinos and Carlists; and this too in the century which justly boasts of having softened the horrors of war, and in the full remembrance of the conduct of Wellington to his prisoners. The atrocity of killing in cold blood men whose resistance is at an end, the majority of them forced into the service, and all sons of the same soil, has branded both sides so deeply, that all English sympathy for either is at an end, and the only wish felt in this country is, that this dreadful waste of life should be brought to a close, whether by the flight of Christino or the fall of Carlos. But the Spanish soldier is cruel, not only to his antagonist but to his friend, not only to his enemy but to his officer. The assassination of at least six officers of high rank within the last few months, stamps the character of banditti upon the troops; and we must expect that the continuance of a war, which generates such new and unnatural guilt, must extinguish all the moral feelings of Spain.

The assassination of General Saarsfeld, one of the latest, was one of the most startling of those treasons. Saarsfeld has some hold on English recollections from his descent. His family were of those emigrants who, having fought for James II. in Ireland, retired on his defeat to France, and took service in the French army. They had fought for a bigot and a tyrant in Ireland, and the exchange into the service of Louis XIV., a bigot and a

tyrant, altered nothing but their climate. The 12,000 troops of James who thus changed masters, but not characters, formed the original Irish brigade, a force of bold mercenaries, who were exposed in all the battles of France, were recruited constantly from the superfluity of the Irish Papist population, and established their name, as Irishmen always have done in the foreign services, whether French, German, or Austrian, as brave, gallant to the ladies, and faithful to their masters. By degrees, however, the brigade ceased to be recruited from Ireland. Common sense told the Irishman the folly of throwing away his life for the benefit of a French king; or perhaps common morality might have had its effect in giving him a distaste for the odious cruelty and criminality of shedding the blood of strangers in a cause which had nothing to ally him to it but his pay; and the brigade dwindled away until, at the period of the Revolution in 1789, it was reduced to an insignificant force. Taking the royal side, it was finally driven into emigration, and received into the British service.

The fortunes of the Irish brigade have long made the groundwork for a vast deal of that rhapsodical declamation which the lower haranguers of Irish politics mistake for eloquence, and which has obtained for itself the luckless name of "Irish oratory." That some of the noblest and most genuine eloquence of modern times has been the gift of the higher order of Irish genius to the intellectual wealth of the empire, no reader of the works of Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, and Curran can doubt. But if we were to write a treatise "*De causis corruptæ eloquentiæ*," we know nothing so pregnant with examples of every deficiency of taste, conception, and reasoning, as the general order of harangues which the Popish Parliament of the Corn Exchange, with all its affiliated branches, pour out day by day to insult the ears of the educated world. It is said that the case of the Irish brigade is to figure once more among the "grievances" of Ireland; and that a son of the Agitator has been sent to Paris to collect materials for a manifesto on the subject. Of course the composition, under the finishing hands of the Agitator, will be like every thing that proceeds from

the same quarter, an unhesitating tissue of falsehoods, insolent to the whole Protestant line of the Brunswicks, and panegyrical of the Papist rebels who sold themselves to France for their hire, and continued to play the mercenary from generation to generation. Of course, too, the battle of Fontenoy, lost by the blunderings of the British general after it was actually gained by the gallantry of the British soldiers, will be among the topics. But no power of scurrility will be able to dispute the fact, that the Papist, with all his pretended patriotism, left his country behind him; that the Papist, with all his boasted heroism in the cause of the priest and the Pope, was beaten out of the field by the Protestant; and that, after having shed his blood for France, he was glad to take refuge under the protection of the country, and rely on the toleration of the Church—one of which he had forsaken, and the other ana-thematized.

Saarsfield, the Spanish general, was a descendant of the officer of that name who, in the service of James, distinguished himself in the Irish war, and was afterwards created Earl of Lucan. The Spanish general had served under Wellington in the Peninsular War with some distinction, and was considered one of the bravest and most intelligent of the native officers; but his latter days were degraded by habits unusual among the people of the south—he became a gross drunkard. Thus, when put at the head of the northern army in Biscay, he exhibited nothing but the disqualifications of a drunkard;—was unwilling to move; when he moved, was sure to be beaten, and when beaten, was sure to throw the blame of his failure on his soldiers. Such a man must have been a toy in the grasp of Zumalacaregu, the only military genius whom Spain has produced within the last hundred and fifty years, at once scientific and enterprising, laborious and daring, calculating and brave. Saarsfield was at length dismissed from active command. The ferocity of the Spanish soldiery, in one of the late revolts for pay, put him to death, totally without reason, pretext of justice, or any other impulse than the tigerish love of shedding human blood.

Some characteristic anecdotes are told of his earlier habits. One of them was a passion for single combat. He

was a singularly skilful swordsman, and this justly diminishes our praise of his personal intrepidity, if any can be given to such brutal displays. He used to say that he would not condescend to know any man as a gentleman who had not exhibited his spirit in fighting a duel. The acquaintance was accordingly challenged on the first opportunity. If he declined this mode of proving his fitness for the honour of the Don's intimacy, there was an end of all intercourse, and he was pronounced a poltroon. If he fought, and showed any zeal in the combat, he had passed the only ordeal required, and was thenceforth the chosen friend. Yet in all this there was obviously a good deal of foreign fanfaronade. Saarsfield survived all his swordsmanship to be butchered in old age by the bayonets of his savage soldiers, and probably the hostility of his *friends* was not much more serious than his own. The continental duel with swords was generally terminated with a slight wound through the sword-arm. The bullet is a more formidable messenger, and of the bullet foreigners have a dislike, which shows that they know all the difference of the perils.

The French are now curiously exemplifying the proverb of "seeing the mote in the eyes of others." At this moment the "beam" in the very centre of French sagacity is the seizure of Algiers. It was an act of as unjustifiable rapine as the worst of Napoleon's. It has the mark, too, of as rude a policy as if it had been perpetrated by a Tartar horde; and hitherto its consequences have been only military disgrace, national expenditure, and the resistless evidence that France, under all its governments, is equally predatory. A new expedition is now under sail for Africa; it will, we presume, succeed for the time. The perseverance of the European, with all his wealth, his discipline, and his system, is always too much for the desultory valour of the barbarian, with his poverty, his wildness, and his want of order. But though it is possible that Constantine may be a French possession, and that French perruquiers, opera-dancers, and toymen may even open their exhibitions in North Africa, we entirely doubt that France will ever make that shore a profitable colony.

It has already cost her a vast mortality in the field and in the hospital, nearly ten millions sterling, and yet the native powers are as bitter as ever, better disciplined, more united, and more powerful year by year.

It is clear that the French attempt on Africa has excited the attention of more than the European powers. The sailing of the Turkish fleet to Tunis proves that Mahometanism is awake; and though the direct objects of that expedition may have been thwarted by the sailing of the French squadron under Gallois, still the African Beys have learned from it that, in case of further aggression, they will not be left unassisted. We doubt altogether the advantage of Algiers to France, if it were wholly in her possession to-morrow. France is not a rich, powerful, and over-peopled country, wanting a vast variety of commodities, unproducable by her own soil. She is a thinly-peopled country, poor, and producing within herself almost all that the simple wants of her peasantry require. She has corn, wine, and oil for subsistence, wool for clothing, and scarcely requires more. If she must have coffee and sugar, she could buy them at this moment ten thousand times cheaper than by a war with Africa, or a peace which will be but a constant anticipation of war—a peace garrison of 30,000 men, with a fleet, and thus a constant drain alike on her military population and her purse. The whole is simply an affair of national pride; the nation wished to have something to exhibit as a conquest. It is a remnant of the frantic ambition of Napoleon, which ended in his ruin—a remnant of the old ambition of France, which, always beginning in injustice, always closed, after long vicissitudes, in disgrace. However the tide of success may turn in her favour for the hour, we have no fear in predicting that the invasion, even of barbarian Algiers, will yet be shown to have been as unwise as it was unjust; that after having brought down vengeance on the dynasty of Charles X., it will bring down disaster upon that of Louis Philippe; and that Europe will at once receive another lesson of the ill-fortune of political rapine, and feel that the blood even of the half-savage African—Mahometan and Moor as he is—is not to rush without a voice into the soil.

But the French journals are actually charging England with a similar spirit of rapine, and pronouncing that we are about to take possession of Ceuta, "as they have already," so says the *National*, "made themselves masters of Passages and St Sebastian, and are already attempting Barcelona." Such are the suspicions to which the infinitely childish policy of Lord Palmerston subjects the honesty of the English character. But the French may be secure on the side of the Spanish fortresses: the Legion is no more. Beaten first, and beggared after, the speculation of Colonel Evans is bankrupt, and the patriotic flogger himself, the *Nero* (!) of Hernani, is reposing on his yellow laurels in Belgium, until the Session calls him back to exhibit his patriotism in England as richly as he exhibited his gallantry in Spain, and prove to the satisfaction of Westminster and Radicalism, that while to flog even a robber in uniform in England is a horrible insult to human nature, to flog in Spain is perfectly natural, military, and meritorious. The Colonel must, we presume, read the late despatches from Biscay; and if so, with what remorse must he read! The wretched men whom he led into that wretched service, for the most wretched of all motives—money—the miserable mercenaries have been routed, slaughtered; and in the field, when they were made prisoners, shot in cold blood. Thank Heaven we have no feelings in common with pseudo-patriotism; we cannot fathom the depths of the Radical heart; but if that pseudo-patriot and Radical, whom the Westminster rabble have made their representative, has a heart within his bosom, or a spirit partaking of any common sympathy with man, it must be wrung by the fate of the unhappy beings whom he led into Spain. If he had a sense of what was due to them, he would have remained on the Spanish soil till it was either opened to receive his corpse, or till the last man of the Legion had been embarked for the British shore. If he could not have continued as their commander, he ought to have continued as their comrade; he ought to have taken off his epaulettes, tossed away the ridiculous stars and ribbons, which can never dignify defeat, and, musket in hand, entered the ranks as a volunteer. He should have felt it his first duty, as a man of honour, to

have lived and fought with his men while one of them lived and fought in Spain. But Brussels is a natural quarter for a dilapidated warrior, and we shall have him back on the first mustering of the O'Connellite serfs, haranguing, enthusiastic, and heroic as ever.

The power, say the French papers, "which shall possess Ceuta, as well as Gibraltar, will possess the two keys of the Mediterranean." That power would be able to close the Straits against the ships of all nations, and its cannon would sweep it like the glaciés of a citadel. Toulon, Marseilles, Barcelona, Naples, the islands of the Archipelago, and even the Black Sea would have need of the permission of England to pass the limits of ancient navigation, and would be reduced to carry on a mere coasting trade.

"This is doubtless of little consequence to the French Government, whose sole care, with respect to foreign relations, seems to be to gain the good-will of all the old monarchies, and get itself acknowledged by them; but is of great importance to Russia, which has entertained for nearly a century the project of establishing at Constantinople the seat of its maritime power; and which, if the English were to plant their standard at Ceuta, would find itself deprived in an instant of the fruit of all the efforts that it has made since the reign of Catherine.—2d, A journal, which is printed at Paris, but which appears not to be a stranger to the political considerations which actuate the Cabinet of St Petersburg, expressed this morning great anger that France did not oppose the new enterprise of Great Britain. We believe that the representative of the Emperor Nicholas will hold the same language to the Cabinet of the Tuileries. If the English persist, it will be obliged to break this peace at any price, which has cost it most disgraceful sacrifices, and to take part in a quarrel in which we dare act only a subordinate part. It will be constrained either to second the ambition of our neighbours by closing against itself the ports of that sea, which ought to have been a *French lake*, (1) or to follow in the train of the greatest enemy of modern civilisation.

"Such are the political questions which, at no remote date, will perhaps engage general attention on that coast of Africa which our Government does not dare either to reject or retain. It

is to be present in this dispute that our seamen are to continue their cruise. If other principles had prevailed among us, they would, doubtless, have had to act a more glorious part, and more advantageous to France."

All this is dexterous; but it is French dexterity, and the ambition of England, which does nothing, will not be a set-off against the ambition of France, which attempts, before the eyes of Europe, to seize a territory equal to one of the largest European kingdoms—a vast country, 500 miles long, by 200 broad—and whose full possession, if such it should ever obtain, might enable our simple, yet rather stirring neighbours, to act upon the whole line of the Mediterranean. However, it now seems probable that the expedition will be retarded still. It has reached the Algerine shore; but there it halts for *reinforcements*. The calculations of the War Minister are thus acknowledged to have been on too small a scale, though he has sent 20,000 men. The Arabs say, in their style, that the French can no more take Constantine than "a swarm of ants can take an egg out of a milk pot." So be it. They have enough to employ them in planting their corn and pruning their vines in Europe. Cutting throats in Africa is more perilous, and less profitable.

The present condition of Egypt is perhaps amongst the most remarkable of any existing territory of the world. The Jewish prophecies marked it from the earliest periods of history as lying under anathema, second only in sternness and extent to that of Judea itself. Its religious corruptions, which have been suffered, as if for the purpose of showing to what depths the human mind, in its natural state, can descend, brought down upon it the extraordinary malediction that the Egyptians should never be an independent people. No prophetic declaration has been ever more distinctly fulfilled. For nearly three thousand years the Egyptians have been the prey of adventurers, successfully ravaged by the Persians, tyrannized over by the Greek successors of Alexander, turned into a province by the Romans, ravaged by its Saracen Government, enslaved by its Mameluke robbers, conquered by the French, again in the hands of the Turks, and at this hour mastered by a Turkish slave.

Whether its long depression is now about to cease, or whether, as is much more probable, it is destined, on the death of Mahomed Ali and his son, to fall again into the hands of the Turk, and feel the pillage of a Turkish Government, is only for the future to decide. But the not less extraordinary circumstance characterises Egypt, that it, of all the regions of the earth, is perhaps the most singular instance of a continuance of fertility, and of a perpetual provision for that fertility. In the midst of a desert, the narrow land of Lower Egypt presents to the eye a territory whose exuberance scarcely requires the aid of human labour, and has scarcely ever failed during a course of centuries. This is the well-known work of the well-known Nile. But it is not to be overlooked, that the moral and physical conditions of Egypt, exhibiting the most direct contrast to each other since the days of Pharaoh, give decisive proof of the fact that the power and prosperity of a nation are dependent on higher sources than soil and situation. The position of Egypt is made for power. Inaccessible by land, with the desert for its rampart; inaccessible by sea, from the shallows of the Nile, if the people had the spirit to defend either frontier or their shore; standing on the central point between the east and west, and thus commanding the opulent commerce of both with the unexampled productiveness of a soil utterly inexhaustible,—why has Egypt been a prey or a province for nearly 3000 years? All probability is against it; nature is against it; but fact is for it, and prophecy had prepared us to expect it. Great designs of Providence may be in activity at this moment for the restoration of the East to its moral understanding, and for the extinction of those horrid, fierce, ignorant, and godless governments which tear it to pieces. The thoughts of men, totally free from extravagance, are turning upon Palestine. The days of the Crusader will never come again; but it is impossible to doubt that a new influence is turned towards regions on which neither Jew nor Christian can look without a mingling at once of joy and pain, of the loftiest hope and the deepest humiliation.

The ceremony of the opening of the Nile has lately taken place, and it is singularly characteristic.

At four in the afternoon of the 19th

of August, the Nile having risen to the proper height for cutting the canal, through which the waters of the Nile are conveyed into Lower Egypt, a large boat, having scaffolding erected, dressed with flags, awnings, and carpets for the occasion, and crowded with people, was seen slowly ascending the stream; and presently another large dressed-out boat steered off to the former; both were lashed together; these were preceded by another boat, having a gun on her bow, which continued firing during their ascent up the river. These three were joined by various other boats. Both sides of the Nile were crowded with lookers-on. The Garden of Rhoda, which lies contiguous to the spot where the waters are let in, was also densely crowded. On the arrival of the vessels at this point they were received with a salute of artillery, stationed there for that purpose.—Through the whole night boats had been constantly passing up and down, most of them with Arab music on board. In fact, for this one night in the year, the Nile may be said to resemble Venice in its summer serenading.

At frequent intervals, rockets, artillery, blue-lights, and fireworks of various descriptions were fired throughout the night. Close to the spot where the cut was to be made, stand the buildings which contain the machinery by which the waters of the Nile are conveyed to the citadel of Cairo. Those buildings seemed, when the fireworks were playing, like a huge fortification; for, as they occasionally lightened the atmosphere, hundreds of people were seen on the summits. As the morning dawned, the boats with the harems began to appear with various suites from different points. First came the ex-sheikh of Mecca, with his splendid and pampered Arab horses, of the true Neghed breed, probably the finest in the world; then came the dervishes from Turkey; those wore their handkerchiefs and badges on this occasion. The consuls of European nations, as well as the subjects of those nations, all repaired to the spot.

Next came the military, civil, and other officers of the Egyptian Government; and last, not least, at eight o'clock, came Habib Effendi, the venerable and respected Governor of

Cairo, to attend the opening of the waters. His bakael began to throw copper-money in handfuls for the poor into the canal. At sunrise the labourers stationed to cut the soil were at their work; and at a quarter-past eight the waters rushed in, and in ten minutes after a boat passed through, and floated for two miles inland.—Habib Effendi then presented the Cadi of Cairo with a caftan, or robe of honour; and his agent also gave other robes to the officers of the Cadi. The tents and two most beautiful flags of cloth of gold were now struck, and in a quarter of an hour the whole multitude had disappeared. All were dressed in their richest costumes, and all wore happy faces. The shouts of the multitude, and the roar of cannon at the first gush of waters was almost paralyzing, joined as it was with a prayer to Heaven from nearly every human being on the spot, whose numbers probably amounted to 250,000.

While the present extraordinary man at the head of Egypt lives, all will go well; but age is already pressing on him. Ibrahim, his son, is sickly; and a few years will probably dissolve the whole fabric, restore the dominion of the savages and the sands, lay the power of the great Viceroy in the same historic dust, where the valour of Saladin and the ferocity of the Beys had been laid, and leave nothing but the foundation for a new thousand-and-one nightly dreams of Arab and African splendours, the rhapsodies of future Egyptian minstrels, and the theme of travellers looking for the spirit of the mighty Mahommed Ali among the fragments of his towers and tombs.

The meeting of the Scientific Association at Liverpool has been among the most popular of those anniversaries. Things of this kind are easily turned into ridicule, and it must be acknowledged that some of the communications read at the meetings were remarkably trifling. We doubt whether the oratory of the professed haranguers was much above the commonplace rhetoric which usually figures in all assemblies, when self-sufficiency in the speaker is corresponded to by noisy ignorance in the hearers. And we think a much worse symptom, too, there is in all those meetings—a tendency to set scripture and science at variance, and to assert

a silly superiority over prejudice, on the silly ground of believing the nonsense of some rambling geologist, in preference to the declared and precise language of inspiration. But at Liverpool we certainly were spared the offensive folly of the hurrah of the rabble of cognoscenti, on a clergyman's giddily giving a date and origin to the world wholly contradictory to that which is expressly given in the Bible. The point is of the very highest importance, for if the Bible is untrue in one solemn statement, what is to sustain its authority in others? And we are to observe, that the Mosaic origin of the world is stated as a *fact* in the most important and solemn document in the Old Testament. The ten commandments is the *only* fact stated there, and on the statement of that fact is founded the institution of that seventh day, which was appointed to be kept sacred to worship, and to human rest through all ages, for the distinct emblem of the final happiness of mankind. "In *six days* God made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day." Nothing can be more unequivocal than this language. It is not to be diluted away by any critical artifice, such as that which profanely toys with the general Mosaic narrative. If the sceptic shelters himself under the phrase, "In the *beginning*," as indefinite, and idly argues that it *may* mean a thousand or a million of years, there is no possibility of even the shadow of such subterfuge, trifling as it is at best, in the language of the Decalogue. There the six days comprehend the whole mighty operation; and we have only to decide between the direct words of the Deity, and the flippant conjectures of busy sciolists, dabbling in enquiries confessedly in their infancy, investigations which have not examined a millionth part even of the earth's surface, which know nothing whatever of its interior beyond a few lime-pits and coal-mines, which are, by their own acknowledgment, but beginning to have any conception of the great agencies—the magnetic, electrical, and etherial influences—probably instrumental in all the phenomena of nature. This presumptuous philosophy is already forced to feel that there are other agencies at work of which man knows nothing but by their necessity, and which may be as numerous as the sands of the sea, and as powerful and

extensive as gravitation itself. Yet it is in the midst of this mass of immaturity and ignorance that the pretended philosopher lifts up his pert physiognomy, and pronounces his impudent oracle. The heavens and earth were created within the term of *six days*, or the Decalogue is untrue. If the geologist puts his little authority against this most solemn and awful of all Divine documents, we say, let him beware of the contradiction that amounts to blasphemy. If the ten commandments can be false, nothing in religion can be true. Is this putting down reason by religion? No. It is giving the greatest weight to reason; for it is arguing from that reason which proves that the Deity cannot propagate a falsehood, to the fact, that what he has declared must be a truth; that it is infinitely easier for human inexperience to blunder through want of knowledge, and for human vanity to blunder through want of sense, than for the Divine Being to partake of human fallibility; and finally, that it is wise to distrust the conclusions of inadequate knowledge, and wiser still to take as the principle of all investigation, the maxim, that the Deity can no more deceive than he can be deceived.

As to the childish subterfuge, that the "Days of creation may have been incomparably longer than days at present," let the astronomer settle this question. He will tell the sciolist that the addition of a month in the year would have required a totally different bulk of the globe, or a vast change in its gravitation—and that the lengthening of the day by even a single second, or its shortening by a single second, would have amounted, in our era, to an addition or diminution of no less than six hours in the day—a change which would totally subvert the length of the year, and with it the whole economy of vegetable and animal nature. In fact, the whole hypothesis is *untenable*.

It is to be observed, in the entire of this subject, that of all the sciences, geology is at present least worthy of the name of a science; that it is little more than fifty years old, owing its birth to Werner in the middle of the last century; that it must be, from its nature, the slowest of all sciences, it being wholly a matter of facts acquirable only by separate, slow, and extensive investigation of the surface

of the globe. Yet of all the sciences it is already the most presuming, and every trivial gatherer of pebbles fancies himself master of a theory of the globe. It is also disingenuous, for it assumes as facts what it must know not to be true. It thus states, that the globe is covered by four distinct layers, the agricultural soil, a layer of the remains of animals, a layer of those remains mixed with the remains of rocks, and a layer of solid granite. All this is untrue. The inspection of any common section of a mine will show that the mixture of strata is of the most miscellaneous kind. Again, we ask, has any man ever seen the *supposed* granite crust which is *supposed* to envelope the interior of the globe? Certainly no man. If the remnants of animals are generally within a small distance of the surface, what other evidence does this give, than that they were deposited there by some action not descending far below the surface, a deluge, or sudden catastrophe on the face of the globe? Even the perfect state of these skeletons shows that the catastrophe must have been *sudden*. For slow decay dissolves the framework. Unless the geologist adds to his theory that they were regularly laid up in coffins, mammoths and all. But bodies of animals suddenly overwhelmed, wrapped in clay, and thus excluded from the air, might last in their skeletons for ages. All this is not said to discountenance the true pursuits of the geologist, but the arrogance of the impudent and giddy infidel who boasts that he has found out an argument against the Scriptures. It is also to remind those of the clergy who are silly enough to lend themselves to the propagation of such follies, that they know as little of true geology as they have respect for the supreme wisdom of inspiration. We say that inspiration and science *cannot* be contradictory. We say that true wisdom, where any seeming contradiction appears, will wait for *more facts*, and, above all things, abstain from the insolent absurdity of pretending that religion fetters the mind in the investigation of nature.

This is the true principle of all useful enquiry; on this principle Bacon proceeded, and on this alone true science will suffer man to approach its wonders—namely, to take it for granted that the Deity understands his own works better than man can under

stand them ; and that what He has revealed of them in the Scriptures will be finally demonstrable even to the feeble comprehension of our limited capacities.

The Scientific Associations have been the subject of a good deal of ridicule. They certainly have exposed themselves to some burlesque, by the bustle and pomposity with which trifles have been frequently paraded before the public. But this will pass away in time. The intercourse of intelligent men always has its advantages ; obscure talent is brought forward ; slight hints are improved into important discoveries ; important discoveries obtain a publicity at once which they might have spent years in obtaining. Mr Cross's extraordinary voltaic experiments would probably have remained unknown for years, or for ever, but for the meeting at Bristol. And if the experiments which we are about to detail were the only results of those meetings, they would be worth the trouble, and excuse perhaps largely even all the pomposity, puffing, and all but the presumption.

The name of Mr Harris has become known through those associations, as a most ingenious experimentalist in electrical matters. The disastrous effects of lightning upon ships have often been the theme of discussion, though sufficient attention has not been turned to the preventive means within our power. Mr Harris, at the Liverpool meeting, read reports on the loss of his Majesty's ships Duke and Russell, and similar accidents. He said that he could state upwards of a *thousand* cases of destruction by the same agency, and many ships, he had no doubt, which had never been heard of from the period of their having set sail had been destroyed in the same way. By a very neat experiment he proved the utility of lightning-conductors as applied to houses. He placed a small quantity of gunpowder within a model of a house placed before him. With the conducting-wire attached the fluid passed down imperceptibly, but the moment this was removed, the gunpowder exploded. After having spoken forcibly of the dangers to which ships were exposed from lightning, the

lecturer proceeded to show that it was possible, by a very simple contrivance, to adapt conductors to them. This, he said, consisted in placing copper rods in a continuous line down the masts into the water. This was also illustrated by experiments on the model of a vessel. The first experiment was briefly as follows :—Some gunpowder was placed on the mainmast of the ship. A small quantity of percussion powder was put into a little paper funnel, about one-third down the mast. The conducting-chain passing this, was carried into a boat floating in the water, in which also was placed a small quantity of powder. Mr Harris explained, that by the conductors used on board of vessels at sea, the electricity was at once dissipated into the water. In this experiment, however, he wished to show that it could be conducted further. An artificial cloud, represented by a suspended mass of light cotton, was charged with electricity from the machine. This was brought in contact with the mast of the ship, when the powder on the cap of the mast, that on the boat, and not that on the table, instantaneously exploded. The percussion powder escaped, the fluid having been conducted past it. Mr Harris said he had the greatest confidence in this sort of conductor, and he read several testimonials to its practical utility. The last experiment was one to show the effects of lightning without a conductor. A model of a ship's mast was reared on the stage, with the metal conductor fixed in a small groove down one side. A strong shock was applied without any other effect than the slight crackling sound that is usual. The conductor was then removed ; a small quantity of gunpowder, it was stated, was placed between the two segments of the divided mast, the shock was applied, and the mast was instantly blown asunder. The effect of this, we may truly say, was electrical. The whole of these experiments were exceedingly interesting, and the audience testified their delight by loud and frequent plaudits. The noble chairman proposed a vote of thanks to Mr Harris, which was carried by acclamation.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE trustees of the National Gallery, the great purveyors to the public taste, have at length made a purchase. They have added three pictures to the collection, a *Salvator Rosa*, a *Murillo*, and a *Rubens*. We sincerely hope that, having done thus much, and having really laid out a considerable sum, they will not think it necessary to fold their arms and sleep for another year or so, to dream of what they have accomplished, but that they will strenuously set to work to increase the collection, that it may be worthy of the nation, and seriously propose to Parliament to build a gallery worthy of the collection. Upon that subject we wish to say a few words, believing that the public will not long rest satisfied with the mutilated endeavours in which the scheme has terminated; but it may be as well first to notice the pictures that have been within this last year added. Beyond all question, the principal picture is the *Murillo*. It is very fine—and none will regret that it has been placed in the National Gallery. In looking at this picture, we wish to forget the subject, which is too high for the genius of *Murillo*. It conveys neither the sanctity nor the mystery of the Trinity. Nor has any one character in it the impress of divinity. The attempt at the representation of *Jehovah* is even mean. *Mary* and *Joseph* are amiable peasants, both without dignity; the *Mother of the Infant Saviour*, one can readily believe to have been a portrait, the beauty of which may be questionable; and certainly the painter has not raised it by any peculiar expression above the common cast. The *Holy Child* is as perfect a representation of human affection as we have ever seen. *Correggio* would have made him more angelic—*Raphael* more intellectual—*Murillo* has thought of nothing but affection; and this figure, accordingly, is the most sweet and innocent personification of human affection. We say human, for we do not acknowledge any thing divine in the picture. We should, therefore, speak of it as a first-rate picture of the second class. We should not make many words about

the cost of pictures, because, to this great country, the cost of a National Gallery ought not to be narrowly circumscribed; but we fear that, when very high prices are given, still higher are likely to be demanded—and thus a serious obstacle may be raised against the real advancement of the National Gallery. Hence it happens that pictures that are thought worthy (and we are assured of the fact) of the National Collection, are not offered on such terms as they are, and would be, offered to private purchasers. The argument is, it is thought not worth while to go to Parliament for small purchases. What we would over and over again urge is, that there should be a liberal sum at the discretionary disposal of a well-formed committee, who should industriously seek good pictures,—not only of the very highest class, which are seldom met with, but good pictures still, very many of which may continually be had for a few hundred pounds, or less, each; especially if there be no parade of their being wanted for the nation. We believe this *Trinity* of *Murillo* and the *Rubens*, the *Bitten by the Serpents*, were offered together at eight thousand pounds—that six were given for the *Murillo*, and one for the *Rubens*. If the sum to be expended by, and for the nation, were limited, we should regret this high purchase, for we believe it to be greatly above the value. But as we see no reason why the expenditure should be very limited, we in no other way regret it, than as it may have a tendency to raise other purchases. The *Murillo* is, however, a great acquisition. It is beautifully coloured, in perfect harmony; and it must be a hard heart indeed that will not be softened and made more gentle under its benign influence. The *Rubens*, when we saw it, was not in a situation for us to judge of all its merits. It certainly showed somewhat conspicuously all the defects of the master; the question is, what it has of his peculiar beauties? None were visible. We do not say they do not exist; but it did appear to be one of those pictures which, because histori-

cal, and vigorously painted, with a coarse display of the naked figure, there is a fashion to call fine; but from which we never yet met with any one bold enough to own that he received pleasure, or with which he entertained any sympathy. We are very incredulous of those sort of pictures being by Rubens's own hand. We believe it was a common thing with him to give the design, and perhaps some few masterly touches—but that the general work was not his. Wherever his own hand is distinguishable, there is always a wondrous execution and daring certainty, and such clearness and decision of colour, that make these masterpieces. But where he did this, the pieces were of his own devotion—therefore of his genius;—they were somewhat out of the line of his common Historical, or of his Allegorical History. If ever the public taste should be emancipated from the dogmas of connoisseurs, and the imposing cant of historical subjects, we shall find many a vulgar piece degraded from its too high position and estimation—and the more pleasing, and much more meritorious works, and having infinitely more of the stamp of genius, but more modest, and less ostentations, that now scarcely demand hundreds of pounds, where the others demand thousands, raised to their places and value. How many such do we see; there is no country so rich in them as our own; they may be purchased daily, and our National Gallery enriched; but there is no one to act, no one to collect, and our Gallery is left to insipid or timid caterers, who must wait till some striking humbug arouse and impose upon the public. The very timidity of reliance upon private independent judgment engenders rashness when there is a real or fancied public sanction. The thing will never be done well until there be not only good tastes, but strong minds to do it—and until there be room and scope given by Parliament, with full confidence in the persons they may judiciously select, and urge strenuously to do the duty intrusted to them. The other purchase is the *Salvator Rosa*—"The Woodman," exhibited last year in the Institution, Pall-Mall. This has been purchased at, we believe, sixteen hundred pounds. It would be a good

price, were the picture perfect. We are truly sorry to see it in so lamentable a state; and we fear it is beyond the art of the cleaner to restore it. It has lost all its colour. It is difficult to account for its condition; it has a very peculiar look, as if it had been subjected to some chemical process, which had not only destroyed its colour, but in many parts the very texture of the paint, giving the appearance of rottenness over the surface, through to the very ground. We have not the slightest doubt but that it was painted with strong and varied tints—that the sky was of a deep blue, as well as the distant mountains. It is a noble composition; but there is now nothing in it that would not be more agreeable to the eye in a good print—and we wish to see it well engraved, and then we hope there will be some attempt to restore it. The experiment may be tried on a small portion, and it will easily be seen if there be a hope of success. We made some remarks upon this picture last year when it was exhibited in Pall-Mall. We then stated that we knew of another of the same subject—that is full of colour; but in the foliage it has not the same beauty of composition. We then remarked upon the general brown stain over the whole surface, as of tobacco water; and it is singular that we have noticed something of the same kind in Gainsborough's pictures, as if purposely done to give them the appearance of age. It would be fair to presume, that in purchasing this *Salvator Rosa*, the trustees are satisfied that it may be restored, or they would not have given such a sum for it. We have heard that it once sold for L.2000. It is astonishing how an accidental bidding-up at some celebrated sale will establish in perpetuity a high value. It would be curious, if the history of some pictures were well known; it is scarcely credible what an adventitious value is often attached to works that would barely stand upon their own merits. There are persons who could tell strange tales; but there are too many interested in secrecies. We cannot take up a catalogue without being convinced of a certain humbug. It is ostentatiously displayed that such a picture is from such and such a collection, as if the family pedigree of the possessor had

stamped his furniture with nobility. We always look upon this display as silly vanity, and degrading to the true dignity of the art, which ought rather to dignify the possessor than receive honour from him. There are not more tricks in jockeyship and horse-dealing than in pictures—and it ever will be so, until the taste of the opulent collectors, and indeed of the public in general, shall be able to walk without leading-strings, and those adventitious values be scouted by the common sense of all. It is the easiest thing in the world to lift a collection to a high humbug pitch, especially if the possessors be persons of high rank or acknowledged taste, or are known to have given large sums for certain pictures. A few judicious high purchases will sell off a whole collection of trash. They are like theatrical stars, that will make a poor company pass muster. It can but seldom happen that the notoriety of a wholesale national robbery, or a "Spanish plunder," may fortunately attend a collection to the hammer; but there are other ways, perhaps not less sure, of establishing the value of a collection intended for the market. We will suppose a case, and we are aware that there are many who will be ready to say it is no supposition at all. A person of some rank or notoriety, either at home or abroad, wishes to dispose of his collection. He can afford to wait his time. He does his best to make it notorious—perhaps makes a purchase or two at good prices; by this, all in his collection will at once be invested with a higher value. In proper time he brings the whole to the hammer. Many will at once sell very well from the eclat of the collection; others are bought in by *friends* at the auction, whose names will appear in the catalogue, at very extravagant prices. If known to have been bought in, they will be thought to have cost great sums, and thus a stamped value is given to them. But there will be no occasion for the possessor keeping them long. These catalogues, marked with the prices, are pretty largely circulated at home and abroad; and in good time the pictures are sent to proper places, either for the home or foreign market, and the catalogues, with the names of the former purchasers and prices, make a sort of

minimum value; and he is thought, or thinks himself fortunate, who can get them any thing below this stamped yet fictitious value. Another very common mode, by which a false estimation will frequently pass current through the hands of many dupes, is when pictures are valued in exchange, thus:—Mr A. and Mr B. are in treaty, we will say, for a Raphael; Mr A. wishes to purchase—Mr B. to sell. Mr B. values the piece at L.1000. Mr A. says I cannot give you so much; but if you will take pictures in exchange, I will not object to the price; here are two pictures I value at three hundred and fifty each, L.700, and I will give three hundred in cash, so that you will have your L.1000. The bargain is concluded. Mr A., with a safe conscience, can assert that he purchased the Raphael at L.1000; and Mr B. that he gave L.350 each for the two he took in exchange. So all these pictures go again at some convenient time into the market, with a warranting of these prices, as a horse would of his soundness; and this will hold its virtue through some few hands, until it be lost or expended by being in the possession of some *insignificant* dupe. We once had a picture of no merit, and which had been sold for about the value of the frame; we threw it in as a make-weight in an exchange with a dealer, and a year or two afterwards saw it in a nobleman's collection, as a recent purchase at five hundred pounds; it neither cost nor brought us in much more, frame and all, than as many pence. Perhaps we showed a lamentable lack of taste, and threw away a treasure; but the public were certainly at one time of our opinion. We are surprised that no dealers and connoisseurs, in their retirement, have written their adventures; there must be many histories of the trade that would be very amusing. It is time to turn from our digression to the National Gallery. The new purchases have been freely remarked upon. There are two presents, or a present and a bequest, that call for some observation. The bequest is a very beautiful Nicolo Poussin; as it was not, however, in so good a light that we could see it to the best advantage, we will reserve our particular criticism to another occasion. But there is an atrocious present which

calls forth more than ordinary indignation. It is a portrait of a Mrs Robinson, said to be by Sir Thomas Lawrence; if it be by his hand, it was at a time when he could not paint; and it is a disgrace to his memory and his high talents to suspend such a thing, as his, in the National Gallery. As a work of art, it is contemptible—it is abominably drawn, designed, and painted. If possible it is worse than the *Troilus and Cressida* of Opie, to which it may be a proper companion; and Pandarus may fitly introduce them both. We do not profess to know who this Mrs Robinson is, that she should be displayed as national property; but if it be the once celebrated Mrs Robinson, we think it a gross insult upon the public, thus audaciously to blazon to the common eye the utterly worthless production. We were the more vexed to see this portrait supplying the place of that of Schomburg by Gainsborough, as it reminded us of a great loss. That portrait retrieved the fame of Gainsborough from the ill reputation it was likely to acquire from his two vile landscapes in the collection, which, though very costly, we believe to be nearly worthless, especially the market-cart, which is probably as vulgar a subject, and as ill-executed a picture as ever came from Gainsborough's easel. The other may possibly be better than it looks at present, if the dingy stain, which is all over it, were removed.

How differently do the Claudes strike us at different times; we attribute this to the light, as it may chance to be favourable or unfavourable. The windows (we are speaking of the rooms in Pall Mall) are large, and the light too much from below, consequently, unless it be of a reduced quality, makes those delicately painted pictures lose some of their richness and mellowness. We thought even the embarkation of St Ursula looked harder in execution, and weaker in effect, than we had ever before seen it. We are persuaded that the fault is not with the picture, which had so often fascinated the eye with its beauty, and come upon the judgment as perfect. The embarkation of the Queen of Sheba appeared with wonderful lustre and richness. Indeed at this view we gave it the preference to the other. It may be worth while to mention this impression, because it shows the

necessity of exercising no little judgment in hanging pictures of such great value; and we should be glad to see in a National Gallery a number of rooms, each not too large for single pictures, and in which there would be the choicest and most appropriate light. Pictures of studied aerial perspective absolutely require that there should be no crossing and intervening lights between them and the eye of the spectator. We never can leave the Gallery without sitting down a considerable time before each of the two Correggios,—the "*Ecce Homo*," and the "*Mercury instructing Cupid*." Whoever has studied in a small room at Parma the six beautiful pictures by that wonderful master, will recognise the full power of his genius in these two, purchased from the Marquis of Londonderry. We cannot but believe them to be the finest pictures the nation possess, and the cheapest purchase.

Perhaps there is nothing in the whole range of art more truly pathetic than the "*Ecce Homo*." The fainting mother of the bound Redeemer, with the sufferings of her soul strongly impressed upon the countenance, even when sense has left her, shows the extraordinary power of Correggio. The supporting figure, which is but partially seen, is expressive of the most perfect sympathy. These two, the only female figures, in their agony and love are contrasted with the indifference of Pilate, and the stern power of the Roman soldier, who stands by Him "who is led as a lamb to the slaughter." The head of our Saviour has been greatly admired; and it has even been said that from this source the Carracci and their pupils drew the character of our Saviour. We are sorry we do not see this great excellence, excepting as to the colour and manner of painting; we are not so struck with this figure. It was one of immense difficulty. We should rather say that the whole power of the great master was devoted to the maternal anguish. The affliction is sublime, and how perfect is the painting, even to the hands; and the hue of the drapery, especially that indescribable blue near the flesh tones, make them appear awful in suffering. It is taken from the passage, "Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And

Pilate saith unto them 'behold the man.'" But we should say that the mind of the great painter was strongly impressed with the whole of his subject, and had reverted to the prophecy of the aged Simeon when he took the Infant Saviour in his arms, and "said unto Mary his mother, Behold this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against—*Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also.*" The great sacrifice, and this completion of Simeon's prophecy, appear here brought together—for in truth a sword does pierce through the soul of the agonized mother. Pilate is evidently turning away to depart, and the bleeding Saviour is left to the consummation of the malice of his enemies. We see not the triumph over death, the great victory for mankind. Here all is suffering. The subject of this sublime picture is rather the maternal anguish than the divine passion. Both these pictures are painted in a most wonderful manner, they are so pure, so perfectly unclogged with any material of alloy, that they astonish by a brilliancy that greatly heightens their power. They are highly finished, yet is the art of their workmanship throughout concealed. The larger picture, the "Mercury instructing Cupid," is well known to have been a favourite subject with the master. He is said to have painted three. One is described in the catalogue of the pictures at Whitehall, as "almost as large as life." It has been often copied, but most of the copies are of a browner cast. The lightness and freshness of this picture are peculiar beauties, and there is a sunny light on some leafage between the two figures Mercury and Venus, connecting them above, as the Cupid does below, that is omitted in the copies we have seen; and how wonderfully is this foliage designed and coloured! How very distinctly marked are the three figures as to their substantial forms, the graceful perfection of beautiful life in the Venus, the quivering infantine flesh of the Cupid, and the more masculine vigour of Mercury. The wings of the infant god are not, as we commonly see them,

stuck on, as if torn from a partridge for the purpose; they grow, and are growing naturally, and you would believe they began to feather with the first teeth, and that they were already helping the infantine unsteadiness of the feet; and how deep is the look of the child, though it be downward, as if conscious of a power of teaching, rather than of a love of learning. The surprising genius of Correggio is shown in the perfect modesty of this picture. Here are three figures with less drapery than it is usual for art to invest figures withal—and such figures too, the love-inspiring Venus, and the not very nice Mercury, and the infant God of Love. And yet is the picture more remarkable for its modesty than for its grace, which is yet perfect. We confess we are ignorant of the source from whence Correggio borrowed his subject. It is like an ancient gem; but we mean we know not from what author he has taken this introduction of Cupid to Mercury by Venus to be taught. Certainly the Heathen mythology sanctions the propriety of bringing Cupid to Mercury as to his father; and Horace's wish is, that both Mercury and Cupid should attend Venus to the house of Glycera. "*Fervidus tecum Puer*"—"Mercuriusque." Besides, Mercury is the God of Eloquence and Letters. And who can deny the beauty of the "Infant School" under umbrageous boughs, and what is better, under Care paternal and maternal? We have a very old copy of this picture, on seeing which, many years ago, the good old late Bishop of Hereford, Huntingford, peace to his pious soul! wrote some Greek verses; which, as we do not know that they have ever been published, we will insert, and with them our attempt at translation. But we must give the precedence to the ancient Greek, which it is no lame compliment to allow the modern to follow, though he comes with an innocent heart and Episcopal dignity. We find an Idyll of Bion, in which Venus brings the young god to a shepherd to be taught, which, as it is, like every thing Greek, a vivid picture, we will transcribe, with our translation.

Α ΜΕΓΑΛΑ μοι Κύπρις ἔθ' ὑπνώοντι παῖσι
 Νηπίαχον τὸν Ἑρωτα καλῶς ἐκ χειρὸς ἀγοίσαι
 Ἐς χθόνα νηυσάδοντα· τὸσοι δὲ μοι ἔφραστο μῦθοι,

Μῆλ' αὖ μοι, φίλε βῆτα, λαβὼν τὸν Ἔρωτα διδάσκει.
 Ὡς λόγι, χ' ἂ μοι ἀπῆλθ' ἔγῳ ὅσα βυκαλιασθῶ,
 Νέπτιος, ὡς ἰδολόγτα μαθήσιν τοι Ἑρώτα διδάσκει,
 Ὡς ὤρι πλάγ' αὐλον ὁ Παν, ὡς αὐλὸν Ἀθάνα,
 Ὡς χαλὸν Ἑρμῶν κίθαρον ὅς ἄδ' ὧς Ἀπολλών.
 Ταῦτα μοι ἐξιδίδασκεν ὁ δ' ἐν ἱμνωζέτο μίσθω,
 Ἀλλὰ μοι αὐτὸς αἰδὼν ἱερὰ τυλα, καὶ μ' ἰδίδασκε
 Θνητῶν ἀθανάτων τι πένθος, καὶ μακρὸς ἔργα
 Κέρων ἐλαθεῖν μοι ὅταν τὸν Ἔρωτα διδάσκει
 Ὅσσ' αὖ δ' Ἑρως μ' ἰδίδασκεν ἱερὰ τυλα, πάντα ἰδιδάχων.

Bion, *Idyll* 3.

As I slept the great Venus stood by me, and said
 (In her beautiful hand a young infant she led,
 And i'faith it was Cupid,
 Who look'd very stupid,
 And to the ground ever hung downward his head),

"Here, take him, good shepherd, 'tis Cupid I bring,
 So make him thy scholar and teach him to sing."
 Then straight she departed:
 And I, silly-hearted,
 Began, for I thought the boy pleased with the thing.

I sang of Pan's pipe, as a true shepherd ought,
 Of Pallas's flute, how his shell Hermes wrought,
 Of Apollo's sweet lyre—
 But little desire
 Had he, the sly urchin, for all that I taught.

But himself began singing—O delicate cooings,
 The loves both of gods and of men, the soft doings
 Of Venus, his mother,
 I thought of no other
 Blest thing upon earth but of love-tales and wooings.

All that I should have taught him from memory fled,
 E'en the old shepherd songs they went out of my head
 Still faster and faster,
 For he now was master,
 And all that he taught remained fix'd in their stead.

If for the Shepherd we read Mercury, this *Idyll* may be not unaptly considered the subject of the picture.

Let us now turn to the good Bishop's sportive muse, and though Puritanical eyes, not *pure*, would turn away from the three Heathen nudities, not so did the chaster eyes of the tasteful Bishop. "To the pure all things are pure, so was it with him.

Ερως

Μη διδάσκισθαι καταγινώσκων Μουσικὰ τε γραφεῖντα—οὐδὲ παρὰ τούτοις,

Μουσικὰ τι σπουδὴς Μητρὶ μὲν γραφεῖντα διδάσκων,
 Μισῶν ὡς οὐδ' αὖ, πάντα πύφουκα ποιοῖ.
 Ἐστὶ γὰρ τρεῖσι, τρεῖσι μαλακῶς τι φλυαρεῖν
 Ἐκ Σὺ γινώσκων, ταῦτα πρὶ ποτὶ δακῆ.
 Καὶ δυναμαὶ, μιλῶν ἀδίδακτος, θυμὸν Ἐρασιν
 Οὐτῶν, ἐμπεῖας τε γλυκυπικρὰ βίλη·
 Ἐργὸν οἷοιτ' ὅφιν τοδ' ἐν ἡμεῶσι δακρυῶν κινῆ.
 Δὲς παλιν ὡ δὲ σὺ παιγνίῳ φαιδρὰ τίκων.

Cupid begs that he may not be taught to read written character (music), thus :

I cannot learn, dear mother, pray
 These scrawls and scratches take away ;
 'Tis 'gainst my nature ; I was born,
 You know it well, such things to scorn,
 And labours of all kinds to shun,
 And laughter love, and frolic fun,
 As best becomes my mother's son. }
 What need I learn ? untaught I sing
 Songs, such as hearts of lovers wring,
 And with my sweet and bitter arrows
 I pierce them to their very marrows.
 O, take this wise-men's work away,
 See how they make mine eyelids wet !
 Dear mother, give me back my play,
 Your son is but an infant yet.

We are not surprised that the bachelor bishop, who defied the influence of the little arch-divinity, should somewhat miss his character. He looks down indeed, but he sheds no tears, and makes no entreaty. He has too proud a spirit, and too inventive a wit for that ; the shepherd's account of him is the best, when he learnt of him his "*Amo amas amavi*." Doubtless, the bishop, in the days when he handled the birch, had many a time witnessed, if not caused tears, at this initiative lesson, and could not get the idea out of his head, and ever made conjugation the stumbling-block of love. His verses are playful, pleasant, and innocent, and, we dare to say, good Greek.

We have spoken freely upon the humbug frequently practised in the purchase of pictures ; but there is an ever prevailing absurdity of so worshipping names deservedly great, that the veriest trash by certain hands is trumped forth as the highest efforts of human genius. Worthless scraps, with which the artists themselves would have lighted their fires, are treasured far above gold. This is of the rage of autograph collecting. But this taste should be left to the minor diletanti. The caterers for the nation should have a far higher aim. We make these remarks, because we hear absurd sums mentioned, at which it is proposed that the nation should purchase the collection of old drawings made by Sir Thomas Lawrence. That a great many of these are very fine no one will deny, but they are not of the extravagant value ascribed to them ; the greater part are below mediocrity, and there is much positive trash.

With very few exceptions, there is little that may not be surpassed every day by hundreds, or more, of artists. We hear indeed of such absurd sums as twenty and thirty thousand pounds. We should be very sorry if Parliament gave their sanction to such humbug. Let any one look over the collection of Claude's drawings in the British Museum ; if he can have patience to go through them without yawning, he must be a patient idolator indeed. The majority are utterly worthless in every respect. We are glad to see a good selection of them, as fac-similes, and Mr Lewis has performed this task wonderfully, and has chosen about twenty. It would puzzle him much to go beyond this. If we had seen Claude sketch the greater part, we would not have said "thank ye" for them, nor would we have any desire now to be burdened with such childish trash—yet we know not how many thousand pounds were given for them. So it is with the Lawrence collection ; if they are such wonderful things, let fac-similes be made of the best, and largely circulated, and it matters little what becomes of the rest. There was much trick in the way in which they were exhibited ; engravings of some were hung by the originals, to show how imperfect is the transcript. Very true, they are imperfectly, badly engraved—but the art of engraving is now another thing ; and we venture to say, that there are many engravers who would make wonderfully correct fac-similes. We have only to revert, as we said before, to Lewis's Claudes to prove that, as well as other works of the kind by him. We do not perhaps speak with accuracy, but we

believe that there were twelve exhibitions, and perhaps each contained one hundred drawings. In the whole, then, good bad and indifferent, scrawls sketches and scratches, there may be about twelve hundred, at twenty or thirty thousand pounds. It is monstrous—and we most sincerely hope the public will not submit to the imposition. But supposing they were purchased, what are the nation to do with them? How are they to have access to them? If they are framed and glazed, they will occupy a whole National Gallery—if they are not, they will be thumbed and spoilt, in portfolios, particularly the chalk drawings—and persons must be constantly in attendance to watch that they are neither injured nor purloined. Lock them up, and make a difficulty of seeing them, and they are no longer national property, and yet would be a most expensive national purchase. If you cover the walls with them, nineteenth century could never be seen, for they ought all to be level with the eye; and they would evidently occupy so much space that nothing else could be seen, in the present gallery at least; and would it be worth while to build one a mile in length on purpose? It is very easy in the public papers to puff them, and urge the public to purchase them; but it is a downright trafficking quackery, and we most sincerely hope that the money which Parliament seem so grudgingly disposed to invest in art will not be directed out of the legitimate channel, that of purchasing pictures of the *old masters in oil*, because there happen to be a few very clever drawings and sketches, very imperfect in comparison with those pictures by the most celebrated painters. Pictures can be seen without being injured, and without the necessity of favour, or difficulty. We are thoroughly persuaded that if all equally valuable sketches are to be purchased by the nation, successively after the artists have been dead a century, and on such high terms, they will be so many, that we must acquire a new and rather large national debt to pay for the folly.

We learn by the newspapers that there is much discussion going on, as to the laying out the ground in front of the National Gallery. We think it much more important that the discussion should be as to what is to be

done with the National Gallery itself. We have before shown, and indeed it has been fully shown before the committee on art appointed by Parliament, how utterly inadequate it is in all respects to its purpose. We would again and again urge that it be given up to modern artists, and afford all the means of competing with the Academy;—and let there be a noble emulation;—let a committee have the management of it, or give it up to another, and perhaps larger and better constituted body than the Royal Academy; or make it a public exhibition for all artists, with means for facilitating the sale of their works. Include engravers and statuary. It cannot be long a National Gallery, and ought not to be one at any time—it is vilely constructed for the purpose, and never can be sufficiently enlarged to contain that which the nation ought to possess. It is under a strong impression that the public attention will and must be directed to the building another gallery, that we insert an extract we made from one of the public prints, we believe the *Times*, in 1833. We perfectly agree with the writer. There is practical good sense in the remarks, and as the space recommended is still unoccupied, we think the proposed plan cannot be too often before the public. And it is to be hoped that when Parliament meet, there will be a new committee on the state of the arts, and the means of promoting them formed, who will very seriously consider the subject. But we hope at the same time that there will be a better separation of the subjects then considered, and that manufactures and the fine arts will not be so inseparably jumbled together, as they were by the last committee. The extract we allude to is as follows:—

“ THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

“ There has been much discussion in the journals as to the ground-plan and elevation of the intended National Gallery in Trafalgar Square; but the question whether that situation is or is not the most eligible, seems but little to come into examination. Before it is too late, it would be well to pause.

“ The present proposed cramped site appears to the writer, and he thinks it will appear so to others upon reflection, to be objectionable on more grounds than one. Its only advantage, that of being central, is not such as to counterbalance

its disadvantage. A Gallery of Paintings is not like an Exchange of merchants, which men of business must daily attend.

"The ground at Trafalgar Square is most valuable to build on, and, without applying it for shops, would produce a large sum, still preserving a handsome elevation, which sum would be available towards the expense of constructing the Gallery in another situation, and thus, by increasing the building fund, give greater means of producing a Gallery worthy of the nation.

"The Regent's Park (the inner circle) would surely be a better situation. The land there, unappropriated, it may be said, would cost nothing, and instead of being straitened in size, would admit of a Gallery at any time being extended, to embrace future demands for room as the collection shall increase, and the pictures would be preserved much better in the finer air of the Park. Escaping the great mass of smoke, they would require cleaning less often, a very important matter in their preservation, to say nothing of the frames, whose gilding would not look worse from avoiding the dirtying effect of smoke. A handsome public building in the centre of the Regent's Park would be a great ornament. At present it is nearly surrounded by terraces, mostly of equal architectural importance, and there seems to be a want of some principal leading feature, such as a national building would be.

"As to the distance that the public would have to go to see the pictures, that is surely no real objection; those who are attracted by the love of art will not regret the occasional walk, which is not only conducive to health, but they would see the pictures to greater advantage in the clearer air, and their own enjoyments would be increased by its exhilaration. A great many thousand persons annually visit the Zoological Gardens, notwithstanding the distance is considerably greater. No one would complain of a walk or ride in pursuit of an agreeable object.

"Is it not absurd to build on a spot where every foot of land is worth pounds per annum, when in another situation, really preferable, all things considered, the money value of the land is comparatively nothing, and the quantity unlimited with respect to any probable demand?

"There would be another advantage in the unrestricted space—it would afford the opportunity of a gallery of casts from the antique. We have libraries, where the public can have access to books, and there is now a public collection of pictures, but as to statuary, we hear of the 'Apollo,' the 'Laocoon,' the 'Dying Gladiator,' &c.; but unless we take a

journey to Italy, we have no means of gratifying the eye, or improving the taste, by seeing a semblance of those works of art. The expense of casts, compared with the cost of the originals, is scarcely to be named; and though not possessing the beautiful material of the marble, yet, in such a collection, we should be enabled to assemble, under one roof, exact copies of *chefs-d'œuvre* of statuary scattered over the various parts of Europe; an exhibition that would be very interesting, and highly improving to the public taste."

We have but little to add to this recommendation, but that we think the very construction of a National Gallery for the Exhibition of Pictures and Statues should be reconsidered. It does appear that, hitherto, too much attention has been paid to the one display and magnificence of a room. We are perfectly aware of the difficulty of constructing a Gallery for statues; we have never seen one wherein statues could be viewed with varied lights—or we might be better understood by movable lights—so that each statue might have as many illuminations as possible. But this difficulty it is the province of the architect of genius to overcome; and with regard to pictures, very large rooms for small paintings are very unfit, and high rooms the most unfit of all. Most pictures should be upon a level with, or rather below the eye. Those placed above are sadly misplaced—they pain the eye, and lose the best part of their effect. Again, how many are there that should have rooms with peculiar lights, and one room each, that cannot be seen in company without both giving and receiving injury. We should prefer a great number of small rooms to a few large; at the same time, we would have ample space for those of more imposing dimensions. This being the case, and it being impossible to limit either the number or size of pictures, it would be most desirable that the National Gallery be built in a position and style that will admit of continual enlargement. We earnestly hope that artists will petition Parliament that, as one-half of the present National Gallery has been given up to the Royal Academy, so the remainder may be given up to them; and we trust that one will then be built worthy the dignity of the nation, and that they will take care to fill it with works worthy of the building.

HOMER A FAVOURITE OF TIME.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

October 14, 1837.

EXCELLENT SIR,—A Quarterly Reviewer, not a great many numbers ago, strongly recommended that some of the Homeric Essays of HERDER should be introduced to the knowledge of the British public. The recommendation did credit to its author; but *your* contributors, compared with other men, remind one of the Spartan boast over the Athenians of old,—“What they say, we do.” Of this great truth behold an evidence before you!

The paper we have here given out of Herder's “*Schriften zur Griechischen Literatur*,” is one of his best. No doubt there is a little quaintness—a little obscurity—in short, a little *Germanism*, which your penetrating optics will detect; and the good gentleman dwells on some things with mighty emphasis, which are among the mere rudiments of Homeric criticism at the present day. Yet the man of genius and eloquence is, we think, manifest throughout this essay; and if you, dear Kit, like the sample, we may perhaps furnish you with a little more of the same article.

THINE.

‘ WHEN Thales was asked what thing he held to be the wisest in the world, he answered—“Time: for it has found out all things.”’

In accordance with this sentiment, the Greeks gave to their Time-god, Chronos, the loftiest and fairest titles. He was the *Father of the Universe—the Discloser of Truth—the Touchstone and the Whetstone of Thought—the best Counsellor of Mortals*. He was the *Alleviator—the Improver—the Judge*. He it was who brought the unknown to light, who let the known sink into darkness.

So might we say, in the spirit of another allegory, that men live in a perpetual strife with this primeval deity; that many of his children arrogate what he alone has done, or could have done: and that, under a different appellation, he has often gained for the fortunate, without their looking for it, a crown of the richest glory.

Who is a stranger to those names of antiquity, more than one of which appear to embrace within themselves the discoveries of whole centuries? *Thaaut, Theut, Thot, Hermes, Orpheus*; there is scarcely an art or a science, that has contributed to humanize man's existence, whose commencement is not ascribed to one of these. Such names are comprehensive

constellations on the field of a black sky—the great signs of the Zodiac of Time.

It is with undertakings and adventures as with discoveries. Those that are simply and solely the offspring of Time, we would always fain refer to individuals. Romulus and Numa, for example, when they built the walls, and established the religion of Rome, must be believed to have already contemplated all that arose within those walls through the aid of Time, or that diffused itself—through the aid of Time—beyond those walls in every direction! Alexander, on his entrance into Asia, or at the moment of founding a city in Egypt, must have anticipated what the slow evolution of ages has hardly brought to pass! Thus, too, in the case of Julius Cæsar—thus, in the case of Mahomet—thus, in the case of many another conqueror, lawgiver, or teacher of new creeds; whereas the fact is, that even the actual productions of men, the most proper and peculiar issue of their own souls, industry, and ambition—but I will speak rather by instances than ratiocination. Let us summon before us one of the happy favourites of Time; and, in considering his character, I will venture to follow the very order wherein the thoughts I have to state developed themselves in my mind.

1.—ARE THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY BY THE SAME AUTHOR?

When in my early years I read Homer almost exactly as one would a tale, I asked, coolly and dispassionately, whether it were one and the same Homer who composed the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*? “Undoubtedly,” was the answer; “only in the one case he was young, in the other old; in the one case he was the rising, in the other the setting sun.” The answer pleased me well enough, but I interpreted the figure of the rising and setting sun (borrowed, for aught I know, and very aptly too, from Longinus) after a fashion of my own. Thenceforth the *Iliad* was to me, as its scene suggests, an *Eastern World*, the *Odyssey* a *Western*. So, said I, do things go on in heaven and earth.

Here it is the same. The *Eastern Homer* and the *Homer of the West*—in my bosom both shall dwell together at peace. I should have to write a little volume did I seek to unfold the difference of the two poems and the things in them, both in essential quality and in outward form; and, after all, people might be inclined to cry out,—“*You are dreaming!*” Methinks, however, each poem has its peculiar atmosphere, its sky, its panorama of objects in the upper, the middle, and the nether world. The one is our Homer of the East (ὁ τῆς ἡμῶν ἡλικίας τε), the other our Homer of the West (ὁ τοῦ ζήρον ἡλικίαντα), according to his own distribution of the universe.

2.—THE VAST ASSEMBLAGE OF THINGS IN HOMER'S POETRY.

When I read Homer for the second time, I endeavoured, apart from all theories and rules, to frame for myself a lively image of his *contents*. Then did I wonder at the mingled opulence and order of the ideas he pours forth—at his prodigious prospect of the *whole* in its minutest parts. I understood how it was that later Greeks exalted Homer to a god, and his two poems to an encyclopædia of all human knowledge.* Of a verity, it is a total world of things and persons in heaven and earth that lies open in his song. What portion of man's knowledge has he not touched upon? He, father of the Grecian cosmology and history, of geography and heraldry, of eloquence and verse! “How,” I exclaimed, “did Homer reach this wide comprehension of things, toge-

ther with their exactest portraiture?” Not only on Olympus above, and in the kingdom of shadows below, but over the face of the visible globe—in Troy—in Ithaca—in every bay and valley of Greece—he is so familiar with landscapes, streams, and races; he paints them with such vivid and authentic strokes; that one may detect a certain universality of description, as far as the horizon of the Greeks extended, to have been one aim in the arrangement of his lays. *Of that ancient family something must be said—that people, yonder city, this scene, and the events it witnessed, must not be overlooked!* All, it would appear, that could interest Greeks was meant to be included in the two great poems; and if there was no place for any particular object, it must find room on the shield of

* Witness one of the anonymous epigrams of the Anthology:—

εἰ θεὸς ἴσται· Ὅμηρος, ἐν ἀθανάτοισι τιθεῖσθαι
εἰ δ' αὖ μὴ θεὸς ἴσται, νομίζεσθαι διὰς ἱόναι.

Is Homer god? high 'mid the gods enthrone him!
Is Homer man? still for a god we'll own him!

And another:

ἔρε φύσις, μέλις εὖρε· τιθεῖσθαι δ' ἱπαύσκετο μέχθαι,
εἰς ἕνα μοῦνον Ὅμηρον ἄλην τρέψασα μιν οἴη.

Great Nature gave him birth, and ceased her pain,
For Homer's getting emptied every vein!

Achilles, at the games in honour of Patroclus, or on the borders of the earth. And so *did* every thing find room so apt and ample, that I am forced to envy the old bard, as much for what he touches in the act of passing by, as for what he dwells on in the most leisurely detail. Try the experiment—go through the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* with this view, and you will be astounded at the copiousness, the concatenation, the mutual dependence of these allusions by the way.

“What!” said I, “and was this all-comprehending, this nicely-methodizing genius the property of a *single minstrel*?” Clearly, in this very point, is he single and alone. Hesiod and all other survivors of that primitive

epoch, compared to him, are nothing better than crude masses, or materials blown together at random. And yet Homer is the oldest poet, and those poor unfinished versifiers lived after him! I read Blackwell’s excellent Enquiry, whereof one may affirm that its author was the first to entertain a great conception of Homer and his age. He satisfied me in much, but not in every thing. The same was the impression made by Wood, although he presses nearer, if I may so word it, to the birth-place of Homer. And thus, since the fountains of this poetry, like the sources of the Nile, forbade a close approximation, I was content to adore them at a distance.

3.—HOMER CONSIDERED AS A SINGER.

Once more it was worth while to go through Homer for the sake of the melody—a main point in his productions. These poems were not composed to be *read*. They were *sung*. They were intended to be *heard*.* To this aim is directed the whole structure of the heroic hexameter—the ever-varying, ever-progressive current of its forms and tones. From this proceed the oft-repeated words and epithets, the recurring lines and half-lines, the easy connexion of the thoughts through a number of seemingly superfluous particles, which gave continuity and movement to the living elocution; and, lastly, the entire art of those unfettered periods, whereof the body of Homeric composition consists. The hexameter was made for a *singer*. He could not, he dared not, halt or hesitate. He was borne along upon the wings of song. Even the facile and monotonous endings of the verse allured him to carry on, without

effort, an image or a tale. A series of recurring lines and phrases gave the minstrel time for further thought, while they filled with pleasurable sounds the ears of the audience. Passages could be transplanted—innumerable little strokes could be brought forward again—so that he who had sung some cantos of the *Iliad*, might sing the whole Trojan war in the same manner. The minstrel swam and disported himself in a most free and open element.

Well for Homer, who sang while he invented, and invented while he sang! Well also for his successors, the Homerides! The fountain of heroic verse flowed inexhaustible for them. But how stand matters in this respect, with regard to the preservation of such songs in the mouths of the rhapsodists? Suppose them to have learned their Homer with fidelity the most conscientious, to have repeated it with a sort of superstitious reverence,

* We need not enter here on the question of the antiquity of an alphabet in Greece. It came, no doubt, from Phœnicia; and was probably first employed for the purpose of writing in Ionia. But only consider all that would be requisite in order that works such as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* should be fully and accurately written out with letters, some of which were so late of being introduced into the Greek alphabet. The profession of the rhapsodists was too much opposed to the art of writing, for *them* to do any thing to facilitate its progress; just as at Constantinople the transcribers of the Koran were adverse to *printing*, as a sure means of ruining their trade. After the general introduction of writing, the minstrel craft gradually declined. Prose came into being. Prose-periods sprang from the hexameter. Traditional lore was intrusted to letters. The muses, who, as daughters of Mnemosyne, had hitherto preserved and promulgated the treasures of memory, were silenced. Books were the grave of the Epos.

still the facility of the versification, and of the narrative, of itself invited change. Here could one line—there could another line be foisted in. A similarity of harmony and cadence made the adoption natural. Besides, was the Grecian tongue, on all the coasts and islands—in all the countries and cities—wherein Homer was sung for centuries,—was it, I say, and did it continue uniform? In Asia, throughout the Archipelago, in Old Greece, and in Magna Græcia, were not the singers constrained—if they would have him understood—if they would have him *felt*—here and there to accommodate themselves to the ear of the multitude, and so to *innovate*? Whoever has attended to the subject, knows what laws the living presence of a circle round him lays upon a speaker. He cannot say all in one place that he could say in another; or he cannot say it in the self-same way. And since it was the aim of the rhapsodist to become almost one with his auditors—to pour from his soul into theirs the ecstasy of Homeric inspiration—for which purpose he applied, moreover, the resources of the mimic art; so, if we take along with this the vivacity of the Greeks in elocution, in narrating, in extemporizing versified tales,*—the notion of a rigid

recitation of lines learned by heart, which were to remain for ages among all the Grecian tribes unaltered, seems utterly untenable. Hardly any story, especially if told with the fire of eloquence, can be recounted twice in the same words; and although, in this case, there were the melody and the measure of the syllables to keep the singer within certain boundaries, yet these boundaries were so wide, that it must have been impossible to reduce him to a mere machine for the unvarying repetition of identical tones. There is a tendency in our nature always to add something of our own to what we have learned; there is a tendency to distinguish this particular hour, or moment, or circle, by something *peculiar*, even though it should be inappropriate or superfluous. Thus all *national songs* on the face of the earth become diversified. No province sings its own without variation. Even our monotonous psalms of the Church, when committed to memory by the people, are not free from additions, interpolations, and the overflowings of religious sentiment.

Hence, whoever can bring himself to believe in an original text of Homer, as it fell from Homer's lips, believes a great deal.

4.—VILLOISON'S HOMER. HOMER STUDIED BY ME IN ITALY.

Unexpectedly a thing of great moment made its appearance—*Villoison's Iliad*. How amazed was I at this treasure of Greek criticism! Here I found again that doubt of my youthful days—whether the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* proceeded from the same Homer, under the name of a whole sect of Grecian philosophers, the *Separaters*. The *Separaters* said that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were not by the same poet.

In the observations upon Homer, I discovered the notion of treating Homer's poems as a sort of encyclopædia of all that was worth knowing, expanded according to the general opinion of antiquity to that effect.

Finally, I almost shuddered at the

license which men had for long centuries believed themselves entitled, nay, compelled, to use with the text of Homer.†

Villoison's *Iliad* fell into my hands in Italy, at a time when I was living amid the monuments of Grecian art, and, consequently, was living in Homer. For, just as the autumns of the north drive one to Ossian, so do the Greek remains, and even the scenes and manners of Magna Græcia, invite one to Homer, as if his spirit were yet hovering there. Three things especially I gathered from these inestimable relics of the olden time, which proved of great service to me likewise in respect of Homer:—

* The vivacity of the Greeks in recitation, narration, and extemporizing, is now, from the descriptions of many travellers, recognised as a national trait. In the old minstrel-times it must have been immeasurably greater than it is.

† See, on this subject, Wolf's famous *Prolegomena*.

1. The truth, simplicity, and brightness of the Greek artistical representation in its beautiful Homeric progression.

2. The different epochs of Greek

art and poetry, in both of which one style formed itself out of another.

3. The value and the workings of the Grecian school in philosophy and art.

5.—OF THE TRUTH, SIMPLICITY, AND BRIGHTNESS OF THE GREEK ARTISTICAL REPRESENTATION, IN RELATION TO ITS BEAUTIFUL HOMERIC PROGRESSION.

Indescribable is the impression made on us by the truth and simplicity of the Greek conceptions in art. The Greeks were determined never to say *too much*; and, therefore, they said every thing adequately, intuitively—perfectly. As they did this in their art, so they did it in their poetry. In Homer's lucid world every thing stands as bodily before us—gods and men are beings as real—as these statues would be, were they animated. The harmony that reigns in these limbs, the truth that is imprinted on this attitude, adorn likewise the pictures in that minstrelsy. Justly has Winkelmann pronounced—*The men of the north speak in imagery, but with the Greeks alone words themselves are images.*

I enjoyed the enchanting pleasure of seeing the treasures of the Vatican and Capitol! Here gods and heroes lived again. My eyes beheld that whereof so much had been written—whereof I myself had written at a venture—the gait and gesture of the Grecian Epos, the firm, smooth step of the forms it conjures up. "Thus," I exclaimed, "did Apollo step forth in Homer; thus sat Jove upon Olympus, when Thetis came to visit him; this is the head of the queenlike Juno! So did Diana pace along—so the matronly Demeter; and thus did martial Pallas show herself! Here beams the face of Achilles—divinely beautiful! There is the dexterous Ulysses! Thus did Ajax look up to Jupiter; thus did he rescue the corse of Patroclus!"

This beautiful progression—with the most sober simplicity—the most expressive truth and ease—predominates in all the higher works of the Grecian chisel. Every where they represent *an action going on*—that has something after it, something before

it, and has hit the right point in the progression—like the critical moment of the Epos, seized and immortalized by art.

Thus did the true tact of the old Greek poetry impress itself upon my soul. *It sang, it represented, in narration.* No idea, no part of an idea, was allowed to linger on the living accents longer than the intuitive sense of the hearers vouchsafed; every lineament appeared in its place, just as it painted itself, in its entirety, on the mental retina of the audience. Nothing could be omitted until this goal was reached; but, this once attained, the idea tarried not a moment more; the intellectual eye of the admiring listener glanced onward, and craved for something further. Hence the sustained and stately march of Homer; hence it is that, amid all his repetitions there is nothing absolutely idle, although every thing appears so loose. Hence also, notwithstanding the apparent facility of translating him, Homer, like all poets who *sang* and did not *write*, remains, in this respect, untranslatable. The mere harmony of the versification is more properly the *oar* than the *rudder* of his poetry; the *sensible progression of incident*—the *march of the composition*, advancing with each new touch—these constitute its essential character, in contemplating which we forget even the mellifluous sweetness of the verse, and are almost displeased at being unseasonably reminded of it, as of something *marked* and *peculiar*. With the old minstrels, had such *prominence* been given to the harmony, it would have impeded the working of the Epos.

The Epos took time to represent every circumstance, in order that, wafted on the wings of speech, the hearer might at once hasten and delay with equal enjoyment.

6.—OF THE PROGRESS OF GREEK ART FROM ONE STYLE TO ANOTHER, WITH REFERENCE TO HOMER AND THE OLD MINSTRELS.

The visible progress of Grecian art instructed me how it was that Homer soared above so many other poets—his predecessors, his contemporaries, and his followers—to that pinnacle on which, in Greek estimation, he stood alone. He reached that elevation as an *artist*—as a *favourite of Time*.

Many of the minstrels before him had sung theogonies and cosmogonies, deeds of the gods, adventures of the Titans and the heroes—a Hercules—a Theseus—the Argonauts. Probably, also, they had sung the Trojan war, and the return of the Grecian chiefs. Among their effusions there were, no doubt, excellent poems. But through Homer's means arose an *Iliad* and an *Odyssey*. The history of Greek art shows clearly how this happened.

For art likewise must have climbed up from the crudest state, through sundry stages of imperfection—manifesting, however, occasionally, great imaginative powers—to that which we name the lofty, or heroic style. What a tract had it left behind it, in passing from the figures on the chest of Cypselus to the decorations of the Propylæa, and the Minerva of Phidias; or from the sculptures of Dædalus to the Olympic Jupiter! A like tract was traversed by poetry, in advancing from the rudest lays in honour of gods and chiefs, to the Homeric Epos. To prove this, only compare Homer and Hesiod,* or, for the sake of brevity, the *Shield of Achilles* in Homer, with the *Shield of Hercules* in Hesiod—a contrast as striking as that between Phidias and some old Campanian image.

The fact is, that the essence of art keeps rising to correctness of outline—to significant design—to grace, feeling, and unity. Insensibly it labours on, to cut away the superfluous, to give additional force to the necessary, and so to represent it with the highest degree of simplicity, as godlike, noble, pleasing, elegant. And, exactly as, in the province of art, all those grim and grinning forms of death and pain, together with all the monstrosities of

human passion, must of necessity have disappeared; so in the province of song, which was a rival to art, and itself an *audible* species of art, Titanian monsters and extravagant adventures were sure, by help of time, to be banished or modified. Herein was Homer an early model. He knows the crude mythology of elder epochs; but he employs it very rarely, and only in subordination to his general purpose. His gods or heroes make but cursory allusions to it. It is exiled to the limits of the world. It is mere matter of hearsay with him. His own representations are always kept apart from the *unformed*; they are purely divine—purely human.

Let us see how, in this way, without rule or maxim of Aristotle's, the outline of a Homeric Epos—in conception and performance—must have arisen.

All lays and legends (*ισα*), whether they refer to gods or to heroes, while still unfashioned, tend towards the *infinite*. They knot and twist themselves together, or they break off from one another, without a determined scope, in boundless space. It is likely that the old Greek traditions—Theogonies and Cosmogonies—Heracleids and Theseids—Argonautic and Cyprian poems—even the Trojan war, and the Wanderings of the chiefs over endless seas—were set forth as uncircumscribed series of adventures. But at last it must have occurred to some fortunate minstrel (whoever he may have been), to give *bounds* to this *infinity*—*form* to these adventures—and that in the very easy way to which divers reasons and circumstances invited him.

First. Not *all moments* of an incident, or of a long adventure, could be equally attractive and entertaining to the hearer. The multitude gathered round to listen to the most interesting. They kept up their attention with increasing delight. Thus did songs of this nature come to be oftenest sung. Thus was the singer naturally drawn to the improvement of such songs, as to the crisis of a *principal action*.

* Hesiod, though junior to Homer in point of time, is older than Homer in the rudeness and imperfection of his style.—TRANSLATOR.

Secondly. What is true of incidents, is true also of heroes. One was more beloved than another. With one there were connected more important facts than with another. Hence he became the *principal hero* of a favourite tradition: his life embraced moments of a *principal action*.

Thirdly. To the minstrel himself, the uniting of various songs in one whole, was advantageous and agreeable. In this case one song led on to another—one song grew out of another—one was demanded after the other. Thus the *unity of a principal action* not only became a help for his memory, but led also to a substantial enlargement of the mental faculties, and the power of attention, on the part of the hearer. He was borne along from height to height, or out of one charming labyrinth into another. If a knot of the poem was once tied, the hearer wished to see it loosed; the minstrel must loose it, or he was no master of his craft.

Fourthly. The songs adhered to each other more closely by means of this concatenation. As long as one brought remembrance of another, and annexed itself to it, the one could be forgotten as little as the other. The pre-appointed aim of the action became the axle of the revolving wheel, the central point (*καρπὸς*), uniting to itself and carrying on with itself all the divisions of the shield.

We may observe the evidence of this in Homer, as compared with other poets.

Under the name of Orpheus we have a poem—the Expedition of the Argonauts. Orpheus the minstrel describes to his scholar Musæus a renowned voyage, in which he himself bore a part, and the narrative goes straight on, like the voyage. It is quite easy, if we don't mind the map, to leave out or add what portions we please. In the end, however, we return with Orpheus to his home.

In the *Iliad* all is different. Nine years of the Trojan war have flown away, to which the singer makes only episodical allusions. His poem introduces at once an *action*, and a series of actions along with it, more or less firmly linked together until the termination. Even after that termination one is eager to learn the end of the hero, which has in several places been announced to us as approaching.

As the *Iliad* selects the greatest of the Grecian chiefs before Troy, and the weightiest period of his life, so the *Odyssey* chooses out of all the returning heroes the craftiest, who has experienced most and can narrate best. Of Agamemnon, Menelaus, and others, we hear now and then, and what we are to hear is inserted episodically. But around ULYSSES the garland of all these legends of the *West* entwines itself; and so nicely is it adjusted, so skilfully woven, that it is by no means a matter of indifference whether this or that circumstance is told by the poet or the wanderer, by Circe or Teiresias—all is dexterously combined and judiciously ordered.

7.—OF THE CONNEXION OF THE SONGS IN HOMER.

The combination of several lays in the Homeric poems was accomplished very easily, very loosely—that is, it was accomplished *rhapsodically*. Let us mark what belongs to this topic.

The primitive Greek minstrel (*αἰδὼς*) sung his lays straight on. The rhapsodist combines lays (*ᾠαὶ αἰδῶν, αἰδῶδες*). Hence comes his name. This, together with recitation (*ὑμῶνιστος*), is his craft. And thus, with reference to Homer, all is said.

For example, if you ask *where Homer's Iliad ends?* the answer is, *where you please*. The lays may be taken independently. Do you wish to stop where the anger of Achilles is appeased (since the anger of Achilles

alone is noticed in the Exordium)? Very well. Others may still desire to see Achilles—raging now no longer against Agamemnon, but so much the more bitterly against Hector and the Trojans—in his revenge, or in his mourning for Patroclus—and tremble for the Trojan leader. The texture of the lays (*ᾠαὶ αἰδῶν*) proceeds as they desire. So it is with other lays. Would you not read the nocturnal adventure of Diomedes and Ulysses, the *Doloniad*? Omit it. Does the poem seem to you too much protracted by the games at the grave of Patroclus? Let Patroclus rest without these due honours, which alone can soothe the breast of his friend. It may well have

been the case that this or that *rhapsody* was left out by one or the other rhapsodist, since he would sing now one and now another according to the pleasure of his audience. And yet *the evolution of all these lays out of one plot, in one spirit and one tone, is not to be mistaken or denied.*

And thus, too, in the *Odyssey*. Is it *Ithaca* that attracts us? or *Mene-laüs*? or the court of *Alcinous*? or the bower of *Circe*? or the godlike swineherd? or *Polyphemus*? or the realm of shadows? All is open to our choice. All stands isolated before us. But yet in the *Odyssey*, as in a collection of curiosities, *all is beautifully ordered and arranged.*

Do you ask, *why is the enunciation of the Iliad so lax and slight that it can scarcely be said to comprehend the argument of all its lays?* The answer is, *this lax enunciation was rhapsodical.* The minstrel stitched and strung on to the anger of *Achilles* whatever proceeded from it, whatever could be conveniently attached to it; but the anger of *Achilles* was, and continued to be, the *navel* (*ὀμφαλός*, *umbilicus*), that is the centre of union for all his songs and legends. The *Odyssey* appears to be enounced more accurately, and yet the enunciation is far from comprising the whole argument of the poem. Even of the chief end of the narrative—the return of *Ulysses* to *Ithaca*, and of what there befel him—it makes hardly any mention.

How remote are we from the spirit of the old minstrel-times, when we would dispose these two garlands of antiquity, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, so lightly and brightly woven, according to rules found out by a later taste for a kind of poetry unknown to *Homer*—the so-called *Epopée* of the modern critics, wherein they confound and weigh, by a single set of scales, works almost wholly heterogeneous—the *Æneid*, the *Divine Comedy* of *Dante*, *Ariosto*, *Tasso*, *Milton*, *Klop-*

stock, *Wieland*, the *Henriade*, and *Araucana*! *Homer's Iliad* and *Odyssey* are two living armies that manoeuvre now with one battalion, now with another, but still, in all their movements, well marshalled, well disciplined hosts.

Apart from all regard to the circumstances under which coherent poems (*ᾠδαὶ ἀνδρῶν*) arose, let us only remember how facile and liberal the Greek taste was in all that they named *collocation* (*τάξις*), whether in art or in science. Look at their works in the lofty style—their groups—their pictures. In those no one object crowds upon another for the sake of a triangular or a pyramidal arrangement. The figures are peaceably arranged beside each other. The eye of the spectator can enjoy them tranquilly, and combine them *mentally*. They knew nothing of the *tapering* of our perspective. Read *Homer's* description of the shield of *Achilles*. Read *Pausanias's* account of the *Amyclæan* and *Olympic* thrones, and every passage wherein he treats of the combination of many particulars in one whole. Peruse the pictures of *Philostratus*. Every where you will remark just such a free and loose *co-ordination* as in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Often you will complain of a want of unity according to our standard, whereas the Greeks, of all eastern and western races, have most signalized themselves in true unity and beautiful simplicity. With them, however, this simplicity was no lifeless mechanism, but a *unity and simplicity of thought—a sustained and continuous sentiment*. In their Epic, Lyric, and Dramatic poems, they kept to this principle: even their apophthegms, their dialogues, their epigrams, affect this tranquil juxtaposition of ideas. What good the *Heroic* school operated in this respect—for all Greece and all posterity—we will now briefly indicate.

8.—THE VALUE OF THE HOMERIC SCHOOL, AND ITS EFFECT ON GREECE.

The history of Grecian art demonstrates the value and the operation of what we term a *school*. A monument of antiquity is often of middling merit, and yet its *idea* is great, and so is its effect. The *rule of Polycletus* is visible in it. We cannot refuse it our

attention. The fidelity of the Greeks to this canon kept them right. They went not astray like the moderns, who allowed themselves every kind of license.

Homer, by the character of his minstrelsy, founded the true *Grecian*

SCHOOL, which has flourished down to very recent days. The Greek taste in Art, Poetry, and Science, is almost entirely derived from Homer and the Homerides.

There was an *Orphic* taste long maintained in the mysteries of the Initiated. We have late specimens of it in fragments and hymns. But probably none of us would wish to exchange the Homeric style for this, and to see the latter universally predominate.

In *Hesiod* we have other specimens of divers very ancient Greek modes of thinking. Who would barter for these the lucid images, the serene wisdom, of Homer?

Homer altered the primitive taste, inasmuch as he drew down heaven to earth, and, while he left the monstrous, antiquated fables of a former world in their own place, gave to all his own figures an air of pure humanity. Out of the mass of heroic adventures he selected the most recent of those that interested all Greece. Of heroes he chose the flower—the *bravest* and the *craftiest*. Thus he fixed in his poems the seeds of a great and spreading germination, that was to extend over the whole circle of human affairs. Around his Achilles clustered Greece and Troy, with a thousand destinies

and characters of men: through his Ulysses was revealed to us a chart of the Western World, in the greatest diversity of aspects, and embracing the most different conditions and relations of civil and domestic life, arrayed in the most exquisite order.

Should some one ask me, What! did Homer sing all this? Will you have it that every stroke of every verse is from the mighty master? I can only answer, *If he sang them not himself, at least he was the father of these songs.* Wherever there is an *epigenesis*—that is, a living growth of limbs and strength in a regular form—there, as the universe demonstrates, must there be a vital principle, a germ of nature or of art, to whose increase all the elements joyously contribute. Homer planted such a principle—an epic germ. His *family*, the school of the Homerides, cherished and brought up the tree: on all sides, beneath the breath of minstrelsy, its shoots spread out: in spite of wind and storm—amid the crowd of hands that laboured at it—grafted it—pruned it—and lopped it—it reached the form and stature wherein it now towers before us, and will continue to stand as long as mental cultivation shall endure.

9.—OF THE HOMERIC CIRCLE OF IDEAS.

That there was, in the school of the Homerides, an attempt to create a *cycle*—that is, a sort of encyclopædia of all that was worth knowing, in things divine and human—within the horizon of the then existing times, will be impressed on every one who forms a clear idea of what the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* contain; still more if he take into account the other works ascribed to Homer. The *Margites*, for example, is the foremost of these. As afterwards in the theatre of Athens,

at the close of three tragedies of heroic argument, a piece of a lighter character was exhibited, so it seems probable that the *Margites* was intended to hold, in the jocose and comic vein, the same place which was occupied by the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the one in the princely taste, the other in the civil and domestic. It was, as it were, to round off the Epic cycle. Fate has grudged us the possession of this much-to-be-regretted production,* often alluded to by Aristotle himself.

* We are believers in the *genuineness* of the *Margites*. For, first, take the external evidence. You have Plato, Aristotle, Dion Chrysostom, and the author of the Contest between Homer and Hesiod—the two former being weighty witnesses—in its favour; you have only Suidas and Eustathius against it. Next look at the internal proofs. These by no means militate absolutely against Homer's pretensions. "The *Margites* could not have been Homer's," say some, "because it was, according to Aristotle, partly composed in *iambic* metre." Now, we reply to this argument in three ways:—1. Aristotle's words don't imply with certainty that the *Margites* had any iambic lines in it (Poet. cap. 4). 2. Supposing there were such lines, it is not impossible that even Homer composed iambic verses, for Archilochus, the reputed in-

And the cause of its disappearance is easily perceived. The *comic* in human manners alters more rapidly than the subjects of an *Iliad* or *Odyssey* alter:—gods and heroes, countries and islands, realms and clans, and the mar-

vels of nature, survive, when the *laughable*, according to the taste of one age, vanishes with the age it amused, and has no charms for later generations.

rentor of that measure, may have been nothing more than an *improver*; and as the tale of this poem, though relating to the *present*, appears to have been thrown into the *past* tense by its author, a mixture of metres might suit its character—the heroic hexameter being, as it were, an echo of the *past*, while the brisker sounds of the iambic trimeter would harmonize with the business and bustle of the *present*. 3. The original Margites might have been wholly in hexameter (as all the extant verses are); but Pigeas (B. C. 350), to whom Suidas ascribes its authorship, may have interpolated iambic lines, exactly as he introduced elegiac verses of his own into the *Iliad*. Moreover, Payne Knight's argument, derived from what he calls the non-Homeric augment of *ισιετερε* in the fourth existing line, is null and void, since *ισιετεραμ* is not, as he supposes, a compound verb. Again, Mr Coleridge's remark, that "Homer's time was too early for pure satire," is unphilosophical and contrary to fact. Satire, in one shape or another, is an early natural production—as early, according to Dryden, as the garden of Eden; and Homer undoubtedly had a turn both for satire and for broad humour, such as the Margites must have displayed, as his picture of *Thersites* (a name, by the way, analogical to that of Margites) is sufficient to show. This is one of the points of similarity between Homer, in the dawn of the Greek literature, and Chaucer in the dawn of the English.

A word as to the quality and remains of this remarkable production. The name *Μαργίτης* (from *μάργος*) tells its own story. The poem must have described the character and adventures of a half-natural—one who, like many persons in that condition, was not without a certain smattering of knowledge, and perhaps a sort of self-sufficiency, which repeated discomfitures and disgraces could not cure. It must have been, then, a strongly-charged, ludicrous picture of a doltish, awkward, helpless animal, taken from *actual* not *heroic* life, thrown probably amidst a variety of trying circumstances at home and abroad—as Ulysses was—and offering a striking contrast to the ingenuity, experience, and success of that favourite hero of Homer's. And thus, in two ways, the Margites was the precursor of the old Greek Comedy—as presenting a view of the *ridiculous*—and as standing in the relation of *parody* to grave heroic verse. Twining calls it Homer's *Dunciad*. But this *Dunciad* had only *one* hero.

The *remains* amount to only four lines of actual verse, preserved by Plato, Aristotle, the Scholiast on the Birds of Aristophanes, and Clemens Alexandrinus. But Suidas and Eustathius supply sundry other particulars, which, though not in metre, we may combine in a metrical shape, with our version of the four lines above mentioned. Thus:

Μαργίτην διέειπεν καὶ ἰαμβέλλων Ἀπίλλαντες, κ. τ. λ.

Squire of the Nine and Archer-King,
The great Margites' deeds I sing;
The spade to wield, the plough to guide,
Our hero had the gods denied;
Blest in no earthly art with skill,
But still attempting—falling still—
All things he knew—and all things ill!
With fingers five to help his brain,
Five units could he count—and then—
Five units counted o'er again:
A husband he—beyond the door
Dared not to tread the bridal floor;
A son—but scarce so wise, I trow,
As sons who their own fathers know,
For many a curious doubt had he
On matters of paternity!

The story given by Eustathius (in *Odys. K. p. 1669*) is too coarse to add. It seems to us to have been the source of one of the filthiest, but certainly one of the most humorous stories in *Rabelais*.

TRANSLATOR,

But although a principal segment of what belonged to Homer's Cycle of Knowledge has thus perished, we need only consider with attention the Iliad and Odyssey—even in those parts which seem to us the most superfluous—in order to remove all doubt that such a cycle existed. Peruse, with this view, the catalogue of Greek ships, provinces, and families—the pictures on the shield of Achilles—the whole contents of the Odyssey ;—follow out both poems in their smiles, characters, manners, situations, and modes of government, eastern and western ; then make out, partly by conjecture, the substance of other poems of the most famous later authors, who added to Homer, each according to his strength, what seemed to them deficient in his works, and methinks, you will find it certain, that in this series of minstrelsy, a sort of encyclopædia, or outline of knowledge, adapted to the existing sphere of human attainments, was the governing aim. Poetry, and that too in the Epic form, was then the only method of instruction. Hence, to this form was every thing reduced that men knew, or thought worth knowing. Had we the whole Cyclian poets of Greece, of whom we have not one, we might determine the style wherein, both by Homer's school and other parties, this reduction was achieved. As it is, we have only a few, but very precious pieces and fragments, under the name of Homer, or belonging to his school, to help us in this enquiry. Under the name of Homer we possess, for instance, a *Battle of Frogs and Mice*. Whoever may have written it, it reminds one not only of many jests and pleasantries (αἰγύια) imputed to the good old master, but also of the whole manner in which he treats gods and men. Its style is light and gay. It made an admirable third, in the Homeric school, to the Iliad and Odyssey. It unfolded a view of things, not less in Homer's taste than the Iliad and Odyssey themselves. There were many imitations of it in the Homeric manner, such as *the Battle of the Spiders, the Battle of the Cranes, the Cicadas, the Goat* ; and it is to be hoped that no age will be without

some effort of the kind. Every where, in both the genuine poems of Homer, we may mark a vein of quiet good sense, and of unembarrassed cordial enjoyment, such as we find in no other poet. This joyousness of spirit seems to have been the heritage bequeathed by the Father of the Homerides to his children. From Homer's poetry, and Homer's manner of thinking, the sound understanding and cheerful temperament of the Greeks at first proceeded, and continued to derive a perpetual renewal.

The Homeric hymns are fresh witnesses to this truth. What an absurd question it is to ask whether these be Homer's ! Perhaps not one of them :—but they all originate from him, inasmuch as they are all in his vein of thought. Give us instead of these thirty-two or thirty-four hymns of the Homerides, which were clearly of the nature of preambles, as many again of the same school—(the school of Orpheus has eighty-six)—and we should have, in this province likewise, a poetical cycle, far more beautiful and far more efficacious, than that of the Orphic songs.

It was in the nature of things, that not all—not even the masterpieces of the Homeric School—should flourish in eternal bloom. Haply there were too many of them. Haply the overpowering splendour of the Iliad and Odyssey suppressed the rest. The others sank into oblivion, as the works of the older and ruder bards had sunk before. The tablet of human memory is narrow. Time sits before it, everlastingly busied with inscribing, altering, and erasing. It is only the most precious, the most excellent things, that tablet will retain. Thanks to it, that it has preserved for us the Iliad and the Odyssey ! We may be content that, together with these, we have also some hymns of the same school, and a few remains of Hesiod and Orpheus ; of the last, perhaps, only the echo of an echo. Thus, we are enabled to compare, and, by comparison, to arrive at the conclusion, that the true, the good, and the sound taste, for all generations, was founded by HOMER.

10.—OF THE SERVICES DONE TO HOMER BY LYCURGUS, SOLON, AND THE
PISISTRATIDS.

Without doubt, we are deeply in debt to Lycurgus and Solon, the two greatest lawgivers of Greece, for contributing to preserve Homer for us. They did it, however, not for our sakes; their own disposition, and the drift of their legislation, demanded such an act. No prince nor sage of Greece would wilfully be a barbarian. Still less did they believe that a barbarous people could be governed more easily than a civilized one. The renown of the Greeks grew out of a cultivated soil. To distinguish themselves from the barbarians was their ambition, and became their fame.

In the same way, it redounds to the honour of Pisistratus and Hipparchus, that, treading in Solon's footsteps, they associated the Homeric poetry with the Panathenaic festival. Let us distinguish, within their proper limits, the several services rendered by these different great men to Homer.

Lycurgus brought his poems out of Asia to his own city. We know not *how* he brought them—in manuscript, or the mouths of living reciters.* The Homeric style, however, never flourished at Lacedæmon.

Three centuries later, Solon brought the poems to Athens, and commanded them to be sung *seriatim*—one singer after another (ἑξ ἑκαβόλων παρὰ μῦθον). Had there been no previous *order* (*οἰκίσμος*) in the Homeric poetry, Solon, whom we know well from his own compositions, would scarcely have been the man to give it. Believe not, therefore, that he *arranged* the Iliad and Odyssey. All he did was to lay down the line of succession, in which the different Rhapsodies (as many as were then numbered) should follow

each other, when publicly delivered—and to keep the singers to it. The service done by him to Homer was *political*.

So also was the service done by Pisistratus and Hipparchus. I much doubt whether these individuals, meritorious as they were in other respects, could claim any *poetical* desert with regard to Homer, or could have introduced into his works what was not already there. They enacted, they ordained, as princes. Even had they convened all the literary men of their day as a Board of Control, yet their own poems inform us how far Simonides, Anacreon, Onomacritus, and others, could by any possibility have gone. At their epoch the spirit that produced an Iliad and an Odyssey had long vanished. Nothing material could they have added to such creations; but what already existed they could review, revise, reduce, and regulate (διακρινάειν).

How little men cared for this *edition*, the history of Homeric interpretation in after times makes evident. Meanwhile, there remains for the great names of Solon, Pisistratus, and Hipparchus, the immortal glory of having preserved for ever the poetry of Homer, as it presented itself to them. They threw around it, as it were, the veil of Minerva. Thenceforward that poetry was not only recited, every five years, at the Panathenæa; but moreover, at Athens, the mother of literature, it passed as *manuscript* into the hands of bards, sophists, orators, statesmen, and philosophers. It became a classic of the schools; and still more a classic with all educated persons, who practised the recitation of poetry or prose.

11.—CONCLUSION.

If I mistake not, Homer's good fortune hinged upon three things, all belonging to the province of TIME. We will recall them to our minds by three words—*Epos, Song, Rhapsody*.

The *Epos* was a *living word*—the *voice of a former world*. It brought up, from the depths of a grey antiquity, forms and legends which, wafted

on the wings of Time, seemed evermore to wax greater and more grand. What Virgil sings of Fame,—

“ Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo;

Parva metu primo; mox sese adtolit in auras,

Ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit;

* Most probably in manuscript; for writing was commonly practised in the time of Lycurgus (B. C. 817), as we gather from his *phræses* against written laws.—TRANSLATOR,

—holds yet more true of that godlike voice (*φῆμι, ἴσα*) which, like the accents of a teacher or a prophet, proceeded from the Past, and prolonged its sound into the Future. The Muse of Memory vouchsafed it to her minstrel that he should make this voice his own, ennoble its burden, and breathe it out to men in strains more congenial to their nature. Would Achilles or Ulysses recognise themselves in Homer's verse? Hardly. Upon the wings of time, through the afflatus of the living Word, their shapes are grown so great—heroic—divine—that they are different beings here from what they were in their mortal existence.

The Epos belongs to the world's childhood. At that happy period the credulous ear takes in the voice of a foregoing epoch, and the soul gladly dreams of wondrous forms, excelling in majesty and beauty. That which the eye would look on with critical sobriety, is exalted, through a kind of drunken inspiration, by the tongue—vocal from age to age; and thus Homer hit the right point of time—the Messenger of former years, yet wise in his own generation. His pictures, well-disposed and easily comprehended, bright and joyous, were made to fascinate posterity by their dignity and grace. His song, a deep and single stream, bore in its bosom all the knowledge that was not yet dispersed amid the meandering varieties of the lyric and the dramatic muse. Ode and Drama, Eloquence and Philosophy, in him still bloom upon one stock. It was the work of later times to plant them asunder; for, out of Homer's art, which collected and arranged the Muse's dictates—out of this simple piece of art, wherein *multitude is reduced*, by the easiest process, *to unity*, there arose, in the lapse of years, every other species of art and poetry, which always aim at *unity in multitude*—that is at an *action*, a *complication of plot*, a *progress*, and a *solution*. Only observe that he entwined this wreath of song with a light and almost imperceptible hand: it was *Time* that raised up for the ancient Prophet a *family*, to tighten the band first woven by him. Fair *Ionia*, parent of arts, gave Homer birth; the *Grecian Isles*, stretching

towards the west, cherished his minstrelsy; *Athens* received it, moulded it into the drama, and many a shape besides, and discoursed of its merits; finally, at Alexandria, after an infinity of doubts and questions, covered over with obelisks and asterisks, it achieved the outward form in which Time has transmitted it to us.

At Rome I saw that famous monument, the *Apotheosis of Homer*. Jupiter, Apollo, Mnemosyne, and the Muses, are ranged pyramidically above him on the higher regions of the rock. There he sits like a Deity; the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* kneel beside his chair, and appear to support it. Winged Time and the inhabited Earth (*ἀνθρωπίνη*) are crowning his head. Before him stands an altar, at which Mythology is serving in the shape of a youth, and History is burning incense. Poesy, Tragedy, and Comedy are chanting the sacrificial hymn. Nature, under the guise of an infant, manly Virtue, Memory, Truth, and Wisdom, take their station around. Then did I remember all the happiness of this renowned favourite of Time. He stood on his own ground. From his predecessors he received an ample treasure of things, which he knew how to ennoble by taste—the genuine taste of a true-born human heart—and thus he founded an undying school of those who were to labour for his honour. Poets sang on after the model he had given them. Legislators imported his verse. *Æschylus* fed upon the crumbs from his table. Bards of every class and grade drew from his fountain. The first historian moulded himself on his example. Art essayed to rival him. He bestowed on *Phidias* a Jove and a Minerva. The philosophers spoke about him—the orators spoke out of him—until at last there spread over the nations a literature and a mental cultivation, whereof he was the great originator. His *living word* was transformed at Athens, the shrine of Pallas, into eternal characters; and still, from the Cecropian Heights, it thrills the souls of men. He has fettered the flight of TIME. Willingly did the hoary god submit to be bound with that chain of flowers, and wreathed his conqueror in return with a diadem of everlasting glory.

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ALISON'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

ALL memoirs of the French Revolution have, to us, an inexpressible interest. The rapidity, force, and vastness of its machinery fill the mind with a sense of power unexampled in the tardy and simple contrivances of earlier overthrow. Evil as it was, it had a daring grasp, a remorseless violence, and an untameable fury, that transport us at once out of the ancient courses of human guilt, and bring the mind within view of shapes and thoughts that seem the denizens of a darker world. If the imagination of some great master of the pencil or the pen were to be tasked to bring the spirits that "minister to human mischief" before the eye, and if that master were Raphael, or Shakspeare himself, we scarcely know where he could find more living resemblances of the demon than in the Robespierres and Dantons, the Barreres and the Napoleons; in the chill countenances and fiery hearts, the calm and calculating malignity and the rabid thirst of blood; the haughty contempt of human agonies, and the godless and defying arrogance with which they went forth on their way to delusive and unsubstantial power, trampling on altars and thrones.

The high approbation with which the public have received the preceding volumes of Mr Alison's History of

the French Revolution, relieves us at once from all appearance of partiality, and from all necessity for panegyric. No work could have made such progress in national opinion without substantial qualities. Its vigour of research and its manliness of principle, its accurate knowledge and its animation of style, have been the grounds of its remarkable public favour, as they are the guarantees for its permanent popularity. The present volume, the sixth of the series, advances in interest. The importance of its transactions may be estimated from the fact, that the two years which this volume comprehends, actually formed the pivot on which all the mighty events since their date have turned; that they exhibited at once the midnight and the dawn of European liberty, the most boundless triumph of the universal oppressor, and the commencement of assured deliverance; the laying of the heaviest fetter on the neck of mankind, and the striking of that first great blow by which the civilized world was to be redeemed. The battles of Austerlitz in 1805, and of Jena in 1806, had destroyed the resistance of central Europe. The military reputation of Austria had been broken on the field, but a more condign calamity had fallen on Prussia. Her military existence had been extinguished. In the history

The History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., Advocate. Vol. VI.

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of national overthrow, there never had been until that day so disastrous, desperate, and crushing a result of a single battle. It was yet to have but one rival, that illustrious encounter in which the author of the ruin of Prussia was to be buried in the ruins of his tyrannical and infidel empire by the genius of Wellington and the hand of England. Prussia was destroyed in all the attributes that form a civilized power. Her brilliant army was scattered in a day like a mist before a whirlwind. All her great fortresses fell at a summons, all her provinces were overrun, all her revenues confiscated, all her laws abolished;—yesterday she was an independent kingdom, to-day she was a vassal province; yesterday she was a great European power, taking on herself the restoration of Europe, and anticipating the triumphant struggle of its enemy—to-day she was prostrate, a prisoner, and a slave, with her armour hewn from her, her strength dismembered, and her hopes in the grave of her gallant soldiery; yesterday she was Prussia, to-day she was France.

It is difficult to account for the distinction of the calamities in Austria and Prussia, without looking to some higher source than the fortunes of war. Among the many merits of Mr Alison's history, we regard it as the most original and the most important, that he writes with the feelings of a Christian. No historian has ever been more free from the mawkishness of sentiment or the sanctimony of phrase, which have been so unfortunately affected by writers calling themselves Christian, taking a learned yet unlaboured view of the mere human motives. He investigates with pious yet manly dignity the sources of events in those loftier councils from which all things come, to which the Christian alone can look, and to which the Christian alone can pay the reverence due. Those feelings predominate throughout the entire of these volumes. The French Revolution itself was but a great developement of Providential design, and no historian could do justice to it except the man who acknowledged a Providence as the supreme arbiter of human things. Going at least to the full extent of Mr Alison's impressions on those subjects, we cannot look back upon the French triumphs in Austria, Prussia, and

Russia but in the sense of unconscious agencies of a vast plan of retributive justice, and we think that we can discover even in the more minute features of the vengeance, something proportionate to the peculiar offences of the sufferers. In the history of the Continent, no act of kingly treachery, fraud, and blood had ever rivalled the partition of Poland. It combined at once the characters of all that we hate and despise; it had the meanness of political swindling, the fury of national rapine, and the atrocity of military massacre. The great offender was Prussia—Austria and Russia were only the accomplices. The perfidy, subtlety, and merciless appetite for possession which characterised the conduct of Frederic II., made him the tempter, and would have been not unworthy of the original tempter of mankind. The conspirator kingdoms entered with fatal readiness into the temptation, and were deeply punished, but it was upon the serpent that the curse fell. Prussia had long owed a desperate compensation to Europe. Frederic, infidel himself, had been the great patron of European infidelity. His encouragement of the French sciolists had made infidelity fashionable amongst the higher ranks of the Continent. Philosophy and religion were declared to be one, and the Atheism of the French Revolution was the poisoned cup prepared by the hands of the Prussian king. In due season justice was done, and France, maddened into preternatural strength by the draught, revenged her frenzy upon his kingdom.

Thus, while Austria was humbled by the defeat of her armies and the capture of Vienna, and Russia was assailed on her own frontier, and compelled to purchase victory by the sacrifice of her ancient capital, neither power was utterly prostrated. Both bled from countless wounds; but their blood was that of gallant warriors, shed in desperate encounter, and, even in the moment of defeat, retaining vigour for future victory. But the wounds of Prussia were all but mortal; the sword was exchanged only for the lash, and she was compelled not so much to follow the conqueror as a captive, as to drag his chariot in the harness of a slave. Her restoration after so total a fall was one of the most remarkable events

in the annals of fallen nations. This was the punishment for the guilty partition of Poland.

It is equally remarkable that treachery to Poland seems to have been among the immediate sources of the fall of Napoleon. He unquestionably excited them into a resistance which left them at the mercy of their masters, wasted a vast quantity of the national blood, and finally abandoned them to utter hopelessness of national independence. What renders all this still more extraordinary is, that this vast machinery of retribution was set in motion to avenge the ruin of a people who had long been the most fallen of Europe—powerless at home, ineffectual abroad, wasting away by intestine feud, and apparently preserved from the grave only by the contemptuous negligence of Europe.

Was it for the purpose of showing that Providence will not suffer its high laws to be insulted in the instance of the most insignificant nation; and that, while it leaves the chief punishments or rewards of individuals to another state of existence, it enforces its high moral on kingdoms by the promptitude of its visitations in this world?

It is now known to us, that the fate of Poland long exercised Napoleon's most anxious deliberation; that she offered him her perpetual alliance as the price of her independence—her army, her whole military population, all the resources of a nation of sixteen millions of men, against Russia, with whom he was on the verge of war—against Austria, whom he was determined to keep down at the risk of war—and against Prussia, whose crown he had cast under his feet, and had determined to keep there. It is equally known that Napoleon wavered; that he was anxious to secure the force of Poland, but equally anxious to escape the jealousy of Austria. In other words, that he was determined to gain what advantages he could from both, and to cheat both in return.

Mr Alison thinks that his reasons for refusing independence to Poland were solid. With all deference to his judgment, the general European opinion seems to have been on the contrary side. It was unquestionably the impression, at the period of the Moscow retreat, that if Napoleon had spent the year 1812 in reorganizing

Poland, and shaping her into the form of a great European kingdom, he would have been enabled to fall on Russia with a force altogether irresistible. In 1812, what could he fear from Austria, along whose frontier he was moving with an army thrice the strength of that which had conquered her but six years before? From Prussia, what could he fear? She was his magazine, his treasury, his barrack, and his high-road. The whole force of Poland was ready to take arms at his bidding, and to take arms with a more ardent enthusiasm, and a more resolute sincerity, than any other allies that the world could offer. He might have thus marched with a hundred thousand additional cavalry, the most fitting for Russian warfare of any in Europe, uniting the wild impetuosity of the Tartar with the disciplined steadiness of the European, and exerting both against the enemy with a fiery recollection of ancient hostility and immediate wrongs. If there were difficulties connected with the habitual insubordination of Poland, what man on earth was fitter to deal with those difficulties than Napoleon—the man who had reduced the turbulence of the German sovereignties into implicit submission,—the man who, by a still more singular effort of his genius, had reduced the republicanism of France into obedience,—combined the explosive materials of the great rebellion at home into the manageable yet resistless material of power abroad, and seizing the fiery spirits of anarchy in their full vigour, forced them to labour at the erection of a throne, which, with all the power, had all the splendour of necromancy? Even the delay of six months in Poland would have brought him into a period of the year which alone was fit for warlike operations in the north—would have given him time to seize both the two capitals of North and South Russia—and, with Moscow and St Petersburg, whether in his hands or in ashes, would have forced Alexander to sign a ruinous peace, or have driven him into his deserts, never to reascend the Russian throne, or have a Russian throne to reascend.

And these opinions are not now stated for the first time; they were the universal language of the period; they were the language of his own camp, of his council of officers, and even of

himself. But his time was come. If ever a spirit of delusion was commissioned for the undoing of a mighty criminal, it took possession in that hour of the heart of the French Emperor. A precipitation, of which he afterwards could not speak without astonishment, became the principle of all his actions. All prudence was cast behind; all remonstrance was unavailing; he plunged into the Russian campaign on the verge of winter; rushed just deep enough into the country to be incapable of resource if fortune failed, threw his last stake, and from that instant was undone.

Napoleon's middle course, with respect to Poland, was the more remarkable from its being a direct contradiction to his supreme maxim of policy, never to do things by halves. He determined to inflame to the utmost point of indignation the Polish provinces which belonged to Prussia, to be cautious in his addresses to those which belonged to Russia, and to pass by the Austrian share of the partition in silence. The result was, that he finally disgusted the whole nation; and the people, sinking at once from enthusiasm, through the whole scale, to suspicion, began to ask whether the restoration of Poland could rationally be expected from the hand which had paralyzed the liberties of France?

The war with Russia was begun. Alexander, till now an auxiliary, was become a principal; and for the first time in the history of modern Europe, the grand trial was to be made between the strength of the West and the North. The conflict had almost the interest of a great dramatic representation; the dashing intrepidity, fierce enterprise, and splendid discipline of the armies of France, was on one side; on the other, the stern fortitude, iron perseverance, and desperate determination of the army of Russia. The leaders on both sides, exhibited an equal and an extraordinary contrast. Napoleon, the very genius of war, subtle, profound, rapid, with an instinctive love of battle; magnificent in his conceptions, merciless in their execution, seeing nothing too lofty or too deep to deter him, consumed with a passion for universal empire, and already crowned with the laurels of unrivalled victories. Alexander, brave, calm, and patriotic, compensating for his inexperience in war by the sin-

cerity of his intentions; for the narrowness of his military resources, by the vastness of his territory; and possessing against all the casualties of fortune that noblest of all courage which is to be found in the righteous cause. Yet it is a remarkable instance of the neglect which often enfeebles the highest councils of man, that this great empire, on the very point of the most desperate of all struggles, could muster but seventy-five thousand men to meet Napoleon, who, at the distance of six hundred miles from France, with all Germany to keep at bay, and with a multitude of corps employed in guarding the communications of this immense line, was yet able to bring a hundred thousand veterans to the Vistula.

The first great action by which the contending forces were tried, was the battle of Pultusk. Among Mr Alison's qualities for an historian, one of the most admirable is the spirit of his military descriptions. Of this we now give a slight example.

"The position of Pultusk is the only one in that country where the ground is so far cleared of wood as to permit of any considerable armies combating each other in a proper field of battle. An open and cultivated plain on this side of the river Narew, there stretches out to the south and east of that town, which lies on the banks of its meandering stream—a succession of thickets surround this open space in all directions, excepting that on which the town lies; and on the inside of them the ground rises to a semicircular ridge, from whence it gradually slopes down towards the town on one side, and the forest on the other; so that it is impossible, till this barrier is surmounted, to get a glimpse even of the buildings. There, the Russians were drawn up in admirable order in two lines; their left resting on the town of Pultusk, their right on the wood of Moszyn, which skirted the little plain, the artillery in advance; but a cloud of Cossacks swarmed in front of the array, and prevented either the force or composition of the enemy from being seen by the French as they advanced to the attack. Sacken had the command of the left; Count Osterman Tolstoy of the right; Barclay de Tolly, with twelve battalions and ten squadrons, occupied a copsewood in front of the right; Benningsen was stationed in the centre—names destined to immortal celebrity in future wars, and which, even at this distant period, the historian can

hardly enumerate without a feeling of exultation and the thrilling interest of former days."

In this campaign, we are not to forget that it was fought in the depth of winter—December 1806—that too of a northern winter; and, if any conceivable addition could be made to the severity of the elements, that it was a winter in Poland, a vast northern table-land swept by the wind direct from the pole, almost wholly a wilderness, naked of human habitation, and divided between marsh, impracticable forest, and plains as barren as the wilds of Scythia;—that it was to these hideous solitudes that Napoleon brought the gay and glittering battalions of the south, to struggle against the inclement sky, the frozen ground, and the Russian steel. Dearly did France pay for her triumphs, but such are the prices which ambition must pay for supremacy.

On the 26th of December, Marshal Lannes, at the head of five-and-thirty thousand men, advanced to the attack. "The woods which skirted the little plain occupied by the Russian light troops in front of their position, were forced by the French voltigeurs, after an obstinate resistance, and a battery which galled their advance, and which could not be withdrawn, carried by assault; but no sooner had Lannes, encouraged by this success, surmounted the crest of the ridge, and advanced into the open plain, than the cloud of Cossacks dispersed to the right and left, and exposed to view the Russian army in two lines in admirable order, with a hundred and twenty guns disposed along its front. Astonished, but not panic-struck, by so formidable an opposition, Lannes still continued to press forward; and as his divisions successively cleared the thickets and advanced to the crest of the hill, they deployed into line. This operation, performed under the fire of all the Russian cannon, to which the French had as yet none of equal number to oppose, was executed with admirable discipline, but attended with a very heavy loss, and the ground was already strewn with dead bodies, when the line was so far formed as to enable a general charge to take place. It was attended, however, with very little success; the soil, cut up by the passage of so many horses and carriages, was in many places knee-deep of mud;

heavy snow-showers at intervals obscured the heavens and deprived the French gunners of the sight of the enemy, while the Russian batteries, in position, and served with admirable skill, alike in light and darkness, sent their fatal storm of grape and round shot through the ranks of the assailants. Notwithstanding these obstacles, however, the French advanced with their wonted intrepidity to the attack, and gradually the arrival of their successive batteries rendered the fire of cannon on the opposite sides more equal. Suchet, who commanded the first line, insensibly gained ground, especially on the right, where the division of Barclay was stationed; but Benningsen, seeing the danger, reinforced that gallant officer with fresh troops. A battalion of the French infantry was broken and cut to pieces by the Russian horse, and the rout in that quarter became so serious that Lannes was compelled to advance in person with his reserve to repair the disorder. By these efforts the forward movement of the Russians in that direction was arrested, and their victorious columns, charged in flank while disordered by the rapidity of their advance, were forced to give ground, and resume their former position in front of Pultusk."

The great battle of the campaign was now approaching, the battle of Prussich-Eylau.

"By daybreak the French army, headed by Murat, with his numerous and terrible dragoons, were in motion to pursue the enemy; and as the Russians had been much retarded during the night by the passage of so many pieces of cannon and waggons through the narrow streets of Junkowo, they soon came up with their rear-guard. By overwhelming numbers, the Russians were forced from the bridge of Bergfried; but they rallied in the village, and forming barricades with tumbrils, waggons, and chariots, effectually checked the advance of the enemy, until the carriages in the rear had got clear through, when they retired, obstinately contesting every inch of ground, which they did with such effect that the French lost fifteen hundred men in the pursuit, without inflicting a greater loss on their adversaries. Nor were any cannon or chariots taken—a striking proof of the orderly nature of the retreat, and the heroism with which the rear-guard performed its duty, when it is recollected that Napoleon, with eighty thousand men,

thundered in close pursuit ; and that, from the state of the roads, the march which had been ordered upon three lines, could take place on two only. Soult and Davoust continued to manœuvre, in order to turn the Russian left, while Murat and Ney passed their rear-guard. On the night of the 4th, the Russians retired to Frauendorf, where they stood firm next day. But this continued retreat in presence of the enemy was now beginning to be attended with bad effects, both upon the health and spirits of the soldiers. The Russian commissariat was then wretched ; magazines there were none in the country which was now the theatre of war ; and the soldiers, when worn out with a night-march over frozen snow, had no means of obtaining subsistence but by prowling about to discover and dig up the little stores which the peasants had buried for the use of their families. The men every where lay on the bare ground in intense frost, with no other bed but the snow, and no covering but their greatcoats, which were now little better than rags. They were not as yet inured to retire before the enemy ; and the murmur against any farther retreat was so loud, that Benningsen resolved to fall back only to a chosen field of battle ; and, upon examining the map, that of Prussich-Eylau was selected for this purpose. No sooner was this announced to the troops than their discontents were appeased, the hardships of the night-marches were forgotten, and from the joyful looks of the men it would rather have been supposed they were marching to tranquil winter-quarters, than the most desperate struggle which had occurred in modern times."

The partial encounters which preceded this great battle showed that Napoleon was contending with a new enemy. His course through the Italian campaigns had been one of unrivalled superiority. His encounters with the troops of Austria had only augmented the number of his victories. The Prussian army, with the highest military reputation of Europe, had fallen at a blow. It would perhaps be unfair to charge the men of those countries with deficiency of nerve, but nothing can be clearer than that the Russians encountered Napoleon with a different spirit, as with a different success. In the Russian war we see no battle lost by mere manœuvre, no disgraceful flight at the first sight of an enemy on the flank, no columns of prisoners carried off, no capitulations of armies, no scandalous surrender of towns, even no cannon captured, but

where they were sunk in morasses in the dreadful winter marches of the troops, and no banners taken but where their defenders had fallen on the field.

"Never," says Mr Alison, "in the history of war did two armies pass a night under more awful and impressive circumstances than the rival hosts who now lay, without tent or covering, on the snowy expanse of the field of Eylau. The close vicinity of the two armies, the vast multitude assembled in so narrow a space, intent only on mutual destruction ; the vital interests to the lives and fortunes of all which were at stake ; the wintry wildness of the scene, cheered only by the watch-fires, which threw a partial glow on the snow-clad heights around ; the shivering groups who in either army lay round the blazing fires, chilled by girdles of impenetrable ice ; the stern resolution of the soldiers in the one array, and the enthusiastic ardour of those in the other ; the liberty of Europe now brought to the issue of one dread combat ; the glory of Russia and France dependent on the efforts of the mightiest armament that either had yet sent forth, all contributed to impress a feeling of extraordinary solemnity, which reached the most inconsiderate breast, oppressed the mind with a feeling of anxious thought, and kept unclosed many a weary eyelid in both camps, notwithstanding the extraordinary fatigues of the preceding days. But no sooner did the dawn break, and the quick rattle of musketry from the outposts commence, than these gloomy presentiments were dispelled, and all arose from their icy beds with no other feelings but those of joyous confidence and military ardour."

The battle began at daylight on the 8th of February, in the midst of a snow-storm. At an early hour of the day Augereau's column of 16,000 men was enveloped by the Russian masses, and, with the exception of 1500, totally destroyed. Napoleon himself was in the most imminent hazard of being taken prisoner. He had slept at Eylau on the night before, and was now in the churchyard, where the crash of the enemy's balls on the steeple showed how nearly danger was approaching. "Presently one of the Russian divisions, following rapidly after the fugitives, entered Eylau by the western street, and charged, with loud hurrahs, to the foot of the mount where the Emperor was placed with a battery of the Imperial Guard and his personal escort

of a hundred men. Had a regiment of horse been at hand to support the attack, Napoleon must have been made prisoner; for though the last reserve, consisting of six battalions of the old guard, were at a short distance, he might have been enveloped before they could get up to his rescue. The fate of Europe then hung by a thread, but in that terrible moment the Emperor's presence of mind did not forsake him; he instantly ordered his little body-guard, hardly more than a company, to form line, in order to check the enemy's advance, and despatched orders to the old guard to attack the column on one flank, while a brigade of Murat's horse charged it on the other. The Russians, disordered by success, and ignorant of the inestimable prize which was almost within their grasp, were arrested by the firm countenance of the little band of heroes who formed Napoleon's last resource; and before they could reform their ranks for a regular conflict, the enemy were upon them on either flank, and almost the whole division was cut to pieces on the spot."

This dreadful slaughter continued throughout the day, the Russians and the French alternately repulsing each other, both sides fighting with the most desperate intrepidity, and every charge leaving the ground covered with carnage. Towards evening the Prussians under Lestocq advanced against the division of Friant. The French were driven before them. Marshal Davoust in vain attempted to withstand the torrent. "Here," he cried, "is the place where the brave should find a glorious death; the cowards will perish in the deserts of Siberia." Still the French were driven on, with the loss of 3000 men, and the whole Russian line were pressing on to victory, when the rapid night of the north fell, and the battle was at an end.

This was the first heavy blow which Napoleon had yet received in European war. He had once before been on the point of ruin, but it was in Syria, and a British officer had the honour of making the conqueror of Italy recoil. It is now unquestionable that at Eylau he was defeated. At ten at night he gave orders for his artillery and baggage to defile to the rear, and the advanced post to retreat. He was on the point of being disgraced

in the eyes of Europe, when he was saved from that disgrace by the indecision of the Russian general. A council of war was held by the Russian leaders on horseback, to decide on their future course. Count Osterman Tolstoy, the second in command, with Generals Knoring and Lestocq, urged strongly that retreat was not to be thought of; that Napoleon was beaten in a pitched battle; that whichever army gained ground, would be reputed the victor, and that the true policy was to throw their whole force upon him without delay. But Bennigsen, unluckily, satisfied with his triumph, past the vigour of youth, unacquainted with the enormous losses of the French army, and exhausted by thirty-six hours on horseback, directed the march on Koningsberg.

We have already spoken of Mr Alison as exhibiting admirable ability in description; that ability which, instinctively seizing on all the master features of a great scene, throws life into all its details, and, without wasting a word, brings the whole picture, vast, terrible, and tragic as it is, before the eye. This was the merit of Tacitus and Thucydides, and we know few passages in either more impressive than the brief sketch of the catastrophe of Eylau.

"Such was the terrible battle of Eylau, fought in the depth of winter, amidst ice and snow, under circumstances of unexampled horror; the most bloody and obstinately-contested that had yet occurred during the war; and in which, if Napoleon did not sustain a positive defeat, he underwent a disaster which had well-nigh proved his ruin. The loss on both sides was immense, and never, in modern times, had a field of battle been strewed with such a multitude of slain. On the side of the Russians twenty-five thousand had fallen, of whom above seven thousand were already no more: on that of the French, upwards of thirty thousand were killed or wounded, and nearly ten thousand had left their colours, under pretence of attending to the wounded, and did not make their appearance for several days afterwards. The other trophies of victory were nearly equally balanced: the Russians had to boast of the unusual spectacle of twelve eagles taken from their antagonists; while they had made spoil of sixteen of the Russian guns, and fourteen standards. Hardly any prisoners were made on either side during the action; but six thousand of the wounded, most of

them in a hopeless state, were left on the field of battle, and fell into the hands of the French.

"Never was spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. Above fifty thousand men lay in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were, for the most part, of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon-balls which had been discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses to the deadly batteries which spread grape at half-musket shot through their ranks. Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water, or assistance to extricate the wounded men from beneath the heaps of slain, or load of horses by which they were crushed. Six thousand of these noble animals encumbered the field, or, maddened with pain, were shrieking aloud amidst the stifled groans of the wounded. Subdued by loss of blood, tamed by cold, exhausted by hunger, the foemen lay side by side amidst the general wreck. The Cossack was to be seen beside the Italian; the gay vinedresser, from the smiling banks of the Garonne, lay athwart the stern peasant from the plains of the Ukraine. The extremity of suffering had extinguished alike the fiercest and the most generous passions. After his usual custom, Napoleon, in the afternoon, rode through this dreadful field, accompanied by his generals and staff, while the still burning piles of Serpallen and Sausgarten sent volumes of black smoke over the scene of death: but the men exhibited none of their wonted enthusiasm; no cries of *Vive l'Empereur* were heard; the bloody surface echoed only with the cries of suffering, or the groans of woe. It is this moment which the genius of Le Gros has selected for the finest and most inspired painting that exists of the Emperor, in that immortal work, which, amidst the false taste and artificial sentiment of Parisian society, has revived the severe simplicity and chastened feeling of ancient art."

This was the time for England to have thrown her strength into the scale. She was strongly importuned by Russia and Prussia. They pointed out the spot where a British expedition might strike the mortal blow. "Send a force to the mouth of the Elbe. Join the Swedes in Pomerania. Napoleon must fall back through fear of having his retreat cut off in Germany. Austria only waits for England. She has forty thousand men in

observation in Bohemia. She could have a hundred thousand in motion on the Elbe. The Prussians are ready to rise. The balance is now equi-poised. Throw in the British alliance, and the fates of Europe are decided."

Nothing could be more rational, effective, and true; but the ban of Whiggism was upon England. Her evil genius, in the person of Lord Grey, a man whose presence in public life has always been signalized by some great public calamity, froze her councils. The dastardly and short-sighted minister replied to all the eager outcries of Europe in these words, which ought to extinguish him as a patriot and a politician for ever;—"Doubtless the spring is the most favourable period for military operations, but at the *present juncture*, the allies must not look for any considerable land-force from Great Britain." And this with the despatch of the battle of Eylau actually in his hands! Let this be his epitaph. It is ignominy.

Napoleon's consciousness of his defeat was discoverable by stronger signs than the charlatanery of military movements, adopted for the express purpose of disguise. He made proposals of peace to Russia and Prussia. They were refused with impunity. He ordered up his principal corps from the rear, but dared not again attack the Russians. And finally, he demanded of France, in March 1807, the anticipated conscription of September 1808.

Even at this distance of time, it is difficult to restrain the solemn gratification that follows from the sense of retributive justice. France till now had seen without a pang the miseries which the world suffered from her armies. All was victory, and no man counted the agonies which every victory cost the unfortunate people of the seat of war. France saw cannon and colours sent back to her capital from the unhappy countries blasted by the presence of her soldiery. Still all was national exultation. "We are the first soldiers, the first politicians, the first philosophers, the first people of the globe," was the national outcry; and every voice was raised to hail the progress of European massacre. But the slaughter had now begun to be retorted on herself; the sudden demand of a new conscription excited universal astonishment,

remonstrance, and alarm. "What!" was the public exclamation, "three conscriptions within less than seven months; two hundred and forty thousand of the rising generation sent to be slaughtered in the Polish deserts within half a year! What nation could stand so horrible a drain? France must inevitably be ruined." "No words," says Mr Alison, "can do justice to the consternation which this *third* requisition excited amongst all classes, especially those whose children were likely to be reached by the destructive scourge. In vain the bulletins announced, that victories were gained with hardly any loss. The terrific demand of the different conscriptions, amounting to no less than 240,000 men in seven months, too clearly demonstrated the fearful chasms which sickness and the sword of the enemy had made in their ranks. The number of young men who annually attained the age of eighteen in France, which was the period selected for the conscription, was about two hundred thousand. Thus in half a year, more than a whole annual generation had been required for a service which experience had now proved to be almost certain destruction."

The usual chicanery of Napoleon was employed to enfeeble the force of the public feeling; the journals were put on a new course of fiction; the theatrical spirit of the Government was brought to act upon the theatrical spirit of the people, and Renaud St Angely, a revolutionary ruffian, who would have seen the blood of half mankind flowing down the steps of his guillotine without a shudder, was exhibited shedding tears in the Senate when he made his communication of the imperial necessity of homicide! The Senate, of course, played its corresponding part—was melted into sympathy, and voted the conscription. To qualify the vote, it was declared that the conscripts were to be organized merely as an army of reserve for the defence of the frontier. This promise was, of course, a falsehood. The conscripts, though saved from the Russian bayonet by the peace of Tilsit, were speedily drafted into the regular army, and destined to glut the wolves and vultures of the Peninsula.

The eloquent animation of this history often hurries us on as if we were reading a fine romance. We forget the grave realities, the desperate mis-

ries, the startling horrors of the catastrophe in the brilliancy of the description, as if in the battles themselves nothing had been visible but the blaze of the cannon and the glitter of the steel, as if the whole were a magnificent firework, and the splendours of the vision were unpurchased by the hideous agonies of dying men, and the terrors of falling nations.

Napoleon, on renewing hostilities, had attempted to force the intrenched camp of Heilsberg; and after a day's fighting, had been repulsed at seven in the evening with heavy loss. "I had on this occasion," says Savary, "an exceedingly warm altercation with the Grand Duke de Berg (Murat), who sent to me in the very thickest of the action orders to move forward and attack; I bade the officer who brought the order go to the devil, asking at the same time if he did not see how we were engaged. That Prince, who would have commanded every where, wished that I should cease firing, at the hottest period of the fight, to march forward; he would not see that if I had done so I should infallibly have been destroyed before reaching the enemy. For a quarter of an hour I exchanged grape with the enemy—nothing enabled me to keep my ground but the rapidity of my fire. The coming on of night was most fortunate—while every one slumbered, the Emperor sent for me. He was content with my charge, but scolded me for having failed in the support of Murat. When defending myself, I had the boldness to say he was a fool, who would some day cause us to lose a great battle—and that it would be better for us if he was less brave and had more common-sense. The Emperor bade me be silent, saying I was in a passion, but did not think the less of what I had said. Next day he was in very bad humour; our wounded were as numerous as in a pitched battle."

We find ourselves unable to resist the pleasure of quoting the masterly description of the field of battle.

"The vehement cannonade, which had so long illuminated the heavens now ceased, and the cries of the wounded, in the plain at the foot of the intrenchments, began to be heard above the declining roar of the musketry. At eleven at night, however, a deserter came into the Russian lines, and announced that a fresh attack was preparing. Suitable arrange-

ments were accordingly made; and hardly were they completed, when dark masses of the enemy were seen, by the uncertain twilight of a midsummer night, to issue from the woods, and advance with a swift pace across the bloody plain which separated them from the redoubts. Instantly the batteries opened on the moving masses; they staggered under the discharge, but still pressed on, without returning a shot; but when they arrived within reach of the musketry, the fire became so vehement that the heads of the columns were entirely swept away, and the remainder driven back in great disorder, after sustaining a frightful loss. At length, at midnight, after twelve hours' incessant fighting, the firing entirely ceased, and nothing was heard in the narrow space which separated the two armies, but the groans of the wounded, who, anticipating a renewal of the combat in the morning, and tortured by pain, implored removal, relief, or even death itself, to put a period to their sufferings.

"Heavy rain fell in the early part of the night, which, though it severely distressed the soldiers who were unhurt in their bivouacs, assuaged the thirst and diminished the sufferings of the host of wounded of both armies who lay mingled together on the plain. With the first dawn of day the Russians again stood to their arms, expecting every moment to be attacked; but the morning passed over without any movement on the part of the enemy. As the light broke, the French were descried on the skirts of the wood in order of battle, but, more even than by their well-appointed battalions and squadrons, the eyes of all were riveted on a spectacle inconceivably frightful between their lines and the redoubts. This space, about a quarter of a mile broad and above a mile in length, presented a sheet of naked human bodies, the greater part dead, but some showing by their motions that they preserved consciousness or implored relief. Six thousand corpses were here lying together as close as they had stood in their ranks, stript during the night of every rag of garment by the cupidity of the camp-followers of either army, ghastly pale, or purple with the blood which was still oozing from their wounds. How inured soever to the horrors of a campaign, the soldiers of both armies, even while they loathed it, felt their eyes fascinated by this harrowing spectacle, which exhibited war, stript of all its pomp, in its native barbarity; and, by common consent, the interval of hostilities was employed in burying the dead, and removing the shivering wounded to the rear of the armies."

But even this history of the most

furious of all wars, is not wholly warlike. The historian casts a sagacious glance from time to time over those more tranquil movements in which the public feeling of nations and the ability of their statesmen is developed. And his principles are of an order which renders his views safe, honourable, and British. If there be any thing in his conduct of those highly important portions of his work, with which we cannot wholly sympathize, it is his reluctance to give those principles their full announcement. He is a Tory, as must every man be who has the sense to value English freedom. But he allows too much to the hypocrisy of Whiggism. The delicacy with which he speaks of their intentions, the good-natured apologies which his ingenuity stoops to find for their blunders, and the general placability which his eloquent and graceful language conveys with reference to men remarkable only for their distorted ambition, malignant absurdity, and perfidious selfishness, are sacrifices to the etiquettes of living society, which none are called on to make who write for the instruction of future mankind. The truth is, that every evil of the country, political or martial, domestic or foreign, during the last half century, has found its root of bitterness in Whiggism. To whom was the virulence of the American revolt due? "To the Whigs," who looked to that criminal rebellion as a means of bringing their own restless incapacity into power. Who fanned the flame of French revolt, and attempted to excite it in England? The Whigs, and merely with the object of bringing themselves into power. Who continued to paralyse the resistance of England to France, while France was regicide, Atheist, anarchical, and had sworn the utter ruin of England? Who paralysed the national ardour in the war for the redemption of Spain? The Whigs—still for the purpose of grasping at power of which the possession had always showed their incapability. Who have been the reckless enemies of the Church, urging the Legislature until they forced that most fatal of all innovations, the entrance of Popery? The Whigs—still for their personal aggrandizement. Who stung the people into the frenzied cry of Parliamentary Reform? Still, for the lust of office,—the Whigs. And who, at this hour, have prostrated the em-

pire before the feet of a malignant ruffian, whom they at once dread and flatter, obey and hate, denounce and bargain with; and still for the contemptible possession of a precarious power? The Whigs. The history of faction has no page on which posterity will look with deeper scorn than the record of this most paltry, base, and hypocritical of all conspiracies against the whole morality of public life. Who can believe that they have ever been sincere; for who can believe in the sincerity of patricians worshipping the rabble, men of old estate lauding the doctrines of confiscation; men who would be stripped to the skin by the first revolutionary movement abetting revolution? When we see bloated pensioners on the public to the amount of L.30,000 a-year! haranguing at tavern dinners, as clients of that democracy which would instantly turn them, with all their stars and garters about their necks, in beggary through the world, how can we believe that such harangues are not utterly inspired by falsehood? Or when we see the possessors of vast properties one day spouting to the rabble, the next combining in the Legislature, and both to bring on those furious changes which must inevitably overthrow all property, how is it possible to think them honest, or to think them any other than fraudulent intriguers for lawless gain, gross pretenders to the popular favour, which they despise, solicitors of popular vice, that they may turn it to uses which must be despised by every man of honour; degraded sycophants, that they may only be slaves, and slaves only that they may plunder the nation with impunity? Whiggism has been fastened on England for a curse, and no infliction has ever more thoroughly accomplished its original design.

In its history there is but one bright spot, the "Abolition of the Slave-Trade." We are willing to give Whiggism such credit as it can conscientiously take to itself for this commendable act of national justice. But we must remember that this abolition was *not* an original Whig measure, but the work of a few obscure men of humanity, who had no concern with the Legislature; that even Wilberforce disavowed and deprecated all party in the matter; that the Whigs had never before made use of office to

annul this national offence; and that, finally, they adopted it merely as a new passport to popularity, and as among the general clamours for that cheap humanity which was a regular commodity of the trade of Whiggism. That their performance was reckless, crude, and imperfect, was only to say that it was the work of Fox and his followers. They dashed through the difficulties of the subject without regard to the interests of the country. By this crudeness the condition of the negro was but slightly improved for a long series of years, while the planter was instantly brought to the verge of ruin. And, finally, nothing but the enormous sacrifice of twenty millions of money has been capable of saving the West Indies from total bankruptcy. Still we rejoice that the measure was effected. But it could not have been effected in a more precipitate, ineffectual, or injurious manner. Still we grieve that the act was not done by the Tories, and that any tardiness on the part of men of honour should have given the fame of so honourable an achievement to a troop of political profligates. The whole is only an example of the maxim, that men should do quickly that which they have virtue to wish and power to perform; that it is good "to be zealously affected in a good matter;" and that the man of religion should resolve to outstrip the infidel in the activity, as much as in the excellence, of his intentions. Yet the slave-trade at this moment is more cruel, rapacious, and deadly than ever.

"From the returns laid before Parliament," says Mr Alison, "it appears that the slave-trade is now *four times* as extensive as it was in 1789, when European philanthropy first interfered in St Domingo in favour of the African race, and twice as great as it was when the efforts of Mr Wilberforce procured its abolition in the British dominions. Great and deplorable as were the sufferings of the captives in crossing the Atlantic, in the large and capacious Liverpool slave-ships, they are as nothing compared to those which have since been, and are still endured by the negroes in the hands of the Spanish and Portuguese traders, where several hundred wretches are stowed between decks in a space not three feet high; and in addition to the anguish inseparable from a state of captivity, are made to endure, for weeks together, the horrors of the black-hole of

Calcutta. Nearly two hundred thousand captives, chained together in this frightful manner, now annually cross the Atlantic; and they are brought, not to the comparatively easy life of the British West India Islands, but to the desperate servitude of Cuba or Brasil; in the latter of which several hundred negroes are worked, like animals, in droves together; without a single female among them, and without any attempt to perpetuate their race, they are worn down by their cruel taskmasters to the grave by a lingering process which, on an average, terminates their existence in seven years."

Mr Alison thinks that this dreadful increase of human misery is chiefly due to two causes—the heavy duties on British West India produce, and the decline of production by the progressive emancipation of the British negroes. Without doubting the importance of those causes, might we not add to them the vast quantities of uncleared yet fertile land in Cuba and Spanish America; the difficulty of making the natives work, from the indolence of the Creole population, and the apathy of the Indian; and, in general, the extreme deficiency of population? Whatever may be the decay of the produce in our islands, it unquestionably seems to be still overabundant for our home supply; the chief complaint of the planters being, that they have more to sell than we are inclined to buy. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that the taxes on the produce must throw the supply of the Continent into other hands. Still we say, once more, that we regard the abolition of the slave-trade as a load of sin removed from the neck of England.

We may regret that this act of integrity on our part has not been followed by other nations; that France, Spain, and Portugal have turned from our example, and have even availed themselves of our humanity to aggravate the wretchedness of their African fellow-men. But have they followed our fortunes more than our humanity? Would we exchange conditions with any one of the three at this moment? Whatever may be the anxieties of England for the coming time, what is her condition now, her internal peace, her opulence, her improving arts, her active industry, her unmolested empire, her incalculable colonization, to the deep

perplexities of any one of the three European slave-traders? There is a Providence above us; and can it be extravagant to believe that its high dispensations for good and ill here, have direct reference to the fulfilment or breach of its laws? Is it possible to conceive that the groans of two hundred thousand human beings, torn from their country for the mere purposes of the basest and most heartless of all the passions of man—the love of money—are not heard; that the worship of Mammon, that worship which, of all others, seems declared to be most hostile to the worship of the Divine Being, will not be marked by the hand of Supreme justice; and that those nations, like those men who commit acts of persevering guilt, with the example of returning and repentant virtue before their eyes, are surest to undergo the heavy visitation of the greatest of all tribunals? France at this hour is sitting on the embers of one revolution, and the pile of another; infidelity, vanity, and ambition are preparing her tomb. A vigorous Government alone keeps down insurrection for the moment; but let the head of that Government be laid in the grave, whether by the hand of the assassin or the course of nature, and the evil day of France will come like a thundercloud. Spain and Portugal are scenes of universal terror. In Spain a civil war, which appears to be interminable; hostility, amounting to the point of tearing her entrails, without vigour to arrive at the victory which might bring peace. Portugal in the hands of a faction, and that faction but the delegates of the mob; her nobles exiled, her Queen a prisoner, her people racked by confiscation, her provinces on the edge of revolt. Is it not remarkable that those three kingdoms should be the only dominions of Europe in which conspiracy, faction, and war stalk before the general eye, and shake the state to the verge of dissolution? Is it not remarkable that the three are the only dominions in which the dynasties of the former slave-trading kings have been superseded, and their places filled by sovereigns of contested title? Is it not remarkable that the existence of the three actual possessors of their thrones should be in hourly and notorious hazard from their own subjects? and that while

the guards of Madrid and the rabble of Lisbon are masters of their Queens, Louis Philippe should require 50,000 troops to keep the crown from being trampled under foot by the rabble of Paris? And yet all those frowning shapes of ruin may but fill up the first scene of the high drama of retribution.

The treaty of Tilsit, July 7 and 9, closed the first Russian war. This treaty was memorable as the confirmation of all those new royalties by which Napoleon established his family on thrones. The Russian Emperor recognised them all. Prussia was deprived of her Polish territory, which was erected into the Grand Duchy of Warsaw; and for the purpose of depriving her of all subsequent means of resistance, a fine of six hundred millions of francs, L. 24,000,000 sterling, perhaps equal to a hundred millions in England, was peremptorily demanded from her ruined exchequer—the whole revenue of that unfortunate country scarcely exceeding six millions a-year.

But the more memorable part of this treaty was couched in a portion which was to be kept profoundly secret. By this Napoleon and Alexander agreed on dividing the world between them; Russia was to sweep the east, France the west; both were to crush Great Britain. Turkey was to be abandoned to the Russian arms. But Napoleon made a determined stand against the surrender of Roumelia and Constantinople; they were too important to his intended empire of the Mediterranean. A joint offer of peace on iniquitous conditions was to be made to England, and on its refusal a joint attack was to follow. Then the *three Courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Lisbon, were to be jointly summoned to close their ports against English vessels, to recall their ambassadors from London, and to declare war against Great Britain.*

But even this atrocious compact was not atrocious enough for the craft of Napoleon. A portion *doubly secret* was added; the detail of the universal robbery. By this the mouths of the Cattaro and the Ionian Islands "were to be ceded by Russia to France. Sicily was to be added to Joseph Bonaparte's kingdom of Naples. The Sicilian King was to receive Candia, or some part of Turkey, as an indemnity.

The Papal territory, Malta, and Egypt, were to be given to France. The Turkish dominions were to be partitioned; and Wallachia, Moldavia, Servia, and Bulgaria, were to be given to Russia; while Greece, Macedonia, Dalmatia, and all the sea-coasts of the Adriatic, were to be in the possession of France. Finland was to be Russian; while the *sovereigns of the Houses of Bourbon and Braganza, in the Spanish Peninsula, were to be replaced by princes of the family of Napoleon.*"

If we ever required an evidence of the innate evil of the human heart, we might find it in this terrible conspiracy against humankind. We may make all allowance for the ferocity of disgrace and despair; for the raging hostility of savage life, or the furious revenge of the disordered mind; but here two individuals, at the very summit of all that earth has to offer, in possession of every object that the imagination can feign of happiness, the two chief sovereigns of the globe, at the first moment when they had ceased to cover their frontiers with human blood, think only of spreading the slaughter over the globe. It was impossible to doubt that the simplest attempt to realize this plan of unlimited robbery must have roused all Europe into instant resistance; that all which mad ambition had cost before would have been a grain of sand to the avalanche of rapine and ruin which must have rushed down upon the civilized world. And for what? To give one man a hundred times more territory than he would ever have been able to keep, and another a thousand times more than he would ever have been able to govern; to spread authority by massacre, and civilisation by turning the land into a wilderness; to extinguish all law by the sword, and make rebellion the first duty of human nature.

The conception was so thoroughly Satanic, that we cannot believe Alexander ever to have been sincere in its participation. He was neither a dishonest, an ungenerous, nor a cruel enemy. He was neither a timid, wavering, nor perfidious ally. He has now passed away from the scene. His subsequent career was too manly for us to suspect him of this complicated treachery. His subsequent triumphs were too splendid to allow

the belief that the hand of Providence would ever have laid so illustrious a wreath of victories on the brow of a king stained with such malignity to the peace of its creation. The work was Napoleon's. His mind, his heart, and his actions were its genuine parentage. The earth has never displayed a man whose whole nature approached nearer to the demon. Astonishingly sagacious, remorselessly fierce, of irrepressible ambition, and of implacable cruelty, what other qualities are wanting to complete the substance of that embodied hostility to God and man? He too could "believe and tremble," and, as if to complete the picture of evil, he could descend to the abject supplication for life when that life was shame, and solicit to exist when that existence was to be in darkness and chains.

If Alexander yielded to the proposal of the French Emperor, we are strongly inclined to think that he yielded through surprise and fear; that if the temptation had touched him, he speedily threw it off, and that the light which this transaction threw on the mind of his terrible compeer, was the source of that exhaustless determination to overthrow the French Empire, and war against Napoleon as its head, which so suddenly and so perseveringly characterised the whole future policy of the Czar. We should go further still, and say, that the knowledge of the "Secret Articles" of the treaty of Tilsit, which was so unaccountably, yet so instantaneously transmitted to the British Cabinet, may have been transmitted by the hand of the repentant Czar. The means were so mysterious, and still are so slightly explicable, that we can, on other grounds, scarcely avoid the conjecture. Alexander's apparent indignation at the subsequent attack on the Danish fleet, and his actual approval of that vigorous stroke of policy, show how far his necessities and his wishes were at variance; how gladly he saw resistance rise against his confederate, and how instinctively he rejoiced to find that there was manliness enough remaining in the world to subvert the Imperial scheme, which was to have given half its circumference to the Russian sceptre.

The conduct of Austria during the war in Poland is justly charged with extraordinary weakness. She unques-

tionably had in her hands the peace of Europe; and fifty thousand of her troops falling on the flank or rear of the French Grand Army, while Benningsen was thundering in its front, must have laid the French ambition in the snows of the north six years before the day of Moscow. But then could the day of Moscow have come? could the long agonies which were yet to torture France have been undergone? could Russia herself have obtained a triumph at once so solitary and so magnificent? or, above all, with this admixture of human means, could the will of an avenging Providence have been so sublimely declared, and the Divine justice on the head of the oppressor have fallen with such exclusive and awful vindication to mankind?

On this subject Mr Alison's remarks are solid and philosophical.

"Though the timidity of Austria, when her forces were capable of interfering with decisive effect on the theatre of European contest, and the supineness of England, when she had only to appear in adequate force to conquer, were the causes to which alone we are to ascribe the long subsequent continuance, multiplied disasters, and unbounded ultimate bloodshed of the war; yet for the development of the great moral lesson to France and mankind, and the illustration of the glories of patriotic resistance, it was fortunate that, by protracting it, opportunity was afforded for the memorable occurrences of its later years. But for that circumstance the annals of the world would have lost the strife in the Tyrol; the patriotism of Aspern, the siege of Saragossa, the fields of Spain! Peace would have been concluded with France as an ordinary power; she would have retained the Rhine for her boundary, and Paris would have remained the depository of revolutionary plunder; the Moscow campaign would not have avenged the blood of the innocent, nor the capture of their capital entered like iron into the soul of the vanquished. The last act of the mighty drama had not yet arrived; it was the design of Providence that it should terminate in yet deeper tragedy, and present a more awful spectacle of the Divine judgments to mankind. England would have saved three hundred millions of her debt, but she would have lost Vittoria and Waterloo; her standards would not have waved in the Pass of Roncesvalles, nor her soldiers entered in triumph the gates of Paris; she would have shared with Russia, in a very unequal proportion,

the lustre of the contest, and to barbaric force, not freeborn bravery, future ages would have awarded the glory of having struck down the Conqueror of the World."

The *first* result of the treaty which was to lay the world at the feet of Napoleon, should have taught him the uncertainty of human fortune, or the punishment of imperial crime. It was, to strike a blow which deprived him of an essential portion of his strength, tarnished his reputation in the eyes of the world, broke up his plan of overwhelming England by invasion, and finally precipitated him into those hazardous hostilities with the Peninsula, which engulfed his throne and name. The ink had been scarcely dried on the "Secret Articles" of Tilsit, when they were on the table of the British Cabinet. Count D'Autraigues, a French emigrant noble attached to the household of Louis XVIII., was the nominal instrument of the discovery. But how a document of such incalculable importance came into the Count's hands is still the question, unless it came from the hands of Alexander himself. The capture of the Danish fleet was the instant and bold enterprise of England.

This portion of the history is capitally told. Succinct without obscurity, and logical without dryness, Mr Alison brings the acknowledged facts of the case before us, with a force completely unanswerable. Opposition, of course, wrung its hands over this check to Napoleon. The whole host of Jacobin pamphleteers, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, were loud in their indignation at the attempt to anticipate the rapine by adopting the activity of their idol. The Whigs, who had now been, fortunately for the country, driven back to their old benches in Parliament, were "appalled at the inhumanity" of attacking the Danes. They, who had availed themselves of their single year of power to invade Egypt, South America, and Turkey, territories from which England had no more to fear than from the Antipodes, and who had failed in even those miserable and unjustifiable enterprises, could find no language too pathetic for an expedition whose necessity was clear, whose intelligence put their folly to shame, whose success was consummate triumph, and whose promptitude at once awoke,

astonished, and cheered Europe with a new hope of restoration. The treaty of Tilsit was signed on the 9th of July. Such was the noble vigour of the Tory Cabinet, that before the close of that month, a fleet of twenty-seven ships of the line, with 20,000 troops on board, was in full sail from the British shores. By the 16th of August the troops were disembarked in Zealand; by the 5th of September Copenhagen had capitulated; and by the beginning of October, the expedition had returned, bringing with it the whole Danish navy, eighteen ships of the line, and fifteen frigates, with other armed vessels; the most ample and superb trophy that had ever been won by naval war.

We have intentionally restricted our remarks to the earlier portions of this volume. They were in their nature the more disheartening to the reader, and the more difficult to the historian. But if the success has been complete even in these, with what ardent and glowing facility may he not be expected to speed along the brilliant and animating career that thenceforth lies before the British historian. He has hitherto been toiling through tempest and darkness; but Spain and its victories, the morning star of Europe, is now in the horizon, and the voyager sees a new aspect of the regenerated world, lighted up by new splendours of deliverance. In that sudden outburst of patriotic valour which turned the serfs and slaves of France into her boldest antagonists; in those astonishing developments of national feeling which transformed the very dust of Prussia into heroism, shot a new life into the slow strength of Austria, and impelled the gigantic might of Russia across the breadth of the Continent, to avenge the blood that stained the Moskwa, with the blood that stained the snows from the Moskwa to the Seine; and more than all, in the unrivalled valour and resistless determination of England, the protector of all, and conqueror for all, the historian possesses a task, than which the most illustrious vicissitudes of man and empire have never offered one worthier of all the eloquence of genius, the enforcement of manly principles, or the ambition of a generous and honourable fame.

HERDER.

No. II.

I.—HOMER AND THE EPOS.

II.—PINDAR, A MESSENGER OF THE GODS.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

GOOD CHRISTOPHER,—The sight of Herder and Homer together, in the foreground of a second paper, with Pindar just peeping round the corner, will by no means disgust you. Not so much catering for the public appetite as controlling it, you will not suffer classical things and thoughts to be strangers to Maga as long as the head of George Buchanan shall frown upon your cover; or, in other words, which mean precisely the same,—

“ While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair.”

In fact, dear Kit, you have always seemed to me to take the gentle public pretty much as Goldsmith's Mr Tibbs took a fine woman,—or as, according to his illustration, certain animals take their prey; that is, you lie quietly at home, and—pop! it falls into your mouth. If you won't go to Public, it is a clear case that Public must come to you. And so it does in the long run; and, therefore, glory be to you from all lovers of sound knowledge, true philosophy, high sentiment, and generous feeling, for the unshrinking front you have ever shown to the ruffianly champions of modern Liberalism in favour of the Greek and Latin muse. The *Edinburgh*, no doubt, with all its sins political, now and then throws in some powerful aid; but its efforts in the good cause are “few and far between.” And as for the dashing *Quarterly*—pray, are Frere and Mitchell and Nelson Coleridge gone to sleep? Has it not even a rod in pickle for a certain “fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge”—far be his name from staining an honest page!—who has recently been writing a pamphlet on education, the last resource of idiocy,—and against Greek, the great bugbear of utilitarians and fools? Pray, rouse yourself on this provocation, old gentleman, and let the knout once more whistle round your head, to the marvellous refreshment of all Conservative ears.

Mean-while, enjoy, as the author of the immortal Homeric series in Blackwood must know how, another specimen of Herder's mode of dealing with the ancients,

THINE.

I.—HOMER AND THE EPOS.

I.—OF THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF THE EPOS.

1. *Epos* means word, speech, discourse. Homer calls the discourse of his heroes *winged words*. Is then the Epos, in the widest signification of the term, any thing else than a *living tradition*? Every people has such of its own. Through means of speech, of narrative, every individual is educated. Each community inclines the ear to those narrations which appear remarkable and interesting to all its members, which are connected with the adventures and

fate of its distinguished men. The northern races have store of these, as well as the southern. Witness their songs of broil and battle; witness, universally, the national legends of all tribes. And thus, in accordance with its derivation, the Greek Epos falls under the same law which embraces all its popular poems. It is *national*; it is a child of *circumstance, locality, and time*; it is a *poem of the people*.

2. As in the case of all popular

traditions, their origin is extremely uncertain, so especially in the case of these *living winged words*. Men do not ask, *Who was the first author of this tale?* But if the tale be pleasing and famous, if it does honour to the nation, or to particular families, they hear it assentingly, and spread it further. Can you say, for example, who invented the story of King Arthur? Assuredly not Caradac nor Geoffrey of Monmouth. So many local appellations—*Arthur's Seat, Arthur's Hill, Arthur's Table*, and so forth, in the south of England—so many concomitant legends of *the Boy and the Horn, the Mantle, the Knights, and the Queen*—were in the mouth of the people, that no single chronicler could possibly have given rise to them all. Much more probably he took his narrative from those popular tales which were demonstrably grounded, for the most part, on *localities*, though in a tone and taste varying with the progress of time. For popular tradition—an offspring partly of fancy, and partly of primitive history—is a kind of *animate rumour* (φῆμι). It runs on, and grows, and modifies its form, with the course of years.

3. If we attend to the *pre-Homeric* legends of the Greeks, it is no matter of doubt whence they drew their aliment, or whither they bent their favourite course. It was towards those coasts from which so many inventions had reached their country, from which so much of their luxury and opulence was necessarily derived—it was to the realms of *Asia*. Thither went the Argonauts, to fetch the fleece of gold. Thence was Europa borne away by Jove. There did a multitude of Grecian families settle themselves, in the fairest climate of the earth. By their civilisation, industry, and manual skill, they reached a high pitch of prosperity. Commerce frequented their shores. There was the land of the gods, of Apollo, of Jove upon his mountain-throne. Divinities were crowded into the neighbouring isles, the birth-place of primeval fables, the sanctuary of the ancient world. *Mysteries* might refer themselves to Thrace or to Egypt; but the open fables, the po-

pular narratives, mounted up to Asia, to the region of glittering marvels.

4. This happened so much the more, because the great majority of the earliest Greek poets, historians, and philosophers were natives of the Asiatic coast and neighbouring islands. Blackwell enumerates them at large. Greece herself lay before them as a mighty ancestress; but Asia lay around them—a more bright and genial theatre. But, even in Asia, *Colchis* was too remote, and the fables connected with it were too ancient. In their nearer vicinity lay the *Plain of Troy*. There could united Greece be assembled, and chief after chief signalize his valour. This Plain of Troy was, as it were, a *muster-place* for Grecian princes and leaders—for those heroes who afterwards endured so many woes on their return, gave rise to so many legends, and conferred new names on so many countries and cities. What the Crusades were for Europe in the middle ages, that was the Trojan war for ancient Greece—at least in respect of its legends.

5. Homer, it is well known, was not the first who sang the Trojan war. He had predecessors as well as successors. That some *local event* supplied the subject of all these competitors for the crown of poesy in Asia Minor, is beyond question. The most of Bryant's arguments on the other side prove nothing but his dearth of poetical taste and lack of judgment as to the most ancient traditions. But since, on the other hand, we are not certain *when* and *where* these songs were put together, nor what was added or omitted in this or that arrangement, so here and there it is difficult to say *why* one circumstance should be laid down and told in a particular manner—another scarcely touched on, or altogether suppressed. To sketch out, in this respect, the *geography* and *history* of the Homeric poems would require the hand of a master.

6. If the name *Homerus* designates a *singer in accordance*, or a *harmonizer of song*,* I doubt whether an appellation more expressive of his genius could have been bestowed upon

* Homeri nomen, si recte video, derivandum est ex ἵμεν et ἄγω unde ἱμενεῖν et ἱμενεῖον.—LUGN.

him. Suidas gives his pedigree after the historian Charax: "Linus was the son of Æthusa, a Thracian dame. Linus begat Pierus, who begat Cægrus, who begat Orpheus, who begat Dæd, who begat Euclees, who begat Iamonicus, who begat Philoterpes, who begat Euphemus, who begat Epiphraides, who begat Melanopus, who begat Apelles, who begat Mæon, who came with the Amazons to Smyrna, married Eumetis, daughter of Euepes, son of Mnesigenes, and begat HOMER." Now, since the most of these names are known to be the significant appellations of poets and singers, what hinders us to regard them as a *genealogy of Greek minstrelsy itself*, which came from Thrace, by way of Thessaly, into Greece, and naturally spread from clan to clan, from bard to bard. The fourteenth in this series of famous minstrels was Homer, whose name, as well as those of his progenitors on both sides, is *significant* in the history of verse.

Euepes (*eloquent speaker*), his maternal grandfather, was son of Mnesigenes (*born of memory*). His mother was Eumetis (*the wise*). And she gave birth to Homer, the *concert-master of the old poetry*, the parent of an abiding Epos, who harmonised all those different voices, when he reduced them to a form of art, wherewith there was afterwards connected whatever was in accordance with the leading strain. Was the same not the case with Anacreon and Æsop—with David and Solomon among the Hebrews—with Ossian in the regions of the West? As the well-known head of Homer is an *ideal effigy*, marking, however, the features of the godlike bard in a very definite and characteristic style, so let us esteem the collection of poems, which bears his name. To us they are HOMERUS—the symphony of an ancient world of song—the regular and lofty Epos, arising out of the many and various legends of the olden time.

2.—OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY.

It is almost marvellous that, because these two poems pass equally under Homer's name, and have each the Homeric form, people should hesitate to examine closely the difference between them. Yet both in ancient and modern times we are frequently reminded of it, and every thing in the *Odyssey* appears fitted to remind us. Not one of the gods and goddesses, who play their part in both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, are entirely the same. Zeus and Pallas—Apollo—Diana—Hermes—Hephestus—Aphrodite—Poseidon—they have all changed their shapes. The messenger of the gods—Olympus—the conception of the world of shades—the costume of the deities in their intercourse with men—all is, in the *Odyssey*, of another hue. Into the *Iliad* no *Circe*, no *Calypso*, such as we find them here, could have gained admission. The realm of enchantments lies beyond its boundaries. The chief persons of the *Odyssey*, *Mentelaus*, *Helen*, *Ulysses* himself, convey a different impression from what they do

in the *Iliad*. Manners, morals, the science of living, are somewhat advanced. So are knowledge and the mechanical arts. Even the several songs of the Epos are united in a different way. Whoever should follow out this discrepancy through various categories, symbols, figures, and colours,—down to the *language* and the herb *moly*—would open for us two Grecian worlds—an eastern and a western—and readily assign to each collection of verse its true country.

"Nevertheless," you will say, "there is in all this but one form, one method, and one tongue—the *Homeric*." You are perfectly correct. For *Homeric*, in its very etymology, denotes the combined—intertwisted—artificial mould of the ancient Grecian Epos. Homer, you will allow, did not invent the *Hexameter*. It existed before him; and moreover, since in those days prose had not as yet attained a regular form, the hexameter had already given, by its rhythm, a peculiar measure, bent, fulness, and melody, to the language. In it there

* Suidas Kusteri II. 682. This genealogy would be not unworthy of a commentator.

were at once recurring cadences and infinite variety. In it all poesy and all prose were still combined. Every nation has had, for its popular poems, a marked, appointed metre, conjoining unity and diversity of sound. Witness the lays of the northern Scalds, the hunting-songs and war-songs of the Germans, the romances of the Spaniards, the poems of Ossian. Such a measure was the Greek hexameter. A certain, universal form of expression, a certain cast of thought and composition, were inseparable from it. When one has read a few poems of Ossian, one might suppose he had read the whole. So with the northern sagas, the war-songs of the people, the ballads, and the romances. Their tone, therefore, is not one man's strain; it is the *Epos* of primeval days. Did we possess *Melampus*, and other pre-Homeric bards, we should find in them, allowing for the differences of time and personal character, the same form and mould, which we find after-

wards in Hesiod, and every one who approaches the ancient minstrelsy. In short, the Homeric form is, in the *Epos*, what the old religious style is in art. With great varieties in the mode of applying it, according to *times* and *masters*, that style is universally the same. When the ancient and hallowed measure of the *Epos*, to wit, the hexameter—for even Aristotle holds the two to be inseparable—first, by means of the pentameter, then by means of other kinds of verse, lastly, by means of prose, had been reduced to a narrower domain, or rather had been driven back into the primitive world which it belonged to, it continued to make its appearance here and there, still artfully composed, but no longer with its previous majesty and force. Before Homer, and in Homer, it was the natural measure. While it kept its original ground, it gave one bent and fashion of song to the whole extent of Greece.

3.—OF THE ART OF EPIC COMPOSITION.

If it be granted that the *Epos* is the poetical voice of tradition for different races and times, the manner of its texture (*ἡαψή*) sufficiently explains itself. Song and narration, the means whereby it worked, forced on its composition. After a series of minstrels singing without scope or limit, a combining, harmonizing *Homerus* was sure to be born at last of *Euepes* and *Eumetis*.

1. Every thing has a beginning, a middle, and an end. Narrative, therefore, whether spoken or sung, must have them. "Had I a hundred mouths and a thousand voices!" cries the Epic bard;—mean-while, he has but one mouth and one voice; as he has *begun*, he must likewise *end*. Consequently he must give to every narration, which of itself would be endless, an outline—a commencement—a termination. This is the origin of the famous eulogy—the *in medias res rapit*—applied to Homer. It means, he knew how to give a *form* to his subject, a *comprehensible* extent to his long story.

Where does the anger of Achilles begin? Where does it end? Before it was the quarrel—before the quarrel the pestilence—before the pestilence

the guilt—before the guilt the robbery—before the robbery the war. How far should we reach if all were to be told; from the egg of Leda down to this? The minstrel, therefore, takes up his subject in the middle. Considering the course that lay before him, he could not do otherwise. Where does the anger of Achilles end? Is it there, where they send him back his Briseis, with the gifts that accompany her? Is it there, where he permits Patroclus to go forth instead of himself? Not at all. Patroclus is slain, and still fiercer burns his wrath against the killer of his friend, the robber of his arms. Weaponless he stands in his fury; his shout alone is enough to avert the ruin of the Greeks. He receives from Vulcan a fresh panoply. Hector falls. But Patroclus lies unhonoured, uninterred! So do the rhapsodies knit and twine themselves together; and even at their close one continues to ask "what more?" How fared it with this impetuous youth, whose days were embittered by so much gloom, to whose predestined shortness of life Thetis makes so many allusions? What was his fate? We almost take the *Iliad*, long as it is, for uncompleted. Gladly

would we listen further to the protracted strain, until the ashes of Achilles and Patroclus should fondly mingle in the urn. And even then we should hardly be sated. In the islands of the blest, in the kingdom of shadows, we would fain behold them together—so limitless is every narration. The Epic singer can touch only on a *part*; and if he has not at first the skill to do so, he must acquire it. For his hour is brief—the powers of his voice are finite—but the burden of his song is infinite. Scarcely with the realm of shades, or the happy isles, does the heroic tale of Achilles and Patroclus end.

In like manner, where does the *Odyssey* begin? Where does it conclude? Presupposing all that has previously taken place at Troy, or elsewhere, in the life of Ulysses, the *Odyssey* itself announces future travels of its hero, since this wanderer could not remain stationary in Ithaca. At what point, then, shall he stop? How far does he roam? The *Odyssey*, a poem so well linked together, inevitably awakens this curiosity. It gratifies it only by piecemeal; and yet it is arranged and combined like a concert—like the texture of a web. For *beginning*, *middle*, and *end*, are inherent in the essence of every good narration. Otherwise, the want of aim and of proportion would destroy it.

2. The Epos demands a *remarkable occurrence*—an *adventure*. This also is naturally incident to popular tradition, in the shape of a *living poetical word*. It is not sentences and sentiments—it is not *characters existing by themselves* (though they have their place in it), that constitute an Epic legend. Of what elements could there be created a character beyond the bounds of the *mythus*, that is, *out of the world altogether*? No! Forth to the plain of Troy! An occurrence—an adventure—consolidates characters. It exercises them and proves them. The *event* stands before us. Action takes its rise. With this aim, and no other, does the Epos cause shapes to pass before us—shapes for the *ear*, but as visible as if the *eye* beheld them. The spiritual eye *docs* behold them. One feature indicates another. Gradually the whole figure reveals itself. But mark! it reveals itself only by its *functions*, by what it *does*. Thus alone is it present to us. All the strokes of the poet do nothing more than sketch

out the lineaments—better and better—further and further—until, at the right moment, he leaves them, and a fresh figure appears. This *successive* picturing, justly renowned as the true *forte* of Homer, is not his art exclusively. It is an art inseparable from *discourse*—from the *hexameter*—in short, from the primitive *Epos*. Such was its method of narration. It let strokes and features follow one another; hence sprung the shapes it conjured up. If an art of a more mechanical description happens here to interpose and to *eternize* moments, which in Homer are only known in their transient working on the progress of the whole plot, then are such pictures not Homeric, but anti-Homeric. Reversing the deed of Pyrrha and Deucalion, they turn the living word, and the living beings produced by it, back into actual stones. Stones scattered about at random have no life. They have no motion. But in Homer every thing moves, urging on to some aim and issue.

“What! even his long six-footed similes, the most tedious in the world?” Yes; even these belong to the genius of the ancient Epos. Whoever understands the course and progress of *living speech* needs scarcely have this explained to him. Similes are something foreign to the advance of an event. They check the current of a story, and present to the eye of the soul the unreal as if it were real. In order to get back to the reality of the event—of the action itself—the simile must, therefore, as it were, take to all its feet, and thus scramble round to the point from which it started. In a series of showy thoughts, similes fashion and connect themselves very differently from what they do amid the bustle of events and passions. Moreover, the Epos was not there to be *read*, but to be *heard*. Thus only was its effects produced. Spurious imitations of the old Epos will not stand this proof. Its existence belongs to a period when men were familiar with events, affairs, images—but not yet with the art of writing.

3. There is a singularity about the ancient Epos whose cause and nature have hitherto been sought for in a wrong place. Let the Epos be viewed as an *embellished popular tradition*, and they become clear at once. To wit, in every adventure there are ob-

stacles to overcome. Dangers and struggles everywhere await the Epic hero. He must overcome them, or there is no knot—no solution—in a word, no Epos. Hence Aristotle brings the Epopée, upon the whole (with some exceptions that belong to it), under the rules of tragedy, and has thus greatly abridged the course of his enquiries. Now, on whom must the victory depend? Who stretches out the garland to the conqueror? Say the moderns: "he plucks it for himself. The prize is won by his own strength or genius—by his character and conduct." Not so said the primitive Epos. It knew too well how much in the weightiest, greatest, most difficult things, depends upon the least—upon mere accidents, neither within our control, nor planned by our genius. It often pictured things too mighty for its hero—preponderating all his force and ability. A power opposes him; a friendly deity stands by his side. Much—but far indeed from the whole—turns upon his own character and conduct. At last DESTINY decides. Our having lost sight of this supernal influence—not only in our business and designs, but in the field of history and poetry—this cold, silly incredulity, has almost robbed us of the genuine Epopée. Take away from the *Iliad* the doings of the gods (foolishly as they may sometimes appear to act)—and who would give any thing for the squabbles and disputes, and bloodshed, caused by a ravished woman and an offended man? Take away from the *Odyssey* the marvellous, and it becomes a piteous tale. But such taking away, to speak correctly, is impossible. In these stories the gods and heroes are too closely mixed together to endure separation. To behold gods and heroes thus intermingled (*permixtos Divis heroes*) was natural to Homer, the combiner of earth and heaven.

What made the Epos gradually dwindle down and disappear was, that the belief in celestial interposition, and in the marvellous, vanished—and men took to explaining all things on philosophical principles. Then was there room for *history*—for *idyls* too, if you please—but no longer for true Epic poetry. When John takes Margery, and Margery takes John, in lawful wedlock, it is all right and proper; it may even furnish matter for an agreeable narrative in verse—but the ope-

ration of the Epos will neither be there, nor be wished for. Theocritus called his best pieces of this kind *idyls* (*little pictures—artificial compositions*), without pretending to that higher name which he was aware he had no title to give them. Lucan's poem on the Pharsalian war has some fine passages; but it could not be an Epic, because in his day the old belief in heavenly influence—the soul of the *living word*—existed no more.

In lieu of a purely divine agency there came first MAGIC, of whose beginnings one is already aware in the *Odyssey*. During the dark ages the belief in magic greatly increased. In the romantic poetry it had a considerable effect; more, however, if we would be candid, in the way of keeping up a pleasant dream and delusion, than of reawakening that deeper and higher feeling, which something *divine* alone produces. When, therefore, men came back, through the revival of classic literature, to the true Epos, and perceived that weighty political events were not enough for it—that there was a need also of divine influences—they took refuge in *religious* objects. These, they thought, would give to the Epopée the *supernatural* and *marvellous*. Well, if they could also have given the *faith* to believe in them! Otherwise, they only *weakened the human influences, without the slightest compensation*. Hence their lame operation in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and similar poems. Angels are made to do what men *should* have done, and what even without angels they *could* have done. Hence the empty ornament of many a more recent poem—ornament whereof Homer knew nothing, since it is mere frippery. In the ancient Epos the gods are essential, indispensable; but they are likewise *natural* to the highest degree.

They are so also—as we see proved not only by Milton and Klopstock, but even by a number of romances—in every real Epic. Allegorics, abstractions, and shadowy shapes of that description, cannot supply the place of those mighty beings, whose presence fills, exalts, and animates the soul. With the every-day *Toms* and *Peters* we are too intimate; with the creatures of earth we have perpetual intercourse; we desire to look for once upon the *DIVINE*, that works in

man and with man, or that hovers over him as a sovereign decree. Aristotle, then, was right to esteem the *Mythos* (the *Fable*) the first requisite in Epic poetry as well as in Tragedy. *Character* is only the second. Involved in the fable, we all become subject to the supernatural, which works by us, or hangs above us. Destiny subdues and controls the proudest victors.

Finally, it is false to aver that the genuine Epos has lost its power. Ariosto and Tasso, Milton, Klopstock, Wieland, and many another Epic bard, have wrought effects which no other species of poetry could achieve. The most philosophic history of the human heart and spirit, represented in vital characters, and in the most effective way, by means of narration, is still the Epos. And since the Epos does these things in a form of art, which

connects itself, on the one hand, with the actions or circumstances of a hero, and creates, on the other hand, a world for itself, combining the greatest unity with infinite variety—and all wrapt in sounds of a calm, unbroken music—how could a *living voice* like this ever expire? Rather must it, by the help of time, arise in new splendour, and be quickened with new powers:

“ Another Tiphys calls
To another Argo the selected chiefs;
Fresh wars will be—and lo! a new Achilles
Before another Troy!”

So was it, and so shall it continue. And yet it seems probable that, as a combiner and harmonizer of the ancient minstrelsy, in his mode of painting as well as of combining, HOMER will stand forth as the model for all future generations.

4.—DIFFERENCE OF EPIC POETRY AND HISTORY.

“ So then,” some one will exclaim, “ since the Epos is built upon *narration*—upon a *combining* or *harmonizing* of traditions, it is nothing, after all, but an imperfect history!”

Not at all. Aristotle has delivered it from this sort of constraint with a sagacity more penetrating than he was wont to exert on every topic. With common history the Epos has nothing to do. It begets, of itself, a *true, perfect, everlasting history*, just because it pays no regard to the *particular*, as it exists, except in so far as in the *particular* lies the *universal*, which the Epos, with an energetic creative power, pertaining to poetry alone, extracts from all it handles.

What care I for Troy, or the Plain of Troy—such as they may be at present—when I read old Homer? Did he not paint to me Troy and her Plain so clearly and entirely, as I am forced to behold them in his Epic poem, then would he be a bad Epic poet. Whereas if a modern traveller brings me his maps and measurements, to stand in the way of that impression, I wish him, with all his good-will and all his labours, at the bottom of the Hellespont. Even had Troy never existed, we should have—extracted from Homer and under his guidance—a Troy and a Plain of our own.

Hence it comes that all true Epic

bards keep to their materials—only so far as they please, and deal with them as with clay in their hands. Since history came upon the stage, no Epic poem has appeared in Greece. The race of heroes, down to the founders of Athenian liberty, were praised in lyric verse; the victors of Marathon were praised in festival orations; many another bold man and deed were praised in inscriptions; but heroic song was silent after Homer. Even the Alexandrine imitators, when they wished to piece and patch out of remnants, went back to times of a high antiquity. The Epos and substantial history have always fled from one another, like twilight and the noonday sun. And thus it is with the Homeric questions: “ Where *does* Troy lie? Where *did* it lie? Where stood the bed of Priam? Where the beds of his sons?” Where they stand in Homer. I trouble myself no more about the matter. I hate the most industrious researches when they would banish me into the actual world, out of that better one in which the poet detains me.

And thus Jacob Bryant, in one part of his doubts, cuts an extremely ridiculous figure. Suppose the whole story to be as false as he represents it (and *that* it is not; at least Homer's Troy certainly was not in Egypt)—

what an unheard-of power must the poet have possessed, to make Greece believe what it *did* believe, since it accommodated the greater portion of its annals to Homer! How much more likely, on the contrary, that the Epos, in conformity with its name, seized upon the vast magazine of old traditions, the *popular legends*, and selected from among them. In this operation, no man could prescribe to the Epic minstrel what and how much he should choose. No superintendent stood beside him with muster-rolls of the Greek ships and forces, that sailed for the shores of Mysia. No one had at hand the birth-register of Leda, or her daughter Helen, nor even of the egg-shell from which the latter sprung. The poet drew from the ancient traditions, and out of them was permitted to versify freely. As *Homer* and as *Rhapsodist*—appellations of an identical import*—he was allowed to combine by art what suited him. Such was the practice of every Epic singer, who understood his craft and its origin. Hence in every genuine Epopee there exists a world of its own—the encyclopædia and very soul of the poet. So it is in Homer, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Milton, Klopstock, Cervantes. Into their “entire action—of a certain magnitude—with beginning, middle, and end,”† they introduced whatever their genius taught them, whatever, according to rule and art, belonged to it.

The Epos has found out whole

worlds—of gods—of fairies—and of ghosts. Creating Djinnestan and Olympus, it has peopled both with celestial beings. “Well, but” say you, “Homer followed the Mythology.” So be it! But what engendered the Mythology? Was it not the earlier poetical legends? It is, then, one and the same with the oldest Epos, from which all the later ones borrowed. Thanks be to you, ye great, ye unknown discoverers, for the beautiful realms your genius laid open to future generations! Homer invented his deities just as little as Ariosto did his knights, or Wieland his empire of the fays. Well for them that they had before them, derived from earlier times, a popular creed, within whose range they could combine things together; that is, they could be *Homers*, and, Solomonlike, exercise the powers of their magic ring. Whoever journeys to the plain of Troy, in order to make the personal acquaintance of the Scamander, or of those millstones which Homer’s gods once threw at each others’ heads—journeys thither in vain.

When and where did the heroes of our Heldenbuch flourish—King Ottnit, King Laurin, and Giebach? In history you search for them to no purpose. They lived in the land of fable; even as King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table had an existence in legends, long before the chroniclers took them up.

5.—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRAGEDY AND THE EPOS.

Aristotle finds this difference nowhere but in the *manner* of the imitation. “The Epos,” he says, “represents by means of *narrative*, but Tragedy by means of *imitative action on the stage*. All, however, that is *essential*, such as *revolutions of fortune, recognitions, characters, passions*, is common to both.” According to his canon, Tragedy is the more perfect kind of composition. The last chapter of his Poetics enumerates its points

of superiority, and there, alas, the treatise ends.

All well and good. Tragedy, no doubt, makes its creations more *present*. In expression, in passion and character, it places them, surrounded by much that adorns, absolutely before us. Hence it follows necessarily, that the effect of Tragedy (especially since the particulars of its action are crowded into a narrower space), should be greater *for the moment*. Neverthe-

* It is not the question here when the term *Rhapsodist* came into use, or what it denoted at the time when the Homeric songs were in general vogue, but what was its original signification. Now, it signifies, originally, a *stitcher-together* or *weaver of songs*—that is, the same thing with *Homerus*.

† Aristot. Poet. co. 7 and 23.

less, do not forget, on the other side, the wider compass, the deeper foundation, the more diversified, enduring, and tranquil operation of the Epos. In these respects, the other scale of the balance is loaded; and which way does the beam incline?

Æschylus acknowledged that he only gathered crumbs from the broad and plenteous table of Homer. In later poets there are scarcely the crumbs. The great masters of Tragedy soon found themselves so hampered for space and time upon the stage, that they brought the same subject, in the progress of the action, more than once into the theatre, and so established a kind of dramatic Epos. But the Epos itself, pouring out its continuous strain—the Epos, whose region is as wide as imagination chooses to call up; whose limits, in point of time, extend far beyond those of the drama—steps forth to be measured with its rival, like the GREAT KING against an Archon of Athens. Athens might be better governed than the empire of the Great King; but the territories and the opulence of the two admit of no comparison. Hence it would be an inadequate excuse for an epic poet to allege, that his *subject* hindered him from keeping up the interest throughout his poem. Either he should not have chosen it, or he must feel a confidence in himself that he can maintain the interest throughout all its parts, since it was altogether at his own disposal. Moreover, where the fire of the interest might flag, *episodes* were ready at his command. And yet, precisely by reason of this *comprehensive range*, there have been fewer epic than dramatic poets—and of *Homers* how scanty a band! A widely-diffused and much-comprehending spirit is required for the Epos.

And the Epos too has likewise a *deeper foundation* than the drama, since it must build upon the inmost sources, the very heart of the popular traditions, or run the risk of remaining an ineffectual tale. Who now-a-days reads the *Heldenbuch*, or the *Knights of the Round Table*, or Lohenstein's *Arminius*, *King Ottocar*, the *Theuerdank*, the *White King*? These heroes have never worked upon the soul of

the nation. Just as little would *Henry the Fowler*, *Henry the Lion*, and so forth, selected by other poets, have done so. An epic poem, if it is to take up and to express, in true Homeric style, the legends of a people, must comprise no slender qualities.

Lastly, the *tranquil operation* of such a poem is of an enduring character; and herein too Homer is our example. Which of the Greeks and Romans has not, directly or indirectly, learned from him? Who is there that shall not learn from him hereafter? Had Milton constructed his *Paradise Lost*, as he was at first inclined, on a dramatic principle, his drama would have been long ago forgotten, or placed in the same rank with his *Samson Agonistes*. In the *Epoëe*, on the contrary, his masculine understanding, his admirable versification and diction, unfolded themselves to the light, because they had room to unfold themselves. Of dramatic pieces we remember sentences; the characters move before our eyes; we feel their emotions with them. But this emotion, being *stronger*, is therefore *brief*; it passes away. The *Epoëe*, with its more quiet working, with its proportions too vast for any stage to compass, fills the soul, and there abides. Thus we may ask, with Klopstock,

— “ ‘th’ effect that most endures,
Is it not greater too?”

And, on the same principle, to whom are we indebted for Homer? To the *School of Song*; that is, to a series of ancient masters, whom he surpassed, and, reaching the point of perfect maturity, left a school of his own behind him. His name means nothing more nor less, than *Master-Singer*—so let it mean throughout all ages! Happy he, who in the course of things sets his foot on such a point in the Theatre of Art! Happy he, who with innate genius and acquired resources, himself advances his art to such a pinnacle! Happy he, on whose works so much zeal has been lavished—with whose name so many various ideas are connected! Happy the hero of the red and violet mantles*—the melodious harmonizer of popular legends—HOMERUS!

* In the one colour were the rhapsodists who chanted the *Iliad*; arrayed in the other, those who chanted the *Odyssey*, as the story runs,

II.—PINDAR A MESSENGER OF THE GODS.

Much honour has been done to Pindar in the course of the last century. His scattered pieces have been sought out. He has been repeatedly printed, multifariously explained and expounded, translated, imitated. Here the great lyric shall be brought forward in no other light than so far as he, a sacred ambassador to the Greeks, employs and interprets the legends of his people.

That he *did* this is known to every one who has read any of his odes. And, although some will admit this merely in the shape of an apology for the poet—forced, they say, by the poverty of the materials, which his victors and their prize-contests afforded, to plunge his hand into the stores of old mythology, and extract from them whatever offered—yet a clearer view of the Grecian races, families, states, and even of the body of the Greek religion and poetry, will teach us that the grounds of his practice lay deeper. Beyond the bounds of mythology, what was the poet to sing about? The whole history of Greece, in her races, families, cities, and states, institutions and inventions—everything praiseworthy and glorious with which the poet could compare, or from which he could derive, his heroes, proceeded from a legendary source. Withdraw from him the gods and chiefs of the olden time, and you take from him the star-bespangled firmament, giving nothing in exchange but an empty infinitude, an invisible nothing. To think of singing and honouring Olympic, Nemean, Pythian, and Isthmian conquerors, belonging to mythic clans and regions, in those days of traditional lore, without reference to glorious legends, is to think of singing and praising them without a Grecian tongue. But *how* this praise was accorded—*how* these legends were brought forward and turned to use—that is the question.

And the answer is, in a manner, not less skilful than celebrated—not less noble than wise. Rude tales were softened or avoided. Often did they appear with milder features and a loftier speech, than those of gods and chiefs themselves; often were they utterly changed. Or an ejaculation elevates them, rounds and concludes

them—either eulogistic of the victor and his clan, or inspiriting, warning, consoling, completing. In most of the odes we perceive this addition; in others we can with certainty suppose it. Every where the messenger of the gods is audible, who, to the sound of his harp-strings, adapts, applies, improves, and refines the ancient tales of the people. If the lessons drawn from them appear to us commonplace—for us Pindar sang not; those legends were not ours. And yet, how seldom are these lessons commonplace! How well Pindar knew how to elevate and ennoble them! Let Horace sing of worldly policy and prudence, but the Theban sings of honour and duty, of praise and glory, of virtue difficult, and therefore rare, lofty, and eternal—that virtue to which he holds out *moderation* as the highest aim—moderation of the powers and the desires, and even of happiness itself.

Priest of Adrastea! Instructive messenger of the gods! Pindar! how thy strains inspire! How they rouse and animate the youth! By thee he feels himself transported from his nameless, drowsy times—transported from his race, barren of deities and heroes—transported among youths who had a country, who had a feeling of conscious dignity, who, on a career of high and godlike glory, after the ensample of mighty ancestors, trained up their bodies and souls together in harmonious combination. In thee he beholds their beauteous limbs. From thee, illustrious herald, he hears their lofty sentiments, which thou profferest to him—now, as a golden goblet, full of invigorating wine, now as a draught of salubrious though bitter medicine. To the wearied one thy lessons are a quickening bath, where he lays him down, amid pictures and statues, as in a monarch's abode. And, at the end of the course, are for ever fixed the columns of Hercules, with their legend engraven—"Thus far! no farther strive!" Immeasurably distant are they from Pindar's true spirit, and his inmost meaning, who take him, in their imitations or their commentaries, for a reckless libertine in song, or a drunken, mad enthusiast. His step is so firm and bold—the plan of his odes,

like that of lordly edifices, is laid so deep and strong—his pictures are so select—the arrows of his verse smite so keenly—that, as Horace has already affirmed from his own experience, to soar after this Dædalus would be a venturesome flight. It is *Ether* itself that raises and that wafts him on. It is there that his great soul—not fitful and tempestuous, but potent and elate—acknowledges its native home. Compared with him, Horace, in the most and best of his works, is a cheerful companion, a mild and pleasing friend—in others a patriotic Roman, his country's well-wisher, a counsellor of peace, a teacher of wisdom, tranquillity, and temperate joy. He did what his times demanded of him and his genius could reach. But Pindar, as a chief of poesy, wakens and conducts to renown. He sings of Greeks who sprang from gods and demigods. He creates and educates heroes. His lyric art might be termed a species of moral and metaphysical sculpture, as he himself likens his odes to living and speaking images.

To all lyric poets Pindar lights the way, as a messenger of the gods, a trainer of youth, an expositor of history and tradition. Without poetry these would lie like the dead stones of Deucalion and Pyrrha. The lyric bard takes them up, casts them from him, and behold! they live. That maker of odes who, imprisoned in the narrow circle of the present, does nothing but praise, or blame, or invite to enjoyment, remains a *poet of the moment*, and is forgotten by time, as it sweeps by. But the lyric poet, who looks behind him and before, who bears within his breast the past and the future, himself sent forth by heaven, elevates the human soul, and is not merely an expounder but a creator of ages. With Pindar the heroic—the divine—we become the associates of heroes and of gods. And now that the Theban minstrel sleeps amid the ruins of temples which his fame survives, let the muse but send us one other such interpreter of history, and lyric poetry—exhausted as it seems—will rise again to life and glory!

CALLIMACHUS.

HYMN II.—CONCERNING APOLLO. BY MR PRICE OF HEREFORD.

1.

How quakes the laurel, great Apollo's shoot!
 How all the temple quakes! Away, away,
 All ye unholy! Phœbus' heavenly foot
 Smites on the threshold. See you not, I pray,
 How bends the Delphic palm with sudden sway,
 While sweetly sings the poised swan in air?
 Run back, ye bars; ye bolted gates, give way—
 The god himself is here! With gladsome care
 The song and pleasant dance, ye gentle youths, prepare.

2.

To all alike is not Apollo seen,
 But to the good alone; and great is he
 Who hath beheld him—who hath not is mean:
 Then we'll be mean no more—we'll look on thee!
 Be still no harp—no step from motion free;
 Now mighty Phœbus deigns awhile to dwell
 Among his sons, if they desire to see
 The bliss of wedlock, and long years to tell;
 And where they stood of yore their walks to stablish well.

3.

Done bravely, boys, still tuneful rings the shell—
 But now Apollo's song be mute and hear.
 The sea itself is mute when poets tell
 Of harp or bow; for both are Phœbus' gear.
 Thetis, sad mother, o'er Achilles' bier
 Laments no more when Pœans ring around;
 And that lorn weeping rock forbears the tear,

That stone for ever fixed in Phrygian ground,
A boastful woman * once, but now a marble mound.

4.

Sing Io! Io! 'tis an evil thing
To strive with Gods; who dare with them contend
Will haply venture to oppose my king: †
Who strives with him to Phœbus will not bend.
Sing! for the God, if well your voices blend;
From Jove's right hand we'll glorify your lays.
Sing! for no choir in one day could expend
Apollo's honours—many a song of praise
Doth he inspire—the Pœan who could fail to raise.

5.

Apollo's garb, and all its clasps, are gold;
His lyre, his quiver, and his Lyctian bow;
Gold are his sandals; Phœbus' wealth is roll'd
In mighty heaps—such Pythos' treasures show.
As on a maiden's face no hair will grow,
His ever-young fair cheek is clear of all;
Streams from his locks of costliest unguent flow,
Celestial panacea—where they fall,
There bliss immortal dwells within that city's wall

6.

Hath Art a patron like our Heavenly King?
Their skill to him both bard and archer owe:
By him inspired, undying poets sing;
He speeds the arrow hissing from the bow:
By him instructed, seers the future know,
And oft the leach Death's sable yoke hath reined.
On fair Amphyus' banks the steeds he trained,
Admetus' steeds by love of that fair youth constrained.

7.

Right soon, forsooth! would every herd abound;
Nor would the bleating goats be thus surpassed,
Nor want for young; if o'er the pasture-ground
His eye benign Apollo would but cast:
No more the race of barren ewes would last,
But every dam would teem with goodly store
Of sweetest milk; Nature's ordained repast
For lambs the barren womb knew not of yore,
And she would then bear twins, that bare but one before.

8.

Men first by Phœbus' great example shown,
'Gan build up cities. He with pleased aspect
On growing cities ever looketh down—
For he himself once played the architect:
When four years old did Phœbus first project,
In fair Ortygia's isle, the godlike thought
To lay foundations—cities to erect—
To him in heaps his huntress sister brought
The horns of Cynthian goats, wherewith Apollo wrought.

9.

With horns the firm foundations first he laid,
Then raised a pile of horns with skilful hand;
Round which a wall of horns dispensed its shade—
Thus Phœbus bade the infant structure stand.
For Battus our rich city Phœbus planned;
And when the people into Libya passed,
In form a raven, he led on the band
Propitious; and high walls for aye to last
He to our rulers sware, whose oath stands ever fast.

* Niobe.

† Ptolemy.

10.

Thee Boëdromian some, O God, acclaim,
 Some Clarian : (Thou by many a name art known).
 Carnean I ; so Thee my country name,
 And Sparta ; which Thou first didst make thine own ;
 Next Thera ; last Cyrene's lovely town.
 From Sparta Thee that Prince who sixth did spring
 From him,* who shared his mother's bed and crown,
 To Thera led, whence our immortal King
 To fair Cyrene's land thine holy rites did bring.

11.

He for thy worship built a gorgeous faue,
 And, to be yearly kept a festival
 Within the city fixed ; when duly slain
 Whole hecatombs, O King, before thee fall.
 Carnean, hail ! on whom the myriads call !
 Thy shrine in Spring the choicest flow'rs attire,
 With Zephyr's kiss fresh printed on them all,
 In Winter, crocus : while perpetual fire,
 With fuel daily fed, burns never to expire.

12.

Pleased was the God to see the warrior train
 The dance with Afric's tawny daughters tread,
 When Time the glad Carnean brought again.
 To Cyrna's fount no Dorian yet had sped,
 But all Azin's woods inhabited ;
 There the God saw, and showed his own dear maid
 The host, from steep Myrtusa's height ; where dead
 With her own hand the fair Hypsæis laid
 The lion-pest that long on all the flocks had preyed.

13.

No nobler choir than that hath Phœbus seen ;
 Nor other city hath he deigned to bless
 Like our Cyrene ; mindful hath he been
 How she in olden time endured distress.
 All other gods our people honour less
 Than Phœbus ; Io, Io, Pœan ! Raise
 We now the strain Delphi did first address,
 When with thy golden darts, in former days,
 Thou didst make known thy power, and fill their hearts with praise.

14.

To give Thee battle forth the monster came,
 The serpent Pytho—soon the brute lay slain ;
 For thou didst drive, with never-failing aim,
 Dart after dart incessant through his brain.
 Then swell'd the people's voice along the plain,
 With " Io ! speed the dart ! O, Thou hast sprung
 From out the womb to save us ! " Then again
 'The sky with " Io ! Io, Pœan ! " rung.
 And thus, from that day forth, thy praise hath aye been sung.

15.

To Phœbus' secret ear once Envy hied ;
 " Give me," said she, " the Bard, like Ocean deep."
 He, spurning Envy with his foot, replied :
 " Euphrates' streams in vasty grandeur sweep,
 Whose depths hide filth in many a noisome heap.
 Not from all streams may Ceres' priestess fill ;
 But from the surface clear of such as creep
 From purest source, in small but sparkling rill."
 Hail King ! as Envy erst, whelm Malice now in ill.

CIRCASSIA.

PART II.

PETER THE GREAT, with the keensightedness and sagacity which qualified him to be the founder of a great empire, perceived the deficiencies of his country, and sought to supply them. Russia, with its vast, ill-cultivated, and worse peopled steppes, surrounded on three sides by ice or desolation, and shut up from intercourse with the world, presented little more than a huge mass of crude material, inert and useless, until roused into animation and power by some vivifying influence. This influence Peter knew was commerce. The examples of Novogorod and the Crimea were fresh in his recollection; and having seen and keenly appreciated the magical effects of trade, and consequent naval power in Holland and in England, he resolved, by all possible means, to increase the commerce of his own vast empire. The restoration to its ancient channels, of that valuable stream of Eastern commerce which had of late years been deflected by the greater facilities of sea-carriage from India, was an object which presented itself to his mind as worthy of the greatest exertions; and the most obvious means of securing it was the acquisition of all the country intervening between the supposed sources of that commerce and his own frontiers. To a sovereign of such vast projects, and a character at once so ambitious and so resolute as Peter, already in possession of the greater part of Northern Asia, an enterprise like this might appear neither doubtful of success, nor difficult of execution, and the acts of his reign sufficiently explain the nature of his views.

These views having been followed up by his successors, and particularly by Catherine II., with promising results, at length became national objects, the attainment of which is now as much a part of the policy of the Government as any point in the general maintenance of national prosperity and security. To these original motives must be added a growing jealousy of the naval power of England. The Russian Cabinet has more than once seen and felt that the commerce so vital to her existence may

at any time be annihilated by the presence of a British fleet in the Baltic. To compete at sea with a power so essentially naval, and possessed of such vast resources as England, the Cabinet of St Petersburg felt to be hopeless. By land alone could the Russian power be formidable to Great Britain, and the statesmen of that astute and far-sighted Cabinet perceived an opening for attack in a point where success would be most severely felt.

An invasion of India by an army of Russian Cossacks might be sneered at as an absurd impossibility; but to shake an empire based upon opinion, by a combination of intrigue, and the appearance of approaching and overwhelming power, was a project which promised better success; and while the Russian journalists have been laughed at for talking of negotiating with England in Calcutta, the triumphs of their Government, both military and diplomatic, in Turkey and in Persia, spread and magnified by its agents over all the East, have been quietly preparing the minds of men in those regions for its approach, as that of the irresistible power which is to be the paramount ruler of Asia.

The same motives, acting with the general lust of extended dominion, urges her on to the conquest of European, as well as Asiatic Turkey. Alexander, when he declared the Dardanelles *to be the key of his house*—that is, an acquisition necessary to his safety—spoke under the impulse of a feeling too vivid and sincere to be repressed. His successor experiences the same political necessity, and seeks to secure his object by the same system of indefatigable intrigue, relieved by occasional appeals to arms; and it is curious, and may be instructive, to observe the application of this system to each victim in its turn, with exactly the same results. Dissatisfaction and jealousy are first excited by intrigue. An offer of friendly arbitration next ensues, and gives a specious title for interference in the internal affairs of the doomed state or province. This title is asserted on the first favourable opportunity—an opportunity generally

created by a continuance of intrigue. An offer of assistance to one of the contending parties, throws the acceptor, without reserve, into the power of his imperial protector, who thus becomes the real sovereign, and directs his vassal at pleasure, until the moment of maturity arrives, when the fruit of all these manœuvres drops fully ripe into his lap. Such, modified and varied according to circumstances, by the free exhibition of bribery and judicious application of terror, is the course pursued by Russia in her territorial acquisitions. In this way fell Georgia, Immeritia, and Mingrelia. In this way fell unhappy Poland—thus fell the Crimea, and thus, should Russia be suffered to play out her game, would Wallachia and Moldavia and Servia fall. Already the two former, so completely dissevered from Turkey as scarcely to leave to her a shadow of suzerainty, are governed, nominally by native princes, the absolute though unwilling creatures of Russia, but in fact by the diplomatic agent of that Cabinet, who decides on every measure of the smallest consequence with regard to internal or external policy, referring, on all important occasions, to the "Cour protectrice" at St Petersburg, and disposing of lesser matters for his own behoof. His system is that of "Divide et impera,"—a maxim which applies at least as much to the policy of the Russian Cabinet as to that of the disciples of Loyola; and continual discord is maintained between the Princes and their Legislative Assemblies, so that the principalities thus distracted are absolutely within the grasp of Russia; and although Boyards and peasants, almost to a man, dread and detest her sway, there is not a doubt that, unaided as they feel themselves to be, they would offer no resistance to the smallest Russian force that might be sent to occupy their country.

In like manner has Russia established in Servia a paramount influence, by interfering with the Porte in favour of Milosh, its prince; and though that chief, like its other satraps, hates, while he fears, his master, so completely has he become bound by assistance rendered, and protection forced upon him, that he too is now, perforce, the slave, and Servia a province of Russia, whenever circum-

stances may enable her to claim them. Protection of Russia! how much of ruin and destruction is implied in that imposing word! Unhappy Poland, too, was protected, and what was her fate? Yet not on Russia alone does the guilt of her erasure from the book of nations rest; for in the first partition of that devoted land the crime of Catherine was not greater than that of Frederick of Prussia or Joseph of Austria; and as success begets boldness, the Imperial robbers found no difficulty in the scramble and panic created by the French Revolution and its consequences, when the attention of the other powers was occupied by more pressing interests, to achieve the succeeding spoliations.

Yet let not Russia presume too far, nor calculate upon a like success in her projects of aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey and Persia. The times are changed—the European world is at peace, and men have leisure to look around and watch the progress of events, and examine how these may affect their own interests. There is an eye upon her, awake to the dangerous extent of her designs, and Nicholas will find that the bugbear of anarchy and danger to legitimate authority will no longer serve as a stalking-horse for his own ambitious views, nor will the world now be deluded by the fallacy—that the way to check the progress of revolution is to destroy the independence of nations.

Such, nevertheless, are the hopes and the projects of Nicholas, on the realization of which he feels that his own safety ultimately rests; for, possessed of Constantinople, and supreme over the Levant on one hand, and with his frontier at Herat and on the Oxus on the other, where, then, would be his dread of England—where her proud power in India?—and with such objects, as he believes, within his grasp, is it to be supposed that the ruler of Russia will stop? Can he, having chosen his political course, and proceeded in it so far and so successfully—ruinous as we believe it may prove in the end—ought he, acting consistently, to draw back or to halt? He ought not, and he cannot, and he *will not*, unless forced to do so by others whose safety or interests are compromised by his progress.

We say that Nicholas cannot stop;

that the safety of his empire is involved in the question of his progress and success. His is a course in which to halt or hesitate might be fatal. He, or rather his predecessors, have long passed the Rubicon, and must on. This is the law which constrains all conquerors whose existence must rest upon opinion as much as on the might of their sword.—A check,—a symptom of wavering might change the whole aspect of his fortunes, and raise a host of foes that now crouch intimidated at the apparent resistlessness of his career. Besides, these mighty undertakings have involved the necessity of an enormous military establishment, which, even at the miserable rates of pay which it receives, is far beyond the means of Russia to support without distress; and she is now impoverished almost to bankruptcy—a nation of soldiers and of slaves. The nobles, instead of being occupied in improving their vast estates, are all civil or military servants, and their peasants are continually drafted away to supply the vast expense of men. In times of war this evil is little felt, except in so far as regards the drain upon the treasury; but in peace, when the pay of the army is reduced, and there is no hope of plunder for the soldier, nor of promotion for the officer, when malecontents have leisure to brood over wrongs, and to meditate revenge—then is the time for plots and conspiracies, for alarms and arrests, and military executions, and wholesale deportations to Siberia and the Caucasus. Thus, not only must the mighty engine of state that has been set in motion be kept moving, lest in stopping it crush its engineers under its weight, but the minor instruments must be kept constantly in use, lest they get into disorder, and destroy the machine. In simple language, the enormous standing army of Russia, the “*Million of Bayonets*” of Alexander, must be kept in constant action, lest, like the Pretorian Guards, or the Strelitzes and the Janissaries, they take matters into their own hands, and show up their Sovereign to the eyes of the world as, what he cannot but feel himself—their slave.

It is these causes, combined with lust of power and insatiable ambition, which force Russia forward in her dangerous course; and it is only as a means of accomplishing her greater

purposes, that she makes such sacrifices to subjugate the Caucasus and Circassia in particular. But that is an indispensable condition of success, and therefore to be purchased at all expense and risk. It is the costly centering and scaffolding of the bridge which is to conduct her to supreme and paramount power.

We have already remarked that, excepting in Georgia and its dependencies, Russia possesses no more ground in the Caucasus than is covered by her forts, or commanded by her cannon; and late conspiracies have proved, that in Georgia itself encouragement alone is wanting to induce its inhabitants to rouse and cast off their present yoke. There are but two roads across the Caucasus, by which military stores and supplies of every kind can be transported to the provinces beyond. These are the route of Vladicaucase, and that of Derbend and Bakou, on the Caspian Sea. The former, even under present circumstances, cannot be travelled in safety without an armed escort, and the smallest appearance of a decided reverse to the arms of Russia, would soon produce a commotion that would render it impassable. The route by Derbend is constantly threatened by the Lesghes, who would greedily seize on the first opportunity to rid the country of their enemy and cut off his communication with his rear. The Caspian Sea, it is true, is open now as formerly to Russian vessels of war exclusively,—thanks to the treaty of Goolistan, which precludes a Persian force from appearing there. But even were ships and stores sufficiently abundant at Astracan (as no doubt time and money might make them), to supply with suitable expedition the various military posts and depots beyond Caucasus with their requisite equipment, the danger and difficulty of land conveyance from the coast, through what *then* would chiefly be an enemy's country, and almost devoid of roads fit for military purposes, would render useless such means of supply.

In like manner, the Black Sea is available for half the year to their naval force, to a far greater extent than the Caspian; but of what use would supplies landed on the beach prove, while the roads through Mingrelia and Immeritia, by which alone they could be forwarded to their destination,

could be rendered impassable by the descent of the fierce tribes of Circassia and Abazia, from the mountains that overhang them? In proof of this, we have seen that Williamenoff could not maintain his army in Soujouk Kalé, with the sea open in his rear, and all the Russian navy to supply his wants. It must therefore be evident, that should any serious reverse overtake the arms of Russia in this quarter, or should the spirits, and consequently the power, of the Circassians be raised by any unlooked for good fortune, or the knowledge of sympathy and probability of aid from abroad, so as to inspire the semi-subjugated but discontented tribes with a resolution to co-operate in an attack upon their oppressors, Russia would in such case lose her trans-Caucasian provinces, with all her hold upon the Caucasus itself, and Persia and Turkey would for the future be delivered from the danger of aggression or invasion.

On the other hand, should Russia succeed in subjugating Circassia, whether by extermination, or by exhausting the spirit and resources of its warlike clans thus abandoned to an interminable and hopeless struggle, it must be obvious that no possible event could contribute so greatly to the success of her gigantic projects. Secure from the dangers attendant on leaving an active enemy in her rear, and of having the communications of her trans-Caucasian army with Southern Russia cut off; with every route by sea or land wide open to facilitate her military movements, or transport of stores—and with the additional advantage of having a large body of troops placed at her disposal, by the termination of a bloody and disastrous war, she could then, at pleasure, move forward her forces, and attack Persia, on a scale which the present fetters on her power, and the want of resources in her trans-Caucasian provinces, would prevent her now from closing. The occupation of Turkish Armenia, and seizure of Trebizond, with the whole intervening coast of the Black Sea,

might be made simultaneous with an attack on the line of the Arras; and Turkey fettered, while Persia was irretrievably overwhelmed. The vision of European statesmen in general seems never to penetrate into Asia. A political mist hovers over the eastern shore of the Bosphorus, which blinds them to all that may pass beyond it. It is from the side of Europe alone that they contemplate danger to Turkey—to Constantinople, from Russia. Far otherwise is it with those of Russia—full well do they know the secrets of the Asiatic shore, and the importance of a footing there; for though they feel that another systematic attack upon the European provinces of Turkey, or a *coup-de-main* upon the Turkish capital, would be vain, while the eyes of Europe are upon her, they know that, deprived of the resources of Anatolia, Constantinople must soon fall, while approaches from that quarter would create neither alarm nor opposition from the other powers—and the agents of Russia themselves have been heard to declare that her next operations against Turkey *should be through Asia-Minor*.^{*} But *while Circassia remains unsubdued in her rear, such approaches on the part of Russia are impossible*.

If in what has been said we have made ourselves at all understood, it must appear that the Caucasian isthmus, and Circassia in particular, is the key to all the projected enterprises of Russia in the east, and that to obtain it is, for her, a stern political necessity. But while every motive of interest and ambition and jealous rivalry impels the Cabinet of St Petersburg to spare no cost for its acquirement, does it not follow that those whom her projects, if successful, would vitally injure, are equally interested in resisting, as far as in them lies, this fatal consummation, and in preserving the Circassian independence? To Great Britain, in particular, the success of the Circassian cause must be held of first-rate importance; for Circassia is, in truth,

^{*} This, it is true, Russia has never yet been able to do, however disposed to the enterprise. Her navy has never yet been able to throw over and protect a force which might be landed near Sinope, and march upon Constantinople, while it struck terror into Asia Minor. This inability to execute what seems to us (accustomed to military and naval expeditions) so simple a plan of operations, proves the inaptness or weakness of Russian forces in *quality*, however much to be dreaded in *quantity*.

the point of most immediate importance to the security of her Indian dominions, and to the maintenance of that high position she has held and ought to support in Central Asia.

We are aware that the value of both has been questioned by many not conversant with the subject, and by some who ought to know better, and whose admitted abilities give a dangerous weight to their authority, even when the opinions they advocate are practically false and unsound. But this is not the place, nor have we time or space to expose or refute the practical absurdity of that doctrine which maintains that *all* colonies are alike sources of loss, and not of gain to the mother country—that we should be far better off without India—that we require neither army nor navy to protect ourselves or our commerce from foreign aggression—and that pre-eminent excellence in certain manufactures and products is alone sufficient to protect the interests and ensure the prosperity of a nation. It is sufficient for our present purpose to observe that *we have India*; that this nation is pledged to maintain it for a certain period of considerable length; and that the immense mass of property, and the vast amount of interests, private and public, which are vested there, and which depend upon the well-being and tranquillity of that extensive region, as well as every motive of justice and humanity towards the hundred millions of people who have fallen with it under our sway, and who now depend upon us for protection, imperatively demand that we should watch over that country, at least till it is able to stand upon its own legs, and to shield it from all the disastrous consequences attendant on foreign interference—not to say foreign invasion. No man in his senses would talk of abandoning India; no man of the smallest pretension to principle would dare to breathe such a suggestion. India must be preserved and cherished for a time at least, and the only question is, What are the cheapest and most effectual means for doing so?

The principal source of danger, setting aside the effects of mal-administration in the country itself, is in the intrigues of a rival—that rival, the only one within reach, being Russia, whose past conduct and pre-

sent measures prove beyond doubt the nature of her views. Independently of all the territorial acquisitions she has made in former aggressive wars upon Persia, she has lately made two settlements upon the Eastern bank of the Caspian Sea, having previously secured to herself by treaty the exclusive right of navigating it with ships of war; and she has industriously and unceasingly urged the present young monarch of Persia to waste his own limited resources in a second attack upon Herât, offering any and every assistance in men or stores—nay, her ambassador, the Count Simonitch, volunteered to lead a regiment on this service. The troops of Russia once at Herât, how many pretexts might be found to keep them there? Far otherwise than on that remarkable occasion, when the troops of Russia were encamped on the Giant's Mountain, and the eyes of all Europe were present to gaze on the magnanimity (!) which restrained the Autocrat from seizing on the capital of a friend who had invited him to his assistance, in this case, in a remote corner of Asia almost unknown in Europe; with every motive for maintaining their ground, what inducement would there be for the forces of Russia to recede, to forego so important an advantage? The blow would then be struck, and the Russian frontier virtually transferred from the Arras to Herât.

Now, setting aside all considerations but those of space and time, we would ask whether our Indian dominions could be regarded as equally secure—not from the risk of invasion, but from the effects of intrigue and evil agency, when the frontier and military resources of Russia should have reached Herât, as when they remained, as they now practically are, two thousand miles further distant, and to the north of the Caucasian isthmus? And, again, what might be the increased amount of danger to these dominions should Russia, having trampled down the Caucasian clans, and recruited her armies with their fragments, be enabled to advance towards her purposes in the East, with all the resources of Persia at her back? Yet what is there to prevent such a catastrophe beyond the stout, determined resistance of the Caucasian, and, em-

phatically, of the Circassian tribes? And yet it has been asked, with a sneer, What are the savages of Caucasus to England?

Engaged as England is, perforce, in a neck-and-neck race with an active, vigilant, and determined rival, who even now is pressing her hard, she *must* maintain her influence in Central Asia,—that is, in all the countries intervening between Turkey and India,—in order to maintain that preponderance of opinion by which we hold India. This cannot be done without considerable expense. But how vastly increased would this unavoidable expenditure become were the full tide of Russian power, having swept away the barrier of the Caucasus, to burst uncontrolled upon the wide unguarded field of Central Asia? On the other hand, were the Caucasus secured by the success of the Circassians in repelling their assailants and establishing their independence, at how comparatively small a cost might we maintain an undisputed influence in all these important countries, and secure the tranquillity of our Asiatic dominions? The advantages to our commerce alone, lightly as these may be held by the uninformed, would soon compensate for our outlay. Already do our exports to the north of Persia, by the way of Trebizond, alone exceed *a million* yearly; and though occasional fluctuations must and will occur, there is no doubt that a great trade will in time be established through this and other channels, which will carry the produce of British industry into the remotest regions of Asia. But this, like other advantages, depends on the exclusion of *undue* and rival influence from the field which only now is opening to our exertions. Now, we would beg to ask, What will become of this trade, with Russian forces overawing Trebizond from Pshad Gagra and Sohoum Kalé?

And how, it may now be asked, is this important object—the integrity and independence of Circassia, and the preservation of the Caucasian barrier—to be secured? Is Circassia not a Russian province? Are not the Circassians rebels? If so, how are foreign nations to interfere? How is England to assist them? It is to this point we have desired to arrive, and to direct the attention of our readers.

We boldly affirm that Circassia is not, and never was, a Russian possession, and, consequently, that the Circassians are not rebels, but a brave people struggling hard to defend their liberty, and therefore the fittest possible objects for the assistance and protection of a great nation which, like England, makes boast of its love of freedom and justice, and its enmity to slavery and oppression.

To show that Russia possessed no title to the sovereignty of Circassia, either *de jure* or *de facto*, prior to the peace of Adrianople, would be no difficult matter, even were the fact not admitted by herself in many well-known treaties. Thus, in the convention with Turkey, signed at Constantinople in December, 1783, she acknowledges the post of *Soudjak Kalessi* (Soujouk Kalé) to be a possession of the Porte, and *renounces all claim over the Tartar nations between the Kouban and the Black Sea*. The validity of this boundary is confirmed by the treaty of Yassi in January, 1792; and afterwards by that of Akerman in 1826. But if these were not sufficient, all doubt upon the subject must be set at rest by the late declaration of the Cabinet of St Petersburg itself, that the Russian Government holds its right of sovereignty to the countries and coast in question, solely in virtue of the fourth article of the treaty of Adrianople. This article, after reciting that Georgia, Immeretia, Gouriel, &c., have for many years (*depuis de longues années*) been annexed to the Russian empire, describes a boundary line which, commencing at the Southern limit of Gouriel, on the Black Sea, runs along the south side of that district, and of Immeretia, to the Pashalic of Alkaltzick, &c. &c.; and declares that all countries situated to the north and east of that line, including all the shore of the Black Sea (*tout le littoral de la Mer Noire*), from the mouth of the Kouban to the port of St Nicholas, shall remain in perpetuity under the dominion of Russia. This declaration was made during the discussions between the English and Russian Cabinets, consequent on the seizure of the schooner Vixen, and will be found published to the world in the St Petersburg Gazette of 31st December, 1836 (12th January, 1837); and the question, therefore, becomes

at once narrowed to a consideration of the validity of the right conveyed to them by this treaty, of the sovereignty they arrogate.

The journal of St Petersburg, it may be observed, does not, in referring to the countries in question, say that they were *ceded* to Russia by Turkey; it states simply that they were *placed* by the treaty of Adrianople under the dominion of Russia; and, accordingly, in the said treaty no mention whatever is made of *cession*. The question then arises, by whom were they so *placed*? It has been just proved that Russia had no rights over them;—the *placer*, then, must be Turkey, and it remains to examine what right *she* had to dispose of them; for of course she could not invest another with rights or titles which she herself did not possess.

It is obvious enough, from the treaty, that Turkey neither conceived herself to have, nor claimed rights over the Circassians or their coast. She knew that she never possessed a foot of land on it, except two insulated posts, which she held, *by permission, from Circassian chiefs*. While Russia on her part, at that time having no interest in investing Turkey with this sovereignty over a country she purposed subduing for herself, had the treaty drawn up in the indefinite sense we see. It conveyed on the one part but an engagement not to interfere with or thwart the operations of the other contracting party.

The two posts alluded to as in possession of Turkey, and of which, therefore, alone she could dispose, though her right to do so admits of grave question, were Anapa and Soujouk Kalé; posts erected by the permission of the chiefs of the country, for the protection of a trade which was mutually beneficial. We have seen in another part of this article, that Anapa, which was only erected in 1784, after various misfortunes and changes in the wars between Russia and Turkey, fell into the hands of the former in 1828, and was confirmed to her, so far as Turkey could do so, by the treaty of Adrianople. Soujouk Kalé, which was built a few years after Anapa, also by permission obtained from a Circassian prince, was in like manner subjected to frequent changes of fortune, but was at length destroyed by the Circassians themselves,

who, disgusted with the Turks, drove them out and razed their fort. It is therefore difficult to see what right the Turks could make over to the Russians, that which they themselves possessed having been resumed by the power that originally bestowed it.

The following facts appear to prove beyond dispute that the Porte never had, nor conceived itself to possess, any rights over Circassia, its coast, or inhabitants, beyond the questionable tenure of these two forts.

In the first place, there never was established on any part of the line of coast in question a single Turkish custom-house or Turkish authority (except the local governors of Anapa and Soujouk Kalé); no tribute nor homage was either paid to or claimed by the Porte, nor was there any of those commercial regulations in force which are common to ports within the Ottoman territories. On the contrary, large sums were remitted to the Pashahs at Anapa, for the purpose of maintaining a friendly party in the country. The Turks were in fact nothing but *traders—strangers, who, to live in safety, required the protection of a Circassian chief*.

Again—during periods of peace between Russia and Turkey, trading establishments were formed by the former government in the bays of Pshad and Ghelenjeck, with the consent of the Circassian chiefs; but no reference was made, nor permission asked of the Porte on these occasions by Russia, a power always sufficiently scrupulous in matters of form; nor did the Porte, although notoriously tenacious and jealous in all matters affecting its commerce within its own dominions, ever remonstrate, or lay any claim to the sovereignty of the coast. Russia acted entirely on her undisputed right of entering into commercial relations with a people acknowledged to be free and independent.

In like manner, while there was peace between Russia and the Porte, the former power carried on constant hostilities against the tribes of the Caucas, even in the close vicinity of Anapa itself, at the time in possession of the Turks. It is obvious that if the latter had regarded the Circassians as vassals, this could not have passed without remonstrance, or involving the principals in war; but

neither of these things took place. The Turks remained cold spectators; a fact which sufficiently proves that Anapa was never regarded as the capital even of a district, or the seat of any general government.

Another and unanswerable proof that the Court of St Petersburg did not consider the Porte as sovereign of the Caucasus, or of the "Littorale" of the Black Sea in this quarter, is to be found in the map published in 1826 by its own quarter-masters' staff, where a glance will show that only a few insulated posts were at that time held as belonging to Turkey.

A strong analogical, if not a direct proof that the Turks themselves never considered the inhabitants and tribes of Caucasus as their vassals, may be drawn from a reply of the Porte to an application made to it by the Russian minister at Constantinople in 1817, in consequence of orders from his government. It was to require that the *Lesghees*, *vassals of Turkey*, should be restrained from committing hostilities against the *Georgians*, *vassals of Russia*. The reply was that *Georgia* was a dependency of *Turkey*, but that the *Lesghees* were a *free and independent* people. Now, of all the Caucasian provinces Circassia is the only one which has notoriously preserved itself free from the print of a usurper's foot, and therefore, if the reply of Turkey was correct, as regarded the *Lesghees*, it must have far more emphatically applied to the *Circassians*.

We conceive that enough has been said to prove that Turkey possessed no rights of sovereignty over the country and coasts in question; and that the Cabinet of St Petersburg itself entertained a similar opinion up to the moment when it became convenient to adopt another language, seems at least probable, from the reply given to the captain and owner of the schooner *Vixen* by Admiral Lazaroﬀ, on occasion of the detention of that vessel. That officer, who, it may be presumed, had his instructions from his Government, informed the said gentlemen, as well as Mr Yeames, the British Consul-General at Odessa, that the *Vixen* had been seized for *breach of blockade*. And that such was the fact remained uncontroverted till the appearance of the government manifesto from St Petersburg, in

December (January, 1836-7), which shifts the ground of capture to a charge of smuggling and breach of quarantine regulations. This would imply not only conquest but possession, and power to enforce its edicts and regulations upon the conquered country; and we conceive that the facts we have stated, and the actual state of matters in the country in question are sufficient to prove the non-existence of either conquest, possession, or power.

If these facts and reasonings be correct, and we challenge the Court of St Petersburg to impugn the first or refute the last, it follows that Circassia is a free and independent nation, and that neither on country, coast, nor people has Russia any just claim whatever. Such being the case, we demand why, in the face of Europe, and in the enlightened days of the nineteenth century, another brave nation should be abandoned to destruction, to glut her insatiable ambition? Is it that the polished people of these refined times have quite ceased to be influenced by generous and noble feelings, or that the chord of self-interest requires to be powerfully struck in order to rouse their sympathies? If such be the truth, we are sure that were the question rightly understood, their apathy would cease, from a perception of the real interest which all the great Powers of Europe have in the preservation of the independence of Circassia. To Great Britain we have proved it to be of first-rate importance; and for the other powers, we would ask of France if she will feel herself quite at ease in the Mediterranean, when the Czar at Constantinople shall, from that then impregnable position, command the whole Levant, from Egypt to Calabria? Will Austria view with indifference Moldavia and Wallachia incorporated with Russia, and Hungary and Transylvania brought into direct contact with her influence and intrigues; Servia become a Russian province, the Imperial dominions enveloped on the east and south, and the Italian provinces laid open to the dangerous agency of the cabinet of St Petersburg, operating from the coasts of Greece and Albania, then become appendages of Russia?

But it is to our own countrymen that we would now emphatically address ourselves; to that nation which,

in order to put a stop to slavery, and wash out a great national stigma, has paid down twenty millions sterling money, and braved the possible destruction of property to five times that amount; which has not only negotiated and remonstrated with other governments to induce them to abandon their trade in slaves, but expends near a million and a half annually in the vain attempt to put it down by force, an attempt which we religiously believe, though we trust it may ultimately be successful, has only as yet increased the sufferings of the victims, by causing a diminution in the size, and consequently in the accommodations of the slaving vessels, without in the least diminishing their numbers,—we address ourselves, we say, to this generous and well-meaning nation, and ask them, in the name of consistency, whether they who have consented to such great sacrifices for the savages of Africa, men bound to us by no tie save that of humanity, will turn a deaf ear to the cry of the noble Circassian clans, who are in arms for their own indefeasible rights—who have directly appealed to England, the champion of freedom, the protector of the weak and oppressed—and whose cause, independently of every motive of high feeling and humanity, is vitally linked with her own best interests?

And let it not be imagined that England in such a cause would stand alone. Those states whom we have alluded to as interested in this question could not and would not stand aloof; they require but the tone from England, the assurance that she is in earnest, and their part too will be taken.

Already has Austria evinced a disposition to the right side, and public opinion cannot long be without its influence. Ferdinand may be permitted to restore the Jesuits, but Metternich himself will look more sharply after his discontents in Hungary and Transylvania and Italy, than to permit them, if he can help it, to be approached by Russian intrigue.

Liberal France can scarcely fail to raise its voice in the cause of freedom and independence, in spite of the philo-Russian propensities attributed to her monarch; and if there can be one measure more gratifying to Turkey than another, it is that of standing

forward as the champion and saviour of Circassia. Every feeling of every Turk is enlisted in favour of that country. There is not one distinguished Osmanlee whose veins are not filled with Circassian blood. Their wives, their mothers, their favourites, are all Circassian; every tie of domestic affection draws them into sympathy with those who are fighting in the mountains of Circassia for their freedom and their rights. This is the theme in every harem; every wife and favourite exhausts her influence on the side of her suffering countrymen. In the simple but impressive language of the Circassian declaration of independence, which we earnestly recommend to the attention of all our readers. "Our blood, Circassian blood, fills the veins of the Sultan. His mother, his harem is Circassians. His slaves are Circassians, his ministers and his generals are Circassians. He is chief of our faith, and also of our race; he possesses our hearts, and we offer him our allegiance. By all these ties we claim from him countenance and support, and if he will not or cannot defend his children and his subjects, let him think of the khans of the Crimea whose descendants are among us." Turkey has in truth been looking with intense interest towards the line of conduct which Britain shall adopt regarding Circassia, and we have the best grounds for saying, that the result of the "Vixen" question was the most painful surprise and disappointment which the Sultan had for a long time experienced.

Great Britain has thus every possible motive for protecting the Circassians in their present struggle; self-interest, humanity, and the sympathy and moral support, if not the more substantial aid of other nations interested in the cause: and the means are ample and in her own hands; she has but to use them. Is it asked what are these means? They are shortly stated. It may not be generally known (although recent occurrences will too well prove the deficiency) to those who are little conversant with our foreign relations in the East, that though England has a very considerable and increasing trade with the ports of the Black Sea, she has not a single pendant there to protect it from aggression or wrong. By a treaty made with the Porte on the 5th Ja,

bruary 1809, Great Britain consented that her ships of war, in common with those of *all other nations*, should be excluded from the canals of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, and consequently from the Black Sea, unless by special permission from the Sultan. It was a concession agreed to by the maritime powers of Europe, in favour of the Sovereign of Constantinople (whose independence all were disposed to guarantee), and which was considered essential to the preservation of his capital and the integrity of his dominions. But these powers did not then anticipate the danger likely to arise to Turkey from the machinations of Russia, or foresee that a fleet constructed in the ports of the Euxine itself would peril the safety of Constantinople to a far greater degree than any force likely to approach from without. Such is now the fact. Russia has at this time in the Black Sea twelve line-of-battle ships, as many heavy frigates, besides corvettes, brigs, and schooners and steam-vessels (Mr Spencer says *fourteen* sail of the line and eight heavy frigates), which force she is understood to be strenuously augmenting;—the same gentleman tells us, that the sound of the ship-builder's axe is constantly heard mingling with that of the stone-cutter's chisel,—yet it is already larger than any which the Sultan could bring against it, so that this sea may now be regarded as a Russian lake.

No one is more feelingly sensible of the danger of this state of things than the Sultan himself, who has no more ardent wish than to see it altered; but helpless and unaided as he is, he can discover no remedy—for how should he dare to exasperate, by ineffectual struggles, the power whose grasp he has already felt so heavily, and from which, should it again close upon him, he sees no hope of escape—no friendly hand to rescue him? But should such a friend appear, and by making common cause with him, convince his Highness that he may rely upon receiving substantial aid, it is impossible to doubt that he would throw off the *incubus* of dread which has so long oppressed him, and cling to the friendship of a disinterested deliverer. Unfortunately the Sultan has had too much cause to mistrust—not the sincerity, but the consistency of the friendship of Great Britain, which

hitherto has proved rather disastrous than beneficial to him. But let Great Britain give decided proof of her resolution to stand by him, come what may, and his Highness knows too well his own interest to hesitate on what part to take. Now, in the present state of things, the strongest pledge which Great Britain could offer to the Sultan of her determination to uphold his cause, would be that of sending a squadron of her ships of war into the Black Sea. The pendant of England once afloat upon the Euxine, the danger affecting Turkey from Russia is at an end. The measures and movements of that power would be watched by an eye that would never sleep, and the Dardanelles once open, there would be no difficulty in providing a force to meet any Russian armament that might issue from the ports of Sebastopol or Nicholaef.

But the question will here occur—would the Sultan, who is so jealous of his rights, ever alter his policy so widely as to grant permission for the entrance of a British squadron into the Black Sea? We reply, that when the stake to be played for comes to be that of *existence*, as it really is, and as the Sultan must know it to be, we believe that his Highness could not and would not, refuse the obvious means of safety. He might, and probably would, make it a bargain, that the British pendant having entered the Bosphorus for convenience, should never leave him unprotected. To this he would have a right, and he would have *Lisbon* as a case in point to refer to, by way of precedent. In fact, now that the privilege of exclusion is discovered not only to have failed of its purpose, but to have become the occasion of that very peril which it was designed to avert, it may become a question with the powers who consented to the original arrangement, and whose interests are compromised by the new state of things, whether it is fitting that this state of things should continue; circumstances having changed, so also should obligations, and they might well consider themselves entitled to demand access to a sea which may now become the theatre of momentous events for them, and where their own growing trade and their commercial flag may require the presence of their men-of-war to protect it from suffering wrong.

But again, it may be asked, would not such a measure be equivalent to throwing down the gauntlet of defiance to Russia, and thus become the cause of war? We reply that Russia has in fact taken the initiative and *defied us* in deeds, if not in words; but still we do not believe that all this means war. She is bold and arrogant where unopposed; but no Cabinet is more easily induced to change its tone when addressed with a firmness which it believes will be supported. She would go all prudent lengths to repel interference with her designs upon Circassia and Turkey; but were the British fleet once afloat upon the Euxine, she would too well comprehend her impotence to risk a hostile movement against England. What could she gain by a war? The blow would be already struck—a death-blow to her hopes; and Russia would probably rather do as she has done before—“bide her time,” than run the risk of greater loss by a hopeless struggle.

What, we repeat, could Russia hope to gain by a war with England?—What advantage could she promise herself?—Where, and how could she attack us? On the other hand, what would become of her commerce, which, small as it comparatively is, to her is of vital importance, so much of the resources, as well of her Government as the private fortunes of her nobles, depending on the export of her surplus produce? We could at once annihilate it, and confusion and discontent would be produced throughout the empire. Nor let it be imagined that the injury would be mutual, or that a suspension of the trade with Russia would affect the prosperity of Great Britain in any sensible degree. It would be but the blow dealt by the dwarf to the giant; a few individuals might be put to inconvenience or suffer loss; but the whole amount of the trade with Russia, which does not exceed three millions annually, is far too insignificant, were it even obliterated altogether, to be felt by England. Such, however, would not be the case; it would only be transferred elsewhere—for tallow and hemp, and tar and timber, are not peculiar to Russia—and substitutes for such supplies as could not at once be provided in sufficient quantity, would soon be found in other quarters, and in many, of better quality, and with superior facility.

But, in holding this bold and confident language, we are considering Great Britain as she has hitherto been known among nations—a power great and high-minded, jealous of her honour, steady to her friendships, prompt to repel insult, to trample on oppression, and ever *prepared* to stand up in arms to defend her own rights and the interests of her allies. Is this the case with England now? Were she at this moment summoned by honour or necessity to have recourse to arms, *is* she prepared to answer the appeal? Let us first enquire what amount of naval armament she might be required to cope with, in case of a Russian war—for that it must be a naval war is obvious. We have already observed that Russia has in the Black-Sea twelve sail of the line, and about as many heavy frigates at least, some of the latter mounting sixty guns. Some of these, it is understood, are scarcely sea-worthy, but their equipment is perfect, and they are always kept ready for sea. The crews are but indifferent seamen, and in bad weather the vessels would run much danger. Nor do they keep the sea for more than half the year, not venturing out of port in winter, even when not ice-bound; but their great-gun practice is said to be good, and the men will no doubt gradually become sailors.

The fleet at Cronstadt consists of twenty-five sail of the line, besides many heavy frigates. Mr Spencer states them at twenty-seven sail of the line, and sixteen heavy frigates, besides small craft—all fine vessels, and well-found and equipped. The sailors, though superior in point of seamanship to those of the Black-Sea fleet, are still far from expert; but the military portion of the crew, who are regularly trained for the service, are said to be excellent artillerymen, and we have the evidence of more than one English naval officer who saw the fleet at exercise, that the manœuvres were executed in no discreditable style. They are persevering, and practice at length makes perfect.

Now, what naval force, we would ask, has England at this time to oppose to this powerful armament of Russia, were it to put to sea to-morrow with hostile intent? There are, we believe, twenty ships of the line in commission, with twelve heavy frigates, and about forty small craft. Of

these there are six of the line, and four frigates, large and small, on the Mediterranean station; two of the line, and five frigates, large and small, in the East and West Indies; four of the line, five frigates, large and small, off the Tagus; three heavy frigates, and three small, on the South American station; leaving disposable ten ships of the line, including four flag-ships, we know not in what state of equipment, to protect the shores and trading interests of England.

"But there are abundance of fine vessels in ordinary," it will be said perhaps, "which only require to be commissioned and manned, and sent to sea;"—yes, manned, but how? Have we found it altogether so easy to man even the few ships that have lately been put in commission? And were men to be had at will, by bribing bounties, by press or otherwise, does it ever occur to those who talk in this way that time is requisite to teach a ship's company thus suddenly brought together their duty, and to bring them to that state of subordination and discipline—that perfect power of co-operation and simultaneous action on which the force and emphasis of naval, as well as military operations depend? Proud of our naval achievements and ancient prowess, we are too apt to fancy that Englishmen are born sailors—that the very name of Briton is enough to strike dread and secure success in all naval enterprises. But though such a persuasion among the men may be wholesome and useful, let not their rulers be deceived by such a fallacy. A mercantile navy is beyond a doubt most valuable to create materials for the crews of our ships of war, but let any experienced naval officer say how he should feel if called upon to face an enemy with a ship or a fleet manned with such raw materials alone.*

The truth is, we are at present totally unprepared for a naval war—we cannot support strong language with strong measures; and therefore ought not to use it. But is this the state in which Great Britain ought to continue, while her honour and her interest are both threatened? Let the nation itself decide, and make known

to its rulers that where either is at stake no sacrifice or exertion will be thought too great to secure them from injury. We are certain that the indisposition of the country to war proceeds neither from penuriousness nor want of courage. It is rather from the dislike felt by people well off to the very thought of war, as to that of death or any other disagreeable thing. But such indisposition will not prevent war, or the necessity of war; and if we would escape from suffering wrong, we must brace up our minds to resist an active enemy. Far be it from us to advocate war, but let it be remembered that the very best means of avoiding such an evil is to be ever prepared for it. It is the weak, and not the strong, who have most frequently to repel insult. If matters in the East go on much longer as they have done, war will become inevitable, and we shall then have to fight at far greater disadvantage than now; for defend our Asiatic interests and Indian empire we must, perhaps after losing our present vantage ground; and if now we stand not up boldly to insist upon our rights, when we may do it without bloodshed, we shall soon have to fight for them.

Much of what we have here endeavoured to explain and to impress upon our readers as concisely as possible, will be found more diffusely conveyed in the pages of Mr Spencer, who appears to have been most favourably impressed by all he saw of Circassia and the Circassians—and who gives many interesting particulars descriptive of their country, manners, dispositions, and character. The reports which he and other travellers give of their reception there, must go far to redeem its inhabitants from the imputations cast upon them by the Russians of being an irreclaimable banditti of robbers. The Russians have found them what they have made them, fierce, implacable enemies, keeping neither faith nor terms with those who have kept none with them. The hospitable kindness and rigid good faith experienced by Mr Spencer and the other travellers alluded to, of whose progress there is as yet less known to the public, prove the Circassians to

* On this subject, as on all relating to the respective states of the British and Russian navies, we would recommend to our readers the perusal of the 18th chapter of the 2d volume of Captain Slade's "Turkey, Greece, and Malta."

possess these and many other virtues ; and Englishmen may be proud of the tribute paid to the character of their nation by these " savages," elicited as it was by no intent to flatter—for they knew not that Mr Spencer was an Englishman—but by a genuine feeling of regard, and a strong desire to benefit by its protection.

If resolute enthusiasm in the cause of their country may be deemed to confer any title to the favourable notice of Great Britain, it is testified by a long course of successful opposition to unjust aggression ; and the interesting account which Mr Spencer gives of the meeting of confederated chiefs to receive the " Sangiac Shereef," or sacred standard (which, as he tells us, was made for them by a Circassian Princess in Turkey), gives fair promise that unanimity, the only moral requisite for success hitherto wanting among them, was likely henceforth to give force to their efforts. That standard has already triumphed against one of the most desperate and concentrated attacks yet made by Russia ; and should those who fight under it meet with that sympathy and aid which they so earnestly look for, no doubt can be entertained of their success in the struggle which has called the confederacy into being. But the power of moral, as of physical resistance, has its bounds—and " hope deferred maketh the hearts" of nations as well as of men " sick." Let us trust that such heart-sickness—the chill of continued disappointment—the sense of utter abandonment by those who have

been looked up to as the good, the just, the generous, as well as the strong and powerful, may not bring that about, which the unceasing efforts of tyranny and injustice for forty years have failed to effect, and cause the irretrievable fall of a free and noble people.

" What, then," it may be asked, " should be done for the Circassians ?" We reply, respond to their appeal—acknowledge their independence—extend to them our friendship, and boldly declare to Russia, that against the atrocity of an eternal blockade,* and an exterminating warfare, we solemnly protest. Tell the Cabinet of St Petersburg that our merchants must no longer be interdicted† from trading with a free people who are willing to traffic with them, and let the Sultan understand that where the flag of our mercantile navy is seen, there too must that of our military navy have equal access. The coast of Circassia relieved—the expression of our goodwill thus emphatically given, the affair is at an end. The tribes of Caucasus, supported by the conviction that they are no longer alone and unprotected, will, it may be hoped, not only maintain their independence, but, restored to free intercourse with civilized nations, imbibe improvement from the contact, while the mountains they inhabit will remain as nature designed them to be, the magnificent boundary between two distinct nations, and a barrier placed by the Almighty against the ambition of man.

* The word *Blockade* being a term of force, was adopted for use in the Black Sea, where it was necessary to strike terror by facts. *Regulations*, a term of administration, was safer for the saloons of Petersburg and London, where it was more convenient to blind by the wiles of diplomatic language.

† One error relative to this subject, contained in Mr Spencer's preface, we feel bound to set right. In alluding to the case of the " Lord Charles Spencer," an English merchant vessel, detained in the Black Sea by a Russian cruiser, he says that he never heard of any notice being taken of the outrage. This is not the case. We happen to know as a fact that satisfaction was demanded, and that the owners of that vessel, in consequence, received pecuniary compensation for the damage their interests had sustained by the affair.

GUIZOT.

It appears to us that the moment has arrived when it is necessary to speak out plainly, and without reserve, as to the affairs and prospects of France. Illusions on such a subject are not merely foolish, they are dangerous. Our attachment to the cause of royalty, and of *legitimate* royalty, cannot be doubted; and our conviction that the dogma of popular sovereignty is anti-social and immoral must for ever remain unchanged. But though principles are eternal, their application must be regulated by facts and circumstances. The last of the Stuarts perished in exile. The usurper Napoleon, who established ephemeral dynasties over multitudes of people, died on a barren rock. The chief of the family of the Bourbons has descended to the tomb in his Austrian dominions; and who can tell, but that the young and fragile Duke of Bordeaux, the sole descendant of the eldest branch of that house, may, by the inscrutable designs and ways of Providence, be destined either to lead a retired and calm life as a private gentleman in a foreign land; to die at an early period of his existence; or marrying, to leave no issue to perpetuate his sorrows and his name? The wisdom of Almighty knowledge hath hidden from mortal ken the secrets and events of futurity. It is the duty of man, as of society, to accept facts—to take them as they *are*—not to busy himself unnecessarily with what *may* happen, and what *may* come to pass—but to read the ways and the workings of Providence as much in the *present* as in the future or the past. We have nothing to unsay as to the Revolution of July 1830—its origin, its acts, or its consequences. He who from seeming evil still educes good, has overruled the mad passions of the Parisian mob—subdued the violent and revolutionary feelings of the Democratic party—kept in awe by strong laws, and even by the suspension of the liberties secured by the Charter of the Restoration, the propagandists and disseminators of anarchy and confusion—and restored France to peace and order, if not to virtue and religion. These are *facts*. The his-

tory of France during the last seven years is almost fabulous. It would be quite so to those, who did not find “sermons in stones,” books in the “running brooks,” and good in “every thing.” Who has forgotten the Republican cry of 1830, and the Propagandist cry of 1831? The fighting in the streets of Paris for three days at the funeral of Lamarque, in 1832, when the throne of Louis Philip was providentially preserved by the simple exhibition of the republican red flag? Who has forgotten the Emeutes clubs, “*société des droits de l’homme*” of 1833, when anarchy stalked abroad at mid-day, and when the Revolutionists and Propagandists of Europe held their open councils in the heart of France? Who has forgotten the Paris, Lyons, St Etienne, Luneville, and other simultaneous insurrections of 1834, when Paris was put under martial law—when hundreds of houses were blown up at Lyons—and when military tribunals were established to try civil offences? Who has forgotten the infernal machine of *Fieschi*, the miraculous escape of Louis Philip and his sons—the renewed attempts on their lives in 1835 and 1836—and the manifest providential protection extended towards them? All this has passed before our eyes. The resistance to the laws has been put down. The rebellious have been vanquished. The Republican party is singing its dying plaint. The sword of the Democrat has been broken to pieces. The barricades of the Propagandists have been scattered to the winds. And so strong, so powerful, has the government of Louis Philip become, that it has even dared to grant a *general amnesty* to the most inveterate of its foes—who are gradually sinking back into their original insignificance and helplessness. We must take these *facts* as they *are*. This is not chance. This is not dreaming. This is not a mere singular combination of circumstances. These are strong and positive facts—and he must be strangely blind to all the ways of Providence—and to all the lessons of history—who does not perceive that France has commenced a fresh epoch

in her existence, and that a new, and we believe a permanent government, is established in that country.

In making this declaration, we take the liberty to retain all our respect for all that was good and praiseworthy in the princes of the eldest branch of the Bourbon race; and all our contempt for the arts and manœuvres of the French Opposition during fifteen years, against the throne they swore to support, and the kings they professed to love. There is not one word in our past numbers that we would unwrite; not one reproach we would recall; not one line we would blot out.

We have the same opinion that we ever had of the 221 deputies who voted to Charles X. an unconstitutional and insolent address. The same opinion of the ordonnances of July. The same contempt for the faction which made a king and expelled a dynasty—and the same horror of men who, forgetting all their oaths, vows, promises, and obligations, forsook, in the hour of trouble and disaster, their former protectors, and let them pursue their solitary course from Rambouillet to Cherbourg—from Cherbourg to Holyrood—and from Holyrood to Prague. We hold in undiminished respect the memory of Charles X.; and whilst we are not ignorant of his failings or blind to his mistakes—we shall not forget his amiable, benevolent, and admirable conduct whilst he sojourned among us, and his conscientious desire to act well and to do rightly. The ordonnances of July were forced upon him by the sedition and resistance of those who were afterwards the first to lead the mob and proclaim rebellion.

But we must say more than this. We must speak out all we think, as we are accustomed to do, "*sans peur*," and "*sans reproche*." The eldest branch of the house of Bourbon never loved England. England was too Protestant for that dynasty. It is a fact which will admit of no dispute—that prior to 1830 the Belgian priests—the factious Papists of the Low Countries—were excited by the Court of the Tuileries to revolt against the best and most Protestant ally of England, the King of Holland. It is a fact, which is just as indisputable, that the Papists of Ireland, during the Liverpool, Canning, Londonderry, and Wellington administrations, were urged on by the then Court party in France to

insist on the concession of what was cantingly called "*the Catholic claims*"—and but for the foreign excitement and foreign influence, as well as foreign funds, made use of—O'Connell himself would never have been the leader of the Papist party.

But more than this; during the whole period of the restoration, from the moment when the army of occupation left France, to the revolution of 1830, the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon never made any political or commercial alliance with England, which was not to the disadvantage of the latter country. Louis XVIII. and Charles X. felt, indeed, as well as acknowledged, that English wealth, patriotism, and bravery, had replaced them on the throne of their murdered and martyred relative; but they did not on this account abandon their partialities and convictions in favour of Roman Catholic alliances, and of the governments of the north. We do not complain of this. The convictions of princes are certainly as sacred as those of private individuals—and who would applaud in social life, marriages of gratitude, and family alliances merely based on a feeling of obligation?

Nor can we leave the matter here. We have something yet more to say on the subject of the present state of France, and of Europe, as well as of the feelings of British Conservatives on this most important subject. During the restoration in France, the true and enlightened Conservatives of Great Britain were always prevented from feeling an entire and undivided friendship for the French Government, by the fact, that one of the leading objects of that Government was always to surround itself by the high Papist party, and to encourage by every means in its power the progress of Popery. On the one hand, all British Conservatives rejoiced at the overthrow of despotism, at the downfall of usurpation, at the re-establishment of legitimacy, and at the return of the blessings of peace. But on the other hand, their delight and satisfaction were always damped by the fact, that they knew the restored French Government retained all its aversion to the Reformed faith—all its prejudices against even the old Constitutional Government of Great Britain—and all its sympathies for the most

bigoted and intolerant of the Papist clergy. Thus, whilst all true Conservatives rejoiced at the overthrow of the usurper Bonaparte, they rejoiced with trembling—and observed with sorrow that the counsels of the British Government were too often either rejected, or taken as an unfitting interference with the sympathies and wishes of the then reigning French dynasty.

The same mingled sentiments of satisfaction and of distrust—of sympathy and of anxiety—were, are, and must ever be felt by the Conservatives of Great Britain in the pending, or settled, or future questions of Spain and of Portugal. Don Carlos is the rightful sovereign of Spain. On this subject we cannot entertain the shadow of a doubt. But Don Carlos is supported by a party and by priests, with whom and for whom we can entertain no sympathy and profess no love. Don Miguel is in our opinion the indubitable monarch, by right and by choice, of the kingdom of Portugal; but the Conservatives of Great Britain can feel no anxiety for his success, and no sorrow for his downfall; because they can have no sympathy for a prince who addressed himself to the Ultra-Jesuits of the kingdom, and who refused to listen to the advice of Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington. The attachment of British Conservatives to the principles of legitimate monarchy and hereditary succession, is an enlightened, rational, and defined attachment. It is not a blind and fanatical adherence to a dogma, but a reasoned and philosophical love of a great moral truth, and of a vast engine of social happiness and national order. Whilst, therefore, the Conservatives of Great Britain cannot but feel, and cannot but desire the liveliest interest in and desire for the triumph on all occasions of the greatest social and national security against convulsions and anarchy—they cannot abandon their moral and religious aversion to that Romish Church, which is the author of so much of woe, and the source of so much of resistance and disorder. In the case of *Spain*, indeed, the objection which would exist to Don Carlos would also exist against the Queen Regent; for though the monarchical Government robs the churches—sacks the sacramental chests—melts down the bells—imprisons the clergy—and massacres

the monks;—yet the heroes of the Ildefonso refused in their revised constitution to admit as a right the profession of any other religion in Spain than that of *Romanism*. As, however, Romanism is better than Paganism and Infidelity—and as the natural tendency of such a Government as that of Christina must be to revive the Atheism of the last century—even the zeal and hot fiery Papist devotion of the priests of Don Carlos is preferable to the libertinism and licentiousness, blasphemy and immorality of the Government of the Ildefonso.

The "*Gazette de France*" and the "*Quotidienne*," the "*France*," and other able French journals of the Royalist party in that country, are perpetually attacking the British Conservatives and the Conservative press of this country, because the sympathy of the latter for the former does not go all lengths, and does not extend to their religious and moral as well as political principles. This is absurd enough. The *Gazette de France* is daily eulogizing the democrat "*O'Connell*," and holding him up to the admiration of its readers as the model of Catholic virtue, patriotism, and wisdom. Yet the *Gazette* is constantly proclaiming the great maxim, "that revolt is never justifiable," and supports with energy and talent the cause of monarchy and legitimate governments.

The *Gazette* says, indeed, in vindication of its absurd and dangerous system, "*Nous croyons que les Grecs n'étaient pas plus tenus à la soumission envers les Turcs, que les Espagnols envers les Maures, et les Français envers les Anglais au temps de Charles VII. Nous croyons que les Belges n'étaient unis à la Hollande que par un traité que ne les obligeait qu'autant qu'il était observé. Nous regardons le partage de la Pologne, comme une de ces grandes infâmes diplomatiques et politiques contre lesquelles la vérité et la justice protestent toujours. Enfin, nous soutenons les Catholiques Irlandais, parcequ'ils ne font pas autre chose qu'invoquer les principes que les Anglais ont établis en 1688, quand ils ont chassé le Roi Jacques. Nous croyons que les Irlandais peuvent réclamer le rappel de l'union comme en Amérique la Virginie et la Georgie peuvent se séparer en vertu du principe qui a fait la*

federation, si ce principe tournait contre elles."

What is this language—printed in the Royalist, the legitimate *Gazette de France*, of the 28th September last—but a direct appeal in favour of revolt in Ireland? Yet the *Gazette* accuses the British Conservatives of being insincere in their professed attachment to monarchical principles, and holds up the cause of order and good government in the united kingdom under a Conservative administration as the *least desirable* of all events, of course because opposed to the interests and progress of the Romish faith.

The legitimate party in France does not appear to understand either the moral or political creed of British Conservatives. They are perpetually confounding the character of the Revolution of 1688 with the events of 1830, and regret the last of the Stuarts with nearly as much sincerity as they do their late virtuous and departed monarch. The Toryism of a portion of the French legitimists is Jacobinism; the Toryism of the British Conservatives is Conservatism.

But there is another question of vital importance as connected with *France*, to which we are anxious to direct public attention at the present moment. We refer to the religious condition and to the cause of *Protestantism*.

We are old enough to remember the events and moral impressions of the first French Revolution. We recollect how the pernicious dogmas of the schools captivated the attention, and were conveyed to the heart in the enchanting page of a novel, amidst the feigned adventures and passionate endearments of lovers. A century before—and an attempt to violate the shred of a priest's garment would have been deemed the highest impiety. But that period passed away, and a new set of philosophers, taking advantage of the corruptions of the Romish Church, easily persuaded the people not to bewilder themselves with "*teasing perplexities and inextricable mysteries of theology*," but to look through nature up to nature's God! An article of faith was exposed in an epigram; scepticism allured proselytes by a "*bon mot*;" and creeds were confuted in a song. The luminous and scrutinizing

genius of *Montesquieu*; the splendid levity of *Voltaire*; the impassioned and fascinating eloquence of *Rousseau*; the precision and depth of *D'Alembert*; the bold and acute investigation of *Boulanger*; the daring paradoxical spirit of *Helvetius*; the majestic sublimity of the systematic *Buffon*; the profound anatomical researches of *Bailey*; the captivating elegance of *Marmontel*; the impressive condensed thought of *Diderot*; all these, with combined force, assailed and unsettled the opinions of ages. The sacred office was laid low, and the madness of democracy vainly dedicated a temple to liberty in its ruins.

The revolutionary madness of the people began at length to grow calm; the champions of atheism were constrained to make a retrograde motion, and they solemnly proclaimed to the French people *the existence of a Supreme Being!*

The history of *Protestantism* in France is one of almost unwearied persecution. When the Reformation was established in Germany, and in a great part of Switzerland, the number of its proselytes was small in France. But Luther and Calvin lent it their aid, and at last it penetrated into every part of the kingdom.

Francis I. did his utmost to arrest its progress. But he failed in his efforts; and soft and conciliating measures, on the one hand, and the most violent persecutions, on the other, were alike in vain. The work of reformation still went on. As yet, however, the newly-formed churches had no moral bond of union. Fiery persecution prevailed, and the whole kingdom reeked with the blood of the reformed. Under these circumstances, an assembly, composed of deputies from all the reformed churches in France, met on the 25th of May, 1559, in the city of Paris. In four days they drew up a "*Confession of Faith*," and laid the foundation of an ecclesiastical form of government. The national synods, which were held successively from 1559 to 1660, made those changes and improvements which circumstances required.

After various persecuting edicts, and a state of suffering on the part of the reformed church, unparalleled in the history of civilized nations, the edict of Nantes was passed. This event

red in April 1598, and was registered in February 1599.

From that period to the year 1610 churches had some rest, and liberty to profess their religion. But the period of repose was short, and various persecuting acts, for about twenty-five years after the death of Martin, the Protestant cause verged towards its fall. Flattered by his patron, *Père la Chaise*, and engaged by his confidential Minister, Colbert, Louis XIV. vainly hoped to wipe every heretic in his dominions from the Roman Catholic Church. The edict of Nantes was revoked, and all France was covered with dismay and despair. Thousands were burned at stake, racked on the wheel, or hanged on gibbets, and as many, at Paris, perished by the fatigues and hardships of attempted emigration. Multitudes were arrested and committed to dungeons—places of confinement were crowded. When these dungeons, the hunted-down and miserable people, under bales of merchandise, in ships, or amid heaps of stores in a warehouse, or in the skiff of a fisherman, awaited the hazardous voyage to the English shore. Some suffered shipwreck, and the fate of others was unknown. Numbers were taken by the Turks, and endured many years of slavery in Africa. It has been calculated that not less than 50,000 passed over to England. The Bibles and religious tracts on one occasion destroyed by the French occupied twelve hours in burning. Five thousand five hundred copies of the "Declaration of the Rights of Man" were offered for the capture of Protestant pastors; and yet, even in those awful times for the cause of liberty and religion, many zealous men continued, though in disguise, to visit their scattered flocks. Deeply rooted piety, which the fire of persecution rendered more fervent, directed them guides to conduct, and hosts to receive and shelter them. The interior of forests, and caverns in mountains became the secret temples where the pious and persecuted Protestants assembled, to the reading of the sacred volume, to sing the praises of Jehovah, and to love the elements of the holy communion. These wise and good men continued to keep alive among them the great principles of the "Reformation" until the reign of Louis XVI.,

when they obtained a legal existence.

The modern history of Protestantism in France is better known and more identified with our lives and experience. Napoleon was an enemy to Protestantism, not because he despised or disbelieved it, but because the great dynasties of Europe were Romanist, and he feared encouraging any religion which might increase their hatred of himself and abhorrence of his conduct. He spoke against Protestant alliances with France, because he hoped to gain over to his cause the priests, and the pious portion of the Roman Catholic population, by those concessions to their ignorance and their prejudice.

The "*Restoration*," with the exception of some local persecutions in the south of France soon after the battle of Waterloo, was a period of calm for the Protestant Church in that country. Louis XVIII. and Charles X. received from the French consistories numberless addresses, thanking them in the warmest terms for the protection afforded to them, as well as for the salaries paid to them by the state during the periods of their reigns; and no class of the community ever demonstrated more sincerely and unceasingly their attachment to those princes than did the French Protestants.

It is our firm, deliberate, and long-formed conviction, that the progress of PROTESTANTISM in France is essential to her political repose, moral consistency, and religious improvement. The events of 1830 have tended to confirm this conviction; and certainly the facts which have since transpired during the last seven years, have come marvellously to the aid of our opinion. If we are not much mistaken, the able prince who now occupies the throne of that country is well persuaded of this truism. Hence his preferences for matrimonial alliances for his children among Protestant families, the encouragement bestowed by him in Protestant institutions, and his anxiety to be allied with the Protestant and enlightened Court of Berlin. We have watched with daily attention the events of the last seven years. We have observed that, during by far the greatest portion of that time, the direction of the

education of the youth of France has been committed to the hands of *Protestant* secretaries of state, and that the professors occupying the most important chairs have been members of the Reformed religion. We have read the "*diatribes*," and listened to the curses of the "*Gazette de France*" party against the Protestants, and have laughed heartily at the wailings of "*La France*," because the Duke of Orleans is one of the patrons of the French Protestant Bible Society! We have followed with deep interest the controversies which have appeared on this subject in the French daily and weekly journals; and our souls have rejoiced within us when we have read,—"*It is high time for the Government to stop the progress of Protestantism, and prevent the distribution of Protestant Bibles, pamphlets, and tracts, by force*," knowing, as we did know, that the Government would do no such thing, but would leave Protestantism and Romanism quite free to make their way in deistical or atheistical France.

We are not indeed ignorant of the fact that the Roman Catholic clergy, and even a portion of the laity of that church in France have, during the last few months, complained in bitter terms of the efforts making by the Protestant party in the great work of conversion to the Reformed religion. There is a party growing up in France of no inconsiderable magnitude, which is connected with the present dynasty, and which desires to aid and befriend it by obtaining for it the support of the Roman Catholic clergy. They belong to a new school. On the one hand, they are Liberals of 1836; and, on the other hand, they are Romanists, or profess to be so, quite as zealous and vehement as the Jesuits of the Restoration. They wish to secure to the new Government in France the support of the Roman Catholic clergy, on conditions too onerous for that Government to accept, and too intolerable for the nation to support. They urge on the Government the necessity for making an alliance with the Romish priests, even though to do so it be necessary to put down *by force* the growing spirit of Protestantism. They are opposed to the gratuitous circulation of the Holy Scriptures—to the reading and explanation of those Scriptures by the Pro-

testant clergy in the private houses of the Romanists—to the distribution of books of a controversial character, explanatory of the differences which exist between the two Churches—to the erection of new Protestant churches—to the dissemination of religious Protestant tracts, and, indeed, to every effort at all calculated to disturb the Catholic population in its blind and ignorant attachment to the Romish faith, or to diminish the influence of the parish priesthood, acquired by means of the *first communion* and *auricular confession*. Mistaking Romanism for Christianity, they proclaim the necessity for upholding the Romish clergy, and they ask in the columns of "*La Presse*" how it is possible to separate Christianity from the State? This confusion of terms of Christianity for Romanism is not accidental. The portion of the liberal party in France, which is at one and the same moment attached to the present dynasty and to the Romish Church, is ashamed or afraid of proclaiming itself wholly Romanist, and therefore adopts the general term of *Christianity*. The priests are willing to accept this alliance, on condition that Romanism is supported, Protestantism discouraged, and the efforts of the Protestant Church in France rendered as much as possible nugatory, by strong repressive measures against proselytism. There is an old, expiring, Socinian Protestant Church in France, to which, indeed, the Romish clergy and laity make no objection. Well aware that it is useless for any good purpose, and that its cold and formal doctrines, its worldly spirit, and its heterodox doctrines, would rather serve than injure the cause of the Roman Catholic Church,—they of course do not protest against its existence, or desire its destruction. But the portion of the French Protestant Church which is the subject of their present virulent and incessant attacks, is the orthodox, lively, zealous, energetic portion of the Protestant clergy, who have since 1830 buckled on their armour, and with the Bible in their hands, and sound arguments in their mouths, have gone forth in the name of God and of truth, to preach to the Catholic population the doctrine of the Reformed faith. "*Down with them!*" "*Down with them!*" is now the cry from Caen to the Cevennes;

and the Legitimists join in the denunciations of the *Romish Liberal party*.

Yet our hope for France is in PROTESTANTISM ! We should despair of France, of the stability of her Government, of her continued repose, of her settling down to peace and to order, and of her becoming great in arts, science, wisdom, and knowledge, as she has been renowned in arms, did we not perceive the prospect of the spread of Protestantism. That it *has* been spreading during the last seven years we are *quite certain*, and that this good work will be continued, we feel fully assured. May our well-founded hopes not be disappointed !

But instruments are necessary to the accomplishment of all ends. Providence makes use of means. He who rolls the stars along could create a harvest in every field without the aid of the husbandmen. But infinite wisdom has decreed that the grain shall be sown in the furrows, and shall remain to rot and die, before it shall become the full grain in the ear, and be gathered into the garners of him who toils to till, to harrow, to sow, to weed, and to reap. As it is in the natural, so it is in the moral world ; and as, "*by the foolishness of preaching*," our sublime religion was destined by its Author to be made known to countless tribes and millions of the human race, so, in France, the cause of *Protestantism* and truth must be advanced by means of human agents—men of learning, virtue, high acquirements, eloquence, and zeal. Such an agent is Guizot ; and we have therefore resolved on presenting to our readers a sketch of his interesting and valuable life.

Guizot, like ourselves, is a Conservative ; Guizot, like ourselves, is a Protestant ; Guizot, like ourselves, is attached to the principles of hereditary monarchy ; Guizot, like ourselves, believes that a new era of peace and order has commenced for France ; and, like ourselves, he also believes that the spirit of Protestantism among the rising generation can alone assure to his country a futurity of permanent greatness, and of true renown. " But Guizot is a *Doctrinaire* ; Guizot belonged to the defection of *Agier*, which lost the last dynasty ; Guizot adopted at once the revolution of 1830 ; Guizot voted a new charta, and made a new King." These are

the charges against him ; we shall examine them hereafter. All parties admit him to be a great man. He is the hope of the Protestants ; he is the terror of the Jacobin and of the Jesuit Romanists ; he is the enemy of Democracy ; he is the object of the most violent hate on the part of all classes of the Destructives ; he is the rallying point for the French Conservatives of all shades, whose ultra-Romanism does not prevent them from adopting him as their leader ; he is a philosopher, a statesman, a Protestant, and a Christian ; he has adopted the "*fait*" of the Revolution of 1830, and has endeavoured to render it salutary to the cause of truth and of order ; he refused to leave that Revolution in the hands of those who made it ; he has a horror of "*fanaticism* ;" and he will never—no, never—consent to the Movement party directing the affairs of the new dynasty. To say that he is not faultless is merely to proclaim that he is a man ; but to say that at this time, and under all the circumstances of the moment, he is eminently, pre-eminently qualified for the duties and labours of a great Protestant leader in France,—and that he is a statesman, orator, and philosopher of the first rank,—is only to proclaim a vast truth, and is only the rendering of strict justice to distinguished merit, and to uncompromising and admitted virtue.

In 1787 the Protestants of France were not recognised by the state. They were excluded from all civil acts ; they were born, married, and died amongst themselves, without the registers of births or of deaths being "*disgraced*" by their names, and without the civil magistrate giving to their union the official benediction. No temple was consecrated by their prayers ; no altar was allowed to be erected by the professors of the Reformed faith ; and it was indeed in the "*desert*," as they were accustomed to call it, in the fields, in the rocks, in the caves of the mountains, that their sighs were heard, and their praises and prayers were uttered. The assemblies of the South of France for religious solemnities were "*a few and far between*,"—held at the risk of persecution and prosecution, and liable to be disturbed by the active and zealous agents of a fanatical Romanist clergy. It was under the empire

of this legislation that the subject of this biographical sketch—FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT—was born at Nîmes on the 4th October, 1787. Two months after his birth an edict of Louis XVI. restored to Protestants their civil position in the state, and the Revolution of 1787 liberated them from all humiliating distinctions, and secured to them the enjoyment of the rights belonging to all citizens. Such an act of justice and reason was of course received with gratitude by the French Protestants; and the father of the subject of this memoir, *M. François André Guizot*, a distinguished barrister of the Nîmes bar, and descended from an old and highly respected Protestant family of the South, distinguished himself by his devotedness to the new régime, and to the at once monarchical and popular movements of the first period of the French Revolution. But the father of M. Guizot, soon compelled by a sense of justice and truth to abandon the revolutionary party, and to disavow its fury and its crimes, was one of those who was sacrificed for his aversion to anarchy and treason, and on the 8th April, 1794, forfeited his life on a Robespierrian scaffold. There is a circumstance connected with the execution of this honourable and excellent man which it would be wrong not to record, as corroborative of the fact that a good Protestant is a good citizen and a good subject. Compelled to hide himself, in order to escape, if possible, from the hands of the Revolutionary assassins, he was discovered in his retreat by a gendarme, who really regretting that he had found him out, offered to allow him to escape, and thus to save his conscience from the remorse of being an accomplice in his death; but M. Guizot's father felt, that to save his own life it would be necessary to compromise that of the unfortunate gendarme, and he did not hesitate an instant to refuse the proposed sacrifice, and remained a prisoner.

The mother of M. Guizot (*Elizabeth Sophia Bonicel*) was left a widow with two sons, the elder of whom had only begun his seventh year when her husband was led to the block. She showed herself worthy of the excellent and honourable man who had been separated from her, and of

the examples of goodness and greatness which she found written in the history of her own family. For her then commenced the austere practice of those severe and painful duties which her friends saw her so religiously accomplish amidst all the trials and dangers by which her path was beset during her passage through this life. Notwithstanding the public interest which was felt for her at Nîmes and the neighbourhood, and the public anxiety as to the fate of her sons, she tore herself away from all these mitigations to her sorrows, and proceeded to Geneva, because she felt that the education of her sons required this sacrifice at her hands. Geneva, though it had lost its *political independence*, had at least preserved its schools; and it was only necessary to observe the variety and extent of the objects taught at those schools, and to compare them with the splendid intellectual resources of the central school at Nîmes, not to be at once aware that her duty was as obvious as it was painful.

From his first entrance into these schools the young Francis took an honourable and even distinguished rank, and the most brilliant success crowned his assiduity and perseverance; for of all the qualities which adorned his mind, the power of his *attention* most astonished his professors. Often did his schoolfellows take a boyish but somewhat malicious pleasure in disturbing his sedate spirit and his intellectual reveries when they observed him absorbed by his studies. Sometimes they would shake him, laugh at him, and even tear his clothes to rouse him; and not unfrequently they were obliged to make him experience corporal suffering before he was fully aware of their raileries and vexations—so much was he engrossed by his intellectual occupations. His eyes would then open widely, as if astonished at their folly; and not till a loud broad laugh had awoken him from his absorption was he fully aware that he was the object of their merriment, and the butt of their childish conspiracy. Plutarch is full of these recitals of the dawnings of wisdom and greatness in his heroes. He loved to make the *horoscope* correspond with the future life, or *vice versa*; and without having recourse to the science of astrology, we may

say this much—that from this determined and persevering application when young, the biographer might predict the formation of a mind so eminently serious and philosophical as that which M. Guizot has since possessed. There is another fact connected with his early history, which is indeed well worth recording.

It is not at all uncommon for children to find in the unwise indulgence of their grand-parents a sort of imprudent protection against the just severity or firmness of their father or mother. Thus in the maternal residence of young Guizot the authority of his only parent was sometimes menaced with being compromised by the intervention of the grandfather and grandmother. But the good feeling of the youth on these occasions re-established, even to his own prejudice, the hierarchy of the social or domestic powers, and he always took part with his mother and with her authority, even though against himself. Was not this a sort of early adoption by his mind of that spirit of government, which he has since desired to establish in France, applied as it were by instinct to education?

The young Guizot had commenced his studies in 1799—in 1803 he began his course of philosophy. Four years had been abundantly sufficient for him to attain a perfect knowledge of Latin, Greek, German, English, and Italian. According to the system of instruction adopted at Geneva, the scholars were not merely obliged to read certain extracts, and translate certain portions of privileged authors; but by means of repeated and varied readings of all sorts of authors, in all languages, they were initiated in the different ages of Greek and of Latin literature. Thus M. Guizot, during the four years of his study of languages, had read the whole of Thucydides, Demosthenes, and Tacitus. As to the modern languages he had acquired, he knew them sufficiently well to speak them with facility—and as to *German*, he could converse in it with as much fluency as in French. His success in the acquisition of languages was not, however, the result of any pleasure enjoyed in their attainment, but of a docility of spirit, great industry, and conviction of their utility. Greek literature had for him the greatest at-

tractions. When, however, he commenced his "*Cours de Philosophie*," his mind seemed to awaken to a new region of intelligence. From this moment his reason began to have full sway. It was from this epoch that he always dates what he terms the liberty of his life. His younger years merely recall to him recollections of a very doubtful character; but from the day when his mind was no longer obliged to accept as a law the opinions and thoughts of his professor; when his opinions were placed under the sole responsibility of his own reason; and when he could march in all its force, and with all its liberty; then all the actions of his life became impressed on his memory, and to this day he will converse of all the thinkings and mental discoveries of those hours, as though they had transpired but yesterday. It would be puerile, when writing the memoirs of such a man as M. Guizot, to render an account of all the academic honours conferred upon him as the reward for his diligence and progress; but when he left the classes in 1805, his success had been so marked and transcendent, that his professors did not hesitate to predict for him a brilliant career.

Having accomplished the object she proposed, by her residence at Geneva, Madame Guizot returned with her sons to Languedoc, there to fulfil on her part those filial duties to her then aged parent, which she knew so well how to perform. Her eldest son left the maternal home soon afterwards, and proceeded to Paris to study the principles of law and of justice. On quitting his beloved parent, he took with him, however, her stern and inflexible love of virtue and truth,—and had no object in residing at Paris but to prepare for the future and important duties of an active life.

This period in the life of a young man is at once the most critical and the most important. The connexions and even acquaintanceships contracted at the threshold of the world, and at the entrance into society, ordinarily decide the future movements of a young man. M. Guizot was, from various causes, thrown into the society of the members and defenders of the former Directory—and the trial for him was therefore most perilous. But the nature of his character protected him against the evils of so frivolous a

society; — and the licentiousness of manners which then reigned, could not but wound the principles and tastes of a young man, austere and romantic, philosophical and devout. Thus this epoch of liberation from control, so long desired and dreamt of by young men, was for Guizot a period of profound “ennui,” nor was he able at that time to study profoundly, as young men in France can now, the principles of public right. In that period, when Napoleon was engaged in changing all the surrounding Republics which had been so moulded by the Directory as to correspond with that of France, into new forms and models, to be similar to the French empire; and when the Usurper set about his maritime expedition against England, collecting a flotilla of 2000 small vessels, manned by 16,000 sailors, capable of carrying an army of 160,000 men, 9000 cavalry, and a numerous artillery,—the principles of public right were *not* taught, but merely a knowledge of the *existing legislation*. The first year was then to Guizot a year nearly lost. The acquaintance he formed shortly afterwards with some distinguished men, and above all with M. Steipfer, the former minister of Switzerland at Paris, was the means of introducing him to a better path. The philosophical experience of M. Steipfer, and his profound studies in theology, enabled his young friend to satisfy himself as to some questions which had for a long time past occupied his mind. The frivolous scepticism of that period of French history thus produced no influence on the mind of M. Guizot, and all doubts and difficulties were removed by the counsels and experience of M. Steipfer. Under the auspices of his friend and his host—for M. Guizot resided in the country-house of that excellent and able man—he studied, in the years 1807 and 1808, the philosophy of Kant, and German literature, as well as put in execution his project of recommencing his classical studies. This was a singular and peculiar resolution; but it is not doubtful that the perseverance with which he pursued the accomplishment of this self-imposed task, has contributed, more than any thing else, to give him that solid knowledge, which is the foundation of his talent and success. This education of him-

self, confided by himself to himself, whilst it announced a resolution of mind, and a love of acquirements very seldom possessed, could not fail at the same time of giving to his unaided studies more of certainty and of breadth. The friendship of M. Steipfer was not only precious to M. Guizot from the direct action which it exercised over his historical and philosophical studies, but to it was indebted for the acquaintance of M. Suard, by whose instrumentality he became acquainted with Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan. At that period this distinguished woman edited the “*Publiciste*” with great success; but a serious and protracted illness attacked her, and she feared that her labours would be interrupted, when an unknown hand wrote to her to entreat that her mind might be unanxious as to the fate of her valuable work, and that if zeal and assiduity could replace for some time the talent which the readers of the “*Publiciste*” had been accustomed to find in the columns of that publication, she might rely on the exactitude and care of her anonymous correspondent. The offer was accepted, and it was not till after a long convalescence, that she was aware that it was to M. Guizot she was indebted for these signal services. The literary vocation of M. Guizot was encouraged by his frequent contact with men of talent and acquirements in the saloon of M. Suard, where at that period they were wont to assemble. His essays in the “*Publiciste*” were soon followed by his first work, “*Le Dictionnaire des Synonymes*.” If this book had no other value, it would be curious as the starting point of an eminent and illustrious mind. His philosophical introduction “On the Peculiar Character of the French Language,” is worthy of an attentive perusal; and in it is discoverable his faculty of getting rid of details—of disencumbering the subject of what is mere ornament, and of relying on, and enforcing general principles. Take an example: “*En general on cherche peu en France a donner aux études une direction philosophique: les theories nous sont peu familières. On dirait que la contention d’esprit, et l’examen qu’elles nécessitent nous font peur; elles seules cependant peuvent contenir de grandes vues et des règles positives; elles seules peuvent mettre*

de l'ensemble et dans nos idées et dans nos opinions."

The introduction to the first volume of the "*Lives of the French Poets*" presented the same characteristics. It was easy to see that the historical and philosophical studies of the author had already prepared him to discuss great subjects with a masculine mind; there was even a superabundance of knowledge; there was a sort of anxiety to develop ideas; an overflowing of original thought; and if there was any fault in this composition, it was that it was too good for the subject. His mind, however, soon seized on a vast and important subject—and his translation of "*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*," enriched by valuable notes, soon gave vent to his pent up powers, and demonstrated how profound and varied was his historical knowledge. About the same period (1814), he also translated the work of "*Rehfu's*" entitled "*l'Espagne en 1808*," which had no ordinary success, and contributed to raise his already extensive literary reputation. M. Guizot returned, however, to his favourite study—*theology*, combined with history—and devoted much time to the "*Primitive history of Christianity*." These studies were as dear to him as they were valuable to others, and whilst they benefited the world, they enlarged his mind, and taught him to take a vast and comprehensive view of the ways of God, and the movements of Providence. Yet his literary occupations did not prevent him from mixing in society, and cultivating the friendship of his numerous friends; above all, after he had abandoned a country for a city life. In 1811, he went a great deal into society—mixed with the celebrated characters of that time—and the Abbé Morellet, Chateaubriand, M. de Fontanes, the Chevalier de Bonfliers, Madame d'Hondet, and Madame de Remusat, he had the honour of reckoning among his friends. At the close of the year 1812, he married the celebrated *Mademoiselle de Meulan*, himself a young man, and his wife of much more advanced years. It was a marriage of approbation, of respect, of confidence, of mutual tastes and sentiments, but no one can pretend that it is what is called a marriage of passion or of

first love. M. Guizot was, indeed, only a young man of twenty-five; but his quiet, steady, reasoning, philosophical habits were those of a man of forty years of age. Madame Guizot preserved, to the end of her life, a remarkable influence over her husband. This has been attributed to the peculiar character of that lady. She had so ardent a desire after perfection, both for herself and her husband, that she had her eyes perpetually occupied in examining the defects of their characters, and in pointing out how it would be possible to remedy them. Her inflexible reason, far from consenting to pass over in silence the faults of those she loved, looked on such a line of proceeding as a culpable connivance. She used to say that the *indifferent* might be *indulgent*, for their want of love admitted, and almost acquiesced in the faults of those they professed to esteem; but that she would think herself guilty towards those who had a right to her mind and heart, if she treated them with such weakness; and that her friends were worthy of the anxiety she felt, and the trouble she took to render them worthy, in their turn, of the increasing affection she wished to bear them. This constant effort on the part of Madame Guizot to exalt her husband, herself, and her friends to a perfectability of character and attainments, would have produced, on self-satisfied and irritable minds, a bad operation: but with M. Guizot the reverse was the case. Instead of harassing or annoying, it roused and excited him—and his friends and enemies all admit that his talent is indeed most perfectible, and that he is making a constant and daily progress. Indeed, there can be little doubt that a large portion of his self-knowledge, self-control, and self-vigilance must be due to the admirable exigencies of his excellent friend, of whose memory he speaks in the terms of a glowing and Christian philosopher—whose life was most dear to him—whose death was most regretted—and whose last moments he watched over with affection and devotion. M. Guizot regrets to this day her loss—not merely as a wife, but as a friend—whose counsels tended to form his character, and whose example was not less valuable than her precepts.

In 1812, M. Guizot was appointed

by M. de Fontanes to the Chair of Professor of Modern History at the University. Up to that period, the Chair of both Ancient and Modern History had been occupied by M. Lacratelle. It was now divided, and M. Guizot has established for himself in that capacity a reputation which can never die. At that moment commenced his relations with *Roger Colard*, the professor of the history of philosophy—and an intimacy of thought and feeling was established, which has lasted for twenty-four years—and is now as warm and vigorous as ever.

When M. de Fontanes announced to M. Guizot his appointment to the Chair of Modern History at the University, he spoke to him at some length, and with much force, of the importance which he attached to his opening speech. "The Emperor reads them all," said De Fontanes, "so take care you find a suitable place for his eulogium." It was thought that M. Guizot, a young man just entering into life, raised to so distinguished a position, would not hesitate to speak with effusion and eloquence of the then victorious and triumphant Usurper. But M. Guizot was made of very different stuff. It was not that he did not appreciate his talents or admit his courage—but M. Guizot was no lover of usurpation—no friend to absolute and Imperial Governments—and no flatterer of him who wore a crown through ambition and by blood. It is not known whether Bonaparte did or did not look over this inauguration speech of the young Professor; but if he did so, he found no reference to his own name. M. Guizot had no wish to become a politician. Freedom of thought occupied him more than freedom of political institutions; but yet, on suitable occasions, he did not hesitate to proclaim his fixed and philosophical opinions. On one of these occasions, at the close of 1811, or in the beginning of 1812, M. Pasquier and Madame de Remusat proposed to Napoleon to name M. Guizot to the post of Auditor to the Council of State. The Duke of Bassano, then the right-hand man of Napoleon, directed the young candidate to prepare a "*Mémoire*" on an important question which was at that moment under discussion. The question was, whether an exchange of

English prisoners should be made for French prisoners who were captive in Great Britain. This projected, or said to be projected, exchange was never seriously desired by Napoleon, for he imagined that England would be more embarrassed and annoyed by having to maintain those prisoners than she would be rejoiced to have her soldiers and sailors back again; and at that period he was in no want of soldiers to fight. The "*Mémoire*" of M. Guizot was written in favour of the prompt conclusion of the negotiation, which Napoleon was by no means anxious to terminate. This specimen of the opinions of M. Guizot was not then favourable to him in the eyes of the Duke or of the Emperor; and he returned to his literary studies and occupations. This is one of a vast number of specimens of the independence and elevation of the mind and character of M. Guizot.

The students of the Normal School remember to this hour the effects of his lectures on Modern History at the University. From that epoch, the study of history took its just rank in public education in France; and men of distinguished minds began to penetrate with ardour into the depths of a science which had been so long and so lamentably neglected.

The enemies of M. Guizot bring against him the charge of coldness for the Imperial régime, and of a secret attachment to the House of Bourbon. If this be a charge worthy of confutation, it may be met by the following observations:—For our own parts, we should be by no means inclined to apologize for such a coldness, or for such an attachment. The Imperial régime was neither favourable to mind nor to matter—to philosophy, nor to reason—to literary men nor to statesmen—and certainly neither to liberty nor to constitutional government and progress. How, then, was it possible that M. Guizot, as a man of vast mind and gigantic acquirements, could feel otherwise than coldly towards the Imperial Government? M. Guizot, in the world in which he lived, had contracted some acquaintanceship and even friendship for the enlightened portion of the aristocracy of the eighteenth century—for Madame de Tessé and the Princess d'Hénin. But at that period of French history an organized Bourbon party did not exist

in France; and though, after the events of 1814, there were many who pretended always to have cherished in their hearts the liveliest sentiments of devotion for the House of Bourbon—their protestations were generally false—the Bourbons had been forgotten in the long emigration of themselves and their real partisans—and in the Wars of the Republic—the Directory—the Consulate—and the Empire. So true is this, that the youths of France at the schools, in 1814, received with astonishment, mingled with incredulity, the intelligence that the old family of the Bourbons was not entirely extinct. Far from preparing for a restoration of the exiled princes, M. Guizot left wholly to Providence the disposal of such an event—and occupied his mind with preparing the rising generation to fulfil with honour and advantage to themselves and their country the duties which might devolve upon them. In one word, M. Guizot, though convinced that usurpation was seldom permanent, and that legitimacy was even more essential to the liberties and progress of the people than to the security of the throne and the rights of the monarch, kept himself wholly aloof from all court intrigues, and from all political combinations; so that when the Restoration took place in March 1814, he was residing tranquilly at Nismes with his mother, whose declining years he was watching over and soothing, after a long absence.

And here we must be allowed to pause for a few moments to vindicate M. Guizot from the charge of being alternately an imperialist, a legitimist, and a revolutionist. We have seen that he was *never* an imperialist. He was a legitimist in principle, but with rational liberty, Protestantism, and toleration. He was never a revolutionist; never in his boyhood—never in his youth—never in his manhood—and never in his maturer years. He has accepted the “*facts*” of the periods in which he has lived, not to profit by them, but to endeavour to extract sweet from bitter—good from evil—and to leave the world, if possible, better than he found it. We have not always thought with him as to the means by which an end should be accomplished—but we acquit him of all selfishness, obstinacy, ingratitude, or fickleness.

On the return of M. Guizot to Paris, he was pointed out to the Abbé de Montesquieu, of M. Royer Collard, as a man eminently qualified to fill the post of secretary-general to the Minister of the Interior. This act of M. Royer Collard was one of friendship—his nomination one of wisdom. The Government of Louis XVIII., at the same time that it placed at the head of affairs a great *seigneur*, an ecclesiastic, an old royalist, wished, very naturally and very properly, to evince its real impartiality, by placing near him a *bourgeois*, a Protestant, and a man of progressive opinions. This was the origin of M. Guizot's political career. It was alike honourable to himself and to the Government, which sought to profit from his wise and able services.

Thus M. Guizot became the representation of what was best and most durable in the new and changed France, in an administration whose principal element was necessarily, and perhaps wisely, the France of 1790. This introduction of M. Guizot into the government of the country, though only in a secondary character, was one of the many proofs of the wisdom and ability of Louis XVIII.; and M. Guizot, in accepting the functions confided to his execution, showed at once a just desire to reply to the bounty and confidence of his king, and a wish to secure the progress of rational liberty, and of wise, temperate, and well considered reforms. No principles were compromised by this union. No sacrifice was made of just partialities, or of well-founded preferences. But the government was enlightened by the advice of M. Guizot—and M. Guizot was kept from advancing too rapidly by the prudence of the court and the monarch. In the post which M. Guizot occupied, he endeavoured by every means in his power to prevent the ascendancy of the Jesuit and ultra-Roman Catholic party—he took care that the royal family should know that the *Protestants of France* would yield to none in their conservative and monarchical principles—and he laboured to impress on the Government the duty of striving against a re-actionary spirit—of forgetting, if possible, the events of the last twenty years—and of giving to France a representative and yet monarchical government—resembling as much as possible the magnificent

and glorious edifice of the British constitution.

When, in 1815, M. Guizot was appointed secretary-general to the Minister of Justice, he exclaimed, with Berryer, "*No re-actions !*" "*No scaffolds !*" "*No violences !*" He was also opposed to the execution of Marshal Ney—and, with Berryer, desired that the Restoration might be kept pure from the blood of even liberal fanatics.

The Restoration in France was lost by the ultra-Roman Catholic party. This is a fact which all will do well to remember—and which history will not fail to record. But besides this, the Restoration was betrayed by those who professed to desire its continuance, and who vowed for the princes of Bourbon an undying gratitude and love. M. Guizot belonged to neither of those parties. He did *not* belong to the Villeles, Comrys, Queleus, and Polignacs of France, on the one hand—nor to the Perier and Foy party, on the other. He loved his king—and he loved the charta—but he loved liberty with the former—and progress and order with the latter. He was not ultra enough to please those who deceived the throne—nor "liberal" enough to satisfy those who were ever engaged in undermining it. "*Yet in after years M. Guizot joined the Perier party !*" Yes—the moderate, sensible, enlightened portion of that party he *did* join at 1830. But why? Because he was altered? No: but because *they* were changed. Casimir Perier deplored the Restoration, and regretted his princes to the last moments of his life; and we know him to have declared to an orderly officer of the former Emperor of the French, "*that he should indeed die happy if he could believe that France would enjoy thenceforward the same degree of liberty that she had possessed under the Bourbons.*" M. Guizot joined the improved, moderated, and wise portion of the Perier party in 1830—to save the remnants of the throne from destruction by the Propagandists and Revolutionists of that threatening epoch. We assert then with confidence, that M. Guizot had *not* changed. He was in 1880 what he was at the period of his life we are now contemplating. From great positive evil he was anxious to

extract some good—and at least to save France from a repetition of the scenes of the republic. The ultra-Romanism of the court likewise disgusted him—and though he wept bitter tears over the fatal ordonnances of July, he felt that he owed a duty to his country even before that which he owed to his king; and he rushed forward to aid in saving France from the sanguinary re-action of the horrors of 1793. But to return to 1815.

M. Guizot has had a charge brought against him by his former admirers, when it was hoped he would support democracy against monarchy—and the barricades against the throne; that he "emigrated to Gand" with Louis XVIII., and was the editor of the official "*Moniteur*" there published by the French princes. Now, though we are amongst those who honour the faithful servants of the Bourbon family, and who should consider it no sort of reproach to have been among the number of those *emigrants* to Gand, on the return of the Usurper from Elba to Paris with his blood-stained banners, hoping once more to involve Europe in a general conflagration; yet it is *not* true that M. Guizot can be, with propriety, called an emigrant, and it is wholly false that he edited the "*Moniteur de Gand.*" After the 20th March, 1815, far from following Louis XVIII. to Gand, M. Guizot remained at Paris, returned to his post of professor of history, and to his functions as a literary man, peaceably attending to his duties and his books. Towards the end of May, indeed, when it was evident that Europe would not treat with the Usurper, who had broken his word and his vow, and when it appeared very probable that Louis XVIII. would return to France, those who desired to see less of the Jesuit party—less of the old French monarchical policy, and more of the nature and character of the British constitution in the government of the Bourbons, thought it indispensable that Louis XVIII. should be informed, that it would be essential that the charta should be more religiously observed; and that *M. de Blacas*, the chief of the party of the old régime, should no longer direct the councils of the king. M. Guizot consented to charge himself with this mission. He proceeded

to Gand, where Louis XVIII. had resided more than two months, and had with that able monarch a long conversation, in which he stated the possibility of establishing in France, as he, M. Guizot, desired, a strong and powerful monarchy; at the same time also he wished the King to confer on the country liberal and representative institutions. M. Guizot was no friend to impoverishing the aristocracy—nor to a peerage for life—nor to infringing on the prerogatives of the throne; but he believed it to be possible, by keeping Romanism in the background, and men of the 1780 régime out of office, to establish a firm constitutional monarchy in the French dominions.

When, a month afterwards, Louis XVIII. returned to France, he wisely dismissed M. de Blacas, published his famous proclamation of Cambray, in which he acknowledged the mistakes of 1814, and added to the charta new guarantees. Such was the nature, such the duration, and such the results of the mission of M. Guizot to Gand; and yet on such grounds have his enemies brought charge after charge against him of having belonged to the Blacas party—of having encouraged a foreign invasion—of having taken up arms against France—and of course of being anti-national. Of no portion of his life need M. Guizot be ashamed; but if there be any period of which he may be more proud than another, it is of that in which, by an act of personal courage, and sacrifice of popularity, he sought at once to perform the duty he owed to his king, and that which he likewise owed to his country.

At this period the majority of the Chamber of Deputies was impressed with a notion that an attempt was to be made to diminish the influence of the crown, and to attack its prerogatives. It would not, therefore, listen to any measures which might even indirectly seem to have that tendency, and it was called *la chambre introuvable*. M. de Marbois was compelled to retire, and the ultra-Romanist party triumphed. M. Guizot now resigned his humble office of "*Maitre des Requêtes*," feeling it to be his duty not to receive a salary from an administration he could not conscientiously support. The vast question was now under discussion of whether the charta

of 1814, as amended in 1815, should be construed literally or liberally, i. e. whether it would be to the interest of France and of the dynasty, that the charta should be read and construed popularly or monarchically. M. de Vitrolles, in a pamphlet of great nerve and talent, maintained the necessity of a monarchical construction. M. Guizot replied to it in a pamphlet, entitled "*Du Gouvernement représentatif et de l'Etat actuel de la France*." M. de Vitrolles belonged to a party which believed the permanency of the Bourbon dynasty in France to be dependent on the triumph of the high Catholic party. This was his error. He was a zealous and devoted servant of his king, but his Romanism was injurious to the cause he desired to serve. M. Guizot, on the other hand, did not render sufficient justice to the integrity and good intentions of his political antagonist, and treated him as an enemy of the rights and liberties of the community. M. Vitrolles could not, in his turn, believe that M. Guizot desired the permanence of the Bourbons and the strength of the monarchy—because he could not understand how monarchy, Protestantism, and liberty could go hand in hand together.

At the same period an attempt was made by the spiritual and temporal corporation of the *Jesuits* to have secured to their body exclusively the right and the duty of educating the youth of France. This was a vital question to Protestantism, and M. Guizot was, of course, at his post. Whilst he rendered justice to the learning and profound acquirements of the *Jesuits*, he demonstrated their total want of adaptation to the age in which we live, and to that freedom of thought and enquiry so necessary to the spread of truth and the advancement of education. And, alas! this was the misfortune of the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon. They were badly counselled. They always meant well. They always desired the happiness of France. Every action of their lives had that tendency; but they were surrounded by men who induced them to believe that their security, their peace, their glory, all depended on the triumph of ultra-Romanism.

It is impossible, in our opinion, to express more wisely or more powerfully than M. Guizot has done in the following passage, the difference there

is between the religious and the superstitious education of the rising generation. M. Guizot desired the youth of France to be brought up *religiously*—the Jesuits wished them to be brought up *superstitiously*:—

“Il est des gens qui voudraient que l'éducation fût non pas religieuse, mais superstitieuse; non pas forte et morale, mais asservie aux plus misérables préjugés; ces hommes là pensent que la science ruine les mœurs; que les lumières perdent les états; que la raison tue la religion; que hors de la servitude d'esprit et de l'ignorance, il n'y a de salut, ni pour la morale, ni pour l'autel, ni pour le trône, et que pour prévenir le retour des Révolutions, il faut revenir sans réserve aux lois et aux usages des temps passés, qui cependant les ont amenées. Aux yeux de ces hommes l'université est en effet très coupable; car elle n'a point fait ce qu'elles desirèrent: Elle n'a point cru que l'instruction publique eut pour objet de maintenir et de propager l'ignorance; que des chaires de philosophie et de logique fussent instituées pour asservir la raison; Elle n'a point interdit aux mathématiciens l'enseignement des mathématiques, aux physiciens celui de la physique, aux Jurisconsultes celui du droit des gens, aux médecins celui de l'anatomie; elle n'a point travaillé à ressusciter la superstition et le fanatisme; elle a favorisé le progrès de toutes les sciences et de toutes les lumières. Si c'est la ce qu'on lui reproche, elle peut avouer et proclamer elle-même ses torts; elle n'a pas besoin de s'en défendre.”

The question, in the summer of 1816, which occupied all minds and engaged the attention of all Europe, was, however, this—whether the Chamber of Deputies should overthrow the Ministry, or whether the Ministry would procure the dissolution of the Chamber. In the Chamber, at that period, existed a party called “*Doctrinaires*.” Its chiefs were Decazes, Pasquier, Royer Collard, Camille Jordan, and De Serre. They were as monarchical as the Duke of Wellington, but they were likewise as enlightened. They dreaded a re-action against the Monarchy, and in favour of the empire and the Republic. They, therefore, counselled prudent and wise measures; and, above all, the separation of the Court from the Jesuit and ultra-Ro-

manist party. M. Guizot prepared on this subject a “*Mémoire politique*” for the inspection of Louis XVIII. It was presented to that able and enlightened Prince by M. Decazes. It produced the desired effect; and, on the 5th September, 1816, the Chamber was dissolved.

And this appears to us a fit moment to say a few words on a question which has often been put, and as variously replied to, of “*What is a Doctrinaire?*” The term has, of late years, been used as one of reproach. A politician of moderate, fixed, monarchical, and yet constitutional principles, is called a *Doctrinaire*;—above all, if he be philosophical, moral, and religious. Before the first Revolution in France, the *Doctrinaires* existed as a corporation, whose business it was to instruct the youth of the country. Royer Collard was educated in a college of “*Doctrinaires*,” his brother was the “*Oratorien*,” and his uncle was at the head of a community of *Doctrinaires* at Arras. M. Royer Collard was denominated a “*Doctrinaire*” in the Chamber of Deputies, not, however, because he had been educated in a *Doctrinaire* college—but because, at the French tribune, his manner, logic, eloquence, were always severe, grave, and took that dogmatic form—that logical and rigorous deduction—which clearly announced a body of *doctrines* fully decided on and adopted. M. Royer Collard and his friends accepted, however, this term of reproach—accusing, in their turn, the ultra-Romanist portion of the monarchical party of marching blindly under the inspiration of their momentary passions and interests, without principles and without *doctrines* which could possibly secure the repose of the country and the stability of the throne. The epoch during which the *Doctrinaires* were called on to prepare in the Council of State and to support in the Chambers the projects of the Government, is certainly the period during which the monarchy was the most popular and secure; and yet during which the political institutions of France made the greatest and most regular progress. It was by them that nearly all the constitutional laws of that period were prepared; and though M. Guizot, from not being old enough according to the then law (which fixed the age of forty for ad-

mission to the Chamber), was unable to assist his friends in the Chamber of Deputies, yet, as "*Maitre des Requêtes*," and later, in 1818, as Councillor of State, he assisted, by his indirect influence, and contributed powerfully to the improvements which then took place. The election law of 1817, which established the system of direct election and the equality of electoral capacities, was likewise principally prepared by him. The wise and excellent law, which in 1819 abolished the Censorship, and established, for the first time, the *trial by jury* for offences of the press, was likewise touched by his hand. The law of recruitment, which destroyed the hopes of the ultra-Romanists in the army, was also indebted to him for its perfection. M. Guizot, however, whilst he aided the servants of the crown in their efforts to secure to France a strong and monarchical, but a constitutional government, remained wholly a stranger to that fierce spirit of opposition to the prerogatives of the Crown, which was excited by the Lafayettees, Lafittes, Lamarques, Constants, Salvettes, Barthes, and Thierses of the Chamber and of the press, of the mob and of the clubs. The difference between these men and M. Guizot was as great as between M. Guizot and the Jesuits. The violent opposition got up outside the Chambers wished not to enlighten, and support, establish, and improve the monarchy, but to overthrow it. Whereas M. Guizot and his friends were anxious to take away all just cause of complaint, and render the constitutional monarchy as durable as France herself.

The murder of the *Duke de Berri* was the commencement of a new period in the history of the Restoration. What was to be done? The Crown had yielded to the advice of the Doctrinaires. The Revolutionists had insolently and falsely attributed such concession to fear and to cowardice. Little did they know the character of Louis XVIII. or estimate his mind or heart. The assassination of the Duke was a direct attack on the hereditary descent of the crown. The Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême were without offspring, and no hope could be entertained of descendants from that quarter. The Duchess of Berri was

young, gay, and likely to become the mother of a large family. The Duke was healthy and vigorous. To attack him was to attack the dynasty—the whole race—and he was murdered. Who can wonder that such an event led to a change both of measures and men? Royer Collard, Camille, Jordan, and de Barante, were deprived of their offices, and M. Guizot resigned his post, and even refused a pension. M. Guizot did not, we think, in so acting, judge rightly, or conduct himself with that reason, loyalty, and patriotism which have distinguished nearly all the actions of his life. He did not make sufficient allowance for the position in which the throne was placed by such an event. He did not see with sufficient clearness the dangers which menaced the throne, and the absolute necessity which there was for putting a stop to the fanaticism of that period. If, instead of writing political pamphlets, undoubtedly of great merit and prodigious effect, during the years 1820, 1821, and 1822, "*On the Government of France from the Restoration downwards*"—"On Conspiracies and Political Justice"—and "*On the Means possessed by the Government and by the Opposition, in the then state of France*," he had devoted his time and talents, as a servant of the crown, to counselling the King, and to supporting in the council of state moderate measures and philosophical and statesmanlike views, he would, in our opinion, have much more profitably employed his time and his influence, and have deserved yet more than he does at present, the gratitude of his country and of the world.

His work on "*The Penalty of Death for Political Offences*," was of a different character. He admitted that in some cases the penalty must be applied; but he pleaded for the rare use of so terrible a weapon, and contended, as Sir Robert Peel has done in England, for the gradual and wise amendment of the criminal code.

Although we have offered some strictures on the opposition made from 1820 to 1822 by M. Guizot to the Government of the King, by means of political pamphlets, we are, however, bound to add, that his opposition was temperate, respectful, parliamentary, and constitutional. His were

no vulgar appeals to the mob—to ignorance—to passion—or to prejudice; but the manly appeals of a philosophical mind in favour of principles and of a system, the development of which he believed to be essential to the security of the throne, and the happiness and prosperity of the country.

"Je ne parle pas" (said M. Guizot in his work on the Penalty of Death), "de ces hommes qui, sans conspirer, sans agir, portent cependant au gouvernement une véritable malveillance, ni même de ceux à qui l'habitude de l'opposition constitutionnelle rend suspects les périls et les volontés du pouvoir. Je m'adresse à ce public immense, qui n'a ni engagement ni passion politiques, qui veut l'ordre et la liberté légale, parcequ'il en a besoin pour ses affaires, pour ses intérêts propres et journaliers."

In like manner, though M. Guizot belonged at that time to the "*opposition*," he took care to separate himself from the opposition of the mob; and from that blind and infatuated opposition in the Chamber of Deputies which consented to be led instead of to lead—to be dictated to by popular declaimers and demagogues, instead of to march wisely, temperately, and constitutionally. The following citation from his "*Means possessed by the Government and by the Opposition, in the then state of France*," will abundantly confirm our opinion.

"Il ne suffit point à l'opposition de bien recueillir tous les éléments de sa force, de n'en aliéner aucun. J'ai dit qu'on n'était point fort si l'on n'était libre. On n'est point libre, si l'on n'a le sentiment de sa propre dignité, si l'on descend au-dessous de sa situation. Le droit de l'opposition dans les chambres, c'est de diriger, non de suivre son parti au-dehors. Elle est en tête—non en queue. C'est à ce titre qu'ils ont été choisis pour chefs; c'est comme les meilleurs, les plus capables, les plus utiles membres du parti, qu'ils ont été envoyés au poste difficile et éminent. On a eu d'eux—cette idée qu'ils l'aient aussi d'eux-mêmes. . . . Vous vous dites les interprètes, les protecteurs, les élus d'une grande opinion, d'un intérêt puissant; soyez donc, à vos propres yeux, tels que vous vous présentez aux yeux des autres. Estimez vous ce

que vous êtes, et retournez vous vers vos amis, sans descendre du rang où vous voulez, où il faut que vos adversaires vous voient placés."

M. Guizot continued for a long time his lessons from his chair, as Professor of Modern History to the youth of France. His labours were prodigious; his research immense. His developments of the history of representative governments, in the various states of Europe, from the fall of the Roman empire, will live for ages to attest his learning, acuteness, and industry. The ultra-Romanist party counselled the crown to suspend his course of history—and it *was* suspended. How did M. Guizot act under such painful and difficult circumstances? Did he open a deadly fire against the government of his King? No—he retired to his books and his studies—laid aside the questions of the day, and the agitations of the hour—and betook him to the preparation of his celebrated "*Collection of Memoirs relative to the history of the English Revolution*." He felt that he had opposed the Government as far as was consistent with the loyal subjection he owed to his prince; and that now other duties were imposed on him of a permanent character, and that it was his business to step aside from the busy scene of party and political warfare, and leave the rest to time and to events. The two first volumes of his "*History of the English Revolution*" made a profound impression on the public mind; but the work was suddenly broken off at the murder of Charles, and it has not yet been resumed.

M. Guizot also prepared at this period a "*Collection of Memoirs relative to the Ancient History of France*"—and his celebrated "*Essays on French History*." His leisure hours were occupied by a "*Translation of the principal Tragedies of Shakspeare*"—and by historical essays on the immortal bard, and on Calvin. A periodical publication, entitled the "*Revue Française*," in which the most interesting and important subjects of politics, morals, and legislation were treated with transcendent talent and rectitude, also occupied no small portion of his time; and even to the "*Globe*" he devoted a portion of every week. In this sphere of

activity and usefulness the period from 1822 to 1827 passed rapidly away. During all this time M. Guizot refused to belong to any political association—and if, in the latter year, he had continued so to act, and had refused to have joined the "*Société aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera*," he would better have consulted his own dignity, and have more really served the cause of constitutional government in that country. But "to err is human," to "forgive" only is divine. "That society was legal and constitutional," replies M. Guizot. Yes—but though neither illegal nor unconstitutional, it was intemperate, anti-monarchical, and above all, was founded and supported by men who wished not to strengthen but overthrow the monarchy.

It is as true in political as in private life, that a man is, and must be judged by the multitude, by the society he frequents; and M. Guizot was therefore claimed by the revolutionists as belonging to them, and to their cause, when he imprudently consented to become a member of their electoral association.

In 1828 the *Martignac* Ministry was formed. Charles X. in adopting this measure took a wise and enlightened step, and assured to himself the respect and esteem of all who desired the stability of the monarchy, by its adaptation, by the institutions which surrounded it, to the changed condition of France and of the world. It was then that M. Guizot showed by his conduct and sentiments, the difference which really existed between himself and the members of that "*thorough-going opposition*" of that period. Whilst the Constants, Lafayette, Lafitte, and Salvettes, threw all sorts of impediments in the way of M. Martigné's government—M. Guizot did all he could to second and to aid it. M. de Vatissier, as minister of public instruction, authorized Messrs Guizot, Cousin, and Villemarie, to recommence their courses of philosophy and history at the Sorbonne; and when Guizot once more appeared as the grave, enlightened, severe, positive, powerful, and philosophical professor of history, the youth of France were in ecstasy, and would have carried him in triumph. But not though proud of the applause of his audience when bestowed on truth and

virtue—on great principles and real philosophy—he was alarmed whenever he discovered, in any bravos at the Sorbonne, any allusion to events which were passing without—or to party politics, with which science and philosophy had no connexion. He never condescended to gain the passing cheers of the youth of France, by flattering their self-love, their democracy, or their passions; but he, on the contrary, repelled with force any applause which might by possibility be construed into political excitement.

"Gentlemen," he said to his young auditory in 1828, after having thanked them for the effusion, the warmth, and the length of their applause, "seven years ago, we used to enter this place with uneasiness, with sad anxiety; we knew we were surrounded by difficulties, by perils; we felt that we were being hurried on to a state of things which vainly, by the force of our gravity, our tranquillity, our obedience, and our reserve, we endeavoured to prevent. To-day we arise here all of us, you as well as myself, with confidence and hope, our hearts in peace, and our minds free. We have but one way, gentlemen, of showing our gratitude for the change which has taken place. It is to bring along with us into our assemblies and to our studies the same reserve which we showed when every day we feared that our studies would be rendered difficult or wholly suspended. I claim the permission of saying to you, that *good fortune* is full of chances, delicate, fragile; hope has as much need of attention as fear; a state of convalescence requires nearly as much care, as much prudence, as a state of illness. You will display this line of conduct, gentlemen; I am sure you will. The same sympathy, the same intimate and rapid correspondence of sentiments and of ideas, which united us together in difficult and trying times, will still unite us in better days—and will enable us to profit, as we should do, from the fruits of this new state of things; I rely on you, gentlemen—I rely fully on you—and I have no need of any thing beyond it."

From 1828 to 1830, M. Guizot devoted nearly the whole of his time to the duties of his professorship. He acted with loyalty and honour. He had no secret thoughts, or obstinate and violent prejudices. He did not

avail himself of his position to preach treason, or insidiously to get up an Opposition. His labours are in all the French libraries. We have perused, and re-perused them with delight; and certainly there is not a phrase to be found which bore on the events of the hour, or the circumstances of the moment.

At the end of 1828 M. Guizot was married a second time to Mademoiselle Elisa Dillon, the niece of his first wife, who, when on her deathbed, expressed her desire that he should at a future period be united to her.

In January, 1830, M. Guizot was elected for the first time member of the Chamber of Deputies. The arrondissement of *Lisieux* had the honour of returning him; and the very same day, at another part of France, *Berryer* was for the first time also elected a Deputy. They were both returned for their virtues and their talents, but Guizot to oppose, and *Berryer* to support the Polignac Administration. Yet Guizot and *Berryer* were both attached to their King; and both desired, by every means in their power, to avert the coming collision.

The Chamber of Deputies voted one address to Charles X., which attacked indirectly his prerogative of choosing his own ministers. Charles X. refused to submit to this act of dictation, and the Chamber was dissolved. But what was the conduct of M. Guizot? Did he make a factious and unprincipled opposition? No. He retired to *Nismes*—went to vote as an elector, and did not even proceed to *Lisieux* to canvass for re-election. He was, however, again returned by the same arrondissement. The history of the Polignac Administration is that of the *most incapable* Cabinet ever called on to direct the affairs of a great nation. The overthrow of the Martignac Administration was a great public calamity; but it was not the fault of either M. Guizot or the court; but of the Opposition. Never was any Cabinet treated more unfairly than was that of M. Martignac by the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies. It became necessary to construct a new Government. Prince Polignac was sent for. He was not equal to the task he undertook. To have vanquished the Opposition required an army of 200,000 men, and to have

carried the ordonnances of July, it was necessary to bombard Paris from Montmartre. Prince Polignac was surrounded by men as irresolute as himself. M. de Peyonnet and Count Bourenort were the sole exceptions; but the former was not listened to, and the latter was sent to Algiers. The ordonnances of July were made in virtue of the fourteenth article of the charta; but there was no power to enforce them, and the King and Royall Family had no refuge but in flight. So incapable was the Polignac Administration, that not even a minister could be found to proceed with the Duchess of Berry and the Duke of Bourdeaux to the capital, to say, "*Behold your King!*"

The ordonnances of July 1830 were a thunderbolt to M. Guizot. He could scarcely believe his own senses when he read them. He knew the resistance which would be made to them; and he also knew how unprepared was the Government to enforce them. He urged on the King to withdraw them. He urged in vain. The barricades of three days triumphed over the royalty of so many centuries—and a fraction of the Deputies met to make a King, and vote a charta.

M. Guizot was one of those who believed that it would be impossible to reconstruct a firm and durable monarchy with the old materials of the restoration. M. *Berryer* thought otherwise. They both desired a monarchy; and they both desired that it should be strong. They both believed that the abdications of Charles X. and of the Duke of Angoulême must be looked upon as final. But M. *Berryer* thought and felt, that the Duke of Bourdeaux was the best pledge of security, peace, order, and liberty to France; and we thought, and think so still. M. Guizot held a different opinion, and he voted for Louis Philip, first as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom—and then as King of the French. He did not so act from any unworthy motive. He had no desire to establish a citizen royalty, or a republic in disguise. He never desired or thought of rendering France more democratical than she was; but, on the contrary, from the first moment, he took his stand with the party of RESISTANCE.

The Revolution of 1830 was never desired, expected, or rejoiced at by M. Guizot. He did not belong to that

party in the Chamber, and the nation, which affected great respect for the King, the Royal Family, and the rights and prerogatives of the Crown, and which yet did all they could to discredit or to undermine them. It is true that a large portion of the Opposition only acted fictitious parts in the comedy which they performed during fifteen years of the Restoration; but M. Guizot was *not* of this number.

From the moment of the triumph of the Revolution in 1830, M. Guizot raised the standard of *resistance*. This was not surprising. He had opposed, during the Restoration, the influence of the ultra-Catholic party,—but he had never desired the overthrow of the Bourbons, or of a legitimate monarchy. It was now *his turn* to combat with the partisans of the Ex-Emperor and of the Ex-Republic; and he has done so with a firmness which nothing could intimidate, and with a zeal and energy which have been almost superhuman. Those who had only affected, during fifteen years, their desire to see established a firm *constitutional* monarchy, were naturally much disappointed at the direction given by M. Guizot to the march of the Government immediately after the events of July. *They* demanded the annulling of the treaties of 1814 and 1815. *He* insisted on their execution. *They* required that the monarchy should be surrounded by Republican institutions. *He* laughed at their requisition, and scorned at their folly. *They* proposed a manifest and palpable contradiction. *They* proclaimed that the Revolution of 1830 could not exist in good fellowship with the other European powers. *He* asserted that the only chance of duration for the new dynasty was to keep all the “engagements made with Europe by the fallen throne.” *They* cried, “War and enlarged frontiers.” *He* cried, “Peace with Europe, satisfaction with our present allotment, and order in our capital and our departments.” *They* cried, “Universal suffrage.” *He* cried, “Property must be the qualification of electors in a country where property is so much divided, and where all who *ought* to vote, cannot fail of possessing the property which is essential to enable them to do so.” *They* cried, “*Down with the priests — down with religion.*” *He* cried, “Religion must be the basis of

all civilized governments.” *They* cried, “Aid the Poles! Assist the Saxons! Rush to Spain! Rouse all Italy to arms for liberty or death!” *He* cried, “Leave each nation to manage its own affairs—to adopt its form of government to its wants and attainments—remain at home—cultivate the arts, sciences, industry and peace.” As their *programmes* were so different, who can be astonished at the virulence by which he has been assailed—at the obloquy to which he has been subject,—or at the falsehoods which have been propagated as to his doctrines, and his system?

With a system thus opposed to popular clamour, and to *mob expectations*, M. Guizot accepted the provisional appointment of Minister of Public Instruction, which he held only a few days; and then charged by the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, he became first of all Commissary, and then Minister of the Home Department. Aware of the necessity of making great temporary concessions at such a moment to the demands of the popular Tribunes, he changed in a few days nearly the whole of the departmental administration of France, appointing 76 new prefects, 161 sub-prefects, and 38 general secretaries. He could not act otherwise; for unless at the moment such changes had taken place, Lafayette would have roused the whole “*canaille*” of the kingdom to arms. But M. Guizot hastened to acknowledge that he was aware of the unsatisfactory character of this rapid and really unnecessary new organization. “I hasten to admit,” he said, “that it is impossible but that in a work so extensive many errors must have been committed, for which the rapidity with which it was executed would itself supply a sufficient reason. I acknowledge these errors, and I add, that as time shall point them out one after the other, they shall be instantly remedied.”

Whilst Minister of the Interior, he presented to the Chambers, and obtained the adoption, 1st, of a law for subjecting offences of the press, and political offences, to trial by jury; 2d, for rendering it imperative on deputies to be re-elected who should be appointed to salaried places under government, after their original election as deputies; 3d, for rendering necessary an annual vote of the contingent of the army, and for regulating the

grades of officers in the army and navy ; and, 4th, the law for establishing and regulating the national guards of the kingdom.

Besides these laws, M. Guizot prepared, in the short space of three months, a municipal and departmental law, an electoral law, and a law relating to printers and printing establishments.

But M. Guizot was obnoxious to the Radical party. "Down with him!—down with him!" was the cry. Associations and clubs were every where formed against him and his ministry ; and on the 3d November, 1830, he left the councils of the king. At that moment it would have been madness to resist the will of the populace. If M. Guizot had not then given way, the state-prisoners at Vincennes, the ex-ministers of Charles X., would have been sacrificed to revolutionary fury. A more popular, but less able and less virtuous administration was necessary to conduct the trial before the court of Peers ; and the result demonstrated that M. Guizot acted wisely in retiring from office at that moment of passion and excitement. The ministry of Lafitte capitulated with the clubs, flattered the demagogues, and cried, "*Bravo!*" to the associations. It was perhaps necessary that it should do so. The hour for resistance had not arrived. The army was not at that time what it is now ; and the National Guards were then half composed of the refuse of society. All this was afterwards changed ; and subsequently, when reason took the place of passion, and a love of order and a desire for repose were substituted for the cries of "*March to the Frontiers*"—and "*To our brethren in Poland, Spain, and Italy*"—then M. Guizot aided Casimir Perier in his great work of determined and obstinate resistance.

At length this period arrived. M. Guizot saw the moment favourable for making an appeal to the chambers and the nation. Nearly four months of governmental disorder, from 3d November, 1830, to 20th February, 1831, had been an experiment of sufficient length ; and so tremendous was the attack made by M. Guizot on the Cabinet of Lafitte, that that individual admitted in the Chamber of Deputies that he no longer saw a majority for him ; and that if such was the opinion

of the majority then present, he should take the orders of the king. "*Oui ! oui !*" cried the *centres en masse*—and the Ministry of Lafitte was at an end.

A new Cabinet was formed on the 13th March, 1831, under the presidency of Casimir Perier. After God—and public reason—Casimir Perier saved France. He died the victim of his resolution. His conflicts with anarchy were prodigious. His success was most memorable. In his battles with the hydra, he was always courageously supported by Guizot ; and many a vote was gained by his manly eloquence and irresistible reason. The death of Casimir Perier was an European calamity. For a few days the cause of resistance appeared to be in danger, and faction raised its head—and cried, "*Union and Victory!*" But the union was wanting, and the victory did not therefore follow.

On the 11th October, 1832, was formed the Ministry of Marshal Soult, which, with the exception of three days in November, 1834, when the Duke of Prassano was Minister for that period, had nearly four years of existence. M. Guizot was, during the whole of that time, Minister of Public Instruction.

That Ministry must be judged by its "*ensemble*," and not by its isolated acts. It kept peace with Europe ; faith with the public creditor ; attacked and destroyed all secret societies ; came off victorious out of three civil wars, one in June, 1832, another in April, 1834, and another in *La Vendée* ; brought the Republican chiefs to trial, and condemned them in spite of the most resolute resistance ever made in any country to the administration of justice ; put down political associations ; stopped the mouths of all hawkers of political libels over France, and hunted down faction into its secret hiding-place, till it had no weapon left but the infernal machine of Fieschi the Regicide! The arrest and imprisonment of the Duchess of Berri was one of its vast faults, but her liberation without trial was an act of magnanimity. The attack on the citadel of Antwerp was one of its offences, but the immediate withdrawal of the French army from Belgium was an act of loyalty.

During the whole of the long period

of nearly four years that M. Guizot belonged to the Ministry of the 11th October, 1832, he was incessant in his attention to the vast subject of the public instruction of France. That was his department; and never could any man perform with more fidelity, zeal, and talent the duties of this important post. M. Guizot's first object was to respect the clergy of all denominations, both Romanist and Protestant, but, at the same time, to take care that the influence of the Romish clergy should no longer be injurious to the rising generation. His next object was to secure to the ignorant population of France the elements of a plain reading, writing, and arithmetic education. This he has done most efficiently. France had never so much of elementary education as she has at the present moment. His attention to the public schools and colleges merits the highest praise. We know it to be a fact, that M. Guizot required periodical reports to be made to him from all the colleges of France, as to the moral as well as intellectual progress of each scholar; and as impossible as it would at first appear, yet it is a fact, that he read and examined *all these reports*, and when he observed in two reports bad accounts of the moral state of the same youth, he *wrote himself* to the parents or guardians of the boy, and required them to exercise their influence in the work of reclaiming him. If they did not, or would not do so, he caused the youth to be expelled. The correspondence which M. Guizot thus carried on with the Departments was prodigious. Questions became multiplied, but they were instantly replied to. Difficulties arose, but they were at once met. No delay was suffered to take place between the discovery of the evil and the announcement of the cure. Not that we are approving of the whole system of private and public education in France: far—very far from it. But M. Guizot has improved it five thousand per cent—and though much remains to be effected—very much indeed has been accomplished. M. Guizot has attended to the *education*, as well as to the mere *instruction* of the youth of France. Morals form the basis of his plan; and religion he will never separate from his system. His speeches on public instruction are among the most finished specimens of classical oratory and sound Christian philo-

sophy to be found in any language. His manly eloquence carries all hearts and all convictions along with it; and resistance to his resistance would be impossible. Some of the orations of M. Guizot, during the last five years, on the great question of public instruction in France, have been translated, not by himself, or at his own desire, but by others, into all the languages of Europe—and vast good cannot but have resulted from the spread of such large, generous, noble, philosophical, moral, and Christian verities.

M. Guizot, as Minister of Public Instruction, has improved what was defective in the financial regime of the University, has modified and ameliorated the system of examination for the posts of professors—has placed on a different footing the private schools of France—has added to the museum of natural history—greatly improved the public libraries—reformed, in all that needed reforming, the College of France—and established commissions, composed of learned men, for encouraging the cultivation of the arts, sciences, and all branches of knowledge, especially the knowledge of history. Without noise, clamour, ostentation, or resorting to any meretricious arts, M. Guizot has rendered eternal service to his country by the system of public education he has adopted and developed.

The Ministry of October 1832 was at last dissolved: M. Thiers was named Minister of Foreign Affairs, and President of the Council. His Administration was shortened, and during the period of its existence, M. Guizot spoke but seldom. He passed some months in the country, and prepared for new conflicts and for new duties.

When the Ministry of the 22d of February fell, M. Guizot was again applied to to accept office, and for a few months he was again Minister; but combination after combination succeeded with rapidity, and the word "AMNESTY" was pronounced by the King. M. Guizot was averse to a general Amnesty. Count Mole insisted on its adoption. All attempts to form a Ministry without making this concession were ineffectual—and it was granted. M. Guizot then became once more a partisan of resistance. He dreaded lest concession should be mistaken for fear, and lest generosity should be construed to

mean apprehension. He prepared, therefore, to combat the revolutionary party, and to demand the continuance of repressive laws and of a repressive system.

On the Spanish question the Cabinet was likewise divided. Some were in favour of an intervention for the Queen Regent; others against all intervention in the affairs of independent states; and others were for making no engagements either for or against an intervention, but on leaving time and events to decide. Thus the old Cabinets were dissolved—new combinations were made—and neither Guizot nor Thiers are now in office. The Ministry of the present moment is a combination of the most curious kind; but it is adapted to the state of public feeling and desire for repose, and has no inconsiderable chances of success at the approaching elections. *Count Mole* is the Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council. *Count Montalivet*, Minister of the Interior. *General Bernard*, Minister of War. *M. Lacaze Laplagne*, Minister of Finance. *M. Martin du Nord*, Minister of Public Works. *M. de Salvandy*, Minister of Public Instruction. *M. de Rosamel*, Minister of Marine; and *M. Barthe*, Minister of Justice. The Count Mole has prevailed on the King to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies. The elections in France will be proceeding in November; and in December a new Chamber is to meet, without either Guizot or Thiers in the Cabinet.

But *M. Guizot* is never idle. When in office he turns to his duties; when out of office to his books. When public affairs require that his voice should be heard, he is always the first at his post. When he falls back to the character of a private individual, he seeks by his literary labours to benefit society, and prepare it for a futurity of gradual but certain improvement.

This is *M. Guizot*. Few men have more political enemies—no man has more private friends. His talents are admitted by all, and his high moral character stands perhaps unrivalled amongst the public men of France. Has he done all he might have done for the cause of *legitimacy*? We think not. Has he done all he could have done against the combined efforts of anarchy and democracy? We think he has. Few men understand the

science of government as well as himself. No man can comprehend it better. If *M. Guizot* had taken as active a part in the affairs of the government under the restoration, as he has done under Louis-Philippe, the Revolution of 1830 would never have taken place. But was it his fault, or that of the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon, that such was not the case? The fault was mutual. Mutual confidence was wanted; and yet *M. Guizot* ought to have trusted Charles X., and we feel assured that the departed monarch would have done well to have confided in *M. Guizot*.

If *M. Guizot* shall live (and his health and energies are unimpaired at fifty years of age), he must return to office. The present Ministerial combination must of necessity be changed—not for the moment perhaps, but in the course of next year—and as France is now reaping the advantages of a Conservative and pacific policy, it is scarcely possible that the revolutionary party will become again triumphant.

We do not hesitate to predict that the approaching elections in that country will be Conservative; and though we must continue to regret that the events of 1830 have excluded from the throne the pure and bright scion of the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon, yet we frankly admit that the peace and prosperity of Europe are so identified with the repose and tranquillity of France, that we should deprecate any change which was not brought about by the gradual and steady triumph of Conservative principles.

M. Guizot possesses a lively imagination, a vigorous judgment, an active and energetic mind, a commanding person, a purely intellectual face, a noble and manly action, and a power over his auditory which is felt and admitted by all. Simple in his habits, frugal in his tastes, virtuous in his friendships, and moral and intellectual in his pursuits—he is just the sort of man to make a *great Protestant leader*—and just the sort of Minister to save France from anarchy and revolution on the one hand, and from Papal intrigue and ultra-Romanist re-action on the other.

“Homines ad Deos nullā re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.”

M. Guizot is an enlightened Conservative.

THE BRITISH COLONIZATION OF NEW ZEALAND.

We are delighted to draw the attention of our readers to a little work bearing for its title, "The British Colonization of New Zealand," and expressing the views of a society of gentlemen calling themselves the New Zealand Association, and engaged in the project of colonizing and civilizing those islands. The purpose is certainly a very great one, and the mode in which it is to be attempted, as well as the various inducements for attempting it, are set before the public in this little volume.

The situation of New Zealand is well known; it is on the opposite side of the globe to that which we inhabit; so near, indeed, to our antipodes, and in its general dimensions, climate, and insular character so closely resembling the British Islands, that it would require but a little stretch of imagination to fancy the two groups exhibiting upon the surface of the globe a miniature representation of those twin stars revolving round a common centre which modern astronomy has disclosed to us in the distant regions of space.

This will appear from the following statements with regard to the physical circumstances of that country.

"The islands of New Zealand are situated between the 34th and 48th degrees of south latitude,—and the 166th and 179th degrees of east longitude. They are the lands nearest to the antipodes of Great Britain;—a central point taken in Cook's Strait, which separates, and is about equidistant from the northern and southern extremities, of the two principal islands, being seven hundred miles from the antipodes of London, with the advantage of being, to that extent, nearer to the equator.

"In shape it is an irregular and straggling oblong: and in detached position from the nearest continents, New Zealand bears some resemblance to the British Isles. It resembles them in other matters of greater importance. Like them, surrounded by the sea, it possesses the same means of ready communication and of rapid conveyance, to all parts of its coasts; and the same facilities for an extensive trade, within its numerous bays and rivers. The temperature of the warmer latitudes in which it is placed, is influenced or regulated, as in Great Britain, by the refreshing and invigorating sea breezes, and the

whole line of coast abounds with fish, in great variety and of great delicacy.

"By the latest, and, it is believed, the most accurate account, the area of the Northern Island is computed at forty thousand English square miles, while that of the Southern Island,—of which Stewart's Island may be considered an appendage,—is considerably more than one third larger. The extent of the two islands must be at least ninety-five thousand English square miles, or above sixty millions of square acres.

"The face of the country presents many striking objects to arrest and engage attention. There is a range of vast mountains traversing the centre of the whole length of one island, and the greater part of the other;—bays and harbours are scattered in profusion along the shores of both islands;—and there is a continual succession of rivers and lakes, extensive forests, valleys, open country and plains, from one end of the islands to the other.

"The mountains of New Zealand stretch along the centre of the Southern Island, for its whole length, and along the better half of the Northern Island; and sloping gradually down towards the sea level, leave an immense extent of forest, plain, and pasture, on both sides of the mountain range, between it and the sea. A few of the smaller mountains are barren or clothed with fern; but by far the greater number are covered, up to the range of perpetual snow, by magnificent timber of enormous size, and of great variety of kinds.

"These mountains, from their vicinity to all parts of the island, and their great elevation, exercise a constant and most beneficial influence on the climate and vegetation. The clouds which collect on their lofty summits, descend and disperse in refreshing and never failing showers, over the whole extent of the country. Hence the luxuriance and rapidity of vegetation; the never-fading foliage of the trees, and the equal temperature and salubrity of the climate throughout the whole year. Innumerable streams descend from them, on both sides, supplied from the perpetual snows, on their summits, and collecting into deep and navigable rivers, fall into the sea, on both sides of the island, at a distance from their source, in some instances of two hundred, and in several of above a hundred miles. To the same cause may be ascribed the absence of droughts and hot winds, which constantly threaten, and too often blight, the crops

and pastures of some parts of Australia. In fine, from all accounts that have been obtained, the climate of New Zealand would seem to combine the warmth of southern Italy with the refreshing moisture and bracing atmosphere of the English Channel."

But if we wish to contrast the two countries in a moral as well as in a physical and geographical point of view, we must refer to a period two thousand years gone by; for New Zealand is at this moment, or has been till very lately, in much the same social condition as Britain was when discovered by the Romans. There is the same division of the people into innumerable tribes in almost perpetual hostility with each other—the same unappeasable spirit of retaliation, and the same custom of enclosing themselves for safety within the rudely fortified defences of a mountain's top. They possess, in fact, all the characteristics of a finely developed, high-spirited, but completely savage race. Among them we find, as every where, the traces of religion, but without idolatry, and without sanguinary rites. And yet, if they are superior to the ancient British in being innocent of human sacrifices, they are not less guilty than they were of the practice of cannibalism.

That such a country, inhabited by such a race, offers a fine field for enterprise, there can be no question. It was taken possession of in the name of Great Britain by Captain Cook, and could, with a very little trouble, be completely reduced and made a British province of inestimable value. Such, however, is not the course which could be pursued by any nation at the present day; there must be at least an appearance of respect for national rights; and the act of Captain Cook can only be understood as affecting the right of any foreign nation to the possession of the land, not as affecting its possession by the natives themselves. The consequence has been, that though its inhabitants have remained unsubdued, they have remained uncivilized. It still continues as it was when Cook first discovered it, a beautiful wild spot, overrun by luxuriant vegetation, and inhabited by a fine warlike untutored race, affording a most interesting specimen of that stage of social existence which history has described

to us as the primitive state of almost every people, but which the rapid increase of power in civilized nations is very likely, at no distant period, to efface from the earth; not now, as in ancient times, by an overwhelming conquest of the savage by the civilized race, and a random mixture of conquerors and conquered into one people, but either by a gradual, creeping, underhand process of extermination without any manifest and open outrage of national rights, or by a plan deliberately undertaken, and conscientiously and intelligently carried forward for conferring upon the savage people all the blessings without any of the curses of civilisation. A specimen of the former method of removing from a country the savage character of its inhabitants, we have had in the melancholy extinction of the red Indians of Newfoundland; a specimen of the latter method is now promised to us in the civilisation of New Zealand.

But although there has been no national movement, on the part of the British empire, for the conquest or colonization of New Zealand, it is at this moment under the influence of two distinct processes, which, on a very small scale, are closely analogous to the two methods for effacing the savage character which have been just referred to. About the beginning of the present century there was a general movement in favour of suffering and ignorant humanity among all the best and most enlightened people in our own and in other countries; hence the amazing efforts which have been made to disseminate the Scriptures throughout the world, to put a stop to the slave trade and to slavery, and to send Christian missionaries into the remotest regions. In prosecuting these exertions, New Zealand was not neglected. First, the Church Missionary Society, and afterwards the Wesleyan Missionary Society, established stations on different quarters of the Northern Island, where, after exposing themselves to imminent peril for a great many years, the missionaries were at length rewarded for all their pains and dangers by witnessing the most happy results of their labour of love. A number of instances of the effect of these exertions are mentioned in a portion of the little work before us, and a mere enumeration of its con-

tents will be sufficient to show the deeply interesting character of the information it contains.

DESCRIPTION OF NEW ZEALAND.

SECTION IV.

"General character of New Zealanders, as modified by intercourse with Europeans—1. Evidence before Select Committee of the House of Commons, of the Home officers of the Church and Wesleyan Missionaries, with quotations from Correspondence of the Missionaries resident in New Zealand—Progress of native industry,—Carpentering, sawing, fencing, digging wells, farming, ploughing, carting, &c.—Progress of Religion—Observance of Sabbath—Early attendance at Church—Native Schools—Demand for Books—Honesty—Chiefs come from a great distance for a Book—Natives "civil, courteous, honest and teachable"—Native Itinerant Teachers—2. Evidence of Rev. W. Yate—Anxiety for Instruction—Beneficial effects produced by Missions—Mediation of Missionaries accepted to put an end to a war—Consequent extension of their influence—Converted Natives not molested by their Heathen Brethren—General remarks on acquired habits of Natives—Account by Native Chiefs of the objects of Missionaries—Liberated Slaves from mission Districts become Teachers at their distant Homes—Honesty of Natives—3. Evidence of Thomas Trapp, Esq., and Letter from H. Oakes, Esq., as to altered habits of Natives—4. Letter from Rev. W. White, to Rev. Samuel Hinds, D.D., 11th September, 1837—Conduct of two young Chiefs, in repaying, by the labour of several years, money advanced to them to purchase part of their family lands when about to be sold—Natives becoming Christians paid off debts due to Europeans, previously evaded for years—Merchants give them credit to a large amount—Natives offer, in 1837, to fulfil a sale of lands made in 1826, and never taken possession of, or claimed by any one, during that interval—5. Specimens of Native correspondence."

But while these exertions have been made with these happy results in the sphere of action to which they extend, a process of another kind has been going on far more actively in almost every quarter of these fair islands. The situation and lawless character of New Zealand, have long afforded a favourite and congenial asylum to those desperate characters who escape, or are thrown off from the more orderly communities of their fellow-

men. Such are the convicts, who with the irons still fastened to their legs, break loose from the penal settlements on the coast of New Holland, and trusting themselves to the waves in a stolen boat, or secreting themselves on board some vessel, at length find themselves at large on the shores of New Zealand. Such are the dregs and outcasts of the whaling vessels, men too bad even for the rough company of the ship, and who by choice or necessity are cast ashore upon these islands. These sink at once into the savage state, or employ their superior knowledge to degrade still lower the unhappy tribes among which they are thrown; others pursue the same deteriorating and destructive course in a more systematic manner, and with a keener eye to sordid interest. These are they who lay out the money which they have amassed by picking up whalebone along the shores in the purchase of a cask of rum, and infect the native New Zealanders with the worst habit of British society.

That such men adopting such practices should thwart the labours of the missionaries, and should regard them with feelings of the most diabolical aversion and animosity, is too obvious to need assertion, but the fact is amply illustrated by a large collection of statements of the most painful character in the little volume before us. It will be enough in this case too, to enumerate the contents of a particular chapter, leaving our readers to obtain more explicit information in the work itself.

DESCRIPTION OF NEW ZEALAND.

SECTION. III.

Existing State of British Colonization in New Zealand.

"Evidence of the Rev. William Yate, Church Missionary; Fraud practised against a Chief, at Bay of Islands; War occasioned by a British Captain, terminated by the Church Missionaries; Effects of Settlement of escaped Convicts; Twenty-five young Natives kidnapped from their homes, by a British Captain, and delivered up to their enemies, but saved by the Church Missionaries; Runaway Convicts and Rovers in Bay of Islands; their Conduct; Corrosive Sublimate given to Natives, by a British Captain, to destroy their Enemies; frequent Murders of Natives, by British.—2. Evidence of Thomas Trapp, Esq.; Crimes introduced by Bri-

tish.—3. Letter of the Rev. Mr Marsden; British take part in Native Wars.—4. Letter from *Sydney Herald*, 20th March, 1837; State of Crime in Bay of Islands.—5. Extract from *Sydney Herald*; Murder of a Native by a Sailor.—6. Letter of the Rev. William Whyte, Wesleyan Missionary, to the Rev. Samuel Hinds, D.D., 11th Sept., 1837; Treachery and Murder, by an English Captain, of several Natives; Murder of a Native Slave by an English Captain; Murder of a Lascar by an Englishman; Employment, by an Englishman, in a fit of Jealousy, of a Native to commit a Murder; Attempt to impose on Natives, by threatening them with the British Government; by fabricating False Papers; Attempt to engage them in wilful and vindictive Fire-raising; Shooting at Natives; Three instances of Murder of Englishmen by their own countrymen; One of Wounding with deadly intent; and one of wilful Fire-raising with an intent to destroy Life; the Perpetrators of the last Outrage ordered by an Assembly of Chiefs to quit the Island.—7. Extract from *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*; Cruelties to Natives: above a Hundred Murders in Two or Three Years."

Under these circumstances what are we to do? ought we, from a sensitive apprehension of the possible consequences of introducing a powerful British influence among a savage people, to let things remain as they are, and stand by, the calm spectators of the struggle between a few missionaries stationed in the outskirts of this wide country, and these wretches burrowing in every corner of the islands, and every where presenting the horrid spectacle of civilized men corrupting savages? or ought we not as a nation to seize the opportunity for trying, once at least in the history of the human race, whether it may not be possible by one and the same movement to check the progress of evil, to promote the spread of civilisation and Christianity, to open a glorious field for British enterprize of every kind, and to lay the foundations of a great and happy people, not struggling up unassisted and alone from barbarism to civilisation, but intermingled with ourselves, fostered and educated by us with parental care, associating with us as our equals, and erelong perhaps united to us by the closest and dearest ties of human relationship? O, but it is absurd, and self-devoted, and nonsensical, and chivalrous, and romantic! Then be it so. But to these absurd,

romantic, chivalrous, nonsensical dispositions what do we not owe! May we not trace to them every ennobling and elevating characteristic which as a nation we possess! Is it not by such traits in the page of history that our infant spirits are warmed up to generosity and courage? and shall we not rejoice at any prospect which may redeem us from the bitter necessity of repeating in our riper years, with a daily increased conviction of its truth, that celebrated, but heart-withering sentence, "The days of chivalry are gone!"

But, however we may regard them, such seem to be the objects of the gentlemen whose intentions with respect to New Zealand are indicated by the little volume before us; and it appears likely that if they act up to their intentions they will meet with no opposition, but with every possible encouragement from the native inhabitants. The following statements are made by Mr Whyte, for many years a Wesleyan missionary upon the island.

"1st, I am not aware of the existence of one tribe in New Zealand which does not wish for the residence of Europeans amongst them. 2d, All the tribes with whom I am acquainted are not only anxious for the residence of white men amongst them, but will generally expend much time, and be at great pains to secure them to reside with them—even men of the lowest grade, rather than be without them. 3d, I have been personally and repeatedly applied to by all the principal chiefs on the western coast, from 35° to 38° 30 south latitude, to use my influence, if possible, to secure respectable Europeans to reside amongst them. . . .

At Kaipara, by far the most important district on the western coast of New Zealand, and certainly the very best harbour yet discovered, the chiefs proposed, a short time before I left New Zealand, that I should, if possible, on my arrival in England, induce at least a hundred families to go and settle with them in a body. 'Then,' said they, 'we shall have a Pah—place of refuge—and quietly pursue our several avocations, without the various interruptions which occur in the present state of things.' . . .

. . . It has long been my most ardent wish that such a colony as is now contemplated should be formed; and that a perfect establishment; that is, the British nation in miniature, governed by equitable laws, influenced by truly Christian prin-

ciples, and prompted by evangelical and philanthropic motives. Provided always, that the British Government distinctly recognise and guarantee to the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand their rights and independence as a nation. Such an establishment, I hesitate not to say, is not only what the present circumstances and condition of New Zealand requires, but what is most ardently and universally desired by the natives themselves."—P. 254, &c.

So far Mr Whyte. The following is the declaration of Houghi and Wycato, two distinguished New Zealand chiefs, when they visited England in 1820. It is their own statement, as written down by Mr Kendal, from their dictation.

"They wish to see King George, the multitude of his people, what they are doing, and the goodness of the land. Their desire is to stay in England one month, and then to return; they wish for at least one hundred people to go with them. They are in want of a party to dig the ground in search of iron; an additional number of blacksmiths; an additional number of carpenters; and an additional number of preachers, who will try to speak in the New Zealand tongue, in order that they may understand them. They wish also twenty soldiers to protect their own countrymen, the settlers, and three officers to keep the soldiers in order. The settlers are to take cattle over with them. There is plenty of spare land in New Zealand, which will be readily granted to the settlers. These are the words of Houghi and Wycato."—P. 266.

Of a similar character were the words of George, another of their chiefs, who had been at Port Jackson in New Holland. "This country," said he, speaking of New Zealand, "is finer than Port Jackson, yet the English go and settle there. Our people are much better than the black natives of New South Wales; and yet you English live among them in preference to us."—P. 269. Nor would room be wanting for the purposes of British colonization, as appears from the following information:

"Another argument in favour of the colonization of New Zealand, arises from the want of a sufficient native population for so extensive and fertile a country. There is abundance and to spare of vast unoccupied territory, without encroaching on what is required by the native popula-

tion,—a surplus which they are most anxious to sell.

"The number of the inhabitants is very small, quite insignificant in proportion to the immense fertile territory they possess.

"There is little regular culture undertaken by the aborigines, except those few in the vicinity of the missionary settlements, and of the harbours frequented by Europeans, and that is merely in detached patches. The quantity of land brought under cultivation is a mere nothing, in comparison with the boundless primeval forests, whose magnificent timber has been thriving undisturbed, and enriching the soil with its decomposed vegetable matter for thousands of years, and with those undulating downs and savannahs where the flax grows wild on millions of acres—a fact most important with a view to colonization! We have ascertained from a careful perusal of all that has been written on the subject, and from enquiry among those that have visited the country, that in the southern island there is no agriculture or appropriation of lands to interfere with colonization; and that in the northern island, where the missionaries are, the quantity cannot amount to more than a very few thousand acres. The inhabitants live almost entirely upon fish, birds, roots, and the uncultivated productions of the earth. The fisheries alone, if properly conducted, would support five times the actual population. The aborigines are in fact no charge upon the soil."—P. 271, &c.

But to carry on this project for the civilisation of New Zealand, and the foundation of a new people, various means and appliances are needed. Among these may be mentioned, in the first place, the countenance and assistance of the British Legislature; and in the next place, a sufficient number of persons of all classes, willing and able to prosecute these objects, and to engraft a healthy scion from the British tree, upon the wild, but not ignoble growth of those distant islands.

It has been proposed to her Majesty's Government, and will be submitted to Parliament, that a special authority should be created for the purpose of administering the whole proposed system of colonization; and a few persons of station and character, not necessarily connected with the undertaking by any private interest, would be selected from amongst its originators and most zealous patrons,

and under the name of "*Founders of Settlements in New Zealand*," would, according to the plan now before Government, be appointed by an Act of Parliament after approval by the Crown, and vacancies in their body would be filled up by the Crown. They would form a corporation, and would be authorized to make treaties with the native tribes for cessions of territory and all other purposes; to administer upon lands ceded to the Crown, the whole system of colonization, including the receipt and expenditure of the colonial funds; to establish courts in the settlements for the administration of British law; to make regulations for local purposes, having the force of law within the settlements; to exempt natives in the settlements from the operation of some British laws, which are inapplicable to their present uncivilized state, and to make special regulations for their government; to provide for the defence and good order of the settlements by means of a militia, a colonial force of regulars, and a colonial marine; to delegate portions of their authority to bodies or individuals resident in the settlements; and to appoint and remove at pleasure all such officers as they may require for carrying the whole measure into effect.

These are the general views of the association with regard to the provisional government; the only matter of detail upon which they have expressed their anxious wishes, as involving the recognition of the most important principles, and being of the greatest consequence to the prosperity of the entire undertaking, is that which regards the religious provision of the colony. And we are most happy to state, that while it is proposed to defray from the common fund of the colony the expense of erecting places of worship, and of paying the officiating ministers, without giving a preference to any one body of Christians, it is also proposed, with an especial reference to those missionary bodies who have been for so many years spending their energies upon the moral improvement of the islanders, and with a view to the continuation and extension of this work in the most effectual manner, and for the general benefit of all, that the Crown should be authorized to appoint a bishop for New Zealand,

the colony defraying all the expenses. We need not say that this proposal has our most unqualified approbation.

Indeed we find it difficult to imagine any grounds upon which the British legislature, or any of its members, should refuse to co-operate with the gentlemen of the New Zealand Association to the full extent of their desires, inasmuch as it is a request to be permitted to confer upon the mother country the greatest possible benefits, without involving it in the slightest danger or expense.

The benefits which it would confer upon the mother country are, first, an increase of territory—and, consequent upon this, an increase in the number and wealth of her subjects, and in her power and greatness, as compared with other nations, a new field for British enterprise, a new direction for British industry. Of this ample evidence is given in a portion of the work, entitled *Trade and Shipping*, and to be found at page 338; it is sufficient to mention the whale fishery, the timber trade, and the flax trade, together with a very considerable import and export trade, as already in existence.

Secondly, It would afford a favourable outlet for the superabundant population of the mother country, and a favourable opportunity for trying the new system of colonization which she has adopted.

The fact of an extreme redundancy of population in the British island, is one which need not now be confirmed by many arguments. The question is how to dispose of this population for their own benefit and the good of the country, and how to regulate the impulses which contribute to its production. To check population by imposing an iron fetter on the most amiable affections of our nature is a barbarous and unhallowed thing, and has led to unmentionable horrors; moreover, it is impracticable, for no one would dream of enforcing it by law, and it would take ages to give universal vogue to such opinions upon the subject as should lead to any perceptible results. It is vain to say abstain from marriage in order that you may stay at home and have plenty to eat and to drink, when there is a law beyond all human laws, which says increase and multiply—a law not acting on our consciences, but impressed upon our

natures, and prompting all the movements of the human race. In obedience to this law, the world has ever been in a state of progressive emigration; and in the many-featured migratory picture which is presented to us in the history of the world, we have records or evidence of every varied form of emigration, from those which have issued in the production of the wildest specimens of savage life, to those which have laid the foundation of the mightiest states and empires.

From all these it is given to us to gain wisdom, and such wisdom we need—for facts would seem to imply, that with all the knowledge and illumination of the nineteenth century, we might learn much upon the subject of colonization, not only from the Greeks and Romans, but from our own rude ancestry among the northern hordes. The sending forth of a colony was, with the Greeks, a solemn and religious ceremonial; provision was made for the maintenance in the new state of every institution, every recollection, every habit and affection of the mother city; even the fire which was to burn in the temple to be erected by the emigrants was kindled at the altar before which their ancestors had worshipped. The Romans being a military people, their colonies had a military character; and whenever, therefore, it was deemed expedient, according to the technical term "*deducere colonias*," such colony was solemnly organized by law upon the model of an army; for strict discipline, mutual dependence, and reciprocal obedience and protection, were deemed as necessary to secure the ultimate well-being of a colony as to succeed in a military expedition.

The mode in which our northern ancestors proceeded in their emigrations is described to us by Machiavelli. He tells us that the whole nation divided itself into three equal portions, each containing the same number of rich and poor, of nobles and common people, and then decided by lot which of the three was to go and seek for a new home, while the other two remained to enjoy the comfort of a widened territory. This was the surest method of maintaining the powers and characteristic features of the parent nation in the new settlement, and it left the most striking marks of its success; for what, in fact,

was the whole feudal system but the Gothic method of colonizing?

But how have we colonized in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries? Why, in one direction we have treated the world to—penal colonies, forsooth, plantations of crime! In another direction our colonies have answered the description of the Roman historian—" *Ignoti inter se, diversis manipulis, sine rectore, sine affectibus mutuis, quasi ex alio genere mortalium repente in unum collecti numerus magis quam colonia!*" while, in another direction, by affording an opportunity for observing the tendencies of human society when immense tracts of land are occupied by very few individuals, we have made it easier to account for the phenomenon of savage life! But it is never too late to be wise; and we are happy to say that symptoms of returning wisdom have already been exhibited by the genius of British colonization.

The new system of colonization is luminously described in the work before us, and presents matter of the deepest interest quite independently of its bearings upon the colonization of New Zealand.

After enumerating the various evils which in every case have resulted, and in the nature of things must result from the usual custom of *granting* large tracts of land to the original settlers of a colony—a practice built upon the fallacy that land is valuable intrinsically, and without reference to our power of using it—and after illustrating the evils of this system by the miseries attendant upon its adoption on a very gross scale in the Swan River settlement, our author thus proceeds:—

"The grand object of an improved system in the disposal of waste land, was to regulate the supply of new land by the real wants of the colonists, as that land should never be either superabundant or deficient, either too cheap or too dear. And it was soon perceived, upon enquiry, that the due proportion between people and land might be constantly secured, by abandoning altogether the system of *grants*, and requiring an uniform *price* per acre for all new land without exception. If the price be not too low, it deters speculators from obtaining land with a view to leaving their property in a desert state, and thus prevents injurious dispersion: it also, by compelling every labourer to

work for wages until he has saved the only means of obtaining land, ensures a supply of labour for hire. If, on the other hand, the price be not too high, it neither confines the settlers within a space inconveniently narrow, nor does it prevent the thrifty labourer from becoming a landowner after working some time for wages.

"A sufficient, but not more than sufficient, price for all new land, is the main feature of the new system of colonization. It obviates every species of bondage; by providing combinable labour, it renders industry very productive, and maintains both high wages and high profits; it makes the colony as attractive as possible, both to capitalists and to labourers; and not merely to these, but also, by bestowing on the colony the better attributes of an old society, to those who have a distaste for the primitive condition of new colonies heretofore. But this is not all.

"Though the sole *object* of the price be to secure the most desirable proportion between people and land, the plan of selling has this farther incidental *result*: it produces a revenue. The revenue which the United States obtain by the sale of waste land, at the little more than nominal price of 5s. 7½d. per acre, amounts to about L.4,000,000 sterling a-year. In New South Wales, where the upset price of waste land sold by auction is only 5s. per acre, where the population does not exceed eighty thousand souls, where Lord Howick's regulations did not take effect till 1832, and where, before then, land had been granted with profusion—the sum of between L.300,000 and L.400,000 has been obtained by the sales of waste land, and the future revenue from this source is estimated, by competent judges, at not less than L.200,000 a-year. In the newest British colony, South Australia, which is scarcely founded, sales of waste land, at the rate of 12s. per acre, have produced about L.40,000.

"In the new British system, the plan of selling has far other objects than mere revenue, which is considered but as a fortunate incident. The sum of these objects is, the best mode of colonization. But when this is understood, thought naturally falls into the train of suggesting that the revenue incidentally derived from the plan of selling, should not be given up for the general purposes of Government, but should be employed in taking labour to the colony—that is, in causing the best sort of colonization to proceed at the greatest possible rate. This is the second leading feature of the new British system.

"The employment of the purchase-money of waste land in conveying labourers to the colony has the following effects. It makes the purchasers of land see plainly the great advantage of the plan of selling over the plan of granting; for it palpably returns the purchase-money of land in the shape of labour and population. It secures the objects of a price for all new land, by means of a lower price than would be necessary if the purchase-money were any otherwise employed; for, of course, with a constant influx of people into the colony, the due proportion between people and land may be kept up by a lower price for new land than if there were no such emigration of people. It therefore diminishes the period during which the labourer has to work for hire; for with a lower price, the labourer saves in less time the means of becoming a land-owner. And lastly, by the rapid progress which it imparts to the best sort of colonization, it clearly explains to the labouring class of emigrants, that every one of them who is industrious and thrifty may be sure to become, not merely an owner of land, but also, in his turn, an employer of hired labourers,—a master of servants. Altogether, it renders the colony as attractive as possible, both to capitalists and to labourers.

"These then are the two main features of the new system—that the disposal of waste or public land should be by sale only, and at a sufficient price for the objects in view; and that the purchase-money of land should be employed as an emigration fund. Two less important peculiarities of the system may now be described.

"First, it requires no argument to prove, no reflection to be convinced, that by a certain selection of emigrants, the emigration fund may be made to augment the colonial population at the greatest possible rate—that by selecting for emigrants to be conveyed by that fund, grown-up but young persons in an equal proportion of the sexes, the maximum of effect may be produced with a given expenditure.

"Secondly, either in an established colony, where the previous granting of land had caused so great an excess of land in proportion to people, that the new system could not be expected to operate very effectively for some time, or in founding a colony before the new system had come into operation at all,—in both or either of these cases, the whole effect of that system may be produced at once, by means of *anticipating the future sales of land*,—by means of raising money for emigration on the security of future sales.

In the case of founding a colony, there would be less call for thus anticipating future sales, if the capitalists about to emigrate should purchase land before their departure, and should so provide an emigration fund for the incipient colony: or rather this course would be, in fact, an anticipation of future sales—a sale by anticipation. If the sum obtained by it were sufficient for the purposes of the colony, any other mode of anticipation would be unnecessary; but if not, or if at any other time a greater want of labourers should occur than could be immediately supplied by the current sales of land, then future sales might be properly anticipated, by means of a loan for emigration secured on the produce of future sales.

“Such is the whole system which the Legislature has guaranteed for the new colony of South Australia. We have yet to show that this system affords the means of establishing colonies without any charge upon the Government of the mother-country.

“The prospect of a continual supply of labour in due proportion to every increase of appropriated land has led to the expectation that industry will be very productive in South Australia, and therefore that the means of raising a public revenue will increase continually with the progress of population and settlement; and this belief has enabled the commissioners under the South Australian act, having authority for that purpose, to anticipate the future public revenue of the colony, by raising upon that security a loan for public objects. They are also authorized to give as a collateral or joint security for loans raised for public objects, the future produce of sales of land. Upon this joint security, they have actually raised ample funds for establishing and governing the first settlements. The requisite funds, in short, for all purposes, have been provided by the first settlers and others who think well of their undertaking. South Australia does not even appear in the estimates laid before Parliament. With a view to the same end, it is proposed to adopt the same means in the present instance.”

The idea developed in the above extract appears to us to be one of those happy plans, combining extreme simplicity with vast comprehensiveness, the observation of which, in the processes of nature, is among the greatest charms of scientific pursuit, and the application of which to the circumstances of human life is among the highest prerogatives of genius; and

we doubt not that whatever the result may be in the peculiar case of New Zealand, the adoption of this simple, and we are inclined to say this obvious, expedient will lead to consequences of unmeasured magnitude in the whole colonial system of Great Britain, and especially on that theatre which is so well adapted for its exercise—the great Australian continent.

But, thirdly, the projectors of the colonization of New Zealand would confer a benefit upon Great Britain by placing her in the most commanding position for exercising a great maritime influence over all the shores and islands of the Pacific Ocean. New Zealand seems almost as if it had been made for a naval arsenal. Its principal produce is all of that character which fits it for being the mistress of the sea. It possesses timber so suited for the purposes of ship-building, that the British navy is even now supplied with it, gigantic trees naturally shooting up into the highest and requisite dimensions of the mainmast of a man-of-war; flax, the raw material of sails and ropes; and iron and coal, the two great moving powers of modern navigation. Besides this, it possesses harbours of the noblest description on every side, as a mere inspection of the charts contained in the little volume will convince us, and as more fully appears from an elaborate and most interesting account of these harbours, and the bays and rivers which indent the coasts of the several islands mentioned in the second section of that portion of the work which is dedicated to the description of New Zealand.

England has not now to be reminded of the maxim, *Necesse est qui mare teneat cum rerum potiri*. Her present position among the nations of the world is a sufficient exemplification of its truth. But what could tend so greatly to confirm and to extend that power which she derives from the possession of the sea as to have a kind of counterpart of herself on the opposite side of the terrestrial ball, so calculated by natural advantages, and by position, to obtain the most commanding naval influence over the whole of that vast ocean in which it lies?

It cannot be doubted that successive years will make great changes in all the nations of the earth. Austre-

lia, and the great islands of the Indian Archipelago, China, Japan, and the eastern and western shores of the North Pacific Ocean, the whole western coast of North and South America, and the almost innumerable islands which are sprinkled over the ocean within these boundaries, cannot remain as they have been till now. As no one would wish them, so no one expects them to remain precisely as they are. We may differ as to what these changes will be, and as to the agency by which they will be effected; but that changes will sooner or later take place throughout the whole extent of these regions, no one can doubt. Let England, then, be upon the spot to hold her ground, to let her influence be felt, to watch and guide the changing phases of society; and make them all contribute at once to the establishment of her own power, and the general advantage of the human race.

Fourthly, the colonization of New Zealand upon the plan proposed by these gentlemen, will be a benefit to the mother country, by checking and repairing a great evil of which she has been guilty. In despite of the authority of her greatest statesman and philosopher, England has committed the shameful and unblest act of taking the scum of the people, and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom she has planted. The consequences of this course, in all their hideous deformity, have yet to be revealed, and will come forth, to the amaze and horror of those who shall have the courage to read them, in the printed evidence upon the subject, as taken before a Committee of the House of Commons. But the consequence to which we now refer is, that "the penal settlements of Australia," besides inflicting the direct evils upon the native inhabitants of that country, "have infected with their moral corruption, not only New Zealand, but all the inhabited islands of the Polynesian and Indian Archipelagos."

We agree, with our author, in believing that nothing could be devised more likely to stop and to remedy this disorder, than to make New Zealand a kind of moral centre for the diffusion of high principles and enlightened civilisation, through all the neighbouring world; and that for this

purpose the best possible course would be to carry to New Zealand, not merely a few distant radiations from our own moral sun, but an integral portion of its substance, burning and blazing with all those glorious thoughts and feelings which have been kindled within us throughout a course of centuries, by all the blessed recollections of our social and religious history.

And here we cannot refuse our admiration to the wisdom—or should we not rather say the providential guidance—which has led these gentlemen, at such a period as the present, to pay the homage which they have to the institutions of the Established Church, and the practice of Christian antiquity, by expressing their anxious wishes for the appointment of a bishop for the future colony. We can hardly conceive of any post in which a Christian bishop might be more useful, or more completely fulfil the purposes for which that office was appointed.

In England the Episcopal office is accompanied, as it ought to be, by those circumstances of outward splendour and prosperity which place the bishop on a footing with the first nobles of the land; and wherever there is a Christian bishop it belongs to his office to occupy a high place in the community of Christians over which he presides; but that place may be consistent with many dangers, and difficulties, and privations.

Let us not, then, suppose, because New Zealand has been, till now, a savage country, and because those who first settle there must meet with many difficulties, and will find themselves for a time under circumstances totally different from those of polished life in England, that therefore it would be unsuitable for the presence of a Christian bishop. We think more highly of the sacred office. We believe it to be an institution of divine appointment, and admirably suited for every varied circumstance of human life. We conceive that such an appointment in the present instance would put a stamp of seriousness and moral elevation upon the whole proceeding; would encourage the colony to sustained and unanimous exertions in favour of the native population; would promote the cultivation of all the nobler qualities of the human mind, and prevent the outbreking of

those petty jealousies and bickerings which are so frequently observed to be the peculiar epidemic of new societies.

But if we raise our eyes from its moral effects upon the colony, to its spiritual bearings upon the whole of that portion of the world, the prospect becomes infinitely extended, and the resulting benefits incalculably increased. For we then behold New Zealand a point of union, and a centre of superintendence for the whole ecclesiastical establishment of the Pacific Ocean—a general headquarters and rendezvous for the missionaries of that portion of the world—itself a missionary nation. The heart may well kindle at such thoughts.

The next point we promised to refer to was the probability of finding a sufficient number of persons duly qualified to go to the country, and put these projects into execution. We approach this question with a kind of painful interest; for upon its answer depends the success or failure of the whole enterprise. An opening is now presented to the wisdom and worth of England for the formation of a community which might become a model for society, and upon the nucleus of which will depend the character of the future people for ages yet to come. If we start well, and provide sufficiently for the principle of permanence in the new community, ample materials will be found for drawing out, and bringing into exercise, many of the finest qualities of the human mind, and which at home lie dormant from not having a field for their exercise.

The new colony should be English, pre-eminently English; not the caricature English of any particular class or station, but an English formed by the due admixture of all classes, with the various feelings, powers, and dispositions which belong to each, and which, by their mutual action upon one another, produce the English character. But to effect this there must be some, at least, of the highest grade of British society; and what inducement to emigration, it may be asked, could be offered to them? Is it to be supposed that they would give up all the luxuries and comforts, the courtesies and delicate refinements of the polished circles in which they move, to encounter the rugged contest

with difficulties which must lie before them in their new scene of existence? Would they not find themselves wholly unable to contend with them, and sink in the struggle? We think not; we have a better opinion of the patrician races of Great Britain, than to believe that they only exist for the enjoyment of luxury; we do not hold that high birth, and a high and generous order of education unfit, but rather qualifies for a contest with difficulties. It was thought at one time that the guards were unfit for battle, but who fought more bravely when the experiment was tried?

It cannot be supposed that those who possess the highest rank, and the greatest fortunes in England, would encounter a long voyage and cut themselves off from all that custom had made most dear, even though it were to add new splendour to an illustrious name by engaging in the heroic work of planting a colony. But there is an old proverb which wisely says, "The younger son the better gentleman;" intimating, that while his equal birth and education give him the same elevated sentiments as his elder brother, the necessity of providing for himself tends to sharpen his faculties and produce a sympathy with his less prosperous neighbours. To such younger sons what high inducements are offered by such an enterprise? Fortunes, which in England would be wholly inadequate to support a gentleman in the rank in which he was born, would there be sufficient to lay the foundations of a family; and talents, which at home would have no room for development, might there be employed in the noblest occupations of which the human mind is capable.

But it is not only or chiefly to the younger branches of the nobility that we would look for a supply of patrician habits and feelings in the new community. The gentle blood of England is not confined to its nobility, but flows as purely in the veins of many whose ancestors have never been elevated into the highest rank, but have continued from the earliest periods to hand down, through their successive generations, a large store of the most honourable and noblest principles. How large a number of this most valuable class, both male and female, are actually wasting away

in England, with no prospect before them but the extinction of their families, and the utter loss to posterity of all those qualities which they have derived from their ancestors! And how is this? Because they are under the iron despotism of the law which forbids to marry. For to associate as an equal with those whose equal he is born, and to leave his posterity in the same rank which has descended to him from his ancestors, is more essential to the happiness of the gentleman, than an assurance of obtaining the necessaries of life is essential to the happiness of the labourer. Hence, while the pauper population of Great Britain is increasing with a reckless rapidity, to which the most terrific impulses are given by the irregular ebbs and flowings of manufacturing prosperity, the class of English gentlemen, properly so called, is rapidly diminishing, for he cannot cultivate those arts by which the greatest fortunes are now made, and success in the liberal professions is only granted to a few.

Now such a colony as that which is projected in New Zealand, appears to us to offer precisely that opening which is suited to such a character—ample territory, noble employment, natural combination of beneficence to his fellow creatures, and the gradual building up of his own fortunes. Nor would such a course be without a precedent; Ferne gives us in his blazon of gentry a coat of arms which intimates that its possessor had gone beyond the seas, and in a distant country had restored his family to opulence by the pursuit of agriculture; and it is well known that the family of Skipwith, one of the most ancient and honourably connected of the British gentry, went over to Virginia, and having remained there for three generations, returned to take its place among the baronets of England. But we should wish in the present instance to see the foundations of a colony from which no return would be needed,—to see so much refinement, so much honourable principle, so much sound learning and unpretending merit, such provisions for the best kind of education, and the cultivation of every quality and every art which can contribute to the happiness and well-being of human creatures, and such an identity of feeling and of interest

between New Zealand and Great Britain, that there would never be any need of a return to England in order to find sympathy with homefelt and ancestral recollections.

Another class of the utmost importance to the future community will be that of learned men. Much that disgusts us in modern colonies and new nations arises from ignorance, accompanied by a pretension to wisdom—and nothing will have so powerful an effect for the prevention of this evil as a large infusion of the learning of the schools. Men of science would also be required to investigate the natural products of the country, and draw out all its resources for the benefit of its inhabitants; and to such men inducements should be offered proportionable to the value of their services.

Having thus formed a nucleus of high qualities and endowments, there would be no lack of numbers to embark in this great enterprise, and a wide field is open for all; and the more numerous the colony, the wider the field will be, and the greater the prosperity of all its members.

It need hardly be stated that this great and novel project must utterly fail, unless it have the cordial co-operation and assistance of the fairest portion of creation. The miseries and utter failures of most colonies have been produced by a gross disproportion between the sexes; and it is wisely intended in the present instance to require that every male emigrant among the labouring portion of the colony shall be accompanied by a wife. It is equally desirable that there should be an exact proportion between the two sexes in the upper classes of the community. But when was there an enterprise requiring energy, self-devotion, and generous enthusiasm, which did not meet with the active and kindling sympathies of British females? Who are the foremost in all charitable institutions; who are the most active in volunteering their instructions to the ignorant; who are the most ready to undergo with cheerfulness whatever pains and difficulties they may have to encounter, when their feelings have assured them that the object to be gained is worth suffering for? We have little fear, therefore, that this enterprise will fail through lack of the assistance of the ladies of England.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. XIV.

THERE is a style for every thing. The authorship of the newspaper exhibits specimens of them all. The "leading article" is solemn and sarcastic—it alternately elevates the nothingness of a Radical quack to the skies, and plunges a Cabinet Minister in the mire—purifies the stains of Mr Roebuck's oratory, and pumps upon little Lord John, metaphors and all, with the blackest distillation of Fleet-ditch. The foreign department of the paper is subtle and sagacious. The language of ignorance never seemed so knowing, or the faculty of lying looked so like truth. Lord Palmerston himself must glance with envy at its deliberate fictions of Spanish warfare, and feel with mortified vanity that the day of his Dutch protocols has been outdone. The "accident" columns are the arena of merciless invention. Here scenes of the most startling havec are created with the most reckless contempt of flesh and blood. Women are hourly crushed by cabs, babes devoured by their own parents, interesting housemaids, rosy-cheeked cooks, and waiting-women artificial as their own flowers, are brought, like St Ursula's 10,000 virgins, by whole battalions and squadrons to be summarily sacrificed; some precipitated into the waters of the Serpentine, some perishing of oxalic acid purloined from their lover's, the groom's, absterive for boot tops; some slumbering to the fumes of charcoal, and some inditing love stanzas on the banks of the Regent's Canal before they commit their burning bosoms to the muddiest of all pools, and leave coroners to perplexity, and enamoured dustmen to despair. Happily the chief portion of those catastrophes never have existed but in the fancy of the ingenious describers; and unless, like Macbeth, we can be startled by dreams, and eat our bread in fear at the sight of shadows, we may live in peace in the midst of this daily slaughter of sex and age. The language, too, of those descriptions is exclusive. The most recondite philosophy never concealed itself in more mystical terms. A professional describer would scorn to speak

of a house as burned by lightning, the perpetrator is the "electric fluid." If a hovel is set on fire by the ashes of a drunkard's pipe, the phrase established for the purpose is "the devouring element." The drowning of a litter of blind puppies is stated to be the "suspension of the respiratory process;" and the choking of an alderman at a city feast is expressed as an "impediment to deglutition."

The country journals follow the metropolitan example, though at a respectful distance; yet they sometimes shine in metaphor. This is a clever attempt in its way, by one of the Brighton papers:—"By ten o'clock, however, the rain had ceased, the fog had altogether vanished, and the murky clouds which had lowered overhead broke asunder, and, once dispersed, were soon blown out of sight, as it were to let Apollo himself look down as he rolled by in his chariot of fire upon what the *Morning Herald* has called this Elysium on Earth."

Another hit is doubly happy, as combining the picturesque with a touch of national character. "After vain endeavours, by very laborious and minute description, occupying upwards of half a column, to convey to the reader some notion of the scene which the town of Brighton presented upon the occasion of her Majesty's entry, the disconsolate writer at length gives up the task in despair. What writer, says he, can convey an adequate idea of the living picture? *Even an Irishman* would find it difficult to express the feelings which must have been excited in his ardent bosom by the prospect."

The young Queen seems to inflate the imagination. A critic, in his notice of the Italian Opera, after lamenting that her Majesty did not show herself during the performance, gives vent in the following Oriental simile to his loyal and passionate feeling:—"During the whole of the night she kept quite retired behind the red curtain, like a fairy hidden by a rose leaf." But the Americans rival even the metropolitan press in description, they paint nature as the American savage paints himself; all is red chalk, yet

low ochre, and cock's feathers. One of them, speaking of the weather, says, "The powerful sun is shaded through the day by those heavenly parasols the clouds; we get a mouthful of air even at mid-day, and a dart of thunder and rain nearly every evening." An American magazine thus describes the autumn:—"Magnificent is the autumn of our fatherland. By what a subtle alchymy the green leaves are transmuted into gold, as if smitten by the fiery blaze of the hot sun. A magic covering spreads over the whole forest, and brightens it into gorgeous hues. The tree tops seem bathed with gold, here and there a shade of green, here and there a tinge of purple, and a stain of scarlet so deep and rich that the most cunning artifice of man is pale beside it. A thousand delicate shades melt into each other, they spread over the forest like a tapestry woven into a thousand hues. Magnificent autumn! he comes not like a pilgrim clad in russet weeds, he comes not like a hermit clad in grey, but he comes like a warrior with a stain of blood upon his brazen mail; his crimson scarf is rent, his scarlet banner drips with gore, his step is like a flail upon the thrashing-floor."

The American autumn is no doubt a fine thing, but the description is much finer. The artist in this instance colours with what the painters call a rich brush. He has evidently studied from the gingerbread figures of heroes and statesmen, Punch and his spouse, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, which figure in such irresistible scarlet and gold at the country fairs. He would make a capital painter for a puppet-show; we recommend him to the manufacturers of wig-blocks, of those wig-blocks which languish so pathetically and wear such eternal roses in the hairdressers' windows at New York. We are only surprised how the innkeepers have been tasteless enough to do without him, when such a Raphael at a sign-post was ready to their hand.

The American papers are undoubtedly a powerful instrument, and in description are irresistible. So long as they have to deal with senates and statesmen, commerce and colonies, banks and budgets, they are as expert as they are in robing nature with garments not her own, and colouring her cheeks with vermillion and indigo.

But there seems to be one material which seems to set this powerful instrument completely at defiance, and that is, the purse of their subscribers. Jonathan will give his opinion or his oath, his vote or his advice, any thing but his money. One of them, which groans for all the rest, utters the deepest lamentations against this stubborn power of retention. To subscribe, is evidently one thing with Jonathan, and to pay, another. Nothing is so easy as to get him to take in a paper, except it be the ease with which he is inclined to take in the editor at the same time. "Stop my paper," is the sentence of death, with which the Yankee customer retaliates on the dealer in politics, principles, and the prices of coffee and cotton. "We have a class of subscribers," says one of those papers, "who profess to like the contents of our paper, till by-and-by an opinion meets their view with which they do not agree. What then do they in their sagacity? Do they examine the subject again, or direct a communication to the editor, begging to dissent from his opinion? No! they get into a passion, and before the foam has had time to cool on their lips, write a letter, commencing with, 'stop my paper!' If we say that rents are exorbitantly high, and that landlords should be too generous to take advantage of an accidental circumstance, round comes a broad hat, and gold-headed cane, with, 'sir, stop my paper!' Does an actor receive a bit of advice? the green-room is too hot to hold him, until relieved by the words, 'stop my paper!' If we praise an actor, some angry rival steals gloomily in with, 'sir, if you please, stop my paper!' We dare not express a hope to navigate the sea with steam-boats, but our paper is stopped by a ship captain; a doctor nearly stopped us the other day, because a correspondent had praised an enemy of his college; and we expect a *feri facias* in our office presently, on account of something which we understand somebody has said against some lawsuit, in we do not remember what court. But all those affairs were outdone yesterday by the following: We were sitting in our elbow-chair, ruminating on the decided advantage of virtue over vice, when a withered little Frenchman, with a cow-hide as long as himself, and twice as heavy, rushed

into our presence. 'Sare!' and he stopped to take breath. 'Well, sir!' 'Monsieur!' he stopped again to take breath. 'Diable, monsieur!' and he flourished his instrument about his head. 'Really, my friend,' said we smiling, for he was not an object to be frightened about, 'when you have perfectly finished amusing yourself with that weapon, we should like to be master of our own leisure.' 'No, sare, I have come to horsewhip you with this cow-hide!' We took a pistol from a drawer, cocked it, and aimed it at his head. 'Pardon, sare,' said the Frenchman; 'I will first give you an explanation. Monsieur, if you have writ dis article?' We looked it over, and acknowledged ourselves the author. It was a few lines referring to the great improvement in railroads, and intimating that this mode of travelling would one day supersede every other. 'You have writ dat in your papier?' 'Yes sir.' 'Well, den, sare, stop your confounded papier! I have live *garante neuf ans*; I have devote all my life to ride de balloon! I shall look to find every man wid his little balloon—to ride horseback in de air—to go round de world in one sum-mair—and make me rich like Monsieur Astain wid de big hotel. Well, monsieur, now you put piece in you rascaille papier, to say dat de little railroad supersede, dat is what you say, supersede every ting else. Monsieur, begar, I have de honor to inform you dat de railroad never supersede de balloon; and so, monsieur, ventre bleu—stop you confounded papier!' All this is a problem of which we can furnish the solution. The American loves his cents, but he also loves doing things in a high style. No man saves a dollar with more dignity, and he saves both his dignity and his dollar when he covers his economy by his indignation, and, thinking only of his pocket, lets fly his passion in "stop my paper."

It has often struck us as the loss of a fine opportunity, that a general election should be suffered to pass away unrecorded by any thing more permanent than the poll-book. The earth beside offers nothing so odd, so extravagant, and so absurd as an English election. John Bull is then brought out in all his uneasy glory. The bear is forced to walk on his

hind-legs, and not merely to walk, but to dance. The highest orders and the lowest are thrown together as miscellaneous as clowns and their mistresses at a country fair. The dandy is forced to hazard his person in contact with the rough subjects of the shop and the plough; the man of fashion suddenly confronts his own shoemaker; the lofty aristocrat is flung into the same eddy with the rabid Radical; every humour of the public mind is let loose, every colour of the multitude is brought to the surface, and knavery, honesty, wit, plain-speaking, cunning and simplicity, height and depth, form the miscellaneous compound of national character and combustion.

We shall give a few Ana of the last election. One of the candidates for Canterbury, soliciting the vote of an inhabitant, found to his great surprise that he had roused a fierce Democrat. The Tory suitor in vain argued. The Democrat only grew the more ferocious; at last he said, "you may give up asking me, I would sooner give my vote to the devil." This might have thrown an ordinary man off his guard, but the Tory happily parried the thrust, and returned it home. "Well, sir," said he, "in case *your friend* does not stand, I suppose you will have no further objection."

At the late election for Marylebone, one of the candidates declared that he was for nothing but tried Reformers, and that he was a tried Reformer himself. "Yes," said a voice from the crowd, "and if the jury that tried you had not been a pack of scoundrels like yourself, you'd have been settling kangaroos at Sydney, instead of talking treason here."

Another of the candidates, who was said to be chary of his gin among the "free and enlightened" electors, was charged on the hustings with this offence to the majesty of the people. "Don't you know," says one of them, "that he is the keeper of a mad-house, and cures every body of insanity?" "So he may," says the man, "there is the less reason for his innoculating us with the hydrophobia." This election teemed with hits good and bad. A considerable length of dialogue had passed between the candidate and the crowd; they demanding pledges of him, and he giving them as fast as they were demanded. At length he

said, "Gentlemen, what more do you ask? I am one amongst many. Sampson himself was overpowered by the Philistines at last." "Not while he had such a jaw-bone as yours," was the cry of one of the crowd.

A candidate broke down in his speech; one of the mob cried, "he has lost his memory." "No," says another, "the proper time for that is only after the election's over. It helps him to forget his promises."

At a Cornish election, an elector, a country fellow, answered the candidate, "I am pledged." "What, is it for both votes?" "No, I have got one left," was the answer. "That, of course, you'll give me," says the candidate. "Why," says the man, "I can't sell you my vote, but I suppose there is no law against selling you my good-will." "Well, then, and what do you ask for your good-will?" "No more than the other candidate gave." "Well, and what was that?" "Why, he said that if I'd come and bring the other two men that I knew along with me in my cart, it would be the best load for me that I had drawn this many a day."

Plain speaking is one of the faculties generally exhibited in great force at an election. The style is like the pyramid, the farther it goes down the broader it is. At one of the northern elections an old farmer replied to the canvasser, "I voted, as you know, last time for Lambton and Williamson; but now, you know, that little Lord Durham has grown a great man, and thinks of nothing but putting his two little legs, one on one side and the other on the other side of the county, and carrying his two little members, like two turkeys, to market along with him. Now, that's what I call an unfair coalition, and is, moreover, more than the little Lord shall do, and therefore, I say, snub the varmint. So go your ways, I shall give you a plumper, and mind what I say, snub the varmint."

A man who catches a Tartar is proverbially unlucky, and in these ticklish times, when the comptroller of her Majesty's household sits on election committees, and the free and independent sellers of turnip-tops understand that the list of the royal tradesmen is not yet filled up, such catchings may be common enough; the Tory greengrocer of yesterday may be converted into the

Radical patriot of to-morrow, and gentlemen may be startled by the sudden proselytism of their own shoe-black. In those cases the great point is to secure a decent retreat. We think the following capital. A canvasser for Sir George Murray at the late Westminster election, entered the shop of a tripe and sausage-seller to ask his vote. The sausage-seller, serving the aristocratic menials of Great George Street, and imbibing the pence and principles of their masters for the last twenty years, had always been a railer against Radicalism. On this occasion, however, he had made up his mind to vote for the civil list. The canvasser, unacquainted with the change, which, indeed, was not four-and-twenty hours old, plunged into his shop, and began with the usual form, "My dear sir, as you and I are of the same political opinions, I have the honour to request you will"—The sausage-seller's countenance flamed with indignant patriotism, and he burst out with an angry protest against the malefactions of the Tories. The canvasser coolly said, "Sir, your principles are nothing to me; but I respect your sausages. You think I have come to ask you for your vote. Think so if you please, but I warn you that there are six sausage-makers on the civil list already." The patriot's countenance fell, he discovered the fact in the course of the evening, and changed his politics once more.

The doctrine of plumpers is a difficult affair for some of the electors, and the notion seems to be now and then adopted, that it means the power of voting for every body. During the canvass for South Lincolnshire, the candidate applied to a voter whom he probably doubted to be in his interest. He was surprised by the man's promising him a plumper. "You are remarkably kind," said the admiring canvasser; "I should have been content with getting one of your votes." "Oh," was the reply, "you shall have a plumper, and I shall give Mr Heithate a plumper if he wants it, and Sir John Trollope a plumper too."

Tennyson, the M. P. for Lambeth, is said to have some chance of getting a peerage among the motley batch of the Melbourne oven. It is further supposed that this movement is to make way for Joe Hume, who is already pretty well tired of the kicks

that he gets under the Big Borough-monger's table. The burlesques on this unhappy job are fertile, and if Joe would but pay sixpence to the patronage of the arts, he might have his own portrait in half-a-dozen of the most preposterous positions imaginable. But the collector of the compound interest of the Greek loan is not likely to be betrayed into such prodigality.

"So Tennyson is to make room for the Irish refugee?" says some one the other day. "That reminds me," replies J. G., "of Quin's remark, that till he had been across the Irish Channel, he could never think what the

English beggars did with their old clothes. He had there found that they gave them to the *Irish beggars*."

The Irish elections are expected to exhibit the most showy examples of diversified scoundrelism ever displayed since the first invention of swindling. No less than twenty-four petitions are stated to be on their way to London, teeming with tales of intimidation, ferocity, and perjury, enough to astonish any body but a reader of the Confessional of Peter Dens himself. One of the native minstrels has strung his harp to the subject with the nervousness of the national style.

TWENTY-FOUR PETITIONS, ALL IN A ROW.

"There was knocking down, piking down, stabbing, and shooting,
There was marching of the boys by day, and by night there was recruiting.
There was burning parsons' houses, and ripping up their wives,
For so our holy Mother Church in every nation thrives.
There was firing beanstalks, beating bailiffs, robbing, and ham-stringing,
There were beacons on the hills, with the chapel-bells all ringing.
There was swearing Papist freeholders, without an inch of land,
There were oaths for every mouth, and pikes for every hand.
There was Father Mungo horsewhipping his voters to the poll,
And Father Martin, with his pail, to whitewash all their souls.

All by the Pope's direction,
To give us a free election," &c.

But by far the cleverest thing said or sung was the argument for the pressing necessity of the ballot. "The ballot," said the Irish orator, "must be demanded, and must be given. A free people cannot do without it. Why, boys, if you had it you might shout for West and Hamilton in the streets, and then go and give your votes for O'Connell and Hutton on the hustings." This we conceive to be unanswerable. If it may appear rather a too candid development of the principle, there can be no question that it is the true one; and that in this happy union of conscience and corruption consists the patriotic zeal for the ballot.

Some very curious experiments have been lately made on a new species of sand brought from Australia for the manufacture of the finer kinds of flint-glass. Of all the results of manufacture, glass is at once the most extraordinary, the most beautiful, and the most difficult to urge beyond a certain point. There is none in which science of the highest kind is so strongly interested, and therefore none which ought to be more

patronised by the Government of the greatest scientific and mechanical and manufacturing people in the world. The present Government, however, think it more expedient to take a penny off a Radical newspaper, and thus propagate folly through the lowest depths of the community, than take off the duty on glass, and thus encourage at once the noblest science, and the most curious manufacture. England was once famous for the glass of her telescopes, but she now imports the object-glasses of her finer telescopes, and the Frauen Hofers, are still unrivalled. Some attempts have been lately made by the professors of the Royal Institution. Though they made a report, and announced the possibility of our competing with the Dutch and German glass, we have not heard that the opticians had been much the better for it. That the English artificer could make glasses fully equal to those of the foreign furnace, we shall never deny. His skill is equal to any thing; but until the tax is removed, his means and his reward must be alike narrowed. Why does not the Government offer a re-

ward for the best telescope, as it has done for the best chronometer? It is absurd to say that telescopes have reached their perfection; at the present day they are scarcely superior to those of a hundred years ago, and it is nearly vain to expect any sudden advance from the general operations of the trade. The optician prepares his telescopes, not for excellence, but for sale; gives to a certain class of them the degree of labour necessary to produce a telescope of a certain standard, and gives no more. He cannot afford to apply the labour of years to the production of a superlative instrument. He must live by his trade, and sufficient to him is the mediocrity of workmanship and labour which is sufficient for his trade. We ask, why do not our great scientific bodies take up the question in default of a beggarly Government, and offer a thousand pounds for a telescope that will carry the view within a certain distance of any of the planets. Our most powerful telescopes now show us little more of the moon than a mass resembling the section of a twopenny loaf; and as to the primary planets, we can get little more than the view of a sheet of cracked ice. It is absurd to say that the telescope has yet arrived at its perfection, or that we may not expect in luckier times to have at least as clear a view of the surfaces of Mars, Venus, and Jupiter, and of the moon itself, as we have of Switzerland from the Righi. The telescope is the only instrument by which we have hitherto had a hope of obtaining a further knowledge of those great and splendid bodies, and to its completeness our efforts should be directed. It is remarkable that all the great inventions have been by what is called accident; that they were not the discoveries of leading professors in any of their several arts, but came in the way of obscure men, who, possessing some knowledge of the art in question, had tact and talent enough to notice the phenomenon, and at least put it in the way of being turned to account by others. Thus, we should have a much better chance of approaching to perfection in any piece of mechanism, if a hundred mere workmen were to turn their wits upon it, than from the lucubrations of any solemn professor, however learned on the subject. Thus, if a reward

were offered capable of stimulating every optical instrument maker in London, workmen and master, to give an hour a day for the next six months to the invention of some new power in the telescope, we have not a doubt that the result would transpire in some very important invention. But this will not be done by the scientific bodies of London, because their time is better employed in balloting for members, acknowledging the receipt of books, gossiping, and taking tea. As for the annual scientific meetings, those illustrious itinerants, dividing their time between oratory and cockle-shells, the history of fish-bones and the discoveries of the centre of the earth, they can afford no leisure for any thing but panegyrising each other, filling the newspapers to a plethora of absurdity, and puzzling all mankind. Thus the matter rests in despair, and we may adjourn the discoveries to another age.

As to the sand in question, six years ago it was observed, that in many places between Sydney and Botany Bay the surface of the ground was covered by a remarkably pure and white silicious sand, derived from the decomposition of one of the beds of sand belonging to the coal formation. Mr King of Sydney, the discoverer, being of opinion that this sand would be found peculiarly applicable to the business of glass-makers, forwarded eleven bags of the same to his agents in London. Some was put into the hands of Messrs Pellatt and Co., of the Falcon Glass-house for trial. From their report the following is an extract:—“We find the sand from Sydney to be decidedly superior to any we have previously employed. The most esteemed property of this sand, and that which makes it of the greatest importance to glass-makers, is derived from the absence of oxide of iron, and every other combination that would affect the colour of glass. It is also free from insoluble matter. Glass made from this sand is more brilliant and watery than any other. We consider it fortunate, as the sand with which most glass-makers were supplied, is now of very bad quality, and has been given up by many.” On application to Mr Pellatt, the following further particulars were obtained: He says that the recent arrival of a few hundredweight of this superior silica had

enabled him to make a second experiment, which turned out fully as well as the first. He is of opinion that the Sydney sand exceeds all others heretofore in use for whiteness, brilliancy, and fusibility; and he has little doubt, should the freight be moderate, that this comparatively pure material will be imported in large quantities for glass-makers' use in this country. He had mixed it with the usual proportions of carbonate of potash and nitre of potash, with a rather less proportion of manganese than other sands require. He hopes soon to be able to report on the Sydney sand as regards flint-glass-ware for optic plate. A few tons of the same kind were lately imported into Liverpool, and were eagerly purchased, so that a considerable improvement in the qualities of the finer kinds of glass may soon be expected.

In the interval of the ballooning seasons, invention has by no means been content to sleep. And a sort of intermediate visitation between the balloon and the railroad has been attempted in various parts of the kingdom. A professor of kite-flying, if he has raised nothing else, has raised at least the astonishment of all the bipeds and quadrupeds on our highways, and some of our principal thoroughfares, by running races with the mail on a car drawn by a gigantic kite; but as a high wind is necessary for this performance, we can expect no regular triumph of this order, but in February and March. Thus ten months of the year are lost to the kite-flyer's ambition, unless he should establish a commerce with the Lapland witches, and buy tempests in a bag like condensed gas, at so much a pound. Another attempt of a more humble order lately electrified all the idlers of the Strand, which must be allowed to be electricity on a large scale. A professor of locomotion laid a wager that he would roll himself on a barrel for a mile of decidedly the most crowded street in Europe, and reach the end of his journey within a definite time, and without breaking his neck. He succeeded, and we have no doubt will offer to astonish the world next time by rolling himself between two barrels.

An adventurer of another sort lately attempted to fly from Dover

Cliffs. His flying, however, was a much less splendid performance than the name intimates. A species of corset or stays was secured round his body, to which was fastened a succession of small blocks, the blocks were made fast on a rope, and the rope was fastened to the summit of the Cliff, the lower end being made secure on the sand. At the signal given, the flyer darted down the rope, but his first experiment was rather unlucky. The rope becoming jammed in the blocks, when he had got about a dozen yards downwards, he stuck fast, and there of course hung, to the great surprise and fright of the lookers-on. The point in question now was to get him back, for forward was evidently impossible. At length, however, even this achievement was effected; he was drawn back, and placed on *terra firma* on the summit of the cliff. On a subsequent day the experiment was repeated, and he reached the bottom of the cliff without broken bones. We do not, however, recommend the experiment to be repeated by the public in general. We admit that it may be adopted with effect by gouty peers, apoplectic aldermen, dyspeptic duchesses, and old East Indians turgid with bile. It might also help to diversify the languid hours of the Seraphinas and Angelinas who ramble on the seashores in such immaculate muslin; and as the Quakers flock to the coast, with all its worldliness, and rove even among the unhallowed haunts of the male wearers of coats with capes, and the female wearers of cherry-coloured ribbons, we think the exercise would be of considerable use in taking the stiffness out of some of the Tabithas and Priscillas.

But the wonder of wonders is Mr Stephenson's new steam-flyer. This beats all of the genus "Tug" since the world began. It has been lately displayed in the midst of a concourse of engineers. With some score of wains at its heels, it makes nothing of fifty miles an hour, not a foot less, nor a minute more. Alone, and carcering at its own wild will, it sweeps on at the rate of eighty. If we can do this in the infancy of the railway, will not the next ten years despise every velocity short of the speed of a cannon-ball? "*Major rerum nascitur ordo.*" That a gentleman should go hunting

on his own tea-kettle, was once regarded as something of a hyperbole. But we may live to see him shooting through the atmosphere on his own toothpick case.

It might be a curious speculation to enquire into the probable effects of the railroad system on mankind. Certainly no system ever became so popular, and so suddenly and so widely popular. France has begun to fling out those gigantic arms of communication over her noble country. Belgium exults in the commencement of a web of railroads, in which it expects to catch all the stray dollars and centimes of the Continent. The transit from Ostend to the Rhine will, in the course of a year or two, be an affair of a couple of hours. Germany is shaking off her sleep, her blacksmiths are lighting their Hercynian forges, and from the mountains of the Hartz to the Tyrol, huge men, with antediluvian visages and Cyclopean arms, are hammering at iron wedges, rails, and gear for "fire horses." Prussia is laying down railroads from her capital to France, to Poland, and to Austria. The puzzling question of her politicians being, whether she thus invites invasion, or proposes defence. But politicians are blockheads on all matters of common sense; and of all blockheads, the German politician is the most profound, headstrong, and hopeless. The merchant, the traveller, and the tinker know better things. They could tell them, that the roughest of royal roughriders, was never able to whip and spur either Frenchman, Belgian, Prussian, or Austrian into belligerency, more than fifty years out of every hundred. But, thanks to the growing common-sense of mankind, they never will be able to do even this again, and that the world are beginning to discover that fifty years of victory are not worth one year of peace. In short, the world is evidently become a buying and selling world, a vast spinning and weaving community, a vast aggregate of hands and heads, busy about the main chance, and much more inclined to eat, drink, and be happy, than to burn each other's warehouses, or blow out each other's brains. That war will never cease out of the world, is a theorem founded on the fact that the countless majority of mankind have a

strong tendency to be fools; but we may establish another theorem, that the more difficult it is to make war, the less likely it is to be made. The more mechanical dexterity, personal ingenuity, and natural expense that is required to make war, the more will success be out of the power of brute force, and the more in the power of intellectual superiority. Let war come to a conflict of steam-engines, and all the barbarian rabble of the world, Turks and Tartars, Arabs and Indians, Africans and Chinese, must obviously be out of the question at once. They may massacre each other, but they must fly from the master of mechanics. All the half-barbarians, Russian, Greek, Pole, Swede, and Austrian, must make the attempt only to be shattered, and Field-Marshal Stephenson, with his squadron of fire horses, galloping at the rate of eighty miles an hour, must consume their battalia with the breath of his nostrils. Thus England, instead of feeling alarmed at the sudden passion of foreigners for mechanism, should rejoice to see the passion spreading, should encourage them to throw all their powers into mechanical rivalry, and exult in every railroad that shoots its serpent line among the hills and valleys of the Continent, and hail the smoke of every steam-engine that trails its murky line along its sky, as not merely an emblem, but an instrument of their own superiority. Mechanism, the great power of art, is as exhaustless as any of the great powers of Nature, for it is only the exhaustless vigour of intellect combining with and commanding the secrets of Nature. Ten thousand years might roll on, and every year see a new advance of every kingdom of Europe in invention, and England keeping ahead of them all, and, like one of her own engines, showing her speed by the sparks that lighten the road behind. The steam-engine, in its effective state, is but little more than half a century old, for its invention, in the time of Charles II., left it for upwards of half a century little more than a toy. In half a century more, its present perfection may be looked upon as little else than that of an ingenious plaything. It is scarcely ten years since the steam-boat first ventured to sea. Thirty years ago, the late Lord Stanhope was laughed

at by all London for his attempt to swim the steam-boat from London Bridge to Greenwich. It now dashes from the Tower to Gibraltar, and from Gibraltar to Constantinople; or shoots down the Red Sea, fights the monsoon on its own ground; sweeps to Bombay, Ceylon, and Bengal, and astonishes the Mogul and the Emperor of China, the same morning, with the last month's newspaper from London. The railway, in its present power, is not ten years old, yet is already spreading, not merely over Europe, but over the vast savannahs of the New World. What will all this come to in the next fifty years? What must be the effects of this gigantic strider over the ways of this world! What the mighty influence of that mutual communication which, even in its feeblest state, has been in every age the grand instrument of civilisation! Throw down the smallest barrier between two nations, and from that hour both become more civilized. Open the close shut coast of China or Japan to mankind, and from that hour the condition of the people will be in progress of improvement. The barbarian and the despot hate the stranger. Yet, for the fullest civilisation, freedom, and enjoyment of which earth is capable, the one thing needful is the fullest intercourse of nation with nation, and of man with man. The European passion for the railroad is certainly one of the most singular, as it is one of the most cheering characteristics of the age. Like all instruments of national power, it may be made an instrument of national evil. It may give additional strength to the tyrannical, and accumulate force against the weak, pour resistless invasion against the unprepared, and smite the helpless with unexampled rapidity of ruin. But its faculties are made for peace, its tendency is to make nations feel the value of peace; and unless some other magnificent invention shall come to supersede its use, and obliterate the memory of its services, we cannot suffer ourselves to doubt that the whole system which is now in the course of adoption with such ardour throughout Europe will yet be acknowledged as having given the mightiest propulsion to the general improvement of mankind.

But until we shall have accomplish-

ed those objects, it is well to make use of the means we have. The multitude of arms and legs broken from the overturning of stage-coaches is fearful. They make a formidable figure in that chapter of accidents which the public are permitted to see, but are probably many more than ever reach the public eye. To render a stage-coach incapable of overturning would be a discovery of more use to the nation than the philosopher's stone. A coach which seems to have nearly attained this point has just made its first experiment. It started a few days since from Blackfriars to Blackheath, and back again, for the purpose of trying experiments as to its security in passing over elevated ridges in the road, and its capacity in keeping an equilibrium when the wheels on one side of the carriage are on an elevation of two feet, or two feet and a-half above those on the other side. The principle on which the safety of the coach relies, is that of the whole weight being suspended on elliptic springs, placed considerably above the centre of gravitation. The result of this contrivance is, that the body of the coach remains always perpendicular, being, as it were, suspended from the springs, as in the cabin of a ship a hammock is suspended from the ceiling, so that whatever is the rolling of the vessel, the hammock retains its perpendicular position. The invention, which is very ingenious, effects the end of the patentee by two upright supporters rising from the beds and axles, and passing up between the body and the boots. The tops of these supporters are surmounted by elliptic springs, to which is affixed one-half of the shifting centre of gravity, the other half is attached to the body of the coach. The external appearance of the coach is very light and elegant; no springs whatever are visible outside. The axles and transoms are the same as in other coaches; the perch is different in its construction from the common perch; it is straight in the middle, but is in fact a double perch, as it is composed of two pieces, and branches out at each end. When inside, by turning down the lining at the back and front, the elliptic springs become visible, and the mechanism of the contrivance is at once explained. The coach proceeded at the rate of

twelve or fourteen miles an hour, drawn by four horses. During its course towards Blackheath, to prove the efficiency of its construction, the coach was purposely raised, so as to keep the wheels on one side on a bank eighteen inches higher than the road, and at that time it had fourteen persons outside, four inside, and nearly half a ton of luggage on the roof. On arriving at Blackheath, the insides and outsides alighted for a few minutes, but almost immediately eight persons ascended the outside, and two got within. The coach was then driven up a bank two feet seven inches high, and turned sharply round, and then at an almost reckless speed over ridges, gaps, and inequalities of all sorts. It surmounted every difficulty, and excited the astonishment and admiration of numerous spectators. In a word, the experiment was completely successful, and the coach has accomplished every thing the proprietors prognosticated of its powers. Mr Powell, of Clerkenwell, is the builder.

Perhaps the greatest gift of nature to England has been coal; yet one of the great drawbacks on this gift is its production of smoke. By this unfortunate property, England is blackened from end to end. Her cities are huge ovens, vaulted over with carbon; her villages taint the air with the stifling effluvia for miles round. Her many factories are perpetual volcanoes, without the picturesque of the volcano, and vomiting piles of smoke that might rival Vesuvius, at a daily expense that would purchase the fee-simple of the whole Campagna. As, in the course of a few years, London will stretch out its enormous arms to embrace Bristol on the one side and Edinburgh on the other, the land will eventually be covered with brick; a green field will be a matter of history, and a view of the sky be talked of as among the reminiscences of old gentlemen who have lost their faculties. England will then be wrapt in a canopy of vapour from shore to shore; she will be the Auld Reekie of the globe. Even as matters are, this intolerable distillation defaces colours, and destroys all her public works. Her noblest architecture is begrimed in a week; Parian marble takes the colour

of soot, her statues are as black as Erebus, and every new group of bronze instantly rivals that luckless group of Francis Duke of Bedford, with his agricultural genii round him, which stands for the ridicule of mankind in the front of Russell Square, and displays to the public eye the closest resemblance to a master-sweep surrounded by his apprentices.

And yet nothing is more unquestionable than that smoke is not the fault of the coal, but of our own indolence. We could destroy it if we would, nay, we could convert it into heat, and thus at once increase the force of our fire and relieve our atmosphere from the darkness which defies the sun, and our lungs from a vapour which half-chokes the community. A few years ago, Mr Michael Angelo Taylor brought in a bill for the general improvement of the metropolis, amongst which was the extinction of the smoke. The smoke had the better of the battle, after all, and all the results of the bill dwindled into the whipping of unfortunate apple-women out of the streets by the policemen. The metropolis was darkened with double smoke, and now the lover of the sublime, who, standing on the Southwark Bridge, will cast his eye southward, may see a succession of gigantic cones shooting up smoke and flame round the horizon, as if they were the spiracles of a new region of subterranean fire. However, an attempt has lately been made to counteract this universal nuisance once more, and if we are to rely on the statements of the experimentalists, the object has been achieved.

The perfect combustion of any inflammable substance depends upon two circumstances,—the presence of a sufficient quantity of pure air to afford oxygen, and a degree of heat sufficiently high and steady to bring about the perfect union of all the inflammable particles with that oxygen. These two conditions are indispensably necessary, otherwise complete combustion cannot take place. In the great majority of instances there is no deficiency in the supply of oxygen, but in almost every case the proper quantity of heat is wanting. Now, the manner in which this acts in producing smoke is the following: We shall take the case of a common furnace by way of example:—If we

examine the fire, we see no smoke in the fire itself, because the temperature there is sufficiently elevated; but at the point of the flame, where the yet unconsumed carbonaceous matter comes in contact with the cold atmospheric air, the smoke makes its appearance, because the temperature is there reduced below that point at which perfect combustion takes place; and the consequence is, that there is a disposition of carbon, and the heating power of the fire is just so much lower than it ought to be, by the number of degrees of heat the smoke would have yielded had it been consumed. In other words, the smoke is a certain quantity of the inflammable matter of the coals which is lost by evaporation, instead of being burned. Now, the method of Mr Coad, who has procured a patent for his invention, consists in supplying this smoke with the quantity of heat that is necessary for its perfect combustion, and this is effected in a very simple and ingenious manner. An apparatus, consisting of a series of small tubes or chambers, so constructed as to expose a large surface to the action of the heat, is placed in the lower part of the chimney, beyond the boiler; one end of the series communicates by an open orifice with the external air, while the other opens into a slit in the bridge of the furnace. This is the whole contrivance, and it acts thus:—The superfluous heat in the chimney raises the temperature of the iron tubes to a high degree, and the draught of the chimney causes a current of air into the fire through every aperture, and, consequently, through the heated tubes; a current of hot air is thus thrown into the flame at the very point where the smoke begins to be formed, and the effect is, that the disposition is prevented, and the flame and heat of the fire are both much increased, and not a particle of smoke escapes from the top of the stack.

Nothing is more remarkable among the rage of inventions for communication than the neglect of signs by sound. A few years ago some experiments were made by Biot and Arago, in France, by which they ascertained that sound by means of tubes could be propagated with almost infinite rapidity to any distance to which the tube extended. The experiments were made on tubes joined to-

gether to upwards of the length of a mile; and, so far as they could discover, if the tubes had been a thousand miles long, the sounds would have been articulated through them with the same immeasurable rapidity. This contrivance may yet be perfected, and we shall have communications passing through the bowels of continents as easily as they now pass from a tailor's counter to his shop-board in the attic. The speaking-trumpet is the only portable contrivance of the kind, but it is a remarkably rude and limited instrument. An attempt at improvement has been lately made in Austria. It is called an Acoustic Telegraph, and is a tube externally resembling a speaking trumpet, but which is six feet five inches long, and carries the sound to about twelve thousand feet. It seems to be in high favour at Vienna, and it is said that orders have been given by the Government to supply many of the military stations with those instruments for manœuvring corps at a distance from each other. If this statement of its properties be exact, its use might produce a change in the whole system of war. The grand difficulty of tactics at present is to produce an *ensemble* in the movements of corps. The watch is not sufficient, for though troops may start from their points at a given time, yet the inequality of the road and other obstacles almost always produce a difference of movement. But an instrument which should communicate directly to a distance of two miles and a quarter in the sixth of a minute might keep up a constant notice of the movement. At present, in hilly and forest countries, the bugle is the only medium of communication; but it is limited to a narrow space, and capable of but few signals. Prodigious power would be given by an instrument capable of conveying not merely tones but words. We hope the ingenuity of some of our mechanics and philosophers will be turned to the subject.

Yet science has its burlesques. A clever mechanist has exerted his genius in contriving a railway—for what conceivable purpose? That of carrying an invalid up to bed. The railway is movable, and is to be laid up the stairs. On this a suitable carriage is placed, and upon the carriage the invalid. A system of pulleys, and

the muscular energy of a servant's arm, whether male or female, form the moving power. The invalid arrives at the first landing: these the railway is shifted. The process is to be commenced again. The patient reaches the second landing, and so on—fortunate for him if the house does not contain a dozen stories, as in some towns of great antiquity, and still greater fame—fortunate, too, for him, if he is not a son of the Muses, whose location is essentially in the highest floor of the house, wherever that house be. This invention naturally reminds us of Hogarth's burlesque of machinery in his complicated contrivance for drawing a cork. Yet even the cork-screw has taken the shape of a complicated instrument, and been approved of by those practical philosophers who pride themselves on their dexterity in opening the long pent-up treasures of Lafitte, and Côté Roti, without disturbing their purity. And idle as the bed-chamber railway unquestionably appears in its present form, time and skill may make the idea valuable for purposes of a much more important kind.

The improvement of the printing press is, in value, not far short of printing itself. It is curious to find that the art of making paper from linen rags almost immediately followed the original discovery of printing with movable types. If parchment had continued to be the only material, the use of the press must have been almost wholly precluded. Paper of straw, of cotton, and of papyrus had been tried, and failed from its dearness, its difficulty, and its speedy wear. The linen rag was accidentally and fortunately used, and we thus obtained the true material to receive the thoughts of mankind, and transmit them almost imperishably.

The steam-press works with a force, a rapidity, an exactness, and an ease which make a new era in printing. But a press, just announced as the work of an American artist, leaves even the steam-press far behind. It is said to be able to work off *fifty* reams of the largest sized paper in the day. Attached to a paper-mill, it will work off its impression as fast as the mill can manufacture the paper. A sheet of paper, twenty-six

feet long, has been printed by this press in fifteen seconds. This sheet was equivalent to two volumes of 180 pages each. The price of the machine is moderate—1000 dollars. Its chief work hitherto has been with stereotype plates, and for those it has been peculiarly adapted.

We admit that this is an American account, and we perfectly know that Jonathan delights in amplification. But he is still an ingenious mechanic; some of the cleverest additions to the printing apparatus, of late years, have been of his invention. Mechanism is boundless, and we have no right to be sceptical at any point short of impossibility.

There are few stronger indications of the original tendency of Napoleon to charlatanry than his having kept up a balloon establishment at Meudon. It never did any thing, nor was expected by him to do any thing. But it gave the Parisians something to talk of; it promised a mysterious supremacy to France whenever the "*grand homme*" should condescend to call that supremacy into action, and it mystified the idlers of Europe. However, it is surprising that he did not avail himself of its known and manageable powers for the service of the field. That it was used at the battle of Jemappe was notorious, and that there it enabled the French staff to reconnoitre the whole of the Austrian positions. It was equal, of course, to have rendered the same service in every subsequent campaign; and among mountain districts, forests, and the infinite varieties of broken ground on which the French battles were fought, from Italy to Moscow, the knowledge of the enemy's positions could not have been obtained by any other means so speedily, securely, and effectually. Still nothing was attempted; and until the spirit of adventure in some parties among ourselves, and the passion for shillings in others, provoked the revival of aerostation, it slumbered throughout the surface of the globe. But a Belgian professes to have, at last, made the grand discovery. He laughs at the idea of any future difficulty in guiding the balloon, computes nothing but the quantity of provisions necessary for the time of his voyage in the clouds, calculates by

circles of longitude and latitude, and offers to contract for the mails from London to the antipodes. He keeps his principle secret only until he shall have been able to secure his patent in the four quarters of the earth. Then shall the world of science be astonished, the world of commerce be enriched, the world of letters be enlightened; and the brilliant Belgian, of all the benefactors of mankind the most beneficent, shall breakfast in Brussels, dine in Timbuctoo, and sleep in Eldorado.

A first-rate talker generally estimates the pleasantness of his circle by the share which his own conversation has had in contributing to its pleasantness. This is often evidently unconscious. Johnson, when he had talked for a whole evening, aweing all other professed talkers, and delighting every body, but not merely throwing all into shade, but into silence, used to say, on taking his leave, "Well, sir, this has been a good evening; we have had good talk. The communication of minds is always of use. Thought flowed freely this evening."

The celebrated Curran, the Irish barrister, whose mind was a perpetual sparkle, thus sometimes mistook his own abundant contribution for that of his company. In the mornings which succeeded a night of anecdote and animation, he has observed, "Well, we have had a delightful dinner; all were in capital spirits. I never remember to have been more amused." During all this period of amusement, Curran himself had been almost the only one who had uttered a syllable; yet, if uttered, that syllable was merely to keep him in motion; or, as Burke said of his conversations with Johnson, "only to ring the bell."

A capital story is told of an experiment on this gay unconsciousness. The personage may have been Madame de Staël. With her, conversation was not an indulgence, but a profession; not a power, but a passion. In Paris she lived but to talk; and when at length she began to talk politics, reckless of the great Napoleon, who, a capital talker himself, would suffer no rival in either politics or conversation; and when, in consequence of that rash display, the brilliant Madame was expelled France, and sent to rove round the spell-bound

frontier, her lamentation was not that she had lost her country, but that she had lost her *contours*—not that she had lost her rights as a citizen, but her triumphs as a talker—not that she had left Paris behind, but that in future she must send her epigrams by the post, and waste her showy sophisms upon the flat faces and flatter minds of the Germans. Whether the ingenious trick was attempted upon this lady, or upon her similar, for second she had none, we cannot tell; but one day a gentleman was introduced into the circle of which this dashing talker formed the star, and introduced as possessing remarkable conversational powers. Some favourite topic was introduced, and the female orator held forth with her usual brilliancy. The gentleman bowed, smiled; occasional murmurs of applause were heard from the company, and the orator went on. A few chance questions, or a slight change of the topic by some of the circle, kept up the heroine's spirits, and she continued to discuss and sparkle until the party broke up. She was then asked by the lady of the mansion how she liked the evening. "Incomparably delightful!" was the answer. "But how did you like Mr Sechendorf?" the introduced gentleman. "Oh, I found him delightful too—he converses well!" "Do you recollect any thing that he said?" "Oh, I am sure I ought to have recollected a thousand things, though really at this moment I forget every thing, except that he kept up the conversation charmingly." The surrounding crowd listened and smiled. Madame took her leave, the smile burst into a laugh, M. Sechendorf had not uttered a word during the evening, for the most sufficient reason, he was dumb.

The ruling passion is powerful even in physicians. Matonin, physician to the King of France, was so fond of administering medicine, that seeing all the phials and pill-boxes of his patient completely emptied, and ranged in order on his table, he said, "Ah, sir, it gives me pleasure to attend you, you *deserve* to be ill."

Now to fix the unfixable. The editor of a provincial paper, frequently intruded upon by a Paul Pry of the town, said that he came so often, and sat so long, that when he died his shadow was found fixed upon the wall.

Jonathan improves in his exaggerations. An Englishman was observing that the good feeding of England produced the fattest men in the world. Jonathan contended that the good feeding of the States produced the fattest women. "What did your Daniel Lambert weigh?" said the American. "About fifty stone," was the answer. "Pooh, that's nothing," said the Yankee, "we have in Pennsylvania at least a dozen women, each the girth of Penn's tree, and one in Staten island, that it would take a fortnight to walk round."

The tradesmen in one of the northern towns are remarkable fellows for public meetings. A rise in peas or potatoes, squirrels' tails or sawdust, is always arranged by a public meeting, and immortalized by a handsome flow of oratory. Some time since, by a public resolution, the dealers in eggs determined at once to raise the price to the consumers, and to lower them to the producers. The consumers grumbled, but were, of course, compelled to submit. The producers, though they had the remedy rather more in their own hands, for a while they submitted too. At length the dealers determined to pay no more than sixpence a dozen for the eggs. This, as the late Lord Liverpool said, was too bad; the farmers remonstrated, but the tradesmen said that the price had been fixed at a public meeting, and that they could give no more. "What have you brought for sale?" was the question to one of the farmers. "Not an egg," said the farmer, "for the hens have had a meeting too, and passed a resolution not to be at the trouble of laying eggs for so shabby a price as sixpence a dozen."

Mathews, in his Adelphi entertainments, used to tell an excellent story of what would be called in the work-house phrase the dietary system, of two Frenchmen who rambled their way to live on their wits in London. We recommend the anecdote to the Poor Law Commissioners, though we rather doubt that any thing of the kind can be a discovery to them. The Frenchmen, on finding the finances on which they expected to live for a year, running to the dregs within a week in the expenses of London, determined to separate for the purpose of greater economy. At the end of a month they met by accident; Monsieur Jean start-

ed at the sight of Monsieur Pierre, as if he were an apparition. Monsieur Pierre gazed on Monsieur Jean with a mixture of envy and astonishment, for Monsieur Jean had become as corpulent as an alderman, while Monsieur Pierre was reduced to skin and bone. "Ma foi," said the starving Pierre, "how is all this? I am half starved. For the last fortnight I have lived on bread and water, while you look as round as a burgomaster." "The matter is easily explained," said Monsieur Jean; "I lived on a delightful thing that cost me only four sous a day." "Ma foi," said the starving Pierre, "tell me what it is? What do they call it?" "What it is I don't know," was the answer, "but they called it cat's meat." But we think the following expedient for cheap living nearly equal to the discovery of Monsieur Jean. The receipt is given as the substance of a book written by Dr Alecott, a physician of Salem:—"For breakfast take two cents' worth (a halfpenny) of dried apples, without drink; for dinner drink a quart of water to swell the apples; take tea with a friend." This, we have no doubt, is a capital receipt to bring patients to the doctor, though we think some other word than substance should be used in its description.

The blunders of the newspapers are sometimes amusing. A Mrs Otway advertises a school for tuition in fashionable dancing, adding that there is *no entrance*.

An auctioneer's placard announces a splendid nobleman's mansion to be disposed of *unfurnished, with every convenience*.

An exhibitor of portraits invites the public to view an *animated* likeness of Greenacre, taken after he was hung.

The advertisement of a suburb theatre announces to gentlemen and ladies that a *consort* will be given every evening during the license.

A quack remedy for a cold is thus announced: This remedy is infallible, *taking two table-spoons*, or *four tea-spoons* when the cough is troublesome. We should be inclined to recommend the patient in such instances to the care of the London police.

A wooden dog-kennel appears on a wall in Lambeth, with chalked upon it, "Enquire within."

A coffin-maker in one of the leading streets of London happening to

have apartments to let, has pasted his bills upon the coffins in his window, announcing "Lodgings for single gentlemen."

If brevity is the soul of wit, what are we to think of the art of a correspondence in which the two letters contained but two figures? The first letter contained but a note of interrogation, implying, Is there any news? The answer contained but a cipher, None. This was clever; but a cleverer contrivance still was that of the grocer who painted on his shop window two large Ts, one coloured black, and the other green. This saved the trouble of telling the world at length that he sold capital tea of both kinds, black and green.

An advertisement, offering a reward for some family documents, and mentioning at the end that it was not to be repeated, an old woman, caught by the conclusion, said—"What, not to be repeated—eh, sirs, that must be a great secret."

We should conceive the following advertisement rather difficult to be answered: "If John Thomas, who was supposed to have died at Tortola in the year 1829, should meet this notice, by calling on Mr Vincent, solicitor, in the Minories, he will hear of something to his advantage."

There is nothing new under the sun, thanks to the sanctity of the "Dissenters," who are all for love and liberty, and for the pleasure of weekly change in both. Marriage is now by the law of England a religious ceremony no longer, and the village-end registrar, who may be the bailiff, may perform the ceremony with as much propriety as the minister of the parish; and Jack may be joined to Jill with no more promise of fidelity than to his cow. The process is, in fact, levelled down "to the meanest capacity." We applaud the military ceremonial of the broomstick. Two cart-horses could not be yoked together with a smaller quantity of moral obligation between them. That there may be libertines and infidels, rascals and rebels of every grade, who would rejoice at any change which seems likely to sink matrimony universally into an affair of the blacksmith or the beadle, we have no kind of doubt; but if any honest woman will turn from the church to the police-office on such an occasion, we shall be a good deal surprised, that is all.

Reduce marriage to a civil contract, and we palpably reduce it to a mere matter of human law at once. What the law makes, the law can unmake. The vote of a thorough-going House of Commons, a right Radical affair, might break up every civil contract of all kinds, and this among the rest, in its first session; and, like the French Republicans, give a divorce to every man and woman who asked for it. We recommend the following, which is as old as 1703, for the form of the certificate:—

"I, Arthur on Monday,
Take thee, Anne, for all Tuesday,
To have and to hold all Wednesday;
To love or to scold all Thursday;
To try to abide thee all Friday;
If thou dost not obey on Saturday,
To part again on Sunday."

Yet even now the modern ceremony (1) has the advantage in point of shortness, at least, of the ancient burlesque. We of the 19th century have now got rid of all the formality of "have and hold," "love, honour, and obey," and so forth, which clogs even the dashing brevity of the poetical certificate. In the new "Grand Junction" affair, there is no promise whatever to be faithful to one wife, to live with her in cordiality and kindness to our life's end, "to love, or honour, or any thing of that antiquated nature." In fact, these are to be considered, in this age of illumination, as fit for nothing but old women and Tories, and such other people as have yet to learn and live by the new lights of Radicalism alike in politics and religion.

The pumps of London have been renewed within the month, to do honour to our young Sovereign. Before these pages shall meet the public, the pomp will have passed away. The newspapers will have crowded the ears of the empire with the sounding of trumpets, the neighing of chargers, the rustling of embroidered mantles, and the shouts of the multitude pouring forth a continued roar from the Palace to the Mansion-house; the eye will be no less dazzled by the caparisons of the royal horses, the curvetings of the aldermanic chivalry (1), the streamers from roof and battlement, the pendant banners of Guildhall, the gas-lights, giants, and glories, which will make the banquet indelible on the memories of mankind for at least a week to

come. While we write, within two days of this prodigality of shows, London is a perpetual stream of population. Thousands and tens of thousands seem to have started into life only to fill the streets. Myriads of the most speaking eyes of the earth are in constant employment gazing at embryo inscriptions, prospective crowns and stars, transparencies that show nothing but the rapidity with which the brush, driven to desperation, can cover canvass with suspended virtues, strangling genii, and the best beloved and worst painted Queen in the world. Every heart palpitates, however, for the usual destiny of a November day, and especially of a Lord Mayor's Day. And to complete the anxiety, a new city authority, a very clever person, we have no doubt, who settles the weather for the Corporation, and who, we hope, in the expected batch of honours on the occasion, will receive the title of "Anemocrator," or something still more sonorous, has pronounced that the day before and the day after will be enough to soak the most glowing loyalty to the midriff, though armed in triple caoutchouc; but that the intermediate twelve hours which, in the city in November, by courtesy, are called day; in other words, those hours in which men light candles, and do *not* go to bed, will be pre-eminent for serenity. If this be the case, it will be the greatest compliment that the London skies ever paid a Queen.

But leaving the description of all those fine things to those who have more taste for description, we turn with other feelings to the noble old displays of London in the time when the royal pageant was less a magnificent show than a display of public principle; when it was but another shape of paying the subject's allegiance to the Sovereign, and of expressing the Sovereign's fidelity to the principles of law, liberty, and religion.

From an early period the citizens of London have distinguished themselves by their public hospitalities to foreign potentates. So early as the year 1205, they entertained Otho, the German Emperor, and since that period they have received fifteen royal personages in full banquet, the last of those being Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and Frederic William, King of Prussia, at the peace of 1814. Besides these there were grand pageants and pro-

cessions on the Thames in honour of their native princes, from the time of Henry, Prince of Wales, in 1610; with tournaments on a superb scale, some within the city and some in Smithfield, then called Smoothfield, and which was once a noble meadow in the suburbs, instead of a public nuisance and antechamber to the London shambles, as it remains in our all-improving age. Besides these again, there were pageants on the chief festivals in the Calendar, still Romish. The annual feast-day of the "City-watch," a very different body from the later guardians of the night, and who, though ridiculed by Shakspeare, seem to have been a stalwart troop, was reckoned so fair a spectacle, that Henry VIII., who loved all shows, and cared little under what circumstances he gratified his humours, is said to have come to view it in the disguise of one of his yeomen of the guard, and to have stood at the King's Head in Cheap, with a halbert on his shoulder, to see the procession pass. And further, so gratified was he, that on the setting of the second division of the watch, he and the Queen came, "royally riding," to the spectacle, and with their nobles waited at the place, and returned in the morning.

All those ceremonies might have cost something in money and in time, and yet there may be something to regret in their disuse. They certainly kept up the animation of the city in a remarkable degree. They kept up, too, the taste; they provided constant employment for a large body of the most ingenious artificers among the citizens themselves, and they made the people fond of their city life, and proud of their city. The citizen, riding in his caparison, and that caparison, too, on the breast of a man who could wield a sword or a halbert, and had wielded both in the perilous times of the state, was but little inclined to lower himself beneath the proudest courtier. He felt his own independence, and left it for the honour of his children. In those days the London merchant had no desire to be any thing more, and therefore he was seldom any thing less. He certainly was not the hanger-on at the skirts of nobility, the struggler for an ambiguous reception at the West End, and the extravagant purchaser of honours which take him out of his own sphere, and render him ridiculous in every other.

But a not less important result was, that they brought the King and the people into frequent intercourse, and thus did good service to both. Since their disuse, royalty has grown too secluded. The people in general have seen as little of their monarchs as of the Great Mogul. And from this rigid Orientalism coldnesses have often arisen which, in hazardous days, might have severely tried the loyalty of the people. It is almost hopeless to expect the revival of the old displays, yet it ought to be adopted as a part of the royal policy to exhibit a desire of mixing with the people. We ought to see more of our monarchs than their names in a court circular, or their equipages whirling from Pimlico to Windsor, and from Windsor to Pimlico. We hope a new reign will adopt a new policy in these matters, and that the young Sovereign, however insulted by the presence of obnoxious individuals, or thwarted in the natural impulses of her own unsophisticated heart, will emulate in this point, as in all, that magnanimous Queen, the great Elizabeth, whose memory lives through three centuries, and who still holds her illustrious rank in the gratitude of the British people.

We take from one of the records of the time, the very striking account of her reception by the city on her progress to her coronation. This was a matter of more than pomp. It was an exposition of principle. The secrets of royal breasts are sometimes deep, and the public feeling was vitally anxious to be assured on the great point of Elizabeth's devotion to Protestantism. It will be seen how strongly the expression was solicited in the pageant, and how nobly and pathetically it was answered by the Queen. It was, in essence, a full public declaration to the country that she abjured the hideous bigotry under which Mary, of bloody memory, had made the land groan; that a reign of truth, fortitude, and honour was to come; and that the day of Romish tyranny being gone, every man was to have the right to read his Bible.

The minor matters of her conduct on this high day exhibit the qualities that made this memorable woman popular even under all the exigencies of a power then little short of despotic. Her attention to the popular feelings; her pausing to have a more perfect

view of the successive decorations—a flattering compliment to the crowd of artificers who were doubtless anxious for the royal praise; her gracious and willing replies to all; and the lofty, vigorous, and truly royal declaration in which she answered the address of the Recorder and Corporation.

The tract is entitled, "The Passage of our Most Dread Sovereign Ladye Queen Elizabeth, through the Citye of London to Westminster the day before her Coronation, Anno 1558:"—

"On Thursday the 12th of January, 1558-9, her Majesty removed by water from her palace at Westminster to the Tower, attended by the city barges, trimmed with targets and banners of their mysteries.

"On Saturday the 14th, she took her passage through London, leaving the Tower at two o'clock.

"Near Fenchurch Street was erected a scaffold, richly furnished, whereon stood a 'noise,' or band of instruments, and a child in costly apparel, who welcomed the Queen with a poetical address. At the upper end of Gracechurch Street, before the sign of the Eagle, the city had erected a gorgeous and sumptuous arch, occupying the whole width of the street. It was battlemented, and had three portals, over the centre of which were raised three platforms, rising in three degrees, or steps. Upon the lowest, in one royal seat, were placed children, representing King Henry VII., and Elizabeth his wife; the former surrounded with a red rose, and the latter with a white one, but having their hands united, each with a ring of matrimony to be perceived on the finger. Out of these two roses sprung two branches, gathering into one, which was directed to the second stage, where sat King Henry VIII., with Queen Anne by his side, from whom again grew a branch to the utmost stage, where Queen Elizabeth herself was personified. The Queen here, as throughout, made every effort to appreciate the exertions made in her honour; she even desired her chariot, which passed too far to return, and personally required to have the matter open to her. When this was done, she thanked the city, praised the beauty of the work, and promised that she would do her whole endeavour for the constant preservation of concord, as the pageant did import.

"The second pageant, at the nether end of Cornhill, was inscribed 'The seats of worthie governance.' This, like the former, was a gateway, with three open arches; and over the centre was a child, representing the Queen, placed in a seat which seemed to have no other support but that of four personages, representing the virtues, Pure Religion, Love of Subjects, Wisdom, and Justice, each of which trode under foot their contrary vices—Superstition and Ignorance, Rebellion and Insolency, Folly and Vain Glory, Adulation and Bribery. Above all, were the Royal Arms.

"The Great Conduit in Cheap was beautiful with pictures and sentences.

"At Soper-lane-end was another pageant of three open gates, above the centre of which, on three stages, sat eight children. The eight beatitudes applied to our Sovereign Lady, Queen Elizabeth.

"The Standard in Cheap was dressed, and near it was posted a noise of trumpets.

"The Queen had scarcely passed the cross, when she espied the pageant erected at the little Conduit, and immediately required to know what it might signify. It was told her grace that there was placed Time. 'Time!' quoth she, 'and *Time hath brought me hither.*' The attendants then proceeded to describe the whole matter; but at the beginning, where she understood that the Bible in English was delivered to her by Truth, she thanked the city for that gift, and saying that she would oftentimes read over that book, commanded Sir John Perrot, one of the knights who sustained her canopy, to go on before, and receive the book. Being told, however, that it was to be delivered down by a silken lace, she desired him to stop, and so passed forward until she arrived at the spot where the Aldermen stood. There the Recorder presented the Queen with a thousand marks of gold, contained in a purse of crimson satin, richly wrought with gold, and accompanied by a suitable address. Her Majesty took the purse with both hands, and replied—so 'marvellous pithilie,' as to excite the admiration of all the bystanders."

Nor will the modern reader otherwise regard the maiden speech of this greatest of Queens.

"I thank my Lord Mayor, his brethren, and you all. And whereas your request is, that I should continue your good Lady and Queen, be ye assured that I will be as good unto you as ever Queen was to her people. No will in me shall lack, neither do I trust shall there lack any power. And persuade yourselves that for the safety and quietness of you all, I will not spare, if need be, to spend my blood. God thank you all."

"Which answer," says the record, "of so noble-hearted a Princess, if it moved an extraordinary shout and rejoicing, it is not to be marvelled at, since both the heartiness thereof was wonderful, and the words so jointy knit.

"We now arrive at the pageant where the BIBLE was presented. It was on a square erection, standing directly before the little Conduit with battlements, and on it were represented two hills or mountains, that on the north, cragged, barren, and stony, with a withered tree, under which sat one in a homely apparel, and in a mourning attire, with a tablet over his head, inscribed with his name in Latin and English, '*Ruinosa Republica.*' 'A decayed Commonwealth.' The other hill was fair, fresh, and beautiful, the ground thereof full of flowers, and having a flourishing tree, under which stood upright, '*Republica bene instituta.*' 'A flourishing commonwealth.' Each tree was also hung with appropriate sentences. Between the hills was a hollow place or cave, out of which, a little before the Queen's coming, issued Time, an old man with wings, and a scythe in his hand, leading a personage of less stature than himself, clad in white silk, whose name set over head was '*Temporis filia.*' 'The daughter of Time,' and on her breast '*Veritas,*' 'Truth.' In her hand she held a book inscribed '*Verbum Veritatis,*' 'The Word of Truth.' A child in front delivered the poetical explanations, during which, Truth let down the Bible from the hill, and Sir John Perrot, receiving it, kissed it, held it up with both hands, and laid it upon her breast.

"In St Paul's Churchyard, a child of the school (Christ's Hospital), pronounced a Latin oration, and then delivered to her Majesty a copy fairly written on paper, having first kissed it; it was received 'most gently.'

"Ludgate was finely trimmed, and

furnished with music. At the Conduit at Fleet Street, was the fifth and last pageant. It was a stage, embattled with four towers. A throne raised on steps, was overshadowed by a large tree, having leaves and the fruit of the date, '*a palm tree*.' In the throne sat a Queen in Parliament robes, named in a tablet over her head, 'Debora, the judge and restorer of the House of Israel.' A child was ready to speak, and in order that she might better hear him, the Queen required silence, and *commanded her chariot to be moved nearer*.

"At St Dunstan's Church, the children of Christ's Hospital stood with their governors, and one of them delivered a Latin oration.

"The final exhibition was at Temple

Bar, which was '*finely dressed*,' with the two giants, Gotmagot the Albion, and Connæus the Briton, who held between them a poetical recapitulation of the pageantries, both in Latin and English. On the south side, were singing children, one of whom, richly attired as a poet, gave the Queen farewell in the name of the whole city."

These were scenes which none will undervalue who know the strong and permanent feelings which they have the power to awaken. The memory of those days, bound the citizens to the cause of Elizabeth more firmly than chains of iron could have bound them; made their loyalty invincible, and girded her throne with a wall of fire.

AUGUSTA VICTRIX.

FAIR is the lily, sweet the blushing rose ;
But that seems fairer, this more brightly glows,
Blent with the laurel, whose immortal green
Is fittest type of our own Island-Queen.
Sweet as the blushing rose, as lily fair,
She twines the laurel round her golden hair,
And aims at conquest : fearing not to lose,
A Nation's love she smilingly subdues ;
Her natural graces all her arms and arts,
Loved soon as seen, she reigns the Queen of hearts.

When the first Virgin Queen our sceptre swayed,
Our England only loved the Royal Maid ;
Another monarch sat on Scotland's throne,
And Erin listened to the fierce Tyrone :
The Thistle, Rose, and Shamrock now agree,
Under one crown, in one Parthenope ;
And homage comes from earth's far bounds address'd
To this fair throned Virgin of the West.

Look how the Imperial city, far and wide,
From every vein pours out its living tide :
The countless throngs, as with one heart, one sight,
Seem to await some object of delight :
Look where you will, and you can only see
Faces that glow with honest joy and glee ;
The artisan and courtier, priest and sage,
Gay youth, blithe childhood, and sedater age,
And womanhood, without a thought of fear,
In that vast pomp of heads, are mingled there :
It seems a million in their best array
By concert met to keep a holiday.
In the vast crowd no angry sound is heard,
No ribald jest, and no discordant word,
Aimed at a neighbour's peace : by influence mild,
Ill natures to the good are reconciled.

Hark ! how the trumpets, filled with human breath,
 Peal through the air : one moment, hushed as death,
 The countless multitude with earnest mien
 Catches the sound : and then a stir is seen—
 Thus have I watched the glassy calm of ocean,
 And seen it ripple into sudden motion—
 So moved the mass of heads : all eyes are strained ;
 “ She comes ! she comes ! ” and now a glimpse is gained—
 The heralds of her coming now appear,
 And now 'tis she herself—the Queen is here !
 One mighty shout reverberating rings
 To hail the Anointed of the King of Kings ;
 And ever as the glad procession moves,
 All bless the lovely Queen the people loves ;
 New acclamations fill the startled air,
 And blessings greet the Lady pure and fair.
 All bid “ God bless her ! ” Every heart is hers,
 And all are only not idolaters.
 The upraised urchin waves his hat, and cries
 “ God bless her ! ” tiny maids with brimful eyes
 Their new-trimmed bonnets wave, and faltering pray
 “ God bless her ! ” and “ Amen ! ” their fathers say.
 That living mass is with one thought endued,
 One heart seems in that mighty multitude ;
 The thought and heart are hers : let any dare
 Touch at her honour while such guards are there !
 Let any breathe one syllable of scorn,
 Ah, wo were him that he was ever born !
 Let home-bred traitor and the foreign foe,
 If such should be, that Lady's safeguard know :
 The law protects her, and the people's love,
 And Heaven looks smiling on her from above.
 Around the despot's throne let hirelings wait,
 What can his guards avail 'gainst popular hate ?
 Our Sovereign's goodness tops the statists' art,
 She finds her bulwark in the people's heart.

Queen of the Laurel ! Lady of the Isles !
 Well may thy features glow with radiant smiles,
 While such untiring guards thy coming wait
 To cheer thy progress in thy royal state ;
 Well may the light of conscious worth be seen
 To give more lustre to thy gracious mien,
 Than the tiara sparkling on thy head,
 Or blazoned brilliance o'er thy person shed !
 To have his people's love besecms a king,
 But to deserve it is a better thing.
 And Thou, dear Lady, to this realm art more
 Than any king that e'er the sceptre bore :
 E'en George the Good, whose statue meets thy view,
 In his best days such homage never knew.
 Unhappy Charles ! he played his kingly part
 With royal grace, but lost the people's heart.
 The state and power of his discrowned line,
 With brighter omens, better hopes, are thine.
 Thy settled state no changeeful shocks can move ;
 Thy power is planted in thy people's love.

What lofty reverence greets the Royal Maid,
 As slow proceeds the princely cavalcade !
 With boughs, and banners, and devices rare,
 The lofty houses wear a festal air.

Who did not then some touch of rapture feel,
 While the church-bells rang out their merry peal ?
 Ride on, dear Sovereign, through the living mass,
 That gather'd from afar to see thee pass ;
 No soul was there has lost thy gracious look ;
 Thy smile repaid them for the pains they took
 To see thy face. Thy throne is safe ; in vain
 Shall Faction howl in our Victoria's reign.
 Bright loadstar, drawing every thought, heart, eye,
 To thy fresh bloom of youthful Royalty,
 Pass safely on, while all thy subjects call
 Best blessings on thy head in bower and hall.

Heart-stirring is the glorious pomp that now
 Lights up with pleasure that imperial brow ;
 The waving banners, streamers, hats and plumes—
 The joy that every earnest face illumines—
 The martial music and the joyful hymn—
 Bright colours hovering on the distance dim—
 The pride of cavaliers and ladies fair—
 The love and loyalty beyond compare—
 The prancing steeds, the shouts, the rapturous zeal—
 How could she list, and look on, and not feel ?

The Queen feasts with her citizens to-day :
 Pass we the festal pomp and rich array,
 The pride and prodigality of wealth,
 The beauties sparkling in the bloom of health,
 The honoured guests that in the hall appear,
 The princes and the princely merchants there :
 Pass we the painted glories of the night,
 The blazoned imagery of coloured light,
 The walls, that seem with orient hues to burn,
 The brilliant triumph of the Queen's return.

Tell not of column or triumphal arch,
 Of strategy and military march ;
 What was the laurel on bald Cæsar's brow
 Compared with that which decks our Sovereign now ?
 Her triumph is not marred by groans and cries
 Of wretches dying in their agonies ;
 None curse—all bless her ; on her lofty state
 The loyal prayers of loving millions wait.
 Blest as a Queen, and as a woman blest,
 Long may she reign, Salome of the West !
 May no rude storm disturb her bright career,
 True to her God, and to her people dear ;
 So shall her virtues gild her glorious name,
 And clothe her memory with immortal fame.

SOLOMON'S FLIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT? when? where? which way did they go?"

"Down the Bath road, sir," said the footman; "I heard the gentleman say he had ordered relays all the way."

"They've gone to Dover, sir," said the butler; "I heard him tell the postillions to make all the speed they could till they got to Canterbury."

"They're off to Southampton, sir," said the cook; "for miss's own maid told me they were in a hurry to catch the steam-boat to Heaven in grease."

"Bath—Dover—Southampton—what am I to believe? Where did the horses come from?"

"From the Bell," said the butler.

"From the Black Swan," said the footman.

"No, no—him as rode the first horse was little Jemmy Stephen; and his mother told me, when his father died, and that's more than three months ago—yes, 'twas on the Wednesday after Nicholas' fair—if ever there's any place, says he, for my boy Jemmy, at the Blue Boar, says he."

"Hold your tongue about Jemmy Stephens and blue boars—one of you says the horses came from the Swan, another from the Bell, and cook tells a foolish story about somebody that died three months ago—How is it possible to find out which road they have taken? Are horses ordered to my carriage? I'll pursue them, if they have taken every road in England."

"The horses will be here immediately," said the footman; "perhaps the postillions may know more about it."

"Very well:—now, Thomas, you get ready to go with me; keep your eyes about you, and when we overtake them, the first thing you are to do is to give Captain Mothram in custody for the abduction, while I take Miss Brown into my own carriage. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir, and what am I to do when the Captain is in prison, sir?"

"Leave him—let him rot in it—I

would not lift a finger to bring him out of the black-hole of Calcutta. And now, cook, I've a word or two to say to you. Leave the room," he added, addressing himself to the butler and footman; when they had obeyed, the gentleman turned to the cook.

"Cook," he said, "don't be alarmed at my condescension; answer me clearly every question, and fear nothing. You say that Miss Brown's own maid told you they were going to Southampton; now, since she told you so much, it follows, as a natural deduction, that you must have prolonged your interrogatories. Did you, or did you not?"

"I don't exactly know, sir."

"Not know whether you catechised her on the ulterior intentions of her young lady?"

"Oh yes, I told her to be sure to take her second best cloak, for travelling was perfect destruction to new clothes."

"But you enquired no farther into the plans of the unhappy pair—which route they intended to pursue?"

"La! sir; they didn't want to pursue nothing; they were only afraid, poor souls, of being pursued themselves."

"And that they shall be, if there are post-horses in the town. Did she say nothing about where, or when the marriage was to take place?"

"Oh, it would have taken place long ago"—

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir, only the poor fellow, you remember, broke his leg in the saw-pit; and the cure cost such a power of money, that she has had to wait far longer than she wished."

"Who broke his leg in a saw-pit? Who has had to wait far longer than she wished?"

"Why, Sam Fair, to be sure, the sawyer, as was to have married Jane last May; but Jane says, the jaunt with the Captain and young Missus is a great consolation, and Sam's leg will be quite stout again, and"—

"Cook! look at me in the face; are you deranged in your intellects, or

only oppressed with a minor degree of insanity, resulting more from an absence of the thinking principle than from a false direction given to its operations? Are you entirely mad, or only silly?"

"I really can't say, sir."

"Or rather, as I suspect, are you all in a conspiracy against my legitimate authority over my ward, Miss Harriet, or rather Henrietta Brown, bonding yourselves together in an unhallowed league to throw her into the arms of a great, strong, bullying, fighting rascal like Captain Mothram? But I'll punish him! Thank Heaven, it is not yet too late to forbid the bauns; and unless they are clever enough to elude me for a period of eighteen days, including three clear Sundays, I can stop the marriage. My plan, therefore, is to scour the north road."

"La, sir, you'll find it very dirty work."

"What?"

"Scouring the north road, sir; you'll never get it clean."

"Silence, woman!—strange how little intellect it requires to roast and boil, or even to prepare side-dishes. Go down to the kitchen, cook, and expect me back again, and another person with me, in a very few days."

"Another person," muttered the cook, as she retired to her own subterranean domain, "what can he mean by that? He can't surely think of bringing back young Missus; or if he does, I advise him to double-lock the doors, for the Captain is not a man to give up, after having so nearly succeeded. He is certainly a curious gentleman; thinks no more of gold sovereigns than I do of sliced carrots. Perhaps the other person master talks of may mean a wife of his own; for I've had a notion for a long time he threw sheep's eyes at Miss Harriet—but time will show."

"Carriage is at the door, sir," said our old friend Thomas the footman, buttoned up to the throat, and all ready for the journey.

"Very well—get my hat and stick—gloves—now, my Macintosh shoes—ha! bless me, I've forgotten all this time; where's Master Solomon?"

"In the study, sir, cutting out cork wings. I told him to get ready ten minutes ago."

"Well, what did he say?"

"That it was a pity it had happened so soon, for next week he shall be able to fly."

"Tell him to come here this moment. Alas! that all my cares should be thrown away. This booby boy of mine would rather sit a whole day drawing plans of helms for air-balloons, or models of wings to fly with, than pay ordinary attention to a beautiful young woman with fifteen hundred a-year. Well, are you ready to help in the pursuit?"

The person thus addressed came into the room looking very sullen and discontented. In his right hand he held an immense pair of shears, and in his left a prodigious sheet of thick brown paper. "Well, father," he said, "what do you want? you've interrupted me in the very middle of the volatile muscle."

"Volatile muscle!—you're a great deal more like a sedentary oyster. Why aren't you dressed for the journey? Don't you know that Captain Mothram has eloped with Harriet?"

"Well, I can't help that."

"But you *might* have helped it, and we shall help it yet; you shall marry her, I tell you, in spite of her obstinacy and your own stupidity. We shall overtake them long before they reach their destination. Throw away your scissors and paper wings, jump into the carriage, and!"

"I will do no such thing till I hear more about it. I've promised to send my balloon-fanners to the Aërostatic Society this week, and have undertaken to fly from Liverpool to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, carrying the President of our section of the British Association on my back, at the next year's meeting,—so I have really no time to be running after little girls; and what's more, I'm a friend of the rights of man, and I won't."

"You won't, won't you?—listen to me, Mr Solomon Phipps. You happen to be my son—well; the Roman law giving parents the power of life and death over their children is absurdly abrogated, and, therefore, your head is tolerably safe; but, happily, the British constitution does not bestow any remarkable splendour of alimant on the poorer portions of the population, and, by all that is sacred among men! if you don't accompany me on this occasion, and marry the girl I

point out, you shall carry your wings, and steam-carriages, and air-balloons into the Union workhouse. Off! and draw on your boots.—I will tell you more as we go.”

“Sir! I live in a free country! this is the grossest instance of intimidation ever presented to the execration of mankind. All men are equal—all men are equally endowed with the power of thinking, feeling, reasoning, deciding”——

“Starving, and going to jail. All this is very well at a political meeting at the Pig and Whistle, but in the business of life I will have no balderdash—obey without a word, or go out to beggary. Choose this very moment between Harriet Brown with fifteen hundred a-year, and freedom and independence with an apartment in the workhouse.”

“Well, since you insist on it, I'll go; but I wish you would just wait ten minutes till my model balloon is filled with gas. The gardener has been burning brandy under it all this morning”——

“And got so drunk in the process that he allowed the fugitives to slip out by the garden-door without taking notice of their departure. Why, you booby, he must have drunk the brandy, and will, most likely, set fire to the house.”

“Oh! how delightful—I've got a fire-escape all ready—I sincerely wish he would. A vizor of strong cotton, stuffed with tar and turpentine, put closely over the face, and the body enveloped in thin muslin, stiffened with crusted gunpowder, is a certain preventive of the lingering agonies of a death by fire.”

“I should think it was,” replied the

father; “what ass has been telling you a cock-and-bull story about muslin and gunpowder saving one from being burnt? Come, are you ready now? We shall go the main north road, and shall most likely pick up some intelligence by the way.”

“North road? then we pass through Newcastle? that will be delightful. I will fix on some convenient spot to alight on—the church tower or top of the Exchange. My wings will be eighteen feet long and seven broad. How surprised the colliers will be to see the President of our section get out of the basket on my back! Now, then, father, I'm all ready; let us be off to the carriage. I only wish there were no horses in the world, we should be able to go so delightfully by steam”——

“Now, then,” said Thomas to the postilion, as the gentlemen made their appearance at the door, “the linchpin is quite loose, and you had better upset the carriage on the bank at Lis-cot-hill. I shall get down to walk up the pitch, and shall pull the pin out very easy.”

“Ay, ay,” said the postilion with a knowing wink, putting his foot in the stirrup at the same time, in act to mount; “but I say, Thomas, you must take all the blame.”

“That I will—the moment the wheel is off all will be right; leave every thing else to me.”

The travellers were soon in the carriage; the order given to go as fast as possible the first stage down the great north road, and in a few minutes the town was left behind; and mile-stone after mile-stone disappearing in rapid succession, gave evidence of the amazing rate at which they proceeded.

CHAPTER II.

About fifteen miles to the north of the town in which Mr Cicero Phipps—the guardian, as we have seen, of Miss Harriet Brown—resided, is a fine old house with curious gable-ends and a vast variety of little towers and battlements, which derives new beauty from the deep “ancestral woods” in which it is embosomed. On the day of the elopement a party of four persons were walking up the avenue from the main road towards the hall, consisting of three ladies and a gentleman.

A carriage, with four panting posters, might be seen careering onwards full speed, and was not yet out of sight when the party reached a high knoll in the park that commanded a view of a good many miles of the great north road. The party turned round to look, and then, as if by mutual agreement, broke out into a laugh.

“If they go on at that rate long,” said the gentleman, “it will puzzle Mr Cicero Phipps to overtake them.”

“Oh, Charles, I half repent already

of what I have done," said the young lady in the green silk pelisse and white bonnet; "what will people say of me?"

"They will say, my dear," answered the old lady, who was leaning on the gentleman's right arm, "that you have come on a visit for three weeks to Mrs Mothram; and surely there can be no great harm in that?"

"No—but—but"—

"More especially," interposed the gentleman, "as your silly old noodle of a guardian has taken it into his head to fly all over the country in hopes of barring your progress to Gretna Green; leaving his house unguarded—for I have no doubt he has taken Solomon with him too—and he couldn't expect you to remain all by yourself for such a length of time, without being gratified either by eloquence or wisdom."

"Whereas, by coming here, Charles means you to understand you will be perpetually regaled with both."

"Hush, Mary," said Captain Mothram; "recollect, sister mine, you are only seventeen, and such things are infinitely above your comprehension."

"What things?" enquired the young lady, with a look of comic surprise.

"All I know is, that Harriet has come here, on mamma's invitation, for three weeks, and that you politely escorted her from her guardian's house; furthermore, that your friend, Ensign M'Tavish, of the Inverary militia, has availed himself of your carriage and a loan of fifty pounds"—

"To carry off a girl he has only seen three times," continued the Captain, laughing; "but whom he considers a prodigious heiress, because her father is a grocer, and has been mayor three times of the town of Middleton."

"Ah! that is the only part of the business I disapprove of," said Mrs Mothram, looking serious. "'Tis really too bad that you should have aided a half-savage like this M'Tavish to rob a good old man of his daughter—on such a slender acquaintance too; he has never even seen old Flinks, and you say he has only seen Sally herself three times."

"Yes—but he made his declaration the first hour they met, so he has been engaged, you see, for a long while; now, you know, mother, you have always cautioned me against long engagements, and I have been endea-

vouring to convince Harriet of the wisdom of your advice;—but, by Jupiter, there goes old Phipps! how that wretched pair of posterns tug and tear up the hill—there they go! That rascal Thomas must have played me false; he promised to have him in a ditch long before this."

"In a ditch! oh, for Heaven's sake, Charles, don't hurt him—he may be killed—or get his bones broken—and"—

"Well, that will only be Linch—or rather linch-pin law—for he would give the world to break all mine. However, they are fairly out of sight, and for a whole week we are secure from interruption."

"Yes; but I wish to speak to you alone, Charles," said the old lady, keeping back her son, and allowing the two young ones to walk on. "What if you are not interrupted for the whole three weeks?"

"Why, to-morrow the banns will be read in our church; my good friend the rector knows nothing except what comes before him officially. After they are read three times without any one giving notice of any just cause or impediment, what objection can any one urge? It will not be a runaway match, nor a clandestine marriage—all will be fair and open. If I can manage to prevent old Phipps from interfering with the banns, who is to blame?—not I, surely. No, no, don't distress yourself; every thing will end satisfactorily, and Monday fortnight will see me, I hope, the happiest of men."

"Hem!" said the old lady doubtfully—"we shall see; at all events, you will only have to wait three years."

"Three years!—You might as well talk of a century!" and without farther parley, the young man joined the party in advance, while the old lady, fairly distanced—"like panting Time, toiled after them in vain."

In the mean-time, the race along the high-road continued with unabated speed. The gallant M'Tavish and the fair Sally Flinks rattled along in the highest spirits, feeling well assured that no efforts of the irate father would enable him to overtake them.

"Py Shove, if he comes, my peartiful Sally, pe tamn'd if I don't put a prance of sings into his prains!"

"Oh la, dear Captain Mactabbe,

you frighten one at the very thought of such violence."

"Well, be easy, my pretty Miss Flinks; but py Cot, ma'am, my name is not Mactabbage; I give you to know 'tis Hector M'Tavish, and a fery coot and honourable name it is too—and a twenty-seventh cousin of the Tuke himself."

"But you wouldn't shoot papa?"

"Like a ptarmigan—so say no more about it, for the auld pock-puddin will nefer put himself in the way of it. We may go as quietly as we choose, and enjoy ourselves on the road; and speaking of that, by Cot, I feel mighty hungry with the exercise of carrying off an heiress. So we'll see what we can have by way of a tinner at the next town we come to, and I daursay they'll be able to give a shentleman a tumbler of toddy, for in the agitation of the 'lopeement, I forgot to take my morning."

While the bewildered Miss Flinks is engaged in the vain effort of making out the exact meaning of a person forgetting to take "his morning," we must go back a few miles on the road, where an animated conversation is taking place between Mr Cicero Phipps and his ingenious son.

"You ought to thank your stars," exclaimed the senior in a voice that showed he was not in the most equable frame of mind—"You may thank your stars that I am a philosopher. If I had not succeeded in conquering all evil passions, I should be strongly tempted to turn you out upon the road. You insensible log! Have you any idea why we are in this carriage, going as hard as the horses will take us?"

"I s'pose 'tis because there are no railway coaches, which would go twice as fast; and if you had advanced me money enough, as I asked you a year ago, to take out the patent for my 'Never-to-burst-always-to-boil-jointed-peristrepical-axle-and-boiler,' you would have overtaken Captain Mothram and Harriett before they had got two miles."

"And if we *had* overtaken them—ay, if we overtake them now, what good will it do? Will you marry her yourself, even if we get quit of the Captain's importunities?—will you give up your confounded geological, botanical, physical, psychological absurdities which have got stuffed into

your foolish head since those meetings of the wise men, and, like a quiet rational man, settle down with the possession of a beautiful wife and fifteen hundred a-year?"

"Can't I do both? Can't I use part of the fortune in advancing my great project of alary aerostation? Harriett is certainly a very nice girl, never cross nor disobliging, and cut out the model-wings of the American night-owl very correctly; so that, you see, as to marrying her, there can be no difficulty on that part of the subject. But on the other hand, she has no genius for science; no taste for invention or discovery, and might perhaps be indisposed to give up her whole time and talents to the furtherance of my great plans."

"To be sure she would; but it is *my* great plans we are talking of, not yours. We have now ascertained from every one we have met on the road, that a carriage containing a gentleman and lady is only a few miles ahead. We are pretty sure to overtake them before long, for it is impossible they can always get horses at a moment's warning, and"—

"There's the superiority, you see, of steam," interrupted Solomon, in a tone of triumph; "no waiting for horses—only a fresh peck of coals, and off again. Now, just observe; we are reduced to a mere walk on account of this paltry hill."

"And no wonder," interposed the father; "it is the steepest hill in the county, and from the top of it we shall command a view of the whole country, and the road all the way to Wibecot. We shall see the carriage of the fugitives, I have no doubt; and"—

Crash! crash! went the orator's head through the window, while the body of the son was propelled with huge vehemence upon his back, as the wheel, obedient to the sly hand of Thomas, spun off from the end of the axle, and the chariot instantaneously lurched over on its side. After a good deal of shouting and storming, as is usual on such occasions, the gentlemen were extricated, and many endeavours made to get the refractory wheel to return to its duty. But the efforts of the whole party were ineffectual; and at last it was resolved that Mr Phipps should walk forward to the town of Wibecot, and

send from thence whatever assistance might be required. In pursuance of this intention, he set off at a quick pace up the hill, and on arriving at the summit his regret for the accident was redoubled; for, a good way on this side of the town, he perceived the carriage of which he was in pursuit. The road was very winding, and he felt assured that if he could have slipt through any of the diverging lanes, he must have succeeded in intercepting it before it reached the town. Even on foot he was not without hopes he should be able to arrive in time to stop them from changing horses, and he accordingly struck down a shady path, that evidently cut off a considerable bend of the road. While hurrying forward at the top of his speed, he was no little surprised to feel a hand laid on his shoulder in a very unceremonious manner, and an invitation to stand still thundered in his ear, unless he preferred a knife stuck in his throat. On looking round, he saw two men, who had evidently jumped down on him through a hole in the hedge. One of them was dressed in a very large brown coat, with great bright buttons. The absurd size of the garment nearly hid the individual who now wore it; and a light flaxen wig, hanging half-way over his eyes, completed the disguise. The other was scantily covered with an old red jacket, whose smallness and tattered condition formed a startling contrast to the enormous habiliments of his companion.

Mr Cicero Phipps was astonished. He looked all round; but he was in the hollow of a deep lane—high banks, crowned with thick hedgerows at each side, and a gentle acclivity before and behind. He looked again at the two men.

"Come, fork out," said one of them, "and don't stand staring here! Where's your purse?"

"Are you aware, gentlemen," re-

plied the traveller, "that this conduct is highly immoral?"

"It's wery pleasant though, old gentleman; so no more of your gammon, but hand over the blunt."

This invitation to liberality was very much strengthened in its effects by the hand of the speaker being thrust into the pockets of the unfortunate prisoner. His purse, his watch, his pocket-book, were successively transferred from his custody to that of the military-looking gentleman; and after the transference of all the valuables had been completed, the man, who had transacted the business with the expertness of an experienced conveyancer, threw off the enormous brown coat, and the overhanging wig, and insisted on exchanging them for the corresponding portions of Mr Phipps's wardrobe. The fine dark, nicely-combed wig of that somewhat dandified gentleman was taken off, and its place supplied by the light-coloured jazy of the robber; the coats were also bartered, and the two ruffians could scarcely maintain the gravity befitting their honourable profession when they saw the philosopher, glad to escape from their friendly attentions on any terms, redouble his speed the moment they left him at liberty.

"This here is a mighty sight finer fun than being shot at in them mountains," said one.

"With never no pay nor rations neither," said the other.

"The last cove's purse feels heavier than the fat old gentleman's in the gig; and his clothes fit me a deal more comfortable."

"Ay, it's a good plan never to keep the same clothes long. I hope to fall in with some chap as has a well-made coat, for this here Arlaban jacket ain't quite the thing to go courting in."

"Come, mizzle, Jim, as quick as we can; only let us find out where Muddleton is, for it would not do to show ourselves there after having made the acquaintance of the mayor."

CHAPTER III.

The town of Wibscot rejoices in a vast number of inns. It was therefore no slight instance of good luck when the very first sign that attracted Mr Phipps's attention was the Green

Dragon, at the door of which was stationed a travelling-carriage, which, without a moment's difficulty, he recognised to be the one he was in pursuit of. His plan was decided on in an

instant. He asked for pen and paper, and wrote a note to his son, telling the messenger to hasten with it to Liscot-hill, and that he would be paid on his return. In the mean-time, he stationed himself at the door of the Green Dragon, determined to arrest the runaways on making their appearance in the street, feeling afraid to intrude upon them in the interior till he had procured the assistance of his son. He waited a considerable time, wondering at the delay of the fugitives. When half an hour had elapsed without producing any symptom of their approach, he began to suspect that they might by some means have become aware of his presence and slipped out by some secret door; but as he had solemnly given notice to the postilions that they were on no account to proceed, as he had legal power to prevent the flight of the parties, he consoled himself by reflecting that while the carriage was in his sight the runaway pair could not succeed in their escape. While immersed in these reflections, and almost forgetful of his adventure with the robbers, he kept pacing up and down, and took no notice of the gradually increasing crowd that had been attracted by the oddity of his appearance. There are certainly few sights more ridiculous than a little man dressed in a big man's clothes; and the metamorphosis on Mr Phipps was so complete, that when Solomon, hot and panting from his exertions, hurried up the street, it took him some time to recognise his father in the bustling individual who exclaimed—

"I rejoice you're come. Captain Mothram and Harriet are on the eve of starting; now, I have been concocting a device by which it is in your power to turn their elopement to good account."

"Well!—what is it? but where in Heaven's name did you?"

"Never mind—jump you into the carriage—I will put Harriet into it beside you, after getting quit of Captain Mothram, and you must then do your best to persuade Harriet to continue her journey to the north, with only a change of companion."

The young man, who did not seem to care much whether he was to be married or not, opened the carriage door, and, sitting down in the corner, busied himself with a scientific letter

in a number of the *Mechanics' Magazine*.

In the great room, on the second floor, number eleven, were seated the gallant M'Tavish and Sally Flinks.

"But, by Shorge!" said the gentleman, "you can't expect me to be in such a hurry when the prandy is so coot, and your company, my peautiful Sally, so telightful. I tell you, the auld provost will nefer overtake us till we have been settled a month or two at Cairn-Dow; and then, by Cot, he will be fery welcome if he brings us a chest of tea in his pockmanky. So, you see, I'll just have up another tumbler, for they always expect such things for the goot of the house."

The lady was silent, and began to repent of her behaviour.

"But, Captain M'Tabbage," she said, "you have already had three glasses of brandy and water."

"Three?—oh, that's fery kind in you to put me in mind of how little I've drank; but I seldom take more than two or three to my lunch; but then, my lovely Sally, I make up for it after my tinner. So let us be off, and get over the Borders this very night." At this moment the waiter entered the room.

"Beg pardon, sir, but an old gentleman is at the door, and threatens to prosecute the drivers if they move a step."

"An old gentleman?" enquired Sally, "Oh, my papa!"

"Tell him I'm coming directly," said M'Tavish, grasping a tremendous cudgel which had been the companion of his flight, "and I'll preak every pone in his pody."

"Oh! M'Tabbage! stay," exclaimed Sally—"let me look at the person just a moment—oh, if it is papa!" She peeped timidly out of the window; there was no mistaking the brown coat and flaxen wig, especially as the wearer's back was turned, he being at that moment engaged in conversation with Thomas, who had just arrived with the carriage propt up in the best way they had been able.

"Papa! it is indeed papa! I must go and confess all to him. What folly it was!"—She continued putting on her bonnet, which had been laid aside, and drawing down her veil—"I will go this moment and throw myself at his feet—Oh, M'Tabbage!"

"Py shingo, ma'am, I think you treat me fery ill. Let me see the auld grocer; is it that auld fellow in the wig?—he must have cried himself to a skeleton since you left him, for his coat fits him like a sack. I will be as tutiful as you like, and ask his consent to our wedding. It would save a deal of trouble; so let us go down together."

But when the swain turned round from the window, he perceived that he was alone. Sally had taken the opportunity of slipping out of the room, and rushed down stairs to throw herself into the arms of her father. Flurried by her flight, and dreading the reproaches she had deserved, she cast her arms round the neck of the astonished Mr Phipps.

"Let us go home—any where—only save me from M'Tabbage!" she cried, hiding her face on his shoulder, and thus preventing the chance of her perceiving her mistake. The voice, too, was so agitated, that Mr Phipps did not suspect that the lady addressing him was any other than his ward. Without a word in answer to her appeal, he placed her in the carriage, and closed the door upon her, giving a sign with his hand to the postilions to go on.

As he stood looking after them as they rattled down the street, his triumphant meditations were interrupted by a voice, in a very peculiar accent, shouting into his ear—

"Py Shove, auld Flinks, or whatever they call ye, if you were a shentleman, I would thrav your nose off!"

"What do you mean, sir? Who are you?"

"I would have told you that better to-morrow, when I would have been the lawful husband of the little lassie in the green pelisse."

"You? You can't mean to impose on me, sir! I am acquainted with the person of her admirer; and"——

"Py Shove, it will soon be with his finger and thumb you are best acquainted, of all the parts of his person, depend on't—you tamn'd little seller of marmalade and candles!"

"I, sir! What do you want with me? That lady, sir, will shortly be the spouse of my son, and what you have to do with the matter eludes my apprehension."

"That's he, the murdering wiken!—he, in the very wig and coat he took from me not an hour since! Lay hold on him!"

These words were addressed to a vast number of people, who came rushing up the street, by a fat old man, in an overwhelming passion, whose great arms were thrust into the sleeves of a very dilapidated red jacket, the cuffs of which hardly reached down to his elbows.

"Seize him, I say!" he continued, pointing to the astonished Mr Phipps; "I'll swear to him any where. He robbed me in a lane a mile from here, and that great tall rascal beside him was his accomplice."

"Touch me at your peril!" exclaimed Phipps, assuming an oratorical attitude. "As for me, I am a gentleman, well known in the next county. I reside in the town of Hobbleston; and I, myself, a short time ago, had the misfortune to be robbed by a person in the exact dress of the infamous old impostor who has now had the audacity to accuse me. Arrest him—seize him, I say! I believe him to be one of the nefarious gang;—and as to this tall ruffian beside me, I have no doubt he is also in the conspiracy. Lay hold on them both!"

But the menacing attitude assumed by the gigantic M'Tavish kept the crowd of amateur constables at bay.

"Py Shupiter, ye English vermin, if you come a step nearer me, I'll crack your skulls like walnut-shells! This auld idiot with the big coat is a rascally auld grocer from Middleton. They call him Flinks."

"A lie! a shameful piece of imposition!" exclaimed the fat old man in the military jacket. The rascal has not only took my clothes, but stolen my name too. Gentlemen," he continued, laying his hand on his breast, "I am Jonathan Flinks, Mayor of Middleton."

"The tevil you are!" exclaimed M'Tavish. "A fery likely matter that a rich auld sugar and tallow merchant should have no better clothes than a tattered jacket, that a tawty-bogle would be ashamed of. If you are really auld Flinks, did you ever hear of a shentleman of the name of M'Tavish?"

"Maccabbage!" cried the Mayor of Middleton; "the vilest wagabond

in England; a great penniless willen of a Scotsman, that has carried off my poor little Sally."

"Keep a tacent tongue in your mouth, you villanous backbiter! My name is not Maccabbage, you scandal-monger, but Hector M'Tavish, younger of Cairn-Dow. And as to your little girl of a daughter, py Shupiter, she is gone off with another shentleman, that carries spectacles across his nose. They're half-way to Carlisle by this time."

"A plot! a willanous plot!—take hold of them both!" cried the grocer, endeavouring to advance.

"Seize on the aged swindler!" exclaimed Mr Phipps; "he is decoying us from the examination of his guilt in robbing me near Liscot-hill, by foolish lies about people of the name of Cabbage running off with his daughter. Police!"

"Py my honour, this is a queer business. Take hold of both the auld rascals; for I'll take my oath this mountebank in the brown coat took possession of the young lady, and that

she kissed and slobbered him all over, and called him her dear papa. The other old rascal is just as bad. So, by your leave, auld Flinks, move your stumps directly, and come with me before a magistrate."

Saying this, he stepped up to Mr Phipps; and grasping him by the collar of the coat, swung him nearly off his feet, and proceeded with him to where his opponent was standing, whom he treated in like manner with the other hand.

"Now, coot people, where does your chustice live? Py Shove, if the two villains had done half of this at home, the herrings would have had a bellyful; for I would have flung both of them into the middle of the loch."

The proper authorities now interfered; and as nothing could be made out of the contradictory accusations of the different parties, they were lodged in a place of safety that night, to be brought before the bench of magistrates, which held its sittings on the following Monday.

CHAPTER IV.

The three prisoners, for such they were, had at first been lodged in the same apartment; but their mutual accusations had irritated them all to such a degree, that it was found necessary to separate them. Mr Phipps, considering, perhaps, that the contents of his purse—not to mention the value of his watch—had given him a full right to the coat and wig, resisted their resumption by the Mayor of Middleton, who laid claim to them as his own. By promises of sundry rewards on the recovery of his freedom, one of his guards was tempted to allow an interview between Mr Phipps and his servant Thomas. Throughout the whole proceeding, that faithful domestic had kept carefully aloof from his master; and, in fact, rather contributed, by the nods and knowing looks with which he received any questions on the subject, to the suspicion, already so powerful, of that gifted individual's guilt. On the present occasion, however, he expressed himself distressed beyond measure at the turn affairs had taken, and even hinted at the propriety of giving up all farther opposition, and allowing

the marriage to take place between Captain Mothram and his ward.

"Never!" he exclaimed on hearing this proposition. "But what nonsense it is to talk upon the subject! I tell you that long ere this her name is Mrs Solomon Phipps. With my own hand I helped her into the carriage; with my own eyes I saw them pursue their way."

"Could not it be some other young lady, sir?"

"Impossible, Thomas. I could explain to you, if I had time, how perfectly unerring I always am in every opinion I deliberately form. The lady in the green pelisse and white bonnet, who stept into the carriage beside my son, was the girl I want him to marry—let that suffice. What you must now do, Thomas, is to go back to Hobbleston, and procure certificates of my respectability. You will also bring one or two persons to swear to my identity. As to the two diabolical ruffians in the other room, procure as much evidence as you can against them, for I am persuaded they have a great deal to do with my present distressing situation."

Thomas promised exact obedience to all his master's injunctions, but sorry are we to state, that, instead of fulfilling them by a return to Hobbleston, he proceeded directly to Mothram Hall, and laid the history of the day's adventures before the Captain and Miss Harriet. A new prospect opened to them from the incidents at Wibscot, and it was resolved to take advantage of them, if possible, to attain their object by a less roundabout way than they had formerly intended. On the intervening day measures were adopted to procure the release of Mr Flinks and M'Tavish; but as Thomas remained inactively at Mothram Hall, no steps were taken to bring either witnesses or credentials to the rescue of Mr Phipps. The two persons released were bound over to prosecute, or at least were retained as witnesses against him,—for no doubt was entertained, either by the Mayor of Middleton or his companion, that Phipps was a brazen-faced robber, who first had stolen the dignitary's clothes, and then adopted his name in order to get possession of the daughter and the carriage, and probably had murdered her to conceal his crime. On the Monday, accordingly, the enquiry was gone into. Mr Flinks explained all that he knew of the business—that on passing through a lane near Liscot-hill, he was robbed by two men, who made him exchange his clothes for the dress one of them wore; that he afterwards saw this dress on the prisoner, and was credibly informed that he had pretended to be the father of his (the Mayor's) daughter, and under this pretence had made away with her—for what dreadful purpose was unknown.

The evidence of M'Tavish was conclusive as to his treatment of Miss Flinks; and increased obloquy was thrown on the prisoner by the description given of that young lady's falling on his neck, and evidently yielding to his commands, on the idea that he was the person whose clothes he was dressed in.

"Gentlemen," said Mr Phipps, "to express the degree of astonishment into which I am thrown by this recital, is a task of the most overwhelming difficulty. What those perjured wretches say, will weigh nothing with your worships when you see the witnesses to my reputation, for whom I

have despatched a messenger. It is a vile and abominable conspiracy against a gentleman and a philosopher—unfounded—base—and baseless. I confess that I ordered a lady to get into a carriage,—that I ordered my son to marry her; but, gentlemen, that lady was my own ward, Miss Harriet Brown, and no relation, either to the impostor, who calls himself Flinks, or the ruffian who calls himself Maccabbage."

"MacTavish—you auld sinner—younger of Cairn-Dow. Py my word I'll"—

But the proceedings were here interrupted by the entrance of a young lady, who rushed through the crowd of spectators, and cast herself into the arms of the overjoyed Mayor of Middleton.

"Oh, papa! I'm so glad to have found you—oh, such a strange story—Ah! Captain M'Tabbage!"

"Here's my daughter, your worships, herself," said the Mayor. "She'll tell us all about the matter. The prisoner can't deny it any longer—let him say if his name is Phipps."

"La! pa! what do you mean? Is that gentleman Mr Phipps?" She then rushed towards the prisoner, and casting her hands round his neck, screamed out, "Ah! how do you do, dear papa-in-law!" Mr Phipps struggled to get free.

"This mad-woman," he began, "is all that is wanted to complete the plot against me. When my son returns"—

"Oh he can't do that for some time, dear papa-in-law; for he has stopt at Newcastle to take measures for landing safely after his flight next year. My husband is quite a man of genius, and can fly like an eagle. La! 'twill be so nice. He is going to make wings for me too, and we are going to practise all this summer, hopping from house to house."

A light seemed to break in on the hitherto benighted understanding of the nonplussed orator. "Can it be possible that my silly boy can have married this extraordinary young woman by mistake? Gentlemen, do any of you happen to be acquainted with Captain Mothram?" he added, addressing himself to the bench.

"By Shupiter, he's the pest friend I have in the world," replied M'Tavish; "and a right coot fisherman as ever I

saw. I met him on the Awe last autumn, and he asked me to visit him in England. I had not been there a week when he lent me his carriage, and a trifle or two besides, to help to make me the husband of this same young lady."

"His carriage, did you say?" exclaimed Mr Phipps; "was it you that posted before me—and was Miss Flinks your companion? I should like very much to know what has become really of my son Solomon—whether he has married Miss Brown, as I intended, or been inveigled into matrimony by this young woman."

Luckily, at this moment Captain Mothram himself entered the room, and took his seat on the bench. The countenance of the knowing Thomas, for one moment visible at the door, showed that his arrival was not altogether the result of accident. A short explanation put the new-comer in possession of all the facts, and a declaration from him of the respectability of Mr Phipps restored that gentleman not only to liberty, but also to such a degree of good-humour that he invited Captain Mothram to a dinner in honour of his son's marriage with Miss Brown. For, with the doggedness of opinion peculiar to eloquent men, he could not be persuaded that his favourite plan was overthrown, and was quite bewildered as to the declarations of the persevering Sally Flinks. Strange also as it may appear, the Mayor of Muddleton was equally sceptical; and as to M'Tavish, he seemed to have had quite enough of elopements, and kept assiduously out of her way.

"Well, if nobody will have any thing to say to me here, I shall set off again to Newcastle—so good-by, papa; good-by, papa-in-law. Solomon and I will fly to you again on the wings of love; he says it won't take above two days to make both pairs, if he could only get strong enough whalebone."

And sure enough, in less than a week from that time, as Mr Phipps was walking, in deep dejection, in his garden, he was startled by a figure, strangely muffled up, floundering down at his feet, as if it had dropped from the sky. He looked down, and in spite of a countenance begrimed with mud, and a nose scratched in a thousand places by the gravel of the walk, he recognised in the intruder the philosophical Solomon.

"Here we are, father!" he said, rising at the same time, and undoing from his shoulders two tremendous long projections like the arms of a windmill. "Here we are! Sally is just on the other side of the garden-wall, but I resolved to surprise you by flying down from the top of it. You see it is no fault of mine,—only I require to start from a higher point; to-morrow I intend to jump from the top of the house. Come, father, give us your blessing—Sally is a perfect angel, and understands aerostatics a hundred times better than Harriet Brown."

"Solomon, Solomon, there is no such person as Harriet Brown. On Tuesday last she became Mrs Mothram, with my full consent."

"And mine, too—but hark! I hear Sally fluttering her wings, and I must go and help her over the wall."

Notwithstanding all the troubles attending the memorable elopement, every thing has gone on very happily since. The last report from Hobbles-ton was that Solomon had sprained his ankle in another attempt at flight, but that he and Sally employed the leisure afforded them by his lameness to such good purpose, that they are in hopes of having wings ready by next August, of ample size and strength enough to undertake the experiment on which they have so resolutely fixed their hearts. We shall be carefully on the look-out for the next year's transactions.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

THE position of Ireland at the present moment is either one of great peril or of great promise. If it be for her interest that popular excitement should overawe the Government,—that the fierce sway of Popery should regain its strength,—that the name of Protestants should be despised, and their holy faith derided,—we may safely look forward to a bright era in her dismal and distressing history. But if, on the contrary, poverty of truth and redundancy of error,—if national discord and perpetual convulsion,—are the preludes of misery and dishonour,—we must look forward to the coming events which now darken the island by their foreboding shadow with the deepest apprehension and alarm. We cannot hope that the patronage of evil will produce good; we cannot expect that any system of rule which fosters crime will be blessed in its effects to the security of happiness and peace; and still less can we anticipate, from the grinding democratic tyranny that now paralyses the industry of Ireland, a result auspicious of amelioration, and prospective of future power. We cannot so wantonly distrust *Him* “by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice,” as to look or even to wish for a discordance between the principles and the effects of a government; we cannot desire to purchase benefits by the sacrifice of justice, and the practical negation of virtue; and, therefore, we look to the existing Administration with suspicion and jealousy; for when we see it, dependent on the support of Popery, withered by that blasting influence, party to infamous designs; when we observe its members allied with the agents of destruction against the religion they themselves profess, for the purpose of crushing the Protestants of Ireland, though guilty of no sin but weakness to resist, stained with no crimes but those the envenomed tongue of slander has invented,—we require not nicely to analyze their motives, or to question whether their folly or wickedness predominates, or what may be their puny and petty attempts to direct the storm they have excited; we know at once that a

curse accompanies their deeds, and renders them willingly or reluctantly the sources of mischief, disaster, and wrong.

In days gone by, it was not the custom to govern without reference to *fixed*, and those sound and salutary, rules of conduct. Our statesmen did not exclaim, with Pilate, “What is truth?” for, at least, they knew what it was not. Nor, when the ministers of the altar were trampled on by the iron hoof of fanatic superstition, when the lawless corrupted the pure, when the seditious disturbed the tranquil, did they, like Gallio, “care for none of these things,” treat every charge with indifference, dismiss every complaint with scorn, mock the sufferings of the oppressed by revelling in luxury with the oppressors, sanction the terrors of passion, and palliate the iniquities of fraud. It was then that the glorious but now discarded axiom was promulgated, that the law of God was part and parcel of the law of the land; it was then that our national Christianity (now invaded and destroyed) was established, and under the benignant influence of the Gospel the rights and liberties of the people were secured, idolatry was banished, and England became the fane of honour, the refuge of affliction, the only spot on the surface of the globe where the bonds of the captive and the shackles of the slave were burst, through the mighty charm and resistless spirit of social freedom. There was then no shrinking from danger, no evasion of duty, though the path led to the dungeon, or ended at the scaffold or the stake. The great maxim was held in faithful and respectful remembrance, “that righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.” The system of government was simple, uniform, and consistent: party had not extinguished patriotism: the wild genius of modern revolution had not so far corroded the hearts, and cankered the affections, as to render every thing venerable an object of assault, and every thing holy, of derision. There was gratitude in the people, for the memory of Runnymede had not faded away; the hallowed martyrs who had perished

for the truth were not forgotten. There was general happiness and hope. Abroad and at home our banner waved in support of the defenceless; no voice pleaded in vain for sympathy and succour; the pulsations of ambition were curbed and constrained; and thus, lofty and noble, we prospered.

We are now enlightened, and have cast off the prejudices of our ancestors, with all that formed their pride. Popery commands our Senate, and blocks up the avenues to the Court; while a novel liberalism, masking infidelity, has tainted and poisoned the people. Our colonies have Popish church establishments, the ancient bulwarks of the Constitution are destroyed, and the pressing interests of the empire are sacrificed to appease the urgent demands of a demagogue. "Justice to Ireland" is the motto of our foes, and the war-cry the degenerate Whigs feebly echo. What the expression precisely means, what its authors exactly require, remains a matter of speculation. The man who is for a republic calls out "Justice to Ireland;" the opponent of the hereditary nobility uses the cry; the Popish priest, intent on restoring the authority of the Bishop of Rome, employs the text; the beggar, who thinks national faith "a cant," whines to the same tune; the Whig, who declares he is inimical to all these persons, prolongs the sound; and the Liberals of all shades and degrees, from the advocate of the ballot to the practical admirers of intimidation, secular or otherwise, join in the senseless chorus. This is the trumpet before whose brazen blast the walls of the citadel are to fall; this is to be the moving principle of all the adversaries of existing institutions; this is to be their excuse to the nation, and the flimsy apology for their crimes. "Justice to Ireland" is to overbear all opposition, to demolish the fabric of the Constitution, to influence irresistibly every successive Cabinet, and to be at once the source of popularity to the House of Commons and of destruction to the higher Assembly. It is therefore needful and interesting to enquire what this great principle really is, and what it has already done; to ascertain its theory and practice, and to know thereby how

far the national prosperity, so loudly promised, is to be expected.

We say, then, that O'Neil's perfidious and barbarous rebellion was to procure "justice to Ireland;" the massacre of 1641 had the same object; the tyranny of James II. and Tyrconnell was consummated with a similar view; the rebellion of 1798 was a means to the self same end; the negotiations by Wolfe Tone and others for a French invasion of Ireland were conducted for a like purpose; the institution and support by public money of Maynooth College were parts of this patriotic plan; and the creation of Popish bishops, the practical annihilation of tithes, the fearful increase of offences, the clamour for Radical Reform, the national and Bible-mutilating system of education, the Emancipation Bill, perjury in the Legislature, the repeal agitation, the existing crusade against the Irish Church, Protestant magistrates, English Church-rates, and the House of Lords, have been all instrumental in "carrying out" the desire for this questionable commodity. Hitherto, therefore, the effects of procuring "justice to Ireland" have been sufficient to produce some doubt as to the sincerity of those who use that term, or to excite some suspicion that the equity demanded is of a very peculiar nature. What is it? *Not equal laws for England and Ireland, because the Radicals and the Papists are the most vehement in demanding for the latter country the destruction of a church establishment, from which, in the former, they have hardly the courage to pilfer.* Not the protection of the franchise, for Protestant voters are considered fair game, and may be cheated at the revising court, or bullied at the poll; not the security of property, for one description has already been allowed to perish; not the encouragement of domestic industry and manufactures, for the dictate of Government is "agitate, agitate, agitate;" not the genuine enlightenment of the inhabitants, for the teachers of Popish superstition are paid and assisted to delude them; not the searching exposure of all jobs and abuses, for confessedly there have been more of these lately than during many years before. What, then, we repeat, is it? "A heavy blow and great discouragement"

to Protestantism; the corruption of the judicial tribunals; the sanction of the many in oppressing the few; the support of the valorous majority in trampling on the "miserable minority;" the encouragement of the strong in defrauding the weak; the conversion of might into right; the establishment of Popery; the renewal of persecution, and the complete creation of despotic power. "Justice to Ireland" is to be tried by the standard of Mr O'Connell's pure and meek and moderate demands; as he grows temperate, so will this bugbear decrease; as he increases in boldness, so it must expand to please him. *In 1833 it meant the repeal of the Union; in 1837 it implies the reform of a few petty corporations; in 1800 it meant no Union or corporations at all!* A few years back, when the state of Ireland was so bad as to call for the Whig Coercion Bill—when the report of the Lord-Lieutenant of Tipperary showed that, in that single county, there had been more than five hundred murders in less than two years and a half, the advocates for this newfangled justice considered it denied when crime was not left to increase, and continued in impunity. At another period it was declared, that if the corn-laws were abolished there would be no justice to Ireland, because England is a convenient market for Irish grain; and more recently, the clamorous assertion has been reiterated, that unless an appropriation and robbery of church property be sanctioned, there will be no pretence for considering the sister island fairly governed! "Justice for Ireland," in fact, means whatsoever a mob may require, or a demagogue find it convenient to demand; it may be made the cloak for every wild and crude project adventurers may concoct, or for every selfish plan their need and poverty may give them ingenuity to invent; it may palliate the offences of an O'Connell, or be tortured into a means of reconciling his inconsistencies. The Whigs declared they were acting on this principle when they admired every thing Lords Anglesea and Stanley thought proper to execute or propose; they equally profess to be acting on the plausible dogma, when they encourage Lords Mulgrave and Morpeth in reversing all those nobleman's proceedings. When the Orange Institution, as an illegal

or dangerous confederacy, was dissolved, the sacrifice was made on the altar of the novel Liberal deity, Irish justice; now that its place is supplied by an association far more perilous, denounced by the Premier himself, completely unconstitutional in its nature and deeds, the Whigs find no means of propitiating their goddess but by patronizing and fostering this monstrous normal school of agitation and rebellion. Thus, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, does this ideal creation lead its devotees through mazes and difficulties, through follies and dangers. No one can properly define it; no one can point out its precise limits, its just constraints, its necessary requisitions; all concerning it seems veiled in obscurity, or dependent for casual illumination on the caprice of those whose fancy first embodied the conception.

We will venture, nevertheless, to examine it more closely, and to follow our search as to its meaning and result. If we assume that Justice to Ireland implies merely a *redress of grievances*, we are giving it a more tangible definition and a fairer portraiture than the Radicals and their Popish allies have yet deigned to bestow. A redress of grievances, however, by no means refers to compliance with the ambitious demands of a pampered priesthood, or a swollen beggar, or an insolent faction. We complain not of a redress of real grievances; and if this be truly all that is sought by those who most loudly call for Justice to Ireland, we will assist in the petition, and confine ourselves strictly to ridiculing the phrase; not in its use, but in its abuse. The question then occurs, what are the grievances of Ireland? Mr O'Connell says the want of a five-pound franchise. Be it so. He declares that he is for *household suffrage in England*; why limit it to *five-pound houses in Ireland*, if we are to have equality of legislation? He declares another grievance is the existence of tithes. Why, then, permit them to exist secure, and equitably commuted in this country; or if so, why pretend that identity of laws is the only object of Irish desire? He tells us Ireland needs impartial juries—impartial judges and magistrates—protection against intimidation at elections—and the demolition of secret societies. We can conscientiously

respond to this opinion ; we call for "Justice to Ireland," for a redress of grievances—and we do so on the ground, that under Lord Mulgrave and the Whig-Radicals, the magistracy has been degraded for party purposes ; the stream of justice has been corrupted ; all those have been replaced on the commission of the peace whom Lord Grey's Government dismissed ; the lives and properties of Protestant voters have been rendered insecure ; in some cases barbarously assailed ; and the Roman Catholic voters are subject to the whole artillery that jesuitry and bigotry can bring to bear against them. Are grievances redressed when the confidential legal adviser of the Vice-regal Court is the founder of the National Association ; when a vigorous attempt is made to spoliates the Church ; when, at the bidding of an empty novelist like Lord Mulgrave, the jails dismiss their prisoners without trial ? Is this Justice to Ireland ? So we are told by those who are loudest in bawling out, without comprehending the expression. Let us come to the point—*First, what are the Roman Catholic and the Radical grievances ?—Secondly, What are the Protestant grievances ?—Thirdly, How will justice be best secured, and their redress most effectually ensured ?* Which party in Ireland has in truth most cause for complaint and remonstrance ; and to which is justice most denied ? We will endeavour to solve this difficulty, and to show that the Protestants are the men who have, during late years, been grievously suffering, and are now most seriously perilled ; that their hopes have been blasted, all faith with them broken, all protection to them withdrawn ; that they are now persecuted by that liberal and loudly professing party which, under the Jacobinical pretence of granting the rights of man, is sapping and destroying social freedom, and discouraging the best friends of the throne.

I. Roman Catholic grievances ;—what be they ? At this moment, in Ireland there is perfect toleration and complete liberty, not only for the Papist system, but also for the most bigoted and seditious promoters of its designs. The law officers of the Crown are Roman Catholics ; the high-sheriffs and magistrates are in many instances Roman Catholics also,

and the possessors of executive authority are allied to support them. By the unfortunate bill of 1829, the Legislature has been opened to the friends of the ancient superstition ; the franchise has since been extended, patronage freely distributed among the adherents of Rome ; and all legal distinctions between Protestants and their opponents are abolished ; though they are remembered by one party with feelings of hatred, and a thirst for revenge. We are, therefore, entirely at a loss to conceive on what grounds of honesty and fairness those men can reason who still prate about Protestant oppression, and bemoan the sad sufferings of the Papists.

It is said, indeed, that Ireland is treated as a conquered province, not as an integral portion of the empire ; every effort of demagogues is used to convince the people that they are spurned ; to excite jealousy and anger ; or to perpetuate both where they exist. Yet nothing can be more grossly false, more ignorantly absurd, than these clap-trap insinuations. Many of the highest offices in the state are held by Irishmen : the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Master of the Rolls, all the judges, save one, nearly all the Irish Bishops, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the Paymaster of the Forces, the Lord Chamberlain, many of the chief attendants at Court, are Irish by descent, and connexion, and property, and most of them Irish by birth. In the army, many of the finest regiments and highest honours are possessed by the same class ; in the navy, though this is a profession more peculiarly adapted to British tastes, several Irishmen have been placed in stations of great influence, distinction, and importance. Thus there can be no pretence for asserting that there is any want of impartiality in the distribution of royal favour ; or that the fountain of honour is polluted and monopolized by a few. But then in Ireland itself there are, it appears, sources of discontent ; there is a nationality exclusive of the real one ; and, consequently, we hear of the six or seven millions of Roman Catholics spoken of as "the Irish people ;" and we find their advocates deploring their exclusion from municipal power. This again is empty unmeaning cla-

motir. The Roman Catholics, by law, have long been admissible to the Corporations, and that law has not been allowed to remain, as the Popish faction falsely insinuates, a dead letter. In Kilkenny the corporation is almost exclusively composed of Roman Catholics. In Tuam so very strong is the *Protestantism* of the municipal body, that a resolution was lately passed to give the surplus corporation funds to Archbishop Machall for the building of his new cathedral! In many other places the O'Connell myrmidons have as little reason to complain; in Dublin they are not yet elevated as aldermen, sheriffs, and mayors; but in this exclusion the whole body of Liberals (Socinian, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian) participate; and therefore the Papists are rejected, not from religious, but political feeling, in the same manner as the Conservatives and the Churchmen are very scrupulously excluded from the new English and Scotch Town Councils. Nor can it be doubted that if there were to be Municipal reform by next year, the same system would continue, the Protestants electing their own friends, and the Papists theirs, so as to render the Municipal government as exclusive as ever, and perhaps more rigidly intolerant than before.

We deny that these things evidence any thing but a violent party spirit, which must, and always will exist, at all periods of popular excitement and national peril; we deny that they display, we rather affirm they contradict, the pretended suffering of Ireland as a conquered country. It is very easy and very convenient for Mr O'Connell to talk of "seven centuries of misrule," and to pretend that his unhappy country is now threatened with the consummation of her miseries; but such idle and foolish declamation can serve no purpose but to delude the weak and senseless. If Ireland has suffered for *centuries*, why limit them to *seven*? If she has suffered under England, did she not endure more before England's sway began? It is true the sister island was once treated as a conquered land; it is equally true that the conquest was commenced by Papists for Popish purposes, and *in obedience to the mandate of a Pope*. Henry II. invaded Ireland when it was in a state of wild, lawless,

distracted war; there were rebellion, feuds, a prostration of justice, and a state of society very little removed from primeval chaos. He invaded the land, but did not conquer it; his successors, till the time of Elizabeth, merely held the ground he gained; and their successors, it must be observed, with the exception of Edward VI. (whose reign was too short to be beneficial abroad), were one and all Papists; holding Ireland not so much by the title of conquest as *by the title a Pope's bull, in the form of a deed of gift, gave them!* For any oppression of Ireland during those four centuries Protestantism has not to answer. Mr O'Connell must lodge his complaint at the Vatican, and even there, we suspect, he will find it difficult to prove that his countrymen suffered more than they inflicted, or did any thing but struggle for ascendancy, and that too in a barbarous manner, with the encroaching and hated Sassenachs. From the time of Elizabeth the aspect of society in Ireland altered—the history of persecution closed with the reign of Popery. During the three centuries intervening between that time and the present, the governors of Ireland have generally been able, honest, and good men. In their list may be found the names of Perrot, Petty, Sidney, Strafford (the founder of Ireland's commerce), and Ormonde, all of them men who ruled long and nobly. There have been, we admit, periods when great rigour and severity was required; we own too, that, under the "Liberal," the Republican Cromwell, war was carried on in a fierce spirit; but then it must be remembered that the Papists were perpetually planning revolts—that in 1641 they massacred thousands—that, under James II. they plundered and tyrannized—and with that monarch were concerned in a conspiracy, *not only against the religious liberties of Great Britain, but also against our civil freedom*. In truth, the worst periods in Irish history are those when Popery gained ascendancy, and the most grievous oppression endured in that land has been by Protestants at the hands of Roman Catholics. If all the vulgar absurdities of the seditious demagogues can be substantiated, let them come forward with specific charges—let them throw off the mask and the cloak, eschew generalities, and tell us

the precise sufferings to which they have been exposed. In the reign of Elizabeth the Roman Catholics were frequently in rebellion—if punished, they fell for treason, and that of an aggravated and accumulated nature. If, in the reign of Cromwell, they suffered, it was in common with England and with Scotland, and it was under peculiar circumstances, for their massacre had been just accomplished. If in the reign of William III. they were deprived of arms, it was because they were found with them in the field, and in the field were defeated; if they were subjected to disabilities, it was because they were avowedly and undeniably traitors to a man. If under the Brunswick family they were at first kept down, it was because they disputed the right of the dynasty to the throne. If when the Union was formed they were not placed on an entirely equal footing, the reason was plain; their rebellion of 1798 was barely extinguished, their correspondence with France for an invasion was going on, and their petty and singular insurrection of 1803 was preparing.

"Now look on this picture and on this."

During the "three centuries of misrule" since the accession of Elizabeth, what has been done for Ireland? That which is the crowning grievance in O'Connell's opinion, that which is the greatest blessing and duty in ours, the Reformation, has been pressed! Berkeley, Jeremy Taylor, Boyle, Bedell, Usher, Magee, Jebb, with hosts of others, carried into every corner of the land the liberty of the gospel.

"Those are freemen whom the truth makes free,

And all beside are slaves."

Like the sun in his majesty and strength, rejoicing to run his course, and bursting with invigorating warmth through the black portentous clouds of departing night, the light of revelation has shone through the mists of prejudice and superstition, and illuminated and kindled into life the sterile affections of thousands once shadowed by error. Simply but surely has Protestantism worked its way, unobtrusively has it fulfilled its destiny, assailing the high places where sits enthroned the shackled Man of Sin, converting silently the humble, and disarming the hand of oppression. At this moment, when outward affliction

may have damped the ardour of some, and tested the fidelity of all, yet Christianity has sustained the shock, and shines out more brilliantly and brightly with its pure and heavenly flame. Even now are new worshippers crowding to its altars, and clinging to its shrines; even now are the boasted foundations of bigotry's power shaking with the influence of passing convulsion, and all its lofty human pride is tottering to its fall. If it be a crime that in days gone by the statesmen of England looked forward to the evangelization of Ireland as the only means of permanent prosperity; if it be sinful to have considered, that connected as the two countries are, it was on our part a most sacred duty to convey to our fellow-creatures in the sister island a knowledge of those things which have been to us the happy causes of our rise, our peace, and our power—truly a heavy charge may be safely adduced against the British rulers, the legislature, and the nation! But if the Reformation were the greatest boon Ireland could receive, if a knowledge of Christianity were the best species of education she could desire, if information on religious subjects, the destruction of superstition, the abolition of idolatry, the circulation of truth, were the best modes of ameliorating the population, and promoting alike industry and virtue, then must it be owned that the British Government has exerted itself in the best of causes and by the most prudent agencies. But independently of this species of good administration, England in her management of Ireland can appeal to many evidences of discretion and liberality. The colonization scheme by James I; the establishment thereby of manufactures, and the encouragement of arts; the extension to Ireland of all an Englishman's best rights, the Habeas Corpus act, the Jury system, the life tenure of office by the judges, a free press, the privilege of being taxed only by Parliament, personal liberty and protection, the constant and generous promotion of public works; protecting duties for the support of domestic industry; all these things are blessings not to be lightly valued, not enjoyed elsewhere, yet not grudgingly bestowed on our Irish fellow-citizens. We ask the deluded followers of Whig-Radical reform to glance at the position of Ire-

land ; to see the peaceful North, busy as a hive, sending forth indications of enterprise and perseverance ; to see churches and school-houses everywhere, supported not by taxes on individuals, but by part of the soil's rent ; to examine the harbours English money has constructed, the colleges English zeal has founded and fostered ; to consider how lightly and insignificantly the country is taxed ; to reflect how complete is the freedom which permits even the agitation which has of late years distracted the inhabitants ; and when this view is fairly taken, we would ask any one to answer whether there is really in Ireland so many testimonies as we hear of, to the cruelty and oppression of Protestantism and England ?* We might press this subject, but why should we enter on such a work of supererogation as the defence of this land ? With the exception of O'Connell and his minions, with the exception of those whose blame is praise, we may enquire boldly, *Quis vituperavit ?* We rejoice to know that Great Britain needs no vindication, and requires no laborious defence, for past ages bear record that in all seasons she was in advance of other nations ; that in all periods of calamity and despotism elsewhere, she was enfranchising the enslaved, and consolidating the strength of the glorious fabric of liberty. We deny not that formerly there have been instances of abused authority and perverted power ; we pretend not that the freedom now enjoyed by the British empire was aught but the gradual growth of centuries. The full fruition of the noble plant was long postponed, though it never was doubted, and those who longed for the first view of its majesty never saw reason to despair. If, then,

Ireland partook in some measure of England's apprenticeship, we rejoice the more, and feel the more convinced of her appreciation of her present blessings : we cannot see in the fact any thing that can justify or excuse all the bluster and folly now so rife—all the false assumptions of former exclusive endurance ; still less do we admit that that endurance was grievous ; we maintain it, on the other hand, to have been less at all periods than was forced on other populations, and always relieved by a near prospect of approaching happiness. While Prussia, Austria—nay, the whole of Germany, contained serfs and slaves ; while the aristocracy and priesthood of France were crushing the inhabitants, corrupting the court, and incurring their tremendous debt of retribution ; while the Inquisition in Portugal and Spain was embittering social life, and in the dungeons of darkness was gloating over the blood-stained agony of the helpless and unheard victims of atrocity ; while justice in Holland was rendered a farce, and throughout Europe toleration was mocked and scorned, the generous spirit of Great Britain was panting for fresh license, was revelling in the sense of dearly-purchased independence, and was imparting to every portion of her territories the advantages of an unrivalled constitution. It is therefore a new thing to apologize for our country—it is a condescension we may well decline. The history of Britain is the index to the history of modern freedom, and shames in its brilliant records all ancient glories : to assert that that history bears testimony to unnecessary severity in Ireland, or any where to persecution and oppression, is to libel a land which has earned a reputation far exceeding

* We are happy to be enabled to quote the testimony of Earl Grey to the fact, that "Justice to Ireland" is not an invention either Mr O'Connell or the Melbourne Whigs can claim. On the debate in the House of Lords, in June, 1836, his Lordship spoke as follows, after some observations on the intention of the House of Lords to reject the amendments of the House of Commons to the Irish Municipal Reform Bill. "Your lordships will consider what may be the probable effect upon highly sensitive minds of the course you are pursuing, if they feel that equal justice is not rendered them. *A remark, however, of that kind coming from me, will not, I hope, be received as part of that common declamation, so frequently heard, about Justice to Ireland ; as if, till now, no attempt at doing justice to that portion of the United Kingdom had ever been made ; or, as if the course of our legislation for the last ten years amounted to nothing. As if—I will not call them concessions—no equal rights had been granted to the Irish people !*"—Times, June 28, 1836.

all the dreams of philosophers, and all the types of experience ; and to heap odium on the memories of patriots unsullied in purity, nobility, and virtue. The saving hand of Protestantism has lifted the sister country to any eminence she occupies, and to all the influence she owns ; it has calmed the fury of passion, and resisted the torrent of sin, banishing a thralldom that now is grinding to the dust many of the fairest regions of the habitable globe. Had England, in her treatment of Ireland, like Spain, when America was conveyed as a present to the most Christian monarch, sailed without invitation to the foreign shore, and carried thither a brand and the sword, enslaved the people, abolished their religion, murdered their champions, betrayed all confidence, stolen their rights, and bridled their infant energies, we should deeply deplore a page so degrading in our archives ; but such was not the policy of the Plantagenets ; such never has been, in any corner of the earth, the deeds sanctioned by our "meteor flag." We went to Ireland, invited to help the helpless and demolish despotism ; we found it enslaved, we have made it free ; we have made the canopy of England's throne a shield to the distressed, and a protection to the weak ; we have borne her burdens, united her with ourselves, fought her battles, rewarded her valour, and governed with more prudence and forbearance than the annals of the world can display in the conduct of any conqueror whatever.

Where then, we ask, are Roman grievances in Ireland ? The laws there are not, forsooth, precisely similar to those in England and Scotland ! And this is to be the pretence of all the declamation we hear, and all the mischief displayed. The complaint is true, for the statesmen and Parliament of the empire have not been so foolish as to adopt a principle, and then carry it out in all circumstances, and in all places ; they have not formed a plan, and then, like Procrustes with his torturing bed, fitted it to the victim, by lopping him if he be too long, and stretching him if too short. In England there are poor-laws—in Scotland there are none ; in England there is a property qualification for members of Parliament representing boroughs—in Scotland no qualification is neces-

sary ; in England the Church Establishment is Episcopalian—in Scotland it is Presbyterian ; in England the laws relating to property prevent very long entails—in Scotland these have been more encouraged ; in England the Church patronage is principally in the hands of private persons or the crown—in Scotland, the parishioners in most cases have a voice in the election of a pastor ; and these, and many other distinctions in the laws of the two countries, exist without exciting jealousy on either side. The differences in the government of England and Ireland, or Scotland and Ireland, are less numerous and important, and are principally known to be necessary ; for the peculiar circumstances of every country require special consideration, and the adaptation of special legislation. This, however, the brawling demagogues will not admit. They clamour for similarity of enactments in the matter of corporations, and in some few instances where such similarity will be by no means inconvenient for their purposes ; but in other cases, where analogy of legislation would be calculated to thwart their designs, they are perfectly willing to acknowledge the propriety of suiting laws to the people for whom they are intended. In England there is the Church of the majority established by law,—in Scotland the same, therefore the Roman Catholic Church must be supported in Ireland ! But when the Conservatives apply this mode of reasoning to other matters, to poor-laws, to the franchise, to the registration system, to rotten boroughs, away vanishes all the Liberal's love for equal laws, and "Justice for Ireland" becomes the retention of inequalities ; Roman Catholic grievances suddenly assume the shape of fears lest equality be established ! Who, then, will doubt the insincerity of the plausible pretext that nothing is sought but identical laws throughout the empire—who will not laugh to scorn the impracticable claim for similar measures in all places ? The truth is, that the Roman Catholics do not feel inequality of legislation a grievance, they only lament legislation not dissimilar in all things. Their grand grievance is the existence of Protestantism in Ireland, their great object is to demolish and extirpate its professors. Those mem-

bers of either House of Parliament who aid them are ranging themselves in the ranks of Popery against truth; they may shirk a near enquiry of their motives, they may bluster when accused of indifference to religion, they may profess much and promise more, but the simple fact will soon be shown—they are working for the redress of the grievance the Court of Rome most keenly feels; for the abolition of that faith which Roman Catholics have so often massacred to destroy; for that "justice" which consists in the patronage of error, and the subversion of all moral control. This is their "justice to Ireland;" this, together with "an equitable adjustment" and the confiscation of estates, and the restitution to the na-

tives of all lands they desire, or may fancy their ancestors held, is the equity now sought by the Liberal faction. Any thing short of this is but an instalment;* they can ask no more, they will be content with no less. To this object their bigotry binds them—to this end our present rulers contribute, perilling thereby the Protestant succession, and endangering the British constitution. They act on the gratuitous assumption that the Roman Catholics have been contemptuously treated, and have been trampled on without feeling or occasion. They shout with the priesthood against the Church, and quietly sanction sedition, although their duty demands, at this present moment, urgent care for the Protestants of the

* This notable instalment plan cannot be better expressed than in Mr O'Connell's own words. On the 19th January 1837, he proposed to the General Association the following resolutions.

"That it is the opinion of this association that it is the first duty of the representatives of the Irish people to realize, if possible, entire religious freedom for the Irish nation in the next session, by obtaining, if it be practicable, the total abolition of the blood-stained impost of tithes.

"That if it shall be impracticable to obtain the entire abolition of tithes in the next session, then it is the bounden and sacred duty of our representatives to fall back upon the next best measure, the abolition of part, provided the same be accompanied by the appropriation clause.

"That in thus supporting the Ministerial plan of last session, or a more enlarged one, if practicable to enlarge it, the Irish members do assert and maintain the principle that the entire should be abolished upon the first practicable occasion."

Now, it must be remembered, the members approving of these resolutions published and sanctioned also the following address of the Roman Catholic Bishops in 1826. "British Catholics are charged with entertaining a pretended right to the property of the Established Church in England. We consider such a charge to be totally without foundation. We declare that we entertain no pretension to such a claim. We regard all the revenues and temporalities of the Church Establishment as the property of those on whom they are settled by the laws of the land. We disclaim any right, title, or pretension with regard to the same."

Before the publication of this memorable declaration, they had presented, in 1808, a petition to Parliament containing the following words,

"Your petitioners most solemnly declare, that they do not seek or wish in any way to injure or encroach on the rights, privileges, possessions, or revenues appertaining to the bishops and clergy of the Protestant religion as by law established, or to the churches committed to their charge, or any of them."

Since that time they have been admitted to Parliament, taken the following oath, and voted for the abolition of tithes, church spoliation, the destruction of ten bishoprics, the abolition of church-rates, and the expulsion of the remaining bishops from the House of Lords!

"I do swear that I will defend to the utmost of my power the settlement of property within this realm, as established by the laws; and I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment, as settled by law within this realm; and I do solemnly swear, that I will never exercise any privilege to which I am or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant Government of the United Kingdom."

Well, then, Daniel! "Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee—thou liar of the first magnitude!"

country they are now deluding. To this point we proceed, as we proposed, to refer.

II. Protestant grievances—in what do they chiefly consist? This is a deeply important subject, though by no means a popular topic. It is a lamentable truth that persecution in Ireland has already begun—the landlord may let his land only to particular tenants—the Government can rule only by submitting to men who are stronger than the law itself. We declare this state of things not only a nuisance and a Protestant grievance, but a public and national wrong. It is a grievance that Protestant voters cannot vote according to their consciences, and are denied the protection of the constituted authorities. It is a grievance that the system of education supported by the general revenue necessitates the mutilations of the Bible, and practically excludes Protestant children from the schools. It is a grievance that an association exists in Dublin, levying tribute, overawing the magistracy, guiding the populace, employing agents in every county, and controlling the patronage of the crown. It is a grievance that the Viceroy of Ireland is permitted, at his pleasure, to open jails and dismiss prisoners without trial; that justice is rendered a mockery; that personal tranquillity may be disturbed by one party with impunity; that the Irish priesthood should be educated at public expense at a college which baffles all enquiry, and is independent of all responsibility; that this priesthood should be allowed to intimidate and excite the people by illegal acts. Above all, it is a grievance that a demagogue of distinguished profligacy, of notorious turpitude, a sordid and selfish adventurer, a vile and venal slanderer, should sway the Government, patronise them with his smile, or destroy them with his frown, and by their instrumentality foster treasonable practices, and insidiously betray our most valued institutions.

These are grievances deeply felt and strongly operative in the State; they are insults as well as evils. But then we are mockingly told the Protestants are a minority and must suffer—such at least is the liberality of the Liberals. Will Protestant England permit it? We hope not, we believe not. It is full time to awake from

torpor or apathy when the acknowledged foes of England are binding fetters on the Protestants of Ireland, and preparing them as a holocaust to appease the cravings for slaughter of the humiliated, but not vanquished Romish power. We must strike now or never. In a very few years more we shall have few, and those feeble, defenders of the Union; the wickedly inclined, the revolutionary portion of the Irish people, will have no protection against themselves, no restraint to their foolish frenzy. Year by year the administrators of justice become more factious and are obnoxious to more suspicion; year by year the blows at Protestantism are heavier; their dangers increase, the hopes of rescue fade. Under the existing Lord-Lieutenant the Protestants are discouraged, even their philanthropic societies are neglected; they are held up to obloquy, contumely, and ridicule. The Roman Catholics may say what they please, agitate as they please, libel as they like; but if a Protestant magistrate drink an unpleasant toast in one county, and be a magistrate of another, he is at once dismissed from the commission of the peace, which of course is pure and guileless while it contains the names of a Cassidy and an O'Connell! If funds be wanting for increase of a Bible-denying educational plan, the church, if not robbed, is at least attempted to be spoliated, to supply the amount. If a cathedral be erecting for the honour of Popery, the Duchess of Kent will kindly subscribe L.50, and set the example to her party; if a Roman Catholic school need repairing, Lord Lansdowne politely contributes; if a chapel of superstition require endowment, Lord Palmerston's broad acres in Sligo are made available; if Maynooth be not wealthy enough, the Ministry will promise a Parliamentary grant. With Protestantism the case is far different. The Achill missionaries, who have so nobly risked their lives and planted their colony in the very camp and headquarters of Popery, receive neither sympathy nor support; the half starving clergy are ridiculed and neglected, the dilapidated churches are left unrepaired, and then loud is the patriotic and holy joy of the Whig-Radicals, because there is a sinecure living and no divine service! The large unions of parishes, which, according

to the evidence of the reformers themselves, are among the worst evils of Ireland, which generally possess but one single edifice for worship, and that, like the church of many large English parishes, at the very extremity and corner of the district, are not broken up. Oh no! the distant parts of the union are probably forsaken by the Protestants crowding around their pastor; and then again, great is the rejoicing because some of the united parishes are left wholly to the Papists; or, if the inhabitants reside in these distant places, the church is of course left empty, and again there is a shout of triumph because the Protestant minister is deserted and the house of God shut up. Not a Session passes without rancorous and virulent assaults being made on the whole hierarchy of the Established Church and its clergy; they are pictured as *roués* at Bath, and *gourmands* on the Continent. Nothing they do, their quietude, the meekness with which they have borne their persecution, the liberality of their hearts, the industry they display, can disarm the bold hostility to which they are exposed. It is in vain they disprove every slanderous aspersion; it was in vain during the last election they abstained from all rivalry in interference with the Jesuits and priests. Formerly Mr Hume declared their income was £3,200,000 per annum, and subsequently Mr Ward and Lord Althorpe stated it to be nearly one million; it is now proved that it does not average more than £260 per annum for each benefice, which of course includes the salaries of curates. Yet the appropriation scheme must go on, the Liberals will do "Justice to Ireland," and screw out of the clergy, *per fas aut nefas*, the sum they have promised and pledged themselves to extort. They keep rigidly to their bond; they will have nothing but the pound of flesh; and if they can, they will cut it from the heart.

Are these not Protestant grievances of a series and alarming nature? But they are not all. The state of society is corrupt to its core; the agitation and excitement of the last half century has sapped the morality of a large body of the people. A verdict is known when the jury is called (for perjury among the Papists has been contagious); there is no necessity for

calling evidence, the affair is made a party matter, and life and death are at the mercy and in the power of caprice. In the legislature, the Roman Catholics who went in solemnly promising before emancipation that they would respect the property of the Church, the British connexion, the established and fundamental laws of the nation; who were sworn to uphold, maintain, and sustain the settlement of property as established by law; who were sworn to take their oath without any equivocation or mental reservation, are now found arrayed with those who advocate the voluntary principle, are engaged in robbing the Church and taking the proceeds as an instalment; and openly declare themselves just as unfettered as they would be were there no oath whatever! In elections, to come forward as a Protestant, although a supporter of the bill of 1829, and, perhaps, like many of the Irish Conservatives, having supported also reform, is to tempt all the menaces of a mob and the maledictions of a priesthood, to be branded as an Orangeman, to be denounced as a traitor, and to cause every friendly voter to be perilled in his property and life. The law officers of the crown, the magistrates, the high sheriffs, the chief constables, even the policemen, in defiance of the recommendations of the judges, the Lords-Lieutenant of counties, and the commissioners, are chosen from the ranks of the National Association, or from the other Roman Catholic portions of the people. A conspiracy, called Ribbonism, is declared to exist, which terrifies the Protestants, and indicates its existence by cruelty and crime; yet the Government says nothing, makes no enquiry, and takes no measures either to discover or repress it. The Established Church, though incorporated with the Church of England, though guaranteed security by the act of Union, is openly threatened with annihilation; the Presbyterians are equally threatened with the withdrawal of their regium donum; and the most bold and unlawful proclamations are made, that the accession of the Conservative party to office shall be the signal for a civil war! This is no exaggerated statement; it is truth evidenced in the knowledge of all who have visited Ireland during the reign of Lord Mulgrave. We know that

the Ministry assert such pictures to be false, and, considering all complaints against them unreasonable, will continue to scoff at the apprehensions of the Irish and British Protestants, and to oppress while their little hour of brief authority lasts, and they have the tempting opportunity to do so. But whatever interested persons may assert, the situation of Protestantism in Ireland demands and deserves immediate and earnest attention. Popery is an insidious power, and has long—very long—been secretly, actively, at work; it is a tyrannical power, and, therefore, its league with the professed lovers of liberty is merely intended to delude. With loud clamour it is now drowning the feeble outcries of the Protestant party, and under the specious but false pretence of governing impartially, it is weakening the capacity of the minority to resist, by dissolving their organization, pilfering their property, and undermining their legitimate influence. There is no lack of means at its disposal, no restraining scruples, and now, alas! no want of the paramount authority, no impediments to the onward career. Great Britain, reposing from the fatigue of victory, or slumbering in the sunshine of prosperity—forgetful of the past and heedless of the future—neglects to view the fearful signs of the times, and the critical position of the nation. The voice of prophecy is indeed acknowledged, but when that

oracle forebodes the return of persecution, the terrible admonition approaches ears coldly dull, and minds tainted by present luxury. There appears to be a complete forgetfulness of all the Protestants of Ireland, in former days, have done for the maintenance of liberty, and for the support of the Hanoverian family—of all they have endured and suffered. It is forgotten that to them we owe the successful resistance of James II., when he invaded the nation, backed with the flower of French chivalry, at the very moment that Claverhouse, in the Highlands, was arming his followers against William III. and the constitution of 1688. It is forgotten that they have been “faithful found among the faithless;” firm in all seasons, patient in all trials, peaceable at all periods; that their principles are no holiday inventions or novel assumptions, but the growth of years, tested and confirmed by past calamities. All sympathy with their righteous cause has failed, and now, like the Vaudois churches, they stand exposed to the bitter, unrelenting hatred, to the terrors and the wasting despotism of “the triple tyrant,” at whose command so many populations have perished, so many crowns of martyrdom have been won. During the last five years they have seen several of their most valued friends compelled to fly the country, and many of their most honoured ministers banished or murdered.* And

* There are some few facts connected with the position of the Protestants of Ireland, which have often been repeated, but which we conceive cannot be too often brought under the notice of the public. Some of these we will recapitulate without comment.

The insurance offices have so great a conviction of the dangers to which the Protestant clergy are exposed, that they will not take policies on their lives without a very large and unusual additional premium.

In 1831, when, under the vigorous direction of Lord Stanley, some exertions were made to enforce the law, the number of crimes in Ireland reported in the Parliamentary return was 16,669, including 210 murders, 1478 robberies, 534 burglaries, 466 burning houses, 293 houghing cattle, 1798 illegal notices, 200 rapes, 2981 assaults, 2296 attacks on houses, 125 firings with intent to kill, 678 robberies of arms!

More lately, in 1836, at one single assize, the calendar presented upwards of fifty cases of murder from one single barony in the county of Tipperary.

The Roman Catholics are taught by a priesthood which continues to use and to possess the Bible with the persecuting Rhemish notes, and Dens' Theology; neither of which were disclaimed till discovered many years after their circulation, and both of which still are recommended by the Diocesan statutes to the Popish clergy.

During the last six years eight Protestant clergymen have been murdered; many assaulted, and nearly all threatened.

At the late election the riots were so fearful, as to cause the Protestant candidates in Limerick town and county to retire after a day's polling; and to compel the Conservative candidate for King's county to decline nomination, on the plea of excessive popular excitement.

this treatment has been experienced at a time when their Church is distinguished for usefulness, beneficence, and piety; at a time when, by rallying round the throne during the Repeal mania, they have proved their loyalty, fidelity, and virtue. The appointed period for assaults on Irish Protestantism by the Legislature has been one when encouragement instead of injury might have been expected; the time for the withdrawal of legal protection has been the season when policy requires the affections of the industrious and well-disposed portion of the people should be most carefully cultivated and cherished. We do not doubt that the day will come when this conduct will be deeply mourned, and its effects severely felt; we do not live in an age when the revolutionary spirit needs increase, or loyal sentiments repression. The state has no stability to spare, no surplus of strength to consume. The prospect is gloomy and dark; society, if not disorganized, is convulsed, and continual successive events crowding fast on each other, foretell impending perils. The safety of Great Britain consists in the hearts of those who have saved her before, and in the careful and suspicious watchfulness of treachery. Our statesmen have sadly miscalculated their position if they think they can wantonly and securely cast off the Protestants of Ireland, and lean for help in danger on those who have an allegiance over-riding that to their monarch. If, then, in obedience to some paper theory or Utopian scheme, the majority be permitted to gain a power they refuse to share, and demand for themselves alone; if the faction, which (however unpopular the wholesome truth may sound) we maintain to be alien in feeling to the rest of Irishmen and to the whole of Great Britain, be allowed to obtain unlimited sway, the result will be not "Justice to Ireland," but a despotism fearful in its extent, intolerant in its character, and armed not only for the discouragement of Irish Protestantism, but also against the interests of this nation. The question then occurs, what is our resource,

and what must be done to impart health to a system so much deranged, and a population so disturbed as Ireland unhappily owns. This brings us to the third consideration with which we have to deal.

III. What is real "Justice to Ireland?" We say, decidedly, a return to those Protestant principles on which the country was formerly governed. Much has been done by the Church, more remains to do by the Church and State conjoined. At the present moment, in the Irish Establishment and among Irish dissenters, *there are not more than six ministers of the Gospel who can preach in the native tongue.* Instead of shutting up places of worship, more must be built and opened; and instead of allowing every bullying demagogue to obstruct the clergy, or intimidate them, in the performance of their duties, the law must give them fair play and that protection which is their right.

Ireland must do justice to herself; she must do what England and Scotland and Holland and the United States have done, reward industry and display it. At the present moment enterprise is almost entirely confined to the north; nearly the only rich traders in the south are the brewers and distillers. Agitation, so long felt as an intolerable evil, requires not the sanction of the Executive, but vigorous and manly resistance; crime needs not sympathy or palliation, but certain punishment; poverty demands relief, not support; the flagitious and unconstitutional conduct of the priests solicits careful scrutiny and legislative correction; the bench must be filled by men eminent not for seditious practices and for democratic principles, but for high character and legal attainments; voters must be enabled to poll without bodily fear at the moment, or apprehension of future consequences; education must be conducted as becomes a Christian state; and liberal extensive public works must be undertaken, in connexion with a wide system of emigration and the establishment of just poor-laws.

Those magistrates whom Lord Anglesea and Lord Stanley dismissed from the commission of the peace for attending illegal meetings, have been replaced (we believe without exception) in their stations by the present Lord Lieutenant.

With these facts before them, who will assert that Protestant alarm is unfounded as well as unavailing?

Ireland wants peace; she wants relief from perpetual excitement; her trade needs protection, the public mind repose; and she never will have justice done to her till this tranquillity is procured and preserved—till capitalists can be induced to embark their property in commerce or manufactures, confident of security and quiescence. It is not justice to Ireland to act as the Whigs have done, leaving the tithe-question unsettled, because they cannot accomplish all they desire; it is not justice to Ireland to leave it the victim of designing men—to aggravate its evils by every species of party intrigue and public patronage; for by these means all hope is banished, the natural advantages are neglected,* and all the miseries augmented. It is not justice to Ireland to render her the battle-field of party contention; still less to sacrifice order on the shrine of faction. It is gross injustice to that unhappy land to permit a Lord Mulgrave to rule, or an O'Connell to sway the population. It is a wrong to bind on the popular mind, by an improper description of education, the thralldom their better feelings incline them to burst, and the fetters that "clank o'er their rags."

Ireland needs emancipation from the tyranny of traitors to their country and to God. She requires this; and the wails of misery echoed in this country demand it in language which must be heeded. She has experienced misrule; she has been victimized by revolutionists, degraded by priests, desolated by war, and disgraced by perpetual civil strife; she has taken the children's meat and cast it to the dogs; defrauding herself and endangering others; depressing merit and maintaining crime; prospering error and afflicting truth; pardoning fraud

and corrupting justice; abolishing tranquillity, discouraging morality, and perverting religion. But, like Palmyra, she is majestic in ruin. There is the remaining evidence of wisdom, ambition, and power; there is the outline of past and of future grandeur. The beasts of the desert may rove in her borders; the vermin may creep in her temples; neglect may mar her soil; but nothing is needed for the restoration of ancient prospects but culture, perseverance, and judgment. Ireland owes her Popery to England, for Henry II. was indeed the first to rivet the Papal bonds on the deluded people; to us, then, must she owe her Reformation. To England she owes much of the dissension and bloodshed which has injured and stained her; to us, then, must she owe her peace. But the victory of prosperity cannot be won till encouragements as well as motives to excitement are removed; till the full benefit of civil society—the careful defence of the weak against the strong—is extended, confirmed, and acknowledged. Oppression must be banished, whether of the few or of the many; the Government must be civil, not ecclesiastical; the authority of a foreign potentate, assuming to himself the title of Bishop of Rome, must be destroyed and denied. The British nation has slumbered too long, and may awake when too late. Democracy and Popery are striding onwards, and the conqueror in the race will celebrate the victory by the annihilation of the other, though at once a competitor and an ally. It behoves all to consider if we shall continue conceding point by point till nothing is left to demand; it is necessary to consider whether opportunities are not fast fleeing away for a return to sound

* Among the Englishmen who have acted as secretaries for Ireland, the name of Spenser, the poet, is conspicuous. The testimony of this "Sassenach oppressor" to the advantages to which we have alluded, shows a love for the land no boasting demagogue of the present day can rival:—"And sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country, as any under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish, most abundantly sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas that will bear even shippes upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for building of houses and shippes so commodiously, as that if some princes in the world had them, they would soone hope to be lords of all the seas, and ere long of all the world; also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, as inviting us to come unto them to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides, the soyle itself most fertile to yeeld all kinds of fruit that shall be committed thereto. And lastly, the heavens most milde and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the east."

principles and honourable rules of language and conduct. At the present moment there is a possibility of defeating despotism, now rearing its head over a scene of discord, and casting its glance with impatience to the expected approach of accumulated disaster; the chance can exist but for a short time, and once lost is lost for ever.

We therefore call on the Conservatives in the Legislature to be deluded no more by the high-sounding phrases, and presumptuous demands of those who arrogate to themselves the sole right of doing justice to Ireland, or the sole possession of knowledge how to effect it. It is foolish and absurd to heed the cant they utter, and the fraudulent pretences they invent; they seek not equality but ascendancy, they are actuated by no principle but personal or political ambition. Many of them are voting as representatives of places which, if fair play were granted, would never have returned them; more are acting with a certain conviction that this is a crisis of momentous consequence to their faction. We call for firm but moderate measures; for a vigorous and manly resistance to their designs. Conservatism is gaining strength in the country, and must therefore be increasing in the senate; the late elections have damped the ardour of many Whig-Radicals, and should have imparted confidence to the friends of the constitution. We protest against concessions made in a timid spirit, received as instalments, and futile as settlements; we call on the Conservatives to be just and fear not; to do their duty at this period, when peril and despair are combating with security and hope. The nation has spoken out, the Melbourne Parliament is less liberal than the last, and the Opposition must speak out too. It has by far the greatest array of talent in both houses. In the one are Lyndhurst, Wellington, Ripon, Wharnccliffe, the Bishops of London and Exeter, Lord Caernarvon, and a host of men high in character, learning, and wisdom; in the other, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, Lord Francis Egerton, Sir E. Sugden, Sir William Follett, and many more who overawe and easily conquer the feeble Russells and Rices of the Treasury Benches. In numbers too, the disparity is diminished, and will probably be destroyed alto-

gether by the election committees. Questions are failing the Ministry; their appropriation clause is abandoned; their church-rate bill is forgotten; their criminal law measures are passed; the English tithe matter is settled; church reform is left to a Commission; and nothing remains but the corn-laws, on which the Cabinet is divided; and the "normal schools of agitation," which are wellnigh stale and unheeded. Thus these reformers are about to find little or nothing to reform. This, then, is the time for action; let justice be done to Ireland. Let Popery be checked, and the rights of property maintained; let the laws be enforced, and peace insured; let persecuted Protestantism obtain equity and equal chances; let truth be supported, and agitation discouraged, and then truly the country, so long distracted, and so oft betrayed, will flourish in the full enjoyment of tranquillity and freedom.

It was said by Mr Grattan, that "the Irish Protestant can never be free till the Irish Catholic ceases to be a slave."—Such is the fact. There can be no liberty for any where there is no social order; there never can be in Ireland that requisite till the minds of the population are emancipated, till the demon of democracy is overthrown, and the chains of bigotry are broken. Far worse than the menace of a monarch is the frown of a priest, in a land situated as that island; and worse still in such a country is the authority of a lordly demagogue, who can trample and scorn whom he will. Liberate the people from this galling influence, save them from this deadening despotism; and the torpid spirit will rise again in all the pride and majesty of conscious independence, to vindicate its right to the blessings this nation has enjoyed, and the peace which above them all she prizes. But if a band of political Janissaries is to name our rulers or depose them; if Britain is to crouch in her senate to the tyranny of traitors, who themselves are slaves; instead of liberty we shall have in both islands triumphant persecution, and Ireland will receive no justice but a terrible retribution for her folly, and a heavy punishment for a crime. The power she has raised will crush her; the beings she nursed into life will emerge from her bosom to poison, to taint, and to slay.

THE AUGSBURG GOLDSMITH.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN.

ON Easter Sunday of the year 1495, a few boon companions sat over their wine in a room of the Bunch of Grapes, at Nuremberg, the windows of which commanded the great door of St Sebaldus's church. At one of the tables was a young, comely, and wealthy Augsburg, named Bernhard, a skilful artificer in gold and silver, an art far more highly prized in those days than in ours. He had visited Nuremberg to dispose of some costly specimens of his skill, and to purchase jewels, gold, and ivory, with which the Venetian trade abundantly supplied the Nuremberg market; and he was now in the tavern to drink success to a bargain recently concluded with the jewel-merchant, Herbert. The church clock struck eleven, the doors opened, and the congregation poured forth.

"By my patron saint!" exclaimed Bernhard, "I know few things pleasanter than to watch the women and girls tricked out in their best, as they come from church, especially when the sun shines fair in the blue sky, and the trees are arrayed in their soft spring green, as at this moment."

"Yes, yes," chuckled old Herbert; "and though Augsburg be a fine city, I'll back Nuremberg for showing the prettier girls."

"The d—!" retorted Bernhard; "think ye our Augsburg lasses are wooden ones? There's"—

"Name none," Herbert thus interrupted him, "or you'll repent it ere you are five minutes older. There's a girl lives hard by, that will make you swear all the Augsburg wenches are downright gipsies. Of that I'll bet you a cask of stein-wine!"

"You mean the beautiful Elizabeth, Master Herbert," interposed the landlord, "my neighbour the armourer's daughter. Troth that is a girl! and see, she comes out of church e'en now—she with the nut-brown hair, in the black boddice, with the gold chain and cross on her neck. Dye mind her, Master Bernhard?"

"She with the prayer-book in her hand?" he asked.

"She!" exclaimed Herbert.—
"Well?"

"She's not amiss," rejoined the Augsburg, going to the window. "She really is pretty. Why, what a pair of eyes! And a shape! one only sees her now as she comes nearer. On my faith, she is beautiful! And how modestly and frankly at once she carries herself! And, now I can observe her, how she can smile with those coral lips of hers! Did ye note it as she bowed to that old gentleman as he passed?" And the Augsburg leant from the window, to look after the maiden.

"He's caught!" whispered Herbert, with a knowing look, to the landlord.

"I think he be," was the reply. "I'm regularly proud of the smith's neighbourhood."

"Is the house she went into her home?" asked Bernhard, turning round.

"Certainly," said the landlord; "she's the daughter of Master Reinhold, the armourer."

While he spoke, Bernhard had on his cap, and was preparing to follow her. Herbert remonstrated earnestly, but vainly, upon the indecency of such a proceeding, and the probability of its being resented, sledge-hammer in hand, by the sturdy armourer, till the landlord came to his aid, suggesting that he and Bernhard should dine there, and watch from the stone-bench before his door which of the Nuremberg promenades the smith and his daughter selected for their evening walk, when they could follow, and a proper introduction be managed by Herbert.

"Be it so," said Bernhard; "and you are my guest, Master Herbert."

So said, so done. But at dinner Bernhard was a less animated companion than usual, and long before the worthy dealer in jewels was inclined to leave his flagon of stein-wine, Bernhard insisted upon removing to the outside bench. Here they sat, and many a respectable citizen passed them with his family, all

nodding kindly to Herbert, whilst the daughters stole a sly glance at the handsome stranger, whose green satin doublet was slashed with white silk, and richly embroidered with gold. But Bernhard's eyes, generally prompt enough to answer the glances of pretty girls, were now immovably fixed upon the smith's door. At length it opened, and a portly man, with black hair and beard, appeared, accompanied by a delicate girl. These were Master Reinhold and his daughter Elizabeth. The father, an alderman, was dressed after the fashion of Nuremberg citizens, in black, with a cloak of the same hue. A lace ruff adorned his neck, and spurs his boots. This last was contrary to all citizen *etiquette*; but Reinhold had been a dragoon, and would not sacrifice his spurs, much as the noses of his brother aldermen were turned up at the indecorum. It was even said that he had once made those same spurs answer so piercingly upon the legs of a remonstrating colleague, that no one had since ventured to impugn the discrepancy of his attire. His daughter hung upon her half-military father's arm. She had laid aside her black church-going dress, and was clad in gay colours. A pair of delicate Cordovan shoes, embroidered with pearls, according to the fashion of the times, set off her neat foot. A bodice of violet silk, trimmed with gold-lace, fitted tight to her slender waist, and contrasted well with the dazzlingly white linen garment, spun by her own hand. A ruff of fine lace encircled her white neck; her hair was parted on the forehead under a broad gold band; and at the back of her head her luxuriant tresses were twisted together, and fastened up by a skilfully wrought arrow-shaped golden bodkin; for the smith's purse was well filled, his Elizabeth was the pride of his heart, and many a merchant's daughter might have gladly exchanged wardrobes with the smith's child. Thus attired, she tripped modestly beside her father, returning the salutations of her fellow-townsmen with downcast eyes.

"They take the direction of the *Vogelwiese*," whispered Herbert.

"Let us follow them," returned Bernhard, improving the set of his barret-cap, with its new plume.

"Only beware of getting into a

dispute with the father," warned the cautious jewel-merchant. "He is the d—l of a fellow, and as proud of his smithcraft as if it were the first of arts."

"Never fear me," said Bernhard, putting his ruff to rights. He took Herbert's arm, and they set forth.

Scarcely could the jewel-merchant restrain the impatience of his younger friend as they followed to the *Vogelwiese*, or Birds' Meadow. At length this scene of Nuremberg disport was reached, and the Augsburg exclaimd,—

"Now then!"

"Now," rejoined Herbert, "we will saunter about a while, and so meet the old man as if casually. I will introduce you as a stranger, draw him into conversation, and leave you to try your luck with the daughter."

Our saunterers found the pair seated on a bench in front of one of the booths for the sale of wine and other refreshments with which the meadow abounded, the Nurembergers never having been friends to the fasting system. There sat Master Reinhold, enjoying the admiration his daughter excited, and chuckling with pride and pleasure when the passers-by turned back to gaze upon her.

"How goes it, Master Reinhold?" said Herbert, approaching. "Could you make a little room for us?"

"Why not?" returned the smith. "It's only sitting closer."

"You shall have my place," said an elderly man, who was sitting next to Reinhold. And he rose and walked away.

Herbert took the vacant seat; whilst Elizabeth, moving closer to her father, made a small opening on her further side. Bernhard pounced upon it; and the neighbour from whom he thus severed her rose, evidently offended, and went off.

"Master Reinhold," said the jewel-merchant, as they seated themselves, "I must make you acquainted with a brother-craftsman, only that he works in gold, and you in iron. This is Master Bernhard of Augsburg."

"I have heard of you, and I am glad to make your acquaintance, Master Bernhard," said the smith; "though, generally speaking, I concern myself but little about paltry gold-workers. I think it more manly

to deal with steel and iron. All respect, however, to your craft."

Bernhard could ill brook a sneer at his art; but upon this occasion he forbearingly observed,—

"Very true. You work for war and for men; we for peace and beautiful women." As he spoke he glanced at Elizabeth, who looked down, and slightly coloured.

"But tell me, Master Reinhold," said Herbert, well knowing the armourer's weak side, "are we to have a Turkish war? You, who are of the council, and know so many people, tell me a little; is the Emperor arming, and coming hither, as 'tis said?"

"As to that," rejoined the armourer, significantly—

But what care we for political gossip three centuries and a half old? Listen we rather to the Goldsmith's wooing.

"I fear you are displeased, Mistress Elizabeth," said Bernhard, "that I have parted you from your neighbour. But chance has so favoured me."

Elizabeth. I did not even know the man who sat next me, and, at any rate, could not be displeased by a friend of Master Herbert's joining us. But men like to talk with men; let us change places, that you may sit by my father.

Bernhard. My patron saint forbid! I care little for emperor or empire, beautiful Elizabeth. As my work is destined for the fair sex, so does my temper incline rather to their conversation than to men's.

Elizabeth. You will find little pleasure in mine; I know nothing to talk of. I seldom leave home, and there one does not learn much. You will have travelled?

Bernhard. To north and south; and, after all, like best what lies between them.

Elizabeth. You must have much to tell of all the beautiful things you have seen?

Bernhard. Much; but I have found the most beautiful here at Nuremberg.

Elizabeth. The tomb of St Sebal-
dus?

Bernhard. No; but something near it.

Elizabeth. Master Albrecht's* nine Apostles?

Bernhard. Nor yet those.

Elizabeth. Now I have it. The image of the Virgin Mary?

Bernhard. No; but the Virgin Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. Elizabeth? St Elizabeth?

Bernhard. Not the saint; but the pious Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. The pious?

Bernhard. Who was at St Sebal-
dus's church this morning.

Elizabeth. Away with you for a joker!

Bernhard. Certainly, I have seen nothing so beautiful.

As he spoke, he attempted to take his neighbour's hand; but she dropped a nosegay with which she was playing, and stooped for it. Bernhard was beforehand with her, and said,—

"Now, I will not give it you back."

Elizabeth. Oh, Master Bernhard, but you must!

Bernhard. Suppose it were too dear to me?

Elizabeth. But I pray you—

Bernhard. There it is; and now I must pray you—

Elizabeth. What for?

Bernhard. A twofold prayer. First, I pray you to preserve the nosegay till to-morrow morning; secondly, to give me that violet from your bosom.

Elizabeth. And why preserve it till morning?

Bernhard. I have murmured a spell over it. To-morrow morning a marvellous and beautiful flower will bloom on it; but not before then. And you must carry it carefully, keeping the flowers uppermost. And my other prayer!

Elizabeth. You jest—a marvellous flower!

Bernhard. I have sowed its seed; but if you reverse the nosegay it will drop out; and if you look in too soon, you will dissolve the spell and my violet!

Elizabeth. As if you thought I believed you! What a gentleman you are for jesting!

Bernhard. I learned the spell in Italy, and as it cost me dear, and I

* Meaning Albert Durer, the pride of Nuremberg.

cannot practise it cheaply—pay me the violet!

With a pretty blushing smile Elizabeth took the violet from her bosom and offered it; he managed to press her fair hand as he took it from her, when both were startled by a thundering "What the devil! are you fooling me?" from the Armourer.

"Ask Master Bernhard," replied Herbert; "he is an Augsburg, and can tell you how rich these Fuggers are," and Bernhard, glad to find the exclamation, did not relate to himself and Elizabeth, hastened to say "Yes, yes, Mr Reinhold, he has not said a word too much of those gentlemen's riches—one might talk of their treasures all day long; and you should see their Fuggery!—a building, indeed, that would hold half Nuremberg."

"Humph!" grumbled the Smith; "yet Nuremberg is no village. But you must tell me more of this. I like to hear of such things."

"This very evening, over a beaker of stein-wine, Master Reinhold, if you will be my guest," returned Bernhard. "The wine is not bad at the Bunch of Grapes."

"Done!" cried the Smith, "I'll come. The landlord of the Bunch of Grapes is my neighbour, and dare not set bad wine before us."

The sun was by this time declining, and the Nuremberg promenaders bent their steps homeward. Elizabeth hung upon her father's arm; Herbert possessed himself of his other arm, and Bernhard walked beside the maiden whenever it was possible to proceed four abreast. But the crowd often obliged him to fall back; and he tried in vain to keep up a continuous conversation. He remarked, however, that none of the difficulties arose on the part of his beautiful neighbour, and he had too much experience of the sex, both at home and abroad, not to be aware that a great step is made when a maiden shrinks not; he was hopefully confident.

The church clock now struck seven; and every respectable citizen felt his reputation at stake should he and his family be seen abroad a moment later.

Suddenly the throng dispersed, disappeared, and our party stood at the Armourer's door. There they separated, the Smith holding it proper to sup with his daughter and workmen before he should adjourn to his cheerful engagement at the Bunch of Grapes. As Elizabeth followed her father into the house she turned to look once more upon the stranger who had so well known how to please her fancy. Bernhard was not the man by whom the action could be unnoticed or unused. With an expressive glance he lifted the violet to his lips, and deep blushes dyed the maiden's cheeks as she turned abruptly away, hurried in, and closed the door.

"Mine! She is mine!" ejaculated Bernhard, exultingly.

"If the father will give her to you," observed Herbert, drily.

"The d—l must be in him if he will not!" cried the Augsburg, resentfully. "Why should he refuse?"

"That I know not; but he will find a why, if he be so disposed."

"Let me but have him over a flagon of good wine, and we shall see."

At a well-polished table, half-encircled by an oaken bench, in the public-room, sat our three boon companions, beside an open window, that they might enjoy the soft evening air together with their wine. Bernhard especially found the heat oppressive, and he quaffed repeated draughts to cool himself, urging his guests to follow his example. The conversation grew loud. Bernhard spoke of Augsburg, and of the Fuggers, of their wealth, their manufactories, their buildings, their warehouses, and the like. Herbert struck the table in corroboration of his young friend's descriptions, and Reinhold ejaculated divers expressions of amazement and admiration, while all three diligently filled and drained their glasses. When Bernhard, in conclusion, told that the Emperor Maximilian was coming to Augsburg, and would take up his quarters with these Fuggers, the Smith exclaimed, "By St Sebastian, that is being a merchant to some purpose! So driven, I must allow trade to be a respectable calling."

* The Fuggers were bankers—the Christian Rothchilds of the 15th century; and their magnificent residence was called the Fuggerei (Fuggery), half in admiration, half in contempt, of their plebeian splendour.

"Trade for ever!" cried Herbert; the glasses clinked together, and the hurrahs rang through the room. "Now is my opportunity," thought Bernhard within himself, and thus he addressed him to use it—"Ay, Daddy Reinhold, did a suitor of that stamp present himself, what are the odds that you would not refuse him your beautiful daughter's hand?"

"Humph!" grumbled the Armourer, rubbing his bristly chin; "I should like an able smith better though!"

A reply so utterly unexpected deprived Bernhard, who was already heated and excited by passion and wine, of his small remaining stock of self-possession, and he exclaimed, "You must be out of your senses! Prefer a smith to such a man!"

"Meddle not with my craft," retorted the old man, angrily. "Know you not that in olden times the smith ranked next to the King in public estimation. Have you never read of the smith Asenundur? There was a man!"

"Old wives' tales!" cried Bernhard, laughing, whilst Herbert gave him a monitory punch in the ribs that nearly took away his breath.

"Old wives' tales!" repeated the Smith. "But even if they were, still a smith's were the first of callings. What is an emperor's best treasure? His sword, and with that I supply him."

"Not a bit," retorted the heated Bernhard. "His crown, and that is my work."

"Yours?" jeeringly drawled the Armourer. "Yours? You cannot surely dream of comparing your filigree nick-knackerics for women's necks and ears with our masculine work? What do we produce? Swords, helmets!"

"And horse-shoes!" exclaimed the Augsburgur, interrupting him.

"Yes, for the first of animals, for the knight's charger."

"Or the pedlar's mule," laughed Bernhard.

At these words the Armourer's rage threatened to break all the bounds of burgher decorum. But Herbert, who had half-crushed Bernhard's foot with his forcible pedal hints, hastened to interpose with, "Gently, gently, good friends, what may all this hurly-burly be about? Why, you will actually turn our landlord's head with conceit

of the excellence of his wine! And, after all, what are you quarrelling about? What ranks or degrees are there over the wine-cup? You are Master Reinhold, he's Master Bernhard, I'm Master Herbert, and there an end. Whether we work in gold, copper, tin, iron, wood, or leather, who would ask, whilst the landlord has wine in his cellar? So up with your glasses, and here's to all pretty girls! They hold the first rank in society."

"Right, right!" cried Bernhard, who had now recollected himself; "and more especially to your daughter, Master Reinhold, who ranks the first of that first class!"

The Smith's countenance was still wrathful, but his frown relaxed as the wine touched his lips; and by the time he had, in obedience to Bernhard's cry of "No heel-taps!" drained his glass, his aspect had resumed its former expression.

Bernhard, who had watched the gradual return of jollity to the Armourer's features, now flattered himself with having caught the auspicious moment for setting forward upon his wooing course. But upon this second attempt he proceeded more warily, and began by what he conceived might prove a propitiatory introduction. He spoke of Augsburg, then of his own situation there, and of the consideration he enjoyed, clearly intimating that the first mercantile families were desirous of bestowing their prettiest daughters upon him.

"And why don't you marry, then, you scapegrace bachelor you?" said the Smith. "'Twere good for you, take my word for't. I was just such another harum-scarum madcap myself, and, trust me, I never repented of turning steady and marrying. My sainted wife Elizabeth proved an angel of a woman. So marry, young friend, and rather to-day than to-morrow."

Bernhard listened with a throbbing heart. To him, elevated as he was with wine, agitated with passion, it seemed as though Reinhold were actually meeting him half way; and, heedless of Herbert's repeated stamps upon his foot under the table, he burst forth with these words:—"You are in the right, you are in the right, Daddy Reinhold! and if you will give me the daughter of that sainted wife you so highly extol, I will marry this very

minute!" As he spoke he attempted to clasp his future father-in-law in his arms.

But the Smith repulsed his advances. His brows were again knit in wrath, and, rising from his seat, he angrily said—"Daughter! what daughter? my daughter! Gently, friend; to no one in existence would I give her thus off-hand, and yours, with your pardon, she can never be. My daughter must not marry beneath her station: she must wed an armourer, or go into a convent. As for you, to bed with you, and sleep yourself sober!—Good night!" With these words he set his glass on the table, his cap on his head, and turned towards the door.

Bernhard stood as though blasted with lightning; but Herbert rose and accompanied the Smith to the door, whispering, loud enough to be overheard by Bernhard—"That's well done, alderman; the young Augsburg chap is somewhat of the vainest, and must be taken down a peg or two.—Good night, and greet Mistress Elizabeth from me; tell her this, that she may have a good laugh at her Augsburg admirer."

The Armourer withdrew, and Herbert returned towards the table; but Bernhard, who had now regained the use of his faculties, fell foul of him with—"Thou double-tongued villain! dost think I did not hear what thou hast been saying to that infernal idiot of a smith? But thou shalt repent thy treachery!" As he spoke he would have grappled with him, but again stood confounded when the jewel-merchant, setting his arms akimbo, broke into a horse-laugh.

The discomfited Goldsmith had not yet found words to express his astonishment and perplexity, when his elder friend, recovering from his catinatory paroxysm, drew a long breath, and said—"You are but a novice in worldly wisdom, Master Bernhard, despite your travels. Can you suppose that I think the Smith in the right? or that, if I did, I would abuse you in your own hearing? Had I said less than I did, his doors would have been closed against me. Now I hope

to be of use to you, and perhaps to teach this conceited Smith a little modesty.—Sit you down, and let us see with what scheme the remains of this bottle will inspire us."

But leave we them to their plotting, of which the result will appear in due time, and let us enquire what impression the handsome Augsburg Goldsmith has made upon the lovely Elizabeth, or, to speak with the respect due to an acknowledged beauty, whether he has made any.

If we are to judge by her deportment, the heart and mind of the maiden are not in their usual state of serene tranquillity. Not to speak of minor irregularities in the arrangement of her father's supper table, the stout Armourer's wine-can proved to be empty the first time he applied to it for a draught. These deficiencies, however, were all susceptible of remedy; the supper had ended happily, and the Smith repaired to his engagement at the Bunch of Grapes, when Elizabeth escaped to her own little bedroom, where she seated herself at her spinning-wheel* beside the open window, with the often-mentioned nosegay in water before her.

Upon that nosegay dwelt the maiden's eyes, whilst her wheel turned lingeringly, and her skilful fingers forgot their cunning. "Why should I not examine it before morning?" said she to herself; "I do not believe in his spell. Such travelled gentlemen deem us poor home-bred girls credulous simpletons, and think to make fools of us. I wonder, though, whether this be the case with the Augsburg stranger! His eyes looked honest, and his smile was not scornful, but good-natured.—But, mercy upon me! how unequally am I spinning, and how little I have done, late as it is growing, I who should finish all this flax before dark! And I declare the sun is setting! I see the church-steeple glowing red through the leaves of my dear old linden-trees. I will spin off all this flax before I stop, and then I will examine my nosegay."

She warbled an old spinster's ditty to cheer on her task—her foot kept time to her song—fast twirled the

* The reader will not, it is to be hoped, accuse the German novelist or his English imitator of forgetting that all this happens on a Sunday, but recollect that in Catholic, and even in Lutheran countries, Sunday is not kept as in Great Britain; after divine service every one being free to amuse himself, or work, at his own discretion.

wheel, and she span diligently, averting her eyes from the bewitched flowers, lest they should tempt her into breaking her self-pledged word. Her heart beat faster and faster as the quantity of flax visibly lessened, and as the clock struck eight her task was completed.

With trembling eagerness Elizabeth now snatched up her nosegay, and, half-laughing at herself, yet half-shrinking, gently separated the flowers with her fingers. Something glittered amidst the dark green of the leaves. "Can it be possible? What! actually a conjurer!" she murmured to herself; and she cut the ribbon that tied the nosegay to get at the marvellous flower. She found it not, and was yet more surprised; but as she separated the stalks of the flowers, she heard something ring upon the floor. She stooped to seek for whatever had dropped; but her little room, overshadowed by the lindens, was now quite dark, and running down stairs, she lighted a lamp in order to assist her search. To her amazement she now discovered, close beside her spinning-wheel, a magnificent ring, in which sparkled a large and beautiful ruby.

To say that the jewel awoke no emotion of pleasure in the maiden's bosom, would be to say what no reader would believe; but the gratification that the sight of so splendid and so significant an offering afforded her was fully counterbalanced by the alarms and anxieties blending with her pleasure. Such a present could not be concealed from her father; and an indistinct consciousness told her that he would not sympathize with her feelings. She gazed upon the ring till tears of mingled joy, fear, and sorrow swelled into her eyes, and gently overflowed.

At this moment she heard a key rattle in the lock of the house door; her father already returned from his evening engagement! Almost unconscious of her own motives, but with an instinctive dread of the impending explanation and desire to defer it, she extinguished her lamp and slipped into bed, before the Smith had well entered the house.

But going to bed did not, upon this particular night, imply sleeping—and although Elizabeth laid her restlessness wholly to the charge of the sudden warmth of the vernal season, the more

experienced reader will probably impute some share of it, if not to newborn emotions, yet to the difficulty of making the discovery of the ring known to her father. To repeat her idle chit-chat with the stranger was impossible; and without so doing, how explain the circumstance? She lay and meditated long and uneasily, nor closed her eyes till she had decided upon her course.

When Elizabeth arose in the morning, the clang of hammers resounding from the forge, and the black smoke curling round St Sebaldu's steeple, reminded her that it was time to carry their breakfast to her father and his men. Further delay was impossible, and with a beating heart she arranged the goblets of wine and bread upon a tray, fastened her faded nosegay to her bodice, and proceeded to the forge.

As she crossed the court that covered the house from the smithy, the workmen, as usual, suspended their toils to gaze upon the beautiful girl. Her appearance was more welcome than even the wine she brought, for all admired their master's daughter, and in the evening the constant subject of dispute was, upon which had she bestowed the kindest glance? The dispute was ever renewed, because Elizabeth looked kindly upon all; distinguishing none, or, if any, it was the head man, old Ehrenfried, her father's journeyman ever since she could remember, and for whom she felt a sort of filial regard.

As Reinhold helped himself, his eye ran over his daughter's lovely form with parental pride; but when it fell upon her faded nosegay he asked, laughing, "Heyday, Elizabeth, are there no fresh flowers to be had this morning, that you sport those withered things?"

To provoke this question had been the object of the maiden, who habitually adorned her bodice with fresh-gathered flowers. She looked down at her nosegay, and rejoined, "Fresh flowers? I should have gathered some indeed, for these are quite withered; quite." While speaking, she passed her fingers over and through them, as if in examination of their state, and suddenly exclaimed, "My goodness, what, what is this? Here is a ring!" And she produced the jewel as though but now detected.

"A ring?" grumbled the Smith; "how comes a ring in the nosegay?"

"Now I recollect the ring," said Elizabeth, with girlish artifice, "I saw it on the finger of the Augsburg stranger, and he must have dropped it inadvertently amongst the flowers when he picked them up for me. How lucky that it was not lost!"

The Smith listened attentively, and if he suspected more than he heard, his looks did not betray him. When his daughter ceased speaking he said, "Dropped it inadvertently? 'Twere a strange accident! Let's see the bauble." In evident confusion Elizabeth tendered it. The workshop was silent, every eye was fixed upon the father and daughter. When the smith had the ring in his hand, he laid it on the anvil, and, clutching a heavy hammer, with one blow shivered it to atoms. All gazed in astonishment, and Elizabeth exclaimed, "For God's sake, father! What are you doing?"

But the Smith, who seemed maddened by the blow he had struck, cried in accents of fury, "Shameless slut! Dost think to cheat me? But I'll drive such trickery out of thee, were't with this hammer!" and he brandished the formidable implement so threateningly that the terrified Elizabeth, in tears, and half fainting, sank at his feet. Shocked at his gesture, Ehrenfried sprang forward, and with the exclamation—"Are you crazy, master?" wrested the hammer from his hands. This action yet more thoroughly infuriated the Armourer. He seemed actually distraught as, breaking from Ehrenfried, he snatched up a sword, cried "Villain! wilt lay hand on thy master?" and flew at him. The headman's danger was imminent, had not the other two journeymen flown to their comrade's relief, seized their master's arms from behind, and forced the weapon from his grasp. Furiously he struggled in their hold, and repulsed his weeping daughter's endeavours to embrace him; but his men held him fast, and positively refused to release him till he should pledge himself to harm no one. He at length gave the promise required, and was immediately left at liberty.

If the Smith's fury was subdued, not so his anger. He sternly ordered his daughter to her chamber, and, as she silently obeyed, the smithy was so still that her suppressed sobs were heard, even after she had crossed the court. The sound ceased, and Reinhold turn-

ed to his men,—"Journeymen who lay hand on their master will not do for me. You all leave my smithy and house this instant; and I would advise you not to show yourselves here again." No one answered. All three sought their rooms, tied up their little bundles, and with heavy hearts returned into the court. As they passed the forge the fire was out, and the master sat by the cold hearth, looking gloomily on vacancy. Involuntarily his discarded men called out, "Farewell, Master Reinhold,"—and without turning his head he answered, "A good journey to ye."

They were now under Elizabeth's window, and all sadly felt that they were leaving the beautiful maiden for ever. At length Ehrenfried took heart, and looking up, said aloud, "God be with you, Mistress Elizabeth! Fare you well, heartily!" His mates repeated his words; and Elizabeth, coming to the window, with tear-swollen eyes, looked out, and asked, "What is the matter, good Ehrenfried? Whither go ye?"

"We are dismissed," returned the head man; "and must pursue our wanderings. Fare you well, heartily!"

"Fare you well!" echoed his companions, and they departed; while Elizabeth's freshly-gushing tears so choked her voice, that she could only wave her handkerchief in answer.

For some hours Elizabeth remained in her own room; but, as noon drew nigh, she went down to the kitchen, and ordered and helped as usual, affecting an air of indifference, in order to avoid the eager questioning of the old servant, who had nursed her infancy, and dearly loved her. While she was thus employed, the door-bell rang, and Herbert made his appearance. Elizabeth was startled and uneasy, though she hardly knew why, as the old merchant proceeded to the smithy, and there held a long conference with her father. At length the two men came towards the house together; and, as they passed the kitchen-door, Herbert, laughing disagreeably, called out, "Good morrow, pretty Mistress Elizabeth; our Augsburg bade me make you his adieus. He was off this morning."

With difficulty the maiden commanded her vexation sufficiently to

answer, "Many thanks for your message," and busied herself in the kitchen.

At dinner, father and daughter sat uncomfortably opposite to each other, the one gloomy, the other sad; and neither speaking of that which engrossed the thoughts of both.

Thus passed the day; and thus passed days and weeks. Elizabeth tried to forget the handsome Augsburg, who was evidently as fickle as any one of his fickle sex; but she tried in vain; and, as she daily attended mass, she could not forbear turning her eyes towards the tavern-window whence Bernhard had first seen her. One morning she did this, it should seem, so openly as to attract observation; for a voice close beside her said, "Here he is not, but he sends you greetings." She started, turned, and beheld Herbert, who resumed, "If you can read, and can likewise be silent, I will send you a letter."

Elizabeth answered, "I was taught to read in the convent where I was educated; and so there be no harm in the letter, I can be silent."

"There, heedfully note whatever chances in your house," said Herbert, and bowing, went his way.

That same evening a ring at the house-door announced a little boy with strawberries for sale. Elizabeth bade the maid buy some, and, whilst she was bargaining, the boy, pulling out a handkerchief, flitted a letter on to the floor. Elizabeth set her foot upon it, and presently dropping something, managed to pick up the letter unobserved. How impatiently did she now await an opportunity of escaping to her own little room! Once there, she examined the letter. It was from Bernhard to Herbert, upon matters of business; but in it he said, "If you see the beautiful Elizabeth, offer her my heartfelt greetings. Her image is ever before my eyes, her voice ever in my ears. Could I but know that she was not offended with me, I would beg of you to tell her how passionately I love her; and durst I but hope she repaid me with the hundredth part of my love, I would still undertake to gain her hand, despite her father's rejection of my suit."

Over and over again Elizabeth read these lines, and every time her heart

beat quicker, whilst, as she perused his doubts of her affection, the words, "And oh how I love him!" escaped her in a sigh. She would now have given worlds for five minutes' conversation with Herbert. She had a thousand questions to ask him, and especially she wanted to know what was meant by her father's rejection. But the thing was impossible.

At length Whitsunday dawned, and Elizabeth cordially welcomed it. Such another holiday as Easter Sunday she felt confident must afford her an opportunity of meeting Herbert amidst the joyous multitude of Nurembergers who would go forth in search of amusement. Nor was she mistaken. As she set forth with her father for the afternoon's walk, they met the old jewel-merchant, who invited the Smith to join a few friends at his house, in order to do honour to Whitsunday, by tapping a new cask of wine; and a glance at Elizabeth gave her to understand that she was not unconcerned in the invitation. The Smith accepted—indeed he was never known to refuse an invitation of the kind; and proceeded with his daughter, shunning the *Vogelwiese* to the *Dutzend Teich*, another favourite resort of Nuremberg holiday folks.

Again the Nuremberg youth hovered around Elizabeth, with looks of ardent admiration. Again the Armourer exulted in the charms, the triumphs of his child, and murmured audibly, although in fact to himself, "It must be confessed that our Nurembergers are the smartest chaps going, after all. Pity there is not a good armourer amongst them, else I would"——

"What would you, father?" asked Elizabeth, anxiously.

"What would I?" re-echoed the father; "Why, to him I would gladly—— But it's getting late. Come along; we must hasten home, or I shall be behind my time with Master Herbert."

When supper was over, and her father had gone to his jollification, Elizabeth sat in trembling expectation of what was to happen, and firmly resolved, should Bernhard appear, not to let him in. Suddenly rapid steps were heard approaching, and she thought "that is him!" Then came a ring at the bell, but so loud

and sharp, that the peal was not over as she turned the key in the lock ; and again she thought, " No, that cannot be him ! "

She opened, trembling—a tall, light figure, like Bernhard's, stood before her in the twilight ; and she thought 'twas him ; but a gruff, strange voice asked for Master Reinhold. Scarcely could she find voice to say he was not at home. The stranger seemed annoyed, and stood silent, whilst Elizabeth observed that although something like Bernhard, he was older, stouter, utterly unlike him in the coarseness of his air and carriage, and seemingly valued himself much upon a bristling black beard.

At length he grumbled, " Not at home ? And where can I find him ? "

Elizabeth was spared the trouble of answering farther by the approach of Herbert, who told the stranger that the Smith would be there in the morning, but could not be seen of a holiday.

" Well, then, the morning be it," said the stranger.

" Good-night, master," evidently taking Herbert for the Smith, and walked off. Her old friend now told Elizabeth that he could find no means of speaking to her, but by making this evening's party for her father ; he then described the scene at the Bunch of Grapes, her lover's suit for her hand, and her father's angry refusal, and concluded by informing her that Bernhard would be at Nuremberg again in a few days, and solicited a conversation with her. This Elizabeth firmly refused to grant unknown to her father.

" Well, well," resumed the jeweller-merchant, whose time was limited, " at least promise me not to betray him, if he appears unexpectedly before you, my pretty Elizabeth."

Deeply blushing, she cast down her eyes as she said, " Do not thus urge and distress me, dear good Herbert ; you who know how easily love can mislead a young girl. Help to soften my father in our behalf, but tempt not me to do wrong—yet you may tell Master Bernhard that my heart" . . . She hesitated, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and when she removed it, Herbert was gone.

Next morning, Elizabeth was waked by voices in the court. She listened, recognised the gruff tones that had so painfully disappointed her over night,

and recalled her attention from what could not concern her. We will not follow her example, for the newcomer is an important character in our story, and we must make his acquaintance. The stranger announced himself to Master Reinhold, as a travelling smith, in search of work, who had been directed to him by Ehrenfried. Reinhold, who had been hitherto unable satisfactorily to supply the places of his discharged workmen, and especially regretted Ehrenfried, gladly entertained Walter, so was the stranger called, even after he had frankly said, " You must have a little patience with me at first, master, for I am out of practice. Some three or four years ago, d'ye see, I was in Bohemia, and chancing to quarrel with my master, whilst the war with the Moravians was going on, I thought to myself one should try all trades, and so enlisted as a dragoon. I have been fighting ever since, till just now, and so my hand is out. But if you will try me, I'll ask no wages till I've brought it in again, and you think me worth them. Will that suit you ? "

Reinhold was so pleased to have a fellow-soldier for his journeyman, that the bargain was soon struck ; Walter laid down his knapsack, and they fell to work. The master soon saw that Walter understood his business, although somewhat deficient in manual skill. But he patiently directed him, admired the ease with which he wielded the heaviest sledge hammer, improving in dexterity with every blow ; and the work went on merrily.

The breakfast hour now struck, and Reinhold, ordering a suspension of labour, stepped to the door of the smithy, and called out, " Elizabeth, breakfast for two."

" Aha ! " said Walter, " now then I shall get a sight of your far-famed daughter."

" Famed ? " repeated the Smith, chuckling,—" Ehrenfried may have talked of her to you ; I know not how else she should be famed."

" Ehrenfried ? " rejoined Walter ! " Ah, he was the last ; but there is not a journeyman-smith in Swabia, Bavaria, or Franconia, but talks of Master Reinhold and his beautiful daughter."

" Ay, indeed ! " said the proud father.

" To be sure ; every travelling journeyman who seeks work here talks of

her wherever he goes. And by my halidom that must be she!"

Elizabeth now appeared with her tray; she kissed her father, but scarcely looked at his workman, whom she had not yet forgiven for the disappointment he had occasioned her, and immediately left the forge. "Now, to work, to work, master!" cried Walter. "Such a sight is more strengthening than the best wine. Now you shall see how I will get forward." Accordingly, before dinner-time Walter appeared to have regained all his lost handiness, and was firmly established in the favour of his new master.

At dinner Reinhold was in high spirits, and bade his daughter fetch him a flagon of his best wine, to celebrate the acquisition of so useful a mate. She obeyed; and then seated herself, as far off as the room allowed, with her spinning-wheel—for the impression made upon her by the new journeyman was by no means favourable. The rough, rugged appearance of hair, beard, and of his whole burly person; the wildness of his flashing eyes; the loud, harsh tones of his voice, all revolted her, and that the more for the distant resemblance to Bernhard that involuntarily and incessantly struck her. He now talked of his campaigns, detailing many a wild freak, many a daring adventure, and while the father was overjoyed at this revival of his own youth, the daughter shrank more and more from a man, who, despite his evident good-nature, appeared to her hardened amidst the license of a camp.

Days and weeks rolled on, and, with every one, the old Armourer became more attached to his new journeyman. He pointedly dwelt upon Walter's merits to Elizabeth, and she trembled in anticipation of what was hanging over her, especially as Walter, in his own rough way, indisputably sought to gain her favour. Nor had the poor girl support or solace amidst her fears, for of Bernhard's promised visit she heard nothing, nor had she even a glimpse of her old friend Herbert. Sadness weighed heavily upon her heart.

One evening the crisis of her fate seemed to be arrived; she was sitting despondently at her spinning-wheel in one corner of the room, and her father striding backwards and forwards, as though labouring with some communication for which he could not readily find words. At length he

began,—“That Walter is an excellent fellow; I never saw a better or more diligent workman—and poor he is not, for he has been lucky in point of booty during his service. He'll be able to keep his wife handsomely.” Elizabeth stooped to hide a tear; her father did not or would not notice it, and went on—“If I were to pick me out a son-in-law—”

The blast of a trumpet from the market-place interrupted him; and Walter coming in abruptly, exclaimed —“Have you heard the news, master? Emperor Max will be here to-morrow on his way to Augsburg.”

“To Augsburg?” Elizabeth suddenly asked, and stopped, frightened at her own boldness.

“Certainly, mistress,” Walter replied; “he's going there to the Fuggers.”

“Then must the Nuremberg Aldermen deliberate,” observed the Smith, who, how much soever annoyed at the disturbance of his plan of domestic operations, felt the municipal importance of the event. “When comes the Emperor?”

“To-morrow noon or evening. A troop of horse has brought the news.”

“Then must I to council,” said the Smith, donning his official suit.

“And I'll to the market-place to the horsemen,” cried Walter; “perhaps I may find an old comrade.”

Elizabeth sat alone, a prey to melancholy thoughts, and as the twilight deepened into evening's shades she retired to her own little chamber, as if in its inviolable sanctuary, and in utter darkness, she hoped to find consolation. She extinguished her lamp, and seated herself by her open case-ment, to look into the soothing gloom of the mass of linden foliage. As the evening breeze shook the quivering leaves, she saw through them a light glimmer in Walter's room,—“Is he already come in?” thought she; “or has he thus prepared for staying out late? Oh that he would go away with these horsemen and never return.”

Suddenly she heard a rustling in the boughs of the nearest linden, and her own name breathed in a whisper. Tremblingly she asked, “Does any one call me?” But what words shall describe the emotion with which she now heard Bernhard's well remembered voice, softly say, “Lovely

Elizabeth, are you awake? Oh suffer me to speak to you, if it be but for a moment."

Ere she could reply, he sat upon the branch nearest her window; but it was manifestly unequal to his weight, and bent far down. His danger was apparent, and in an agony of terror Elizabeth reached down her hand to save him. He clasped it, and catching at the window-frame with the other as the branch swayed, sprang on to the outer ledge.

"For mercy's sake, what are you doing?" exclaimed the maiden. "Should you be seen there I were lost. Away, away! And never attempt this again!"

"Be not angry, sweetest Elizabeth! Consider what I have been, what I am suffering in my uncertainty. One word from you must make me blessed or miserable. Suffer me then to come in for a moment, for I perceive light opposite; I may indeed be seen to your injury."

While she hesitated, he dropped himself into the room, knelt at her feet to implore forgiveness, and covered her hand, which he still retained, with burning kisses. He now told her how, upon learning from Herbert and the landlord of the Bunch of Grapes, that her father had announced his intention of giving her in marriage to his new journeyman, he had made his way from the adjoining roof of the tavern into the branches of the linden. "But is it true, Elizabeth," he went on, "will you give this dear hand to another? Cannot my fervent love touch you?"

Elizabeth wept convulsively; she suffered him to press her hand to his lips; she scarcely resisted when he passed his arm round her slender waist, and folded her to his bosom. But when, exulting in these proofs of her affection, Bernhard, confident of success, proceeded to urge her to elope with him, the piously filial maiden was invincible. To his passionate entreaties, to his stormy remonstrances, she opposed only the soft words, faltered with difficulty through her tears, "I love you Bernhard, I will love you faithfully, eternally; but I cannot desert my father."

At length Bernhard desisted in despair, and gloomily said, "Then have I nothing left to hope for in this world; house and home, friends and kindred are

all hateful to me, and I will follow the Emperor to the Turkish wars. My mother has ill luck with her sons; my brother left her because his wild temper longed for adventures, and he has never returned—neither shall I! Farewell, Elizabeth! Amidst your wedding merriment think of me. Perhaps a Turkish sabre will even then be in my breast. Ah! you wound my heart more painfully." As he spoke he swung himself from the window to a branch of the tree, climbed upwards, and disappeared amidst the foliage; Elizabeth threw herself upon her bed, and wept bitterly. Presently she heard the house-door open; Walter came in, seemingly well pleased, for he went singing up to his room; then came her father, and all was still.

Next morning every shop and workshop in Nuremberg was closed, for the Emperor's arrival was to make a holiday. Master Reinhold attired himself in his best garb of office, and then summoned his daughter and Walter to accompany him to the station without the gates, where the municipal authorities were to receive the Emperor. The whole city seemed in motion; the houses were hung with tapestry and garlands of flowers; the windows were crowded with merry faces; voices rang confusedly through the streets; horsemen galloped to and fro; children rioted; young maidens laughed and coquetted with their lovers; all was tumult and joy; only Elizabeth was pale and sad as she walked beside her father, who, engrossed by his official importance, heeded not her dejection.

"Observe, Mistress Elizabeth," said Walter, "how merry, how happy every body seems. Yet if the Turkish war breaks out, in a couple of months many a one of these laughing girls will sit in her own room drowned in tears. I remember such a merry-making at Prague when I was a soldier; and in one week how changed was the town! Such as I feel a sharp pang when leaving all we love to seek adventures; but those who stay at home suffer most." And he sang a soldier's song, as he nodded to a pretty girl at a window hard by.

His words recalled Bernhard's to Elizabeth's mind; she turned to look enquiringly at the speaker, and the idea, "It is that brother," flashed upon her—she wondered that she had not been more struck with the likeness.

Her lips unclosed to a direct enquiry upon the subject; but maiden shame forbade any allusion to Bernhard, and she only asked the seemingly indifferent question, "What was Walter's native place?" He appeared not to hear, and she repeated her question. He then turned, looked gloomily at her, and said; "Do not ask what I would fain forget."

A friendly voice now called out, "How goes it, children? What preparations have you made for the Emperor, friend Alderman?" It was Herbert. Elizabeth started, and dared not look at him. But he joined them, chatting good-humouredly, as they pushed through the crowd, wofully pressed and jostled, despite Master Reinhold's repeated exhortations of, "Citizens, let your municipal officers reach their appointed station." When our party reached the gate, Reinhold, who was here to take post with his colleagues, looked round for Walter, whom he had purposely brought to be Elizabeth's squire. Walter had vanished, parted from them, probably by the bustle. The father was annoyed to see his scheme foiled; the jewel-merchant offered his arm, and Reinhold had no alternative but to commit Elizabeth to his care.

Neither had she an alternative, although she would fain have shunned a *tête-à-tête* with Bernhard's friend at that moment. As he led her forward he said, "Child, child, what are you about? Do you know that the rich and handsome youth is off for the wars? This very morning he has bought him a horse to ride out, meet the Emperor, and ask for service in the cavalry? You'll repent when it's too late, when you hear that a Mahometan sword has cut him down. You will then wish you had married, trusting to winning your father's pardon." Elizabeth could not answer, but burst into tears; when suddenly Herbert exclaimed, "There he comes!"

She looked up, and saw, high above the heads of the multitude, a stately horseman advancing. As he approached she recognised Bernhard, clad in a richly embroidered horseman's jacket ornamented with gold, and a burnished breastplate; a splendid helmet with dark horse-hair on his head, a sabre by his side, a spear in his hand. No knight could look more magnificent. He held the bridle carelessly, and,

looking steadily before him, noticed neither Elizabeth nor her companion. But the latter called after him—"Whither away, Master Bernhard?"—Aroused by the words, he looked round, and seeing Elizabeth, passed his hand across his eyes, closed his vizor, gave his steed the spur, and galloped onwards.

The maiden, overpowered by anxiety about him she loved, and interest in her recent supposed discovery, which she yet deemed too vague and uncertain to mention to Herbert, was near fainting. Seated on the grass a little beyond the crowd, she, however, gradually recovered, and silently listened to her kind friend's soothing promises to dissuade Bernhard from his military plans.

At noon the Emperor appeared. The people thronged shouting around his horse; the maidens strewed flowers in his way, and half covered himself with their fragrant gifts, while cries of "Maximilian for ever!" rent the air. But the eyes of Elizabeth sought only for the Emperor's new cavalier amidst his train; yet was she gratified by the general expression of loyalty towards the monarch to whose service Bernhard had dedicated himself.

Herbert took her home. Her father came in to dine with her; but Walter had requested to have the holiday to himself, and Elizabeth breathed more freely in his absence. Nor did the Smith disturb her by renewing the conversation of the previous day; his mind was, indeed, too much engrossed with the Emperor and municipal honours and duties, to allow of his even observing his child's sadness. As soon as he had dined he hurried back to his colleagues, and Elizabeth withdrew to her own room.

As she entered she saw a letter upon her table. It was from Walter, and ran thus:—

"Will you be angry, Mistress Elizabeth, if I frankly open my mind to you? I love you heartily, and, as God shall help me, faithfully.—Many words are not in my way; but I think you will hardly seek pretences to reject a suitor whom your father favours, and who means honestly by you. Be my beloved wife! You might make a man amends for many a sorrow of his youth, that drove him from house and home, from father, mother,

and brethren, into the wide world. Reflect for three days, and then decide—not earlier. WALTER."

These lines enhanced Elizabeth's sufferings, since they confirmed her suspicions, both that Walter was her Bernhard's brother, and that her father was determined upon giving her to his journeyman. While she was vainly seeking a remedy to the impending evils, a rustling in the linden-tree drew her attention, and she saw a nosegay among the boughs within her reach. It contained a bullet to ensure its fall, and a letter from Bernhard. Eagerly she opened it, and read through her streaming tears—

"My most beloved Elizabeth, what is it thou requirest of me? Rejected by thee, what abiding place is there for me, save in remote distance? Without thee life is valueless! Then suffer me to fall among strangers. Here, as there, no tear would be shed for me—beloved by none! Yet I wrong thee! Thou art kind, and wilt give me a tear. And even whilst I write hope dawns again upon my soul—the hope that thou mayst love me! Three days will I await thy answer; so long if thou art silent, or shouldst thou repeat last night's words—then suffer me to die! 'Twill be best for both.—Thy passionate lover,

BERNHARD."

What a glow of love was here, compared to the coarse though well-meant letter of Walter! Again and again she read, and kissed, and wept over the precious lines. But what should she answer? During the whole afternoon she meditated, and at length, with a trembling hand, wrote—

"My whole heart is thine;—oh, wherefore thus torture me? Stay here, be content with my love, and seek not a distant death. It is true that another—he whom Herbert suspects—asks my hand, and greatly do I fear it is thy lost brother. Never shall he, never shall any other obtain it! But urge me not to forsake my father!—Thy faithfully fond

ELIZABETH."

This letter, according to the direction of a postscript to Bernhard's, she wrapt about the nosegay, and laid

outside the house door. Presently her father returned from the town council; and scarcely had he closed the door and sat down, when a loud knocking was heard. Elizabeth started, fearing she knew not what; and her father grumblingly exclaimed—"What should any body want at this time of night?"

He opened the door nevertheless, and there stood an imperial officer, holding a magnificent sword in his hand. With a courteous inclination, the stranger said,—

"Doubtless, master, you must be annoyed at having work brought you at such an hour; but you must not refuse it, since it is from our Lord the Emperor. See, this is his sword of state that he must have at Augsburg. The carriage in which it lay was overturned this morning, and the blade is broken. You must, by tomorrow's dawn, supply its place with a blade of equal beauty, or solder this together, so as to do for Augsburg. The Emperor has heard of your skill, and bade me employ you. Do your best; for he is a liberal prince, and fond of fine weapons."

"For the sake of the Emperor and my duty, not of the reward, I will do my best," said the Smith. "All shall be ready by morning."

The stranger took his leave; and the Armourer, exulting in a task of which his children and his children's children might boast, bade Elizabeth furnish him the best wine in the cellar for his night's work, and go to bed. He then set himself to kindling his fire, arranging his finest steel, and the like preparations. Whilst he was thus engaged, Walter came home, and uttered an exclamation of surprise at what he saw; but learning the state of the case, zealously undertook his own share of the labour. First, however, he examined the broken sword, and, shaking his head, observed,—

"Master, this will be a tough job; the blade is damasked, and all inlaid with silver. I doubt you have not examined it."

The Smith now cast his eyes upon the exquisite workmanship of the broken sword, and exclaimed,—

"By St Sebaldus, that passes my skill! Nor do I see that we can solder the pieces together. The silversmith is as much wanted here as the armourer."

"Yes," said Walter, "that is Oriental workmanship, of which we Germans know little. I learned something of it, indeed, at Venice; but I have never had occasion to practise it."

The Smith stood in utter despondence; his hopes that the Emperor should brandish a sword of his making had melted into air. At length Walter resumed—

"Well, well, master, I'll try my hand at it. Forge you a blade of pure steel in case of the worst, and I'll see to inlay one with silver. To be sure, I must have moulds for casting the figures; but those, I think, I can borrow."

The overjoyed Smith fell upon his man's neck, exclaiming,—

"Do that, and ask what thou wilt. Were't half my property, 'tis thine!"

"Why, I have something to ask of you," said Walter, "if you would not be angry."

"Out with it; 'tis thine—if in my power, that is to say—or I am no alderman of Nuremberg!"

"Master," Walter thus resumed, "I like your daughter well, and I hope she does not hate me. I understand my business; am not poor"—

The Armourer broke in upon him with,—

"She's thine! Make me the sword, and I betroth you to-morrow!"

"Done!" cried Walter; "I'll accomplish the blade, if I die for it!"

He embraced his father-in-law, and ran off. In a quarter of an hour he returned with a parcel of moulds, exclaiming,—

"We're in luck! I have moulds with the Emperor's arms and the imperial double eagle. What could suit us so well? Now to work with heart and hand!"

The night was passed in unceasing labour; but when morning dawned, Reinhold had wrought a blade of pure steel—Walter one beautifully inlaid with silver. Half wild with joy, the Smith embraced his assistant, and renewed his promise. But some share in the work he must have; he must, at least, set on the hilt. Alas! soon was his joy changed into grief. As he proceeded to handle the magnificent jewelled hilt, after his rough blacksmith fashion, he broke some of the precious stones out of their setting. What was to be done?

The messenger who was to fetch the sword might be momentarily expected; and what Nuremberg jeweller would repair the damage at that unseasonable hour—for him, too, who was on bad terms with them all? The Armourer was in despair; Walter contemplated the disaster, and shook his head. At length he said,—

"I have often, as a boy, watched goldsmiths at their work; but where is the use of that without practice? However, I can but try; and, by good luck, I brought away one of their delicate tools with the moulds."

"My best Walter," cried his master, "do but try. Succeed in this, and the wedding shall be when thou wilt. Only get us out of this scrape!"

Walter set himself earnestly to his task, while the Smith looked anxiously on. Love seemed to inspire him with skill, for in half an hour he clapped his alarmed master on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Thank God, father! I have succeeded! All's right!"

"Oh thou jewel of a son-in-law!" cried the Smith, falling on his neck, "shall I call Elizabeth, and tell her at once?"

"Not for the world! No, no! we must take her by surprise. First attend the Emperor; then we'll fetch the parson and the witnesses; place them in your room; and then call her, altogether unprepared, into the assembly where we're to be betrothed. Her surprise will be pretty, won't it, father?"

"Ay, ay, so 'twill. Be't as thou wilt, lad of gold."

But even had the Smith preferred his former plan, he had no time for it. At this very moment appeared the messenger to fetch the sword, with which he hurried away, admiring the workmanship, but too impatient to listen to Reinhold's attempt at transferring the praise to the right owner. And now the Armourer had scarcely a moment to assume his municipal dignity and join his colleagues.

Again the streets swarmed with people, the windows were crowded with spectators; again flags waved and bells rang; but the joy that had welcomed the Emperor was now blended with a degree of solemnity, as he departed to draw his sword against the enemy of Christendom. At the gate the Burgomaster presented Maximilian with a poem, written by a Nuremberg

master-singer of the poetic guild, in honour of this imperial visit. The Emperor graciously thanked him, and then asked, "Where is Master Reinhold?" The Smith took off his cap, bowing respectfully.

"You have wrought me a beautiful sword, Master Reinhold," said Maximilian. "Accept my thanks, and this token of them." As he spoke, he threw a gold chain over the neck of the astonished Armourer, and rode off before he had breath to disclaim merit not his.

Surrounded and congratulated by his colleagues, Reinhold was nearly crazy with pride and delight. He looked for Walter, but Walter was not to be seen. He met, however, with Herbert, and my host of the Bunch of Grapes, whom he invited to the betrothing. Both stared; and Herbert endeavoured to put in a word for Bernhard.

"What!" said the Smith, contemptuously, "give my daughter to a poor creature who can but make such things as this? No, no, 'tis he who can earn them from emperors that shall have her."

"Tell him so yourself," said Herbert, "for here he comes." Bernhard now appeared in person, and respectfully accosted the Smith with a request for five minutes' conversation.

"No need on't," was the ungracious reply. "I know what you want, but it won't do. My daughter's engaged; she gets a capital husband, who earns tokens from emperors. You may provide you elsewhere."

"But your daughter loves me."

"That's not true! It can't be true, and it shan't be true! You fancy so because she didn't return your ring. That was my doing. My good hammer smashed the gew-gaw, while she stood by."

"If you refuse me your daughter, I throw myself into the river!"

"As you please; the bath may cool your love-fever, only let me alone!" Bernhard hurried away, with distraction in his mien; the Smith looked after him and shook his head, observing, "That mad chap spoils my comfort."

"Never mind him, master," said Herbert, "he'll not be so mad as that, harebrained as he is. Yet 'tis a good fellow too."

"He drown himself!" retorted my

host, "I'll lay you odds he is as merry as the best of us before night; if he be not, may I never have guests in my house more!"

The Alderman's spirits revived with the assurance, and he proceeded with his friends to summon the priest, who readily obeyed the call. As they left his door they met Walter seeking them.

"So, so!" cried the Armourer. "Now all's right. Let us hasten home—I am dying to see how Elizabeth will look."

They arrived, and the father called lustily for his daughter. She came, cast her eyes on the assembled company, and at sight of the priest, turned pale. Anxiously she waited for what was to follow, when her father spoke—

"Darling of my old heart, this day has been one of honour and happiness to thy father; and, God willing, so shall it be to thee! See, our good Walter here has helped me to earn this chain from the Emperor's own hand, and in return I have promised him . . . Come, guess what?"

"How can I?" said Elizabeth, trembling to her very heart.

"Why, I've promised him the thing I love best in the whole world."

The words, confirming her worst fears, were scarcely spoken when the maiden lay insensible in her father's arms; and after the usual applications had recovered her, a flood of tears for some minutes impeded her utterance. The Smith was disconcerted at symptoms so little in accordance with his own feelings, but endeavoured to encourage himself and Walter by repeating, "It's the surprise, only the surprise. Speak, girl; tell us you are glad?"

"Father, father!" sobbed Elizabeth, falling at his feet, "if you would not make me wretched for life, force me not to this marriage!"

"Make you wretched by giving you a good husband!" rejoined the Smith. "Why, thou ungrateful hussy!"

But Walter interrupted him, to say, "I fear this is more than surprise. Wretched I will not make you, Mistress Elizabeth, but tell us why you should be so. If you love another, say that, and I withdraw my claim."

Elizabeth, amidst her tears, faltered

out Bernhard's name. The sound increased her father's rage, but Walter prevented its explosion by saying, "Your daughter has named a man, whose happiness I should unwillingly destroy; yet I will not quite despair, nor give you back your word. On the contrary, I ask you, before your friends, to renew your promise to give me your daughter, if I can gain her consent."

"Never hope it?" exclaimed Elizabeth; whilst the father at the same instant shouted "There's my hand upon it!" And Walter, turning to the weeping maiden, said, "And here is my hand upon it, that if you consent not willingly, I give your father his word back."

She looked kindly at him through her tears, gave her hand to accept the pledge, and murmured, "That is like him."

"Now that all is in order," Walter resumed, "I will tell you what the connexion is between me and Bernhard."

"I know it," cried Elizabeth. "You are his brother!"

"Not exactly, but something even nearer, for—I am himself."

As he spoke he changed his gruff accents into his usual melodious tones, pulled off his wig and beard, and stood before them the very Goldsmith of Augsburg?

Neither Elizabeth nor her father could speak, and the metamorphosed journeyman went on—

"These kind friends," pointing to Herbert and the landlord, "were my accomplices, and I have another without, to whom I owe my bit of smith-craft."

He opened the door, and Ehrenfried presented himself before the astonished Reinhold, who rubbed his eyes, and scarce knew whether he were awake or dreaming; whilst Elizabeth seemed again near swooning.

"Canst thou forgive the deceit by which I have won thee?" asked Bernhard, again turning to her. "Only by thy misery during the last half-hour could I secure my prize."

Elizabeth stood silent and trembling. She looked to her father.

"Well, girl," cried he, "why dostn't fall into his arms? 'Tis the d—l of a juggler, but still 'tis to him I owe my gold chain, and thou lik'st him better, so"——

At the words, the lovers were in each other's arms; and the Smith, catching them in his own, kissed both heartily.

"Aha!" asked Herbert, at length, "it is possible, then, that a worker in gold may be a fine fellow?"

"Ay!" replied the Armourer.

"And have I won my bet," added my host, "that he'd be as merry as the best of us before night?"

"Ay!" retorted the Smith, louder than before.

"And may I return to the smithy, master?" asked Ehrenfried.

A yet louder and heartier "Ay!" was the reply.

And when the enamoured couple, awaking from their trance, fondly asked, "And you give us your cordial blessing, father?" the delighted Armourer's "Ay! Ay! Ay!" shouted with all the power of his lungs, rang through the house.

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